Special Issue

HOLLYWOOD HOLIDAY
Complete guide to your dream vacation

What it's like to DATE MONTY CLIFT
Modess... because
"Dentists say the IPANA way works!"

Junior model Lorna Lynn shows how it can work for you, too.

"Wh-e-e-e-e-e-e-ee!" Cute-as-a-button Lorna Lynn, 16-year-old New York fashion model, finds the roller-coaster at Palisades Amusement Park as thrilling as her own lightning climb to success. And her dates find Lorna's Ipana smile plenty thrilling, too!

Like so many successful junior models, Lorna knows how much a dazzling smile depends on firm, healthy gums. "I follow the Ipana way to healthier gums and brighter teeth," she says, "because dentists say it works!" Here's how this professionally approved Ipana dental care can work for you, too...

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Ipana dental care promotes
Healthier gums, brighter teeth*

Products of Bristol-Meyers

*In thousands of recent reports from dentists all over the country.

P.S. For correct brushing, use the DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush with the twist in the handle. 1000 dentists helped design it!
Don't be Half-safe!

by VALDA SHERMAN

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

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

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

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

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream. Awarded American Laundering Institute Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Safe for skin—can be used right after shaving. Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, will not dry out.

Your satisfaction guaranteed, or your money back! If you are not completely convinced that Arrid is in every way the finest cream deodorant you've ever used, return the jar with unused portion to Carter Products, Inc., 53 Park Pl., N.Y.C., for refund of full purchase price.

Don't be half-safe. Be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be sure. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.

(Advertisement)
Queen of TECHNICOLOR Musicals!

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Neptune's Daughter

STARRING

ESTHER WILLIAMS
RED SKELTON

RICARDO MONTALBAN

BETTY GARRETT

KEENAN WYNN

XAVIER CUGAT

AND HIS ORCHESTRA

SONG HITS!

including:

"Baby, It's Cold Outside"
"My Heart Beats Faster"

Available on
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Directed by
EDWARD BUZZELL
Produced by
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Screen Play by Dorothy Kingsley
Additional Dialogue by Ray Singer and Dick Chevillat

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Laughter! with the carrot-topped King of Comedy, Red Skelton!

Spectacle! M-G-Mermaids in breath-taking water-revels!

All this—and Keenan Wynn's clowning, too!

Rhythm! by Xavier Cugat and his exciting orchestra!

Songs! from sweet and-hot songstress Betty Garrett!

Romance! between beauteous Esther and handsome Ricardo Montalban!
WHAT SHOULD I DO?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED
BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT

Claudette Colbert, star of "Family
Honeymoon"

DEAR Miss Colbert:
My husband and I have been married
for almost forty years. We have four grown
children, all now married.

My problem is my husband. He is, at
sixty-two, a handsome man, distinguished
looking and young for his years. When we
are out with friends, he is witty, vivid,
and a gifted story-teller. A great many
women make well-bred passes at him, but
he appears to be oblivious to this attention.
He loves his work and lives for it.

When he and I are alone, he never says
a word. If I question him about his work,
he answers me in brief, but courteous,
monosyllables.

With my children gone, I am lonely. I
need companionship. Can you tell me how
I can get my husband to talk to me?
Aneval V.

Your problem can be solved, but it will
take time and patience because you must
remedy the practice of your entire mar-
rried life.

What has happened, apparently, is
that you have been so preoccupied by
your children, you have become intellec-
tually estranged from your husband.

If you will look back over your years
of marriage, you will undoubtedly real-
ize that for years you have never dis-
cussed your husband’s problems, needs or
ideas. You probably have served as liaison
officer between the youngsters and their
father with the result that your husband
came to be your comrade and became
merely head of the family. This is a
lonely spot for any man, and only his inten-
tional interest in his work and his loyalty
to his family kept him from seeking per-
sonal interest from another woman.

You should start to study along the
lines of your husband’s profession. Read
the things he reads. Start at once to live
his life as fully as you have lived the
lives of your youngsters. Once you have
established a community of interests with
your husband again you will find no
trouble in hitting upon dozens of topics
for self-conscious conversation. One
caution: Don’t ever say to him, “Why
don’t you talk to me?”

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Somewhere, I read that while making
the picture "Johnny Belinda," Jane
Wyman wore some sort of a safe device
in her ears to close out sound. This struck
me as being something I really could use.

I work at night, sleep during the day.
Sometimes I think I am going to die from
simple fatigue because my rest is so much
disturbed by street noises. Could you let
me know what Miss Wyman wore?

Glen R. B.

As nearly as I can learn, the device
used was a product which can be pur-
chased in most large department or drug
stores. It is called the Sleep-Well Ear Stop
and is made by the Sleep Shade Company
of San Francisco.

They seem to be comfortable to wear,
and although they deaden sound they do
not render a person entirely deaf. An
alarm clock, for instance, can be heard.
The price is very small.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I have been married twelve years and
have one child, a daughter.

About three years ago, I became deeply
interested in one of my husband’s best
friends. He and his wife belonged to the
same bridge group and to a fraternal or-
ganization, so we saw each other at least
once a week, sometimes more often.

We live in a small town which is about
forty miles from a large city. One day, by
accident, this man and I met in the city.
He asked me to have lunch with him. After
that we met several times by arrangement.
Neither of us ever said one word about
love, and our “romance” stopped short at
the luncheon stage. However, we were
seen by a woman from our town and a
nasty rumor resulted.

This man is still good by him and by
me, so everything on the surface remained
smooth. However, my husband wants us
to make a clean break from the group we
have always known. I think this is foolish
as it gives credence to the rumors. Also,
such a move would shut us off from the
most desirable social life in our community.

I do love my husband and I can say
frankly that I do not quite know what
happened between this other man and me.
The appeal is still there, incidentally, but
I know it will never go further.

Eulalia J.

Since this was nothing more, really,
than an ill-advised and innocent advent-
ture, I should think that the thing to do
would be to continue your friendships in
your social circle, as though no rumor
had ever started.

You will find that most people, ob-
sessed with their own troubles, will soon
forget. To isolate yourselves would point
up the difficulty and would confirm to
small minds that a scandal had occurred.

If there is a possibility that your hus-
band cannot finally adjust himself to see-
ing your old group as naturally as ever,
your only lasting salvation might be in
moving to another suburb.

In any case, you should be careful not
to discuss your plans with friends. This is
a decision to be discussed only with your
husband. In the last analysis, because he
thinks you have jeopardised his trust in
you, you must let him make those plans
that will give him the most security.

Claudette Colbert

(Continued on page 6)
If you thought ‘THE PALEFACE’ was funny... Wait til you see this HONEY!

Paramount presents

BOB HOPE
LUCILLE BALL
in Damon Runyon's
"Sorrowful JONES"

with
Wm. Demarest - Bruce Cabot - Thomas Gomez
and Introducing
MARY JANE SAUNDERS

Foreword narrated by Walter Winchell
Produced by ROBERT L. WELCH - Directed by SIDNEY LAMFIELD
Screenplay by Melville Shavelson, Edmund Hartmann and Jack Rose - Adapted from a Story by Damon Runyon and a Screenplay by William R. Lipman, Sam Hellman and Gladys Lehman

Come see for yourself! Be convinced! Be convulsed... as Bob Hope becomes involved with two dolls who need loving... and a horse that needs psychoanalyzing! It's almost more than human ribs can stand!
Dear Miss Colbert:
I fell in love with a married man and he fell in love with me. Literally, he swept me off my feet; we ran away together. Because I had always lived in the city, and he had lived with his wife in a nearby suburb, we decided to start afresh elsewhere. However, after two months in South America (he took a leave of absence from his company) we decided to return to our “home town.” We finally found a small apartment and told my friends and family that we were married.

When our baby came, we had to leave the apartment. The only housing we could find was in the home of an elderly gentleman. You can imagine what having a third person share our life could mean. We had to go to our bedroom and close the door to talk, and even then, our landlord sometimes tapped at the door and asked us to come out and keep him company.

We had planned to be married as soon as the divorce became final, but now my baby’s father says that he is “wretched and mixed-up.” He doesn’t want to go back to his wife, and he says he will marry me if I insist, but he’d like to be a bachelor. He would like to accept a job that would take him all over the world. I’ve reached the point where I can’t think. I’m numb. Can you help me?

Florence W.

It seems to me that you and your son’s father should be married as soon as it is legally possible. As soon as you marry, the baby’s birth certificate should be changed by legal means so that he will not carry the slightest burden as a result of your impulsive action.

It seems to me that your husband should accept the traveling position. It’s true that occasionally absence does not make the heart grow fonder, but, in this instance, I believe that this man needs only to get away from his problem for a brief time to develop a perspective.

While he is away, you should keep yourself busy, learn new ways of making yourself attractive, study as much as possible about the places your husband is visiting, so that you will be able to ask intelligent questions. In brief, become the roots which every man must have to be a fully articulated human being.

At some point in his travels, this man will find a city in which he would like to live. Be certain that he will want to be there if he can have by deed, by word, by letter, to show him that your love remains steady and true.

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.
“Whatever it is, there is nothing you can't tell the woman you love!”

Day after day you'll keep remembering every stirring moment of this heart-gripping romance from Warner Bros.

“Night unto Night”

Starring Ronald Reagan · Viveca Lindfors

Directed by Don Siegel · Produced by Owen Crump · Screen Play by Kathryn Scola · From the Novel by Philip Wylie · Music by Franz Waxman
Cheers and Jeers:

Elsa Maxwell was so right when she told Olivia de Havilland, "You're the greatest actress we have today, on the stage or in Hollywood. Let Jane Wyman have the Academy Award; Olivia and her performance in "The Snake Pit" are above such things as Oscars.

LAURENCE BEYER
Mineral Wells, Tex.

At long last, Hollywood has discovered a truly different and refreshing new personality. She is Betsy Drake who stole "Every Girl Should Be Married" from Cary Grant and made the picture a hit that it is. Betsy may not be a beauty, and may not have a shape that stands out, but who cares. Her voice, stature and personality are outstanding.

JOHN KOLCUN
Binghamton, N. Y.

Could you tell me if Hollywood has gone wacky, or is Monty Clift trying to torture his fans by not making any pictures? I'd love to see him, instead of some of these ham actors in pictures.

MARILYN STONE
Jackson Heights, N. Y.

After seeing Loretta Young in a sweater in Technicolor in "Mother was a Freshman," both Lana Turner and Jane Russell can take a back seat.

JIM MADDEN
Bronx, N. Y.

To Robert Mitchum: "Do I Get Another Chance?" was your question and here is the answer I sincerely hope you get from all of your loyal movie fans: "Yes!" After all, your acting, I am sure, is still as good and sincere as it was before all this happened. Prove to not only us, Bob, but most of all to yourself, your kids and your wife, that you're back with us again, and we will prove to you that we can not only forget but forgive, too.

GRACE CALDWELL
Austin, Tex.

After seeing from one to three movies per week, since I was twelve (now 28), I am finally about to pen my first fan letter. Porter Hollingswray (Paul Douglas), Linda Darnell's husband in "A Letter to Three Wives," has more "SA" than a dozen men players. The picture has everyone in Tulsa talking and enjoying it. More of the same and Hollywood wouldn't need to worry about attendance!

MRS. I. T. FISHER
Tulsa, Okla.

I think that Peter Lawford looks too darn dainty with that mustache. Please, Pete, shave it off.

DARLENE GREGORY
Walnut Creek, Cal.

Casting:

If James Mason's future American-made pictures are no better than "Caught," he won't have much of a future, here in America. He had better get another story, similar to his best one to date, "The Seventh Veil."

RUTH ANDRUS
Detroit, Mich.

My family and I would like to see a musical starring Eleanor Powell and Dan Dailey. We think they would make a wonderful dancing team as they are so talented and tall

JOAN CROCKER
Portland, Me.

The Comic Question:

What goes with Photoplay? After reading the interesting stories in your May issue and agreeing that yours is certainly the aristocrat of the film magazines, I came across the two pages of silly comics. I think this feature is a complete waste of space.

MILDRED SULZER
Reading, Pa.

I see where Photoplay has done it again. I'm talking about the novel idea of the stars' lives told in comics. As soon as I bring a new Photoplay home the younger members of the family make a grab for it to read the latest comic adventure. Photoplay is truly the magazine for the entire family.

HELENE BEST
Huntington, W. Va.

(There seems to be quite a bit of debate over this feature. I'd like to have your opinion. The Editors.)

Question Box:

I recently saw "Sorry, Wrong Number," and enjoyed it. Some of my friends could not agree on who the murderer was. Would you please settle this?

SARAH DONNAHUE
Murphy, N. C.

(The murderer is never seen. The husband, however, planned the murder.)

My friends and I were having an argument and I said the actors and actresses kept the clothes they wore in pictures. Could you tell me if they do or don't?

ANTHONY DEFUSSO
Providence, R. I.

(The stars may purchase the clothes, if they wish.)

Could you please tell me if Jane Powell has made any records from "A Date with Judy" or "Luxury Liner."

FRANK MAGILL
Outremont, Canada

(Jane Powell has recorded under the Columbia label. She has not recorded any of the songs from "Date" or "Liner."

I've noticed in all of Tyrone Power's movies and pictures that he wears a large gold ring on his left hand little finger. Could you tell me what this ring is and why he consistently wears it?

BUNNY FITZSIMONS
Westfield, N. J.

(Tyrone Power has had this ring since his high school days. It was given to him by his father, who was an actor also. It is the center part of his family crest. He wears it for sentimental reasons.)

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.
"DARE YOU SAY
I'M NOT GOOD
ENOUGH TO
MARRY?"

Conflict strange and savage in the High Sierras, where love comes late to a girl with a past... and a killer's vengeance crowds the nights with menace!
**Brief Reviews**

**ADVENTURE IN BALTIMORE — RKO:** Shirley Temple gets into some mildly amusing scrapes, dragging John Agar with her in this turn-of-the-century tale. Robert Young plays the girl's father-figure, Josephine Hutchinson her alarmed mother. (June)

**ALIAS NICK BEAL — Paramount:** In this uneven mixture of Gold versus Evil, Ray Milland is the Devil himself, playing both with district attorney Thomas Mitchell's soul. With Audrey Totter. (Apr.)

**ARCANE MAN-HUNT — RKO:** A bunch of criminals goes on a hunt, but as the quarry and insurance agents Harry Harvey and Russ Conway as the gamekeepers. Fairly exciting chase film. (June)

**BAD BOY — Allied Artists:** Interesting chronicle of a young criminal sent to a boy's farm for rehabilitation. Audie Murphy turns out a fine job in the title role. (Apr.)

**BRE BE, THE — M-G-M:** Government agent Robert Taylor is after a gag of criminals, operating a war surplus racket in Central America. He doesn't doubt John Hodiak's gall, but is uncertain about John's wife, Ava Gardner. An action-filled thriller with Charles Laughton. (June)

**BRIDE OF VENGEANCE — Paramount:** Elaborate but unreal costume drama of love, hate and revenge with Paulette Goddard as Lucretia Borgia. John Lund her husband and Macdonald Carey as her evil brother. (June)

**CANADIAN PACIFIC — 20th Century Fox:** Exciting Western. Jane Withers and newcomer Nancy Olson for Ruby Scott's affections and Victor Jory as his rival. (June)

**CHAMPION — Screen Players UA:** A film about the problems of the Big Brass in wartime. Tom Postch as a lawyer and Kirk Douglas in his best role to date. With Ruth Roman, Marilyn Maxwell and Arthur Kennedy. (June)

**CITY ACROSS THE RIVER — U-I:** Stephen McNally tries to start a newspaper straight to no avail in this story of juvenile crime. With Sue Neill and John Cook. (June)

**COMMAND DECISION — M-G-M:** A strong, hard-hitting film about the work being done in the Big Brass in wartime. Tom Postch as a lawyer and Kirk Douglas in his best role to date. With Ruth Roman, Marilyn Maxwell and Arthur Kennedy. (June)

**DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS — 20th Century Fox:** An adventure packed with action, with Lionel Barrymore in command of a whaling vessel in 1857. Philip Dorn, Maxie Rosenbloom, Dean Stockwell as the captain's grandson. (May)

**EL PASO — Pine Thomas-Paramount:** John Payne has a tough time bringing order to El Paso with Sterling Hayden and Dub Hart out to stop him. Gail Russell is the romantic interest. (May)

**FAN, THE — 20th Century Fox:** Preserving the sky, the glory of Oscar Wilde's play, this charming period piece is in color, with Patricia Neal, Madeleine Carroll, George Sanders. (Apr.)

**FLAMINGO ROAD — Warners:** Joan Crawford's cast as a gal trying to start a new life in a small town, Zachary Scott and David Niven pack the screen in Joan's love while Sydney Greenstreet is her enemy. A compelling drama. (June)

**FLAXY MARTIN — Warners:** Virginia Mayo is a gorgeous gal, but lady, is a crooked mender that moves at lightning speed. With Zachary Scott, Douglas Kennedy, Dorothy Malone. (Apr.)

**FORCE OF EPIT — M-G-M:** The numbers racket is exposed in all its sickliness with John Garfield as a crooked lawyer. (Apr.)

**GREEN PROMISE, THE — RKO:** Good rural drama pointing up hardships of farm life. With John Agar, Priscilla Lane, Alfred Lunt, Natalie Wood. (May)

**IMPACT — Poskyn—UA:** In this strange triangle, Marjorie Weaver tries to get a man from his designing life. Walker, Helen Walker, Ella Raines pitted in Brian's life by way of consolation. (June)

**HIGAW — Tower—UA:** An incredible crime meller — French chauvinist having a little too much fun to be a credit to up-and-coming producer, Jean Wallace a wicked blonde. (May)

**KNOCK ON ANY DOOR — Columbia:** Tense, tragic study of a young man succumbing to his surroundings with Humphrey Bogart, John Derek, Allene Roberts. (Apr.)

**LITTLE WOMEN — M-G-M:** Louisa May Alcott's story of the March family is trimmed with Technicolor forget-me-nots. A topnotch cast includes June Allyson, Peter Lawford, Margaret O'Brien, Elizabeth Taylor, Janet Leigh. (May)

**MANHUNTED — Paramount:** Suspenseful thriller, which Doris Dowd is victimized by scoundrel Dan Duryea. (June)

**MR. BELVEDERE GOES TO COLLEGE — 20th Century Fox:** Stylishly directed by a popular director. With Clifton Webb, Shirley Temple and Tommy Dorsey. (May)

**MOTHER IS A FRESHMAN — 20th Century Fox:** This gag college comedy has widow Lord (Junior) at the controls. With Robert Mitchum as a braggart, Lee Bowman, Eve Arden, Adolph Menjou. (May)

**MY DREAM IS YOURS — Warners:** It's a mighty nice dream with Jack Carson as a radio talent and Ruby Keeler as his singing discovery, Lee Bowman, Eve Arden, Adolph Menjou. (May)

**OUTPOST IN MOROCCO — Bischoff UA:** A hang-up desert drama of hard riding, shooting and lovemaking. With George Raft, Marie Windsor, Akin Tamawo. (June)

**PORTRAIT OF JENNIE — Selznick:** A glowing romance superbly acted. Jennifer Jones is the girl out of the past who hates Joseph Cotten. With Ethel Barrymore, Coel Kellaway. (April)

**QUARTET — Rank—Eagle Lion:** Four delightful stories from W. Somerset Maugham's pen make this tonetop entertainment. A "different" kind of picture for sophisticated tastes. (May)

**RED CANYON — U-I:** Here's a hang-up prairie drama with Ann Blyth, Howard Duff, George Brent, Edgar Buchanan and June Darwell. (May)

**RED PONY, THE — Republic:** This sentimental story revolves around a boy and his pony. With Robert Mitchum, Shepard Strudwick, Myrna Loy, Peter Miles. (May)

**SCOT OF THE ANTONCARS — Rank—Eagle Lion:** A superb, star-and-ace epic dealing with Captain Scott's expedition to the South Pole in 1911-12. With John Mills, Derek Bond, Harold Warrender. (May)

**SET-UP, THE — RKO:** Robert Ryan takes a brush with apache Indians to the place of the fight. With Audrey Totter, George Tobias. (June)

**SOUTH OF ST. LOUIS — Warners:** Brisk action-filled Civil War comedy ably set up by Joel McCrea, Jack Buetel, with Charles Henry, Alexis Smith, Dorothy Malone. (May)

**STRAIGHT STORY, THE — M-G-M:** A heart-warming movie based on the real-life story of baseball's second baseman, Jimmy Stewart, June Allyson, Frank Morgan. (June)

**TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME — M-G-M:** A triple-header with Frank Sinatra and Gene Kelly as a hard-hearted gal gambling for big stakes. With Dan Duryea, Virginia Mayo, and June Allyson. (June)

**TAULSA — Warners:** Wagon—Eagle Lion; Rowdy, old-time in which Susan Hayward is up to her pretty neck in derricks and slickers. There's Robertson, Pedro Armendite, and Jim Davis. (June)

**UNDERCOVER MAN, THE — Columbia:** When Uncle Sam closes in on his big-shot racketeer for income tax evasions, Glenn Ford is the agent assigned to take care of Tina Foch in his patient spouse. A good game of hide-and-seek. (June)

**WAKE OF THE RED WITCH — Republic:** In this thriller-diller of the deep, strange adventures begin with a real witch. With Barbara Stanwyck, Charles Bickford, and William Tabbert. (June)

**WE WERE STRANGERS — Columbia:** Screening of a love story, starring Jennifer Jones and John Garfield, with Pedro Armendariz, Gilbert Roland and David Bond. (May)

**WINDOW, THE — RKO:** An edge-of-the-seat thriller having a lot to do with top-notch crime. Bobby Driscoll is in the lead with able support from Arthur Kennedy, Paul Stewart, Barbara Hale, Ruth Roman. (June)

**WOMAN'S SECRET, THE — RKO:** This fairly entertaining suspense drama has Maureen O'Hara taking a shot at Gloria Grahame. With Melvyn Douglas and Victor Mature. (May)

**YOUNGER BROTHERS, THE — Warners:** Detective thriller about the first-rate story of how Humphrey Bogart, Robert Mitchum and James Brown—who yearns to transform from a landlady to a farmgirl—will only be leashed. With June Preisser, Jean Prince, Geraldine Brooks. (June)
Jane sang with her heart and gave them a glimpse of home.

JANE POWELL, appearing at a Veterans' Hospital in Iowa, had permission from the doctors to go into the psychopathic wards. First she saw Jean, with the dark solemn eyes. A good-looking French boy, Jean, who had served with American GIs. He did not appear mentally ill to Jane. But there was the muscular attendant at his side, alert, watching for any symptom of violence.

They told Jane that Jean had a brain tumor. In two weeks, they said, he wouldn't be here any more. Jean, it turned out, was one of the reasons they had permitted Jane in that ward. In this lucid interval he had asked to see her. She would have to sing without accompaniment, the doctor whispered. They could not risk bringing the small piano into that room.

"What would you like me to sing, Jean?" she asked, smiling.

"Something happy!" His voice lifted.

Jane stepped closer to sing "Les Filles de Cadiz" and "Ave Maria." And as she sang, her voice pleaded with all the men in that ward to know it was spring outside, to see the flowers blooming again.

"You look like my sister," Jean told Jane when she had finished. And he showed her a picture of a tall, thin woman with a high pompadour, very dark and intense, about forty-five.

"You look like my sister." These were familiar words to Jane. She heard them often. Karl was there, too, a Norwegian boy. "You remind me so much of somebody, my sister," he said. Another picture. This time she was a blonde, husky girl of 180 pounds.

Jimmy, the Chinese paraplegic, hopped from ward to ward, after her. He had a sister, too, with narrow, bright eyes.

She looked like them all; the fat, the thin, the fair, the dark, the middle-aged, the very young.

Before leaving, she bent over David, whose face was as sensitive and strong as his spirit. He had seen the bright flash of a flame-thrower one day; since then, there had been darkness.

David grasped beneath his pillow. "The little one is my sister," he said. Then, eagerly, "You are so much like her."

Jane took the picture, and saw she did look like David's sister, just as he said.

The doctor came by. It was time for Jane to leave. "Thank you, David," she said. And as she turned away, with tears in her eyes, she knew she would continue these tours. A wonderful thing to bring light into the darkness, to resurrect hope, where hope had been dead.

Lather... was Alva's problem!

"Imagine trying to shampoo your hair without enough lather," complains Alva Anderson. "And that's just about what happens every time I use a soap shampoo!" Of course, Alva won't get the lather she wants with a soap shampoo — especially in hard water! And she can't rinse away that dulling soap film, either. That's what leaves hair looking drab and lifeless. Makes it hard to manage, too!

But Alice got heaps of it!

"Toni Creme Shampoo is wonderful! Even in hard water, I get all the rich, creamy lather I need—and then some!" says twin Alice. And Toni does more than that! After Soft-Water Shampooing, your hair is exquisitely clean... shinier... more glamorous than you ever dreamed possible! Each strand shimmers with all, yes, all its natural beauty! Curls are fresh, vibrant-looking... soft as a moonbeam!

Now it's Toni Creme Shampoo for Two!

The Anderson twins know there's nothing like Toni Creme Shampoo! Nothing like Soft-Water Shampooing in hard water! For Toni bursts into oceans of thick, billowy lather... rinses away dirt and dandruff instantly. Toni leaves your hair wonderfully fresh and radiant... sparkling with precious new highlights. Helps your permanent "take" better... look lovelier longer. Get the jar or tube of Toni Creme Shampoo today. Try Soft-Water Shampooing. It's for you!
Beauties of yesterday and today met for first time when Photoplay’s Hymie Fink introduced Mary Pickford and Liz Taylor. They’re with Bob Stack.

The place, the Racquet Club. The time, Circus Week in Palm Springs. The occasion, a reunion between old friends Clark Gable and Annie Sheridan.

Couples—on and off: Jane Powell radiating happiness at the Jeanette MacDonald cocktail party for opera diva Lottie Lehman. Reason? Jane’s fiancé, Geary Steffen, was with her. The couple are only waiting to be married until Geary gets established in the insurance business. . . . Martha Vickers and Mickey Rooney beaming on their friends at Ciro’s before Martha took off for Las Vegas to divorce A. C. Lyles. An out-of-town visitor peering intently at Mickey, said to her escort, “But he looks too little to be married three times.” . . . Nora Flynn, telephoning Cal before her take-off to Las Vegas to divorce Errol, says she wants to be free to marry Dick Haymes before he leaves for either personal appearances or picture work in Europe. They seem mighty happy together, Nora and Dick.

Heathcliff? Movie producers who have been spurned by newcomer Montgomery Clift, as well as all the actors who applaud his integrity, were left puzzled by Monty’s radio portrayal of Heathcliff on the major network show of “Wuthering Heights.” One actor, who accidentally turned on the show halfway through, lost a five-dollar bet that Heathcliff was being played by Ozzie Nelson. Another argued it was Lon McCallister. (Continued on page 14)
Kiss in the dark! Anne Baxter, Dan Dailey, are married in "You're My Everything"

Cary Grant, back from Europe, stopped in 20th commissary to say hello to Betsy Drake

London raved about him in "Oklahoma"—now Howard Keel, visiting Ava Gardner, will play opposite Judy Garland in "Annie Get Your Gun"
INSIDE STUFF

Proud moment for Jim Stewart and his parents! His plane just broke a speed record. Anvil emblem is good luck sign. 1853 is date his grandfather opened hardware store now owned by father.

It Happened in Hollywood: A chorus line of Ray Milland, James Stewart, Peter Lawford, Walter Pidgeon, Fred MacMurray, Van Johnson, George Murphy and Robert Taylor, as a background for Gene Kelly as the ingenue, Trixie, in blonde wig and billowy skirts ... Jack Benny as a hillbilly band leader ... Jack Benny in a bugle-headed cocktail gown as Gracie Allen, with partner George Burns ... Dan Dailey doing the old soft-shoe ... Frank Sinatra, Gordon MacRae and Tony Martin pouring forth songs ... Jimmy Durante, with Clayton and Jackson, wrecking the joint ... Bob Hope and Danny Thomas killing the customers ... Jimmy Cagney, again the old Yankee Doodle Dandy, George M. Cohan ... Spencer Tracy, straight man for Harpo Marx ... As ballet dancers, Vincent Price, Jack Oakie, Brian Aherne, Rod Cameron, Dennis O'Keefe, Cesar Romero, Leonid Kinsky, George Murphy, Keenan Wynn, Eddie Bracken, Buster Keaton and Mickey Rooney cavorting in the "It's Spring Again" number ... George Jessel as master of ceremonies and as Professor Lombard playing their own compositions with the audience singing the lyrics. These were the inspired moments of, undoubtedly, the greatest show ever given. A million dollars worth of talent gave of their talents for the benefit of the Motion Picture Relief Home for aged and out-of-work movie folk. And an audience, comprised of stars, agents, producers, writers, directors and the public, responded to the tune of over $300,000; an audience that pronounced it an evening never to be forgotten in Hollywood.

Bergman Rumors: Cal feels the printed rumors about Ingrid Bergman and her Italian director Roberto Rossellini, working on a film together near Rome, may have sprung from Ingrid's obvious desire to get away. Ingrid recently had been weighed down by the responsibility of financial and professional problems. As we understand it, the Swedish star was to receive a percentage from the profits of "Joan of Arc," but the film was so costly, the profits may not live up to expectations. It could mean that a lot of work, strength and effort reaped little monetary returns.

(Continued on page 16)
Million dollar chorus! Left to right, Peter Lawford, Ray Milland, Walter Pidgeon, Fred MacMurray, Van Johnson, Bob Montgomery, Bob Taylor rehearse for the Friar's Frolic, held at Shrine Auditorium for Motion Picture Relief Fund.

The talent turnout for the Frolic was terrific. Gloria De Haven shows Pete Lawford a new step.

The laugh behind the chorus line: Bob Hope advertises star attractions in Friar's Frolic in his own inimitable fashion!
(Continued from page 14) The critics' reactions to "Arch of Triumph" was another blow to Ingrid, whose name has been, hitherto, synonymous with hits, in America.

There are some who hint Ingrid's husband, Dr. Lindstrom, controlled her professional and private life with too firm a hand.

Bits and Pieces: The birthday cake ordered by Betty Grable for her husband's birthday dinner at Ciro's had all the customers gaping in Harry James's direction. Around the cake marched a parade of their race horses, in miniature, and on top was a small Harry James and his trumpet . . . The war medals worn by Robert Montgomery with his white tie and tails keep everyone wondering—is it good form or not . . . The formal garden that Betty Hutton long dreamed of and finally got, is a thing of the past. Where once petunias flourished, sand piles now abide and pansy beds have given way to doll houses. Even the dainty organdy frocks of little Lindsay and Candy have been replaced by blue jeans and the cowboy outfits their mama brought them from Palm Springs. Babies, Betty discovers, have a way of reducing everything to the practical . . . The way Paul Douglas, the former man about Broadway, has settled down in his own little Fox Hills home with his own little bachelor housekeeping problems has his New York friends agog. If Hollywood can do this to Paul, it can do anything, they claim.

Mrs. Oscar Clowns: Remembering the simple dignity of Jane Wyman as she accepted her Oscar for "Johnny Belinda," we were anxious to catch the actress deep in work on her next picture, "The Octopus and Miss Smith," at Warners. On stage five, she was hanging upside down by her toes, out a prop window.

This was nothing, we were assured, to the low-down, slap-stickish indignities that had happened to Jane for this picture. The very day after the Awards, Dennis Morgan was called upon to lightly scorched Miss Wyman's derriere with a cigarette. "I've always wanted to do this to an Academy Award winner," Dennis chortled. "Now I'm even."

Her very first bubble bath on the screen occurs in the action, too, and not only that, but (Continued on page 19)

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INSIDE STUFF

Gloria Swanson of "Sunset Boulevard," columnist Brandy Brent, at brunch party where guests "snapped" each other!
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Veto lasts and lasts from bath to bath!
(Continued from page 16) on one of our rare, foggy days, Jane was tipped into a cold sea and made to swim ashore, after which she gets her face pushed into gorgeous, gooey mud. “The only Oscar I could win for this would be an adobe brick,” Jane cracked.

Coop: Gary Cooper, slow speaking and soft treading, has strictly a one-track mind. And the track, this time, is a ski one in Aspen, Colorado, where Gary has invested in a lodge and all the trimmings. Between takes on every picture, Coop goes off to a corner, constantly moving his arms as he flits down imaginary ski slides on imaginary skis, balancing himself as he goes. It’s really something to see. Incidentally, no father was more proud than Gary, when his young daughter Maria won the Junior ski championship for the year.

In-laws? He loves them; Apparently, in-law troubles just ain’t with Rory Calhoun. Finding their Encino ranch home too far from Warners studio, Rory and his cute wife Lita Baron have moved in with her mother, while Rory makes “Task Force.” Rory and his mother-in-law get along just fine.

What’s more, Rory has gone into the potato raising business with his brother-in-law and his wife’s cousin. The boys have twenty acres planted near Ojai.

First Day Jitters: The first day of shooting on any picture is comparable to an opening night on Broadway. While outward calm seems to prevail, players are consumed with inward jitters. It was a “first day,” when Cal strolled onto the “Bandwagon” set at Twentieth. Up until that day, Mark Stevens and Betsy Drake had never met, and yet two hours after their introduction, they were kissing ardently. For a scene, of course. Betty, who spoke her lines with calm assurance, later told us she had never been so nervous. “In ‘Every Girl Should Be Married,’ I was too green to be really scared. Now that I recognize the responsibility of carrying a role, I’m so scared I can hardly stand up.”

Ride ‘Em, Cow Kids: Television has brought about an odd condition among Hollywood children, many viewing a Western film for the first time. Lana Turner’s six-year-old Cheryl has become so intrigued with her televised Westerns, she’s gone completely cowgirl, with boots, hat and all the Western regalia worn by the actors.

Her grandmother has been renamed “Smoky” by Cheryl, who will tolerate no other name.

Diedre Flynn has changed her own name to Sam, after a Western character. Her father, Errol, phones her from Europe, addressing her only as Sam.

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INSIDE STUFF

An orchid for Alana Ladd, with her parents Alan and Sue at Ice-Capades of ‘49 in Pan-Pacific Auditorium

Alan Probst, Susan Peters, Judy Garland and daughter Liza helped fill baskets later for Los Angeles Children’s Hospital at recent Capitol Records party.
**VVV (F) The Barkleys of Broadway**  
(M-G-M)

Astaire and Rogers are together again, just as if they had never been parted.
Fred and Ginger are wonderful as the Barkleys, an in-and-out-of-love couple, who alternately squabble and make up. Opening night of their latest Broadway musical hit finds them bombarded by bouquets from the audience, but throwing brickbats at each other. The wedge between them is widened by French playwright Jacques Francois.

Ginger looks sophisticated and dances divinely. Maybe singing isn’t her strong point—or Astaire’s either—but why carp about that? Oscar Levant nonchalantly tosses off jokes and concertos.

*Your Reviewer Says:* Dreamy song-and-dance show.

**VVV (F) Home of the Brave**  
(Screen Plays-UA)

Any way you look at it, this is a great picture, based on the Arthur Laurents war play.
The cast features Douglas Dick as a young major; Jeff Corey, a conscientious Army doctor; Steve Brodie, Lloyd Bridges, Frank Lovejoy and James Edwards, four soldiers chosen for a dangerous mission. Brodie resents the presence of Edwards because he is a Negro. Bridges, who knows Edwards from their school days, is aroused by Brodie’s insults to his friend. When Jap snipers attack, each man shows his mettle.

James Edwards stands out as the target for racial discrimination. The acting is admirable all around.

*Your Reviewer Says:* A stirring significant war story.

**VV (F) Lust for Gold**  
(Columbia)

In this excitement-charged movie, Ida Lupino and Glenn Ford are hard hit by gold fever.
Glenn, a mighty mean hombre, has a single purpose: To find the treasure locked within Arizona’s Superstition Mountain. When he does, everyone is after it, including Ida, who is weary of her bread-and-butter existence with her no-account husband, Gig Young. The story—allegedly true—is told in flashback by William Prince who plays Ford’s grandson.

As the sullen, unshaven brute, who heads for the nearest barber shop after meeting Ida, Ford is thoroughly convincing. Ida also scores. Young is understandably bitter, Prince, boyishly eager. Edgar Buchanan and Will Geer lend suitable support.

*Your Reviewer Says:* High-powered adventure.
(F) Look for the Silver Lining (Warners)

THE accent is decidedly on dancing in this lavish biographical musical on the life of Marilyn Miller. Luscious-looking June Haver gives a sparkling performance as the dainty star. Ray Bolger is delightfully droll in the role of dancer Jack Donahue. Gordon MacRae is good as her first husband. At the height of her career, Marilyn recalls those early years when she joined the family vaudeville act. Soon she is the drawing-card with Pop (Charlie Ruggles), Mom (Rosemary DeCamp), and her sisters (Lee and Lyn Wilde) taking a back seat.

Supported by a splendid cast, Haver and Bolger turn this into one of the top movie musicals of 1949.

Your Reviewer Says: Tuneful and gay.

(F) Sorrowful Jones (Paramount)

AMON RUNYON'S outstanding human comedy, "Little Miss Marker," has been remade with Bob Hope in the key role. It's all to the good that Bob has a real story, one with a heart-throb or two behind all the laughs, instead of a series of gags strung together.

This time Bob is a Broadway bookmaker on the lookout for a fast buck. Lucille Ball pleasingly plays a wise-cracking night club singer. In the role which brought fame to Shirley Temple years ago, five-year-old Mary Jane Saunders is winningly wistful. She is such a cute mite that Bob hates to put her in an orphanage when her daddy, Paul Lees, is bumped off by big-shot gambler Bruce Cabot.

Your Reviewer Says: A favorite pays off in laughs.

(A) One Woman's Story (Rank-UI)

THIS absorbing British drama, dealing with the familiar triangle, boasts polished performances by Ann Todd, Claude Rains and Trevor Howard.

Heeding the practical side of her nature, Ann has married aging but wealthy banker Rains. However, Ann's poetical side cries for her lost love—young university professor Howard. The question is, can such a woman substitute high-flown romance for solid security? Rains thinks not, his rival disagrees, while Ann is all mixed up.

Todd is aristocratically indiscreet, Rains, at once suave and forceful, Howard, the chivalrous knight in armor. Isabel Dean and Betty Ann Davies do well in supporting roles.

Your Reviewer Says: Romantically appealing.
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(A) Edward, My Son (M-G-M)

BE PREPARED to weep when you see this strong object lesson on how not to rear children. In the leading role, Spencer Tracy is realistically ruthless as the self-made Canadian-British financier, whose great incentive in life is his only son Edward. Hard-headed businessman Tracy is utterly blind where the boy’s welfare is concerned, and brushes aside the pleas of his wife, Deborah Kerr, to stop spoiling him. Deborah’s performance ranks with the finest acting of this or any year, and establishes her as one of the screen’s great ladies. Ian Hunter is an understanding family doctor and Mervyn Johns scores as Tracy’s unlucky business associate. Leuen-reen MacGrath is attractively intelligent as Tracy’s secretary-sweetheart.

Although the action revolves around young Edward, you never meet him, which heightens the dramatic effect.

Your Reviewer Says: A poignant domestic drama.

(F) The Judge Steps Out (RKO)

HERE’S a picture that is decidedly different. The judge is cultured, respected Alexander Knox, whose wife, Frieda Inescort, and daughter, Martha Hyer, impose upon him no end. Fed up with it all, Knox walks out and has himself an adventure. That’s where Ann Sothern pops into the picture. Ann runs a roadside eatery, where characters like George Tobias drop in for a hamburger. Knox falls for Ann’s charms, then wonders if exchanging his courthouse for a hash house would be playing the game according to the rules.

Sharyn Moffett, Florence Bates, Myrna Dell and Whitford Kane perform their parts affably.

Your Reviewer Says: Middle-aged high jinks.

(F) Hideout (Republic)

ADRIAN BOOTH and Lloyd Bridges are the featured young players in this crime movie. However, it’s elderly Roy Collins who really rates top billing as a smooth, unscrupulous jewel thief. After double-crossing two of his confederates, Collins repairs to a small town, where he poses as a wealthy philanthropist. Bridges is lackadasical as an up-and-coming district attorney running for Mayor. Sheila Ryan and Jeff Corey round out the roster of players.

Your Reviewer Says: Routine crook yarn.

Picture of suspense: Bill Powell and Shelley Winters in “Take One False Step”
EVEN though it was Graduation Day Dora felt a little pang of loneliness. What was the diploma compared to those precious sparkling rings that Babs and Beth were wearing? Dora was killing her chances of ever wearing one, too, unless she changed her ways. There was one course* that college didn't teach her.

What do other charms amount to if you have halitosis (bad breath)*? Whether occasional or chronic, it can finish you with a man that quick. Smart girls, popular girls, realize this and are extra careful not to offend.

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Vacationing? It's mighty comforting to have a good antiseptic handy in case of minor cuts, scratches and abrasions requiring germicidal first-aid.
DeLong Bob Pins set the smartest hair-do's stronger grip—won't slip out

(Continued from page 22)

(F) Massacre River (Allied Artists)

TAKEN from a Harold Bell Wright novel, this Western fails to live up to its blood-and-thunder, good-against-evil script. It is of little help to Guy Madison, Rory Calhoun, Carole Mathews and Cathy Downs.

Guy and Rory are fellow officers, stationed in Indian country. Both are smitten with Colonel Art Baker's pretty daughter Cathy. No sooner does Guy become engaged to her, however, than he meets Carole, a good-hard girl from the wrong side of the prairie. Rory and Cathy's brother, Johnny Sands, try to break up the affair with disastrous results.

From the standpoint of acting, Carole Mathews comes off best, at least bringing some reality to her role.

Your Reviewer Says: Not enough Indians.

\(\checkmark\) (A) The Fallen Idol (Reel-SRO)

CHILD stars are in the forefront now. This week's newcomer Bobby Henrey who has the stuff to make oldsters sit up and take notice.

The youngest lives in the French Embassy in London, where his father is Ambassador. Both parents are away and Bobby is in the care of butler Ralph Richardson and his wife, housekeeper Sonia Dresdell. A kind man, Richardson has won Bobby's confidence and the feeler instinctively recoils from the sharp-tongued woman. Another grown-up in the child's world is attractive, and obviously troubled, Michael Morgan. When tragedy strikes, Bobby strives to comfort him but, in his eagerness to help his Butler-friend, he blunders badly.

Your Reviewer Says: One of Britain's best.

\(\checkmark\) (F) Illegal Entry (Universal-International)

PICTORIALLY speaking, the Treasury Department has had its innings. This time, the files of U.S. Immigration serve as a springboard for a chase film.

Inventor George Brent hires Howard Duff as a temporary undercover agent. Duff's assignment is to look up Marta Toren, member of a gang of smugglers, and cultivate her acquaintance. Maybe he can get her to tell about those aliens being flown across the Mexican border.

Whether defying danger or making love to Marta, Howard wears a dead-pen expression. Marta concentrates on being a damsel in distress while Brent is coolly efficient and just a bit bored by it all. The smugglers form a more colorful crew, consisting of cynical Paul Stewart, sullen Gar Moore, charming Jim Tully and gang leader Richard Rober.

Your Reviewer Says: Exciting game of tag.

\(\checkmark\) (F) The Crooked Way (Bogues-UA)

REMEMBER what a good-natured guy Sonny Tufts used to be? Sonny is not only older looking and considerably tougher, but he has grown in stature as an actor. His portrayal of a gang leader is by far the best thing he has ever done.

John Payne gives a good account of himself as a war-wounded amnesia victim with a dark past and a doubtful future. With the exception of Ellen Drew, what he discovers is anything but pretty. Pushed around by Tufts and his henchman, and suspected by police lieutenant Rhys Williams, poor Payne hasn't a friend in the world. At least, not until Ellen begins to see things his way.

It all stacks up to a taut, terrifying movie, impressively acted and directed.

Your Reviewer Says: Grim gangland film.

\(\checkmark\) (F) The Big Cat (Moss-Eagle Lion)

WHAT with Lon McCallister chasing a mountain lion and Peggy Ann Garner chasing Lon, it's never a dull moment in this primitive picture dressed up in Technicolor. To top it all off, excitement, Preston Foster and Forrest Tucker, a pair of unneighborly neighbors, beat each other up within an inch of their lives.

This all happens in the backwoods of Utah where Lon, a city boy, seeks adventure and finds it. The film's highlight is a thrilling fight between a plucky dog and the "big cat."

Foster delivers a convincing performance, receiving satisfactory support from Irving Bacon, Sara Haden, Skip Homeier.

Your Reviewer Says: Calling all youngsters!

\(\checkmark\) (F) The Mighty Joe Young (Ford-Cooper-RKO)

OF ALL the wildly extravagant yarns you've ever seen, this one takes the prize. The star performer is—surprise!—a gigantic gorilla.

Animal-loving Terry Moore lives on an African farm where she raises Joe from a bottle-sucking baby to a bellowing monster. When showman Robert Armstrong obtains the privilege of owning Joe, Terry is left to tend the beast.

Terry around, he hits upon the idea of presenting the girl and gorilla in his new Hollywood nightclub. Opening night in this miniature jungle, complete with real lions, is a sensational success until some dim-witted drunks prod Joe into a king-sized rampage.

It's wacky, but fun. A romantic sideline of love between airy with good-looking co-writer Ben Johnson.

Your Reviewer Says: Super-duper monkey- shines.

\(\checkmark\) (F) Black Magic (Small-UA)

ONE of the screen's most colorful personalities, Orson Welles, has a made-to-order role in this flambouyant, fact-oriented picture which places the eighteenth-century charlatan Cagliostro, who set all Europe aog with his black magic.

Obsessed with the idea of wreaking vengeance on the man who condemned his parents to death, Orson rants and raves and weaves his strange spells. In a dual role, Nancy Guild plays a haughty queen on one hand, a helpless commoner on the other. Her two faces bear a remarkable resemblance and Welles uses this coincidence for his own wicked ends. Akim Tamiroff is Orson's partner-in-crime, Stephen Beassy his sworn enemy, Frank Latimore his rival for Nancy's love. Valentina Cortese a gypsy sweetheart and Margo Graham the notorious Madame DuBarry.

Your Reviewer Says: Crystal-gazing de luxe.

(F) Prince of the Plains (Republic)

THIS prosaic yarn relates how cowboy Monte Hale becomes embroiled in the murder of a bank president. Hale has to talk fast to convince Sheriff Paul Hurst that it was a couple of other guys. In order to get the goods on them, Hale induces Hurst to let him impersonate the banker's son, beloved by them, who has been killed on his way home. When the fellow turns up safe and sound, Hale is in a real fix with badman Rory Mallinson and his henchman, Roy Barcroft. Shirley Davis is a decorative note in all the rumpus.

Your Reviewer Says: No cowboy classic.

(Continued on page 26)
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*As expressed by a cross-section of Hudnut Home Permanent users recently surveyed by an independent research organization.

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New! Improved! Richard Hudnut
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(Continued from page 24)

(F) Death Valley Gunfighter
(Republic)

THERE he comes galloping around the bend—Allan "Rocky" Lane on his trusty steed "Black Jack." Rocky is a ready-for-anything guy, rushing to the rescue of sheriff William A. Henry. Seems Henry is unable to cope with a band of outlaws headed by Jim Nolan. The varmints have been terrorizing old-timer Eddy Waller and are plotting to seize his quicksilver mine.

There's just enough—not too much—romance, supplied by Waller’s niece, Gail Davis, and her sweetheart-sheriff.

Your Reviewer Says: Rough-and-ready Western.

✓ (F) Prejudice
(New World Films)

HERE's a sincere, worthwhile picture against racial and religious bias.

David Bruce, his wife and young son represent an average American family. David's new job as plant production manager takes them to a typical small town. He is off to a good start with his boss, Joe Cehan, but is bothered by the fact that his Jewish assistant, Bruce Edwards, is much too capable. David wrongly reasons that the boss will put Edwards in his job. Minister James Seay, observing David's conflict, stresses in his Sunday sermons that "prejudice is a disease of the mind and heart. It springs from fright, frustration and insecurity and finds its outlet in hostility and aggression against almost any group the prejudiced person's sick mind has fastened on."

Your Reviewer Says: A timely lesson on tolerance.

✓ (F) Streets of Laredo
(Paramount)

THE Texas Rangers have their work cut out for them in this rip-roarin’ tale bristling with bandits.

Macdonald Carey, a dashing desperado, pulls off several holdups with serious William Holden and funny Bill Bendix. Then the boys lose sight of Mac for a couple of years. Holden and Bendix join up with the Rangers, figuring the outfit will serve as a convenient smokescreen for further crimes. What they don’t know is that they will be called upon to bring to justice their former friend, Macdonald. Holden, to whom friendship is sacred, balks at the idea, and Bendix takes his place. Thereafter, it’s a question who will be shot first. In the romance department, pint-sized Mona Freeman spiritedly plays a female firecracker who can shoot it out with the best of them. Mona goes for Mac until her pretty blue eyes are opened to the fact that he’s a cool, ruthless killer.

Your Reviewer Says: Lots of lootin’ and shootin’.

✓ (F) The Secret Garden
(M-G-M)

A MYSTERY-romance of Victorian days gives Margaret O’Brien the chance to play a different kind of role.

Orphaned by the Black Plague in India, she is sent to England where her eccentric, wealthy uncle, Herbert Marshall, dwells in a great, gloomy house. At night, the corridors echo with agonized wails and the child determines to find out why. Thus, she discovers her crippled cousin, Dean Stockwell. The bedridden youngster gets what he wants by staging frequent tantrums, whereupon Maggie demonstrates that, when it comes to being a brat, she can
match him any time. Loneliness and neglect draw the children together. With the aid of Brian Roper, she has stumbled upon a small garden on the grounds. Persistent probing reveals why Marshall ordered it looked up years ago.

Gladsy Cooper is a severe housekeeper, Elsa Lancaster a jolly housemaid, Reginald Owen an old gardener, and George Zucco a wise physician.

Your Reviewer Says: Unusual tale well told.

✓ (F) Interference (RKO)

The point made in this football film is that a man's wife can make or break him, especially if he is trusting Victor Mature and she is deceitful Lizabeth Scott. That Liz is as selfish as she's attractive is evident to Vic's friend and fellow-player, Sonny Tufts, and to the team's fine manager, Lloyd Nolan. It's also painfully plain to Nolan's clever secretary, Lucille Ball, whose flippant remarks hide an aching heart. Dwelling upon Mature's private, rather than professional life, this pigskin drama gives you a little football, still more about love. There's a surprise finish.

Your Reviewer Says: A touchdown for Mature.

✓ (F) The Fountainhead

Warners-First National)

Integrity is a fine quality, but must Gary Cooper go to such extreme lengths to preserve it? Cooper is ruggedly sincere as a thoroughly unconventional architect, a struggling genius who refuses to compromise with his principles. Patricia Neal is arresting as the alluring Dominique, who becomes engaged to one man, wed another, and is madly in love with a third. Raymond Massey registers as a powerful newspaper publisher, who regards Patricia as his greatest acquisition. Kent Smith conveys pathos as a mediocre architect and Robert Douglas capably portrays a conniving columnist. Ray Collins is Gary's loyal client, Henry Hull a pitiful failure, Jerome Cowan a distraught editor.

Your Reviewer Says: Strangely stimulating.

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Best Pictures of the Month

The Barkleys of Broadway
The Crooked Way
Edward, My Son
The Fallen Idol
Home of the Brave
Look for the Silver Lining
Last of Gold
Sorrowful Jones

Best Performances of the Month

Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers in "The Barkleys of Broadway"
Sonny Tufts in "The Crooked Way"
Spencer Tracy, Deborah Kerr in "Edward, My Son"
Bobby Hearn, Ralph Richardson in "The Fallen Idol"
James Edwards in "Home of the Brave"
June Haver, Ray Bolger in "Look for the Silver Lining"
Ida Lupino, Glenn Ford in "Last of Gold"
Ann Todd, Claude Rains in "One Woman's Story"
Margaret O'Brien, Brian Roper in "The Secret Garden"

---

"I dress for a bride's shower... 
at 8 o'clock in the morning!"

1. "For daytime duties I wear a versatile costume. A short, chic, cardigan jacket. A jaunty white hat with a feather to match my dress. A gay roomy basket bag. It's really a traffic stopper! And, of course, I rely on gentler, even more effective Odorono Cream... because I know it protects me from perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!"

New Odorono Cream brings you an improved new formula in a bright new package. Stays creamy smooth, too... even if you leave the cap off for weeks!

2. "For the evening surprise party, from under my jacket appears a picture-pretty party dress. Around its soft blue tie silk I put a white organdie sash which matches the dainty gathered V-neck insert, and I'm set! I'm confident of my charm all evening, too, thanks to new Odorono Cream... because I find it gives me the most effective protection I've ever known!"

'It never harms fine fabrics, and is so gentle you can use it right after shaving! You'll find it the perfect deodorant!'
Lovely BETTY GRABLE with CESAR ROMERO in the 20th Century-Fox Technicolor picture, "THE BEAUTIFUL BLONDE FROM BASHFUL BEND"

"You're adorable!"

"I'm a Lux Girl!"
says BETTY GRABLE

This is a beauty care that really makes skin lovelier! In recent Lux Toilet Soap tests by skin specialists actually three out of four complexions improved in a short time.

"Lux Soap facials leave skin softer, smoother!" says Betty Grable. "I work the fragrant lather well in, rinse, then pat with a towel to dry."

Try the generous new bath size cake, too—so fragrant, so luxurious!

YOU want skin that's lovely to look at, thrilling to touch. Try this gentle care screen stars recommend.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap — Lux Girls are Lovelier!
We recommend
"HOLLYWOOD HOLIDAY"

On page 32 you will find a guide to a Hollywood vacation. It advises not only where to go in the film capital but also reports on the many romantic places that lie close by and are easily accessible by car or bus, train or plane.

This isn't the first feature of this kind that Photoplay has published. It was, in fact, the heartening response enjoyed by last year's "So You're Going to Hollywood" that inspired this current "Hollywood Holiday" as well as our editorial plan to present a travel guide in every July issue, thus making it a yearly feature.

If you're going to Hollywood, you'll be delighted with the complete charts that tell all about the hotels, restaurants and night clubs—as well as the exclusive pictures that decorate the travel pages. If a Hollywood vacation hadn't been your plan, we suspect it will be before you close this magazine. And if circumstances make such an excursion out of the question at the moment, you'll dream better after you read Fredda Dudley's "Hollywood Holiday"—which is complete to the least detail, but, above all, exciting and romantic.

Fred Wilbanks
THE BERGMAN BOMBSHELL

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

The story behind the gossip that began as a Hollywood whisper and exploded into international headlines

WHENEVER anyone in Hollywood has become involved in any great scandal, always we have said, "Well, thank goodness there are those stars upon whom you can count." And, invariably, we have added, "Stars who live with the greatest personal dignity and propriety—Ingrid Bergman, for instance."

That's why it is so heart-breaking that Ingrid should have been involved in this Stromboli incident with her fiery, tempestuous director, Roberto Rossellini. And I think it a great pity that not once did he make any effort to protect her from a situation which he must have known would be headlined around the world.

Had stories and photographs similar to those circulated about Ingrid and Rossellini been circulated about Rita Hayworth or Lana Turner, or any one of the other glamour girls who have been in and out of love so many times, no one would have thought much about it. Ingrid is different, a gracious and dignified woman with a clever business brain. No other producer or director ever has been able to prevail upon her to commit herself to a production minus a story, cast and, in the beginning, financing.

Along with everyone else, I can only ask what happened to change her so much. Is this an overwhelming love story? Or could it all have sprung only from Ingrid's great and complete confidence in the genius of an artist she has known for such a short time?

Ingrid's association with Rossellini began innocently enough. About a year ago when she was in England, having seen Rossellini's fine films, "Paisan" and "Open City," she wrote him a letter. A friend to whom he showed this letter says it was very simple and direct, that it read in essence: "Dear Roberto Rossellini: I love your pictures and your direction. So if there's ever a small part for a little Swedish actress, please think of me. Ingrid Bergman."

Rossellini, described as a fascinating but arrogant man and a law unto himself, not only accepted this letter as a fine compliment, but considered it little short of a promise to make a picture with him.

He flew to London to see Ingrid who was highly amused and no little embarrassed by his interpretation of her impulsive note. However, Rossellini, with his flashing brown eyes, was not to be put off. When Ingrid returned to Hollywood, he (Continued on page 75)
Beyond reach of telephones, Rossellini and Ingrid on Stromboli

Stromboli volcano, never quiet

Fishermen here face danger

Houses crack from eruptions

Island life is primitive
Modern art lovers, Farley Granger, Shelley Winters in Associated American Artists Galleries, Beverly Hills

Picturesque pagodas and walks attract movie stars like Farley, Shelley to Japanese Botanical Gardens

HOLLYWOOD

BY FREDDA DUDLEY

It sounds like a far-away dream but Photoplay has the vacation figures to prove it can happen to you
Mexican dancing, serenades by candlelight, intrigue the young couple at La Golondrina, built on old pueblo

Miniature golf is year-round attraction. Farley’s in “Roseanna McCoy,” Shelley, “Take One False Step”

Angel’s Flight, one block trolley, takes Farley and Shelley from residential district to downtown L. A.

Photographs by Don Ornitz

HOLIDAY

It’s vacation time again! Perhaps you’re planning a holiday for two—a honeymoon. It may be you and one or more girl friends are going off together. Or is it a family holiday that lies ahead? Whatever your plans, one of the locales you should consider is California—Hollywood—and all the beautiful romantic places that lie only a few hours—or less—away.

Often enough, the sights of California are reminiscent of Spain. Many spots, literally, are Mexican. There’s Chinatown, too. And the coast, with its steep
HOLLYWOOD HOLIDAY

Travel feature of Union Pacific Streamliner “City of Los Angeles” is “Little Nugget” lounge car, decorated in “Gay Nineties” style.

Greyhound bus at Balboa Park, San Diego, Cal. Architecture in many California places is as Spanish as the original settlers.

Hills and mountains fringing the sea, is, for all the world, like the Mediterranean.

The motor highways that lead to California, from all directions, are superb. And for those who prefer not to drive, to be free to gaze in all directions, there are busses and trains—super deluxe or tourist—and there are planes galore.

The first question every newcomer to California asks is, “Will I be permitted to go through a studio?”

The answer, sadly, is “No.” There are a number of reasons. First of all, no studio is working full capacity at present, and no studio is employing a full staff. Budgets are rigid, schedules must be maintained and it is almost impossible to turn out a full day’s work when visitors are coming on and leaving a set.

However, on the streets of Hollywood and Beverly Hills, and in the restaurants and night clubs of the area, the alert visitor will catch sight of dozens of Hollywood notables. It is more fun to see them at play than at work, anyway. It is quite all right for youngsters to ask for autographs, provided they speak softly, say please, and leave the celebrity at once after receiving the autograph and expressing thanks for it.

Luckily, the visitor can see as many radio programs as he has time to attend. This, incidentally, is a better way to see celebrities than attempting to catch a glimpse of them in a picture studio. Those of you who are radio listeners will know how to secure tickets by writing to programs in advance. Requests should be made a month prior to the date you will be in Hollywood.

If it is impossible for you to plan so far ahead, the thing to do is to go to the Information Desk in each of the Broadcasting Studios as soon as you arrive and ask for instructions as to how to get tickets. While you are securing ducats, you should arrange to take one of the many guided tours which are provided for visitors by the studios. In the Yellow Section of the Los Angeles Telephone Book, on Page 1132, last column on the right, you will find a complete list of Radio Broad—(Continued on page 68)

For “Where to Stay” Chart See Page 66
For “Night Spots” Chart See Page 68
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NAME</th>
<th>ADDRESS</th>
<th>TELEPHONE</th>
<th>PRICE RANGE</th>
<th>TYPE OF PATRONAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bantam Cock</td>
<td>643 N. La Cienega Blvd., Los Angeles</td>
<td>CRestview 6-8608</td>
<td>Moderate</td>
<td>Picture and radio people; the social set</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barney's Beanery</td>
<td>8447 Santa Monica Boulevard</td>
<td>Hillside 9988</td>
<td>A pittance will take you there</td>
<td>Legend: Sit long enough, all Hollywood shows up</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beachcomber's</td>
<td>1727 N. McCadden Place</td>
<td>HOllyw'd 9-3968</td>
<td>High, but worth every penny</td>
<td>Picture, radio and social set</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Brown Derbys</td>
<td>1628 N. Vine 4500 Los Feliz Blvd. 9537 Wilshire Blvd. 3377 Wilshire Blvd.</td>
<td>HOllyw'd 9-5151 ORlympia 2913 CRestview 6-2311 FITzroy 5151</td>
<td>Moderate</td>
<td>Everyone</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bit of Sweden</td>
<td>9051 Sunset Blvd.</td>
<td>BRadshaw 2-2800</td>
<td>Dinner $1.75 up Smorgasbord $1.95</td>
<td>Everyone</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carolina Pines</td>
<td>7315 Melrose Ave.</td>
<td>WYoming 9122</td>
<td>Reasonable</td>
<td>Families</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chapel Inn</td>
<td>Highway 66, Duarte</td>
<td>MOnrovia 7622</td>
<td>Dinner $2 up Children, 90c up</td>
<td>Families (No liquor served)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chasen's</td>
<td>9039 Beverly Blvd., Beverly Hills</td>
<td>CRestview 1-2168</td>
<td>Dinner from $3.50 up</td>
<td>Picture people and the social set</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clifton's Cafeterias</td>
<td>618 South Olive 648 S. Broadway, LA</td>
<td>TRinity 1673 VAndyk 7316</td>
<td>From 50c up for a full meal</td>
<td>Everyone</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cock 'n' Bull</td>
<td>9170 Sunset Blvd.</td>
<td>BRadshaw 2-1397</td>
<td>From $1.50 up</td>
<td>Writers' and magazine editors' hangout</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>House of Murphy</td>
<td>410 South Van Vicente</td>
<td>BRadshaw 2-3432</td>
<td>Dinner $1.50 up</td>
<td>Hollywood celebrities</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jim Otto's</td>
<td>4557 Sherman Oaks (The Valley)</td>
<td>STate 4-5875</td>
<td>From $2.60 up</td>
<td>Everyone</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The King's</td>
<td>8153 Santa Monica Boulevard</td>
<td>HEmpstead 4577</td>
<td>Moderate</td>
<td>Everyone</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>La Rue</td>
<td>8633 Sunset Blvd.</td>
<td>BRadshaw 2-2733</td>
<td>Expensive</td>
<td>Picture people and social set</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lucey's</td>
<td>5444 Melrose Ave.</td>
<td>Hолlywood 5166</td>
<td>Dinner starts at $3, goes way up</td>
<td>Paramount and RKO hangout</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oceanhouse</td>
<td>415 Palisades Beach Road, Santa Monica</td>
<td>Santa Monica 5-3283</td>
<td>Luncheon from $2 Dinner from $3.50</td>
<td>Social set, picture people and tourists</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ready Room</td>
<td>365 N. La Cienega Boulevard</td>
<td>BRadshaw 2-1877</td>
<td>Dinner from $2.25</td>
<td>College group, picture people, social set</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Romanoff's</td>
<td>326 N. Rodeo Drive Beverly Hills</td>
<td>CRestview 1-9105</td>
<td>Dinner starts at $3, goes 'way up</td>
<td>The celebrated and elite of five continents</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Somerset House</td>
<td>133 N. La Cienega Blvd., Beverly Hills</td>
<td>BRadshaw 2-1052</td>
<td>Dinner starts at $3.50</td>
<td>Chic people in every field</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tail O' The Cock</td>
<td>477 S. La Cienega 12950 Ventura Blvd.</td>
<td>BRadshaw 2-2214</td>
<td>Moderate</td>
<td>Everyone</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mama Weiss (Czarda)</td>
<td>224 S. Beverly Dr. Beverly Hills</td>
<td>STandley 7-1914 CRestview 5-9384</td>
<td>Sensible</td>
<td>Everyone</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LOCAL COLOR</td>
<td>BEST TIME TO GO AS A TOURIST</td>
<td>WHAT TO WEAR</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>-------------</td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ultra moderne decor; an intimate air</td>
<td>About 7 pm</td>
<td>Your best suit or date dress. Men: Business suit</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Casual informality is keynote. Try their sumptuous rabbit stew</td>
<td>About 11 pm</td>
<td>As you are</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rain on the roof, South Seas charm—a dreamy place. Don’t miss it. Magnificent Chinese food; home of the Zombie</td>
<td>Dinner only Closed Sunday</td>
<td>Street clothing</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Keep your eyes open for celebrities. Walls in N. Vine Derby plastered with world-famous caricatures. Fun to eat in patio of the original hat-shaped Derby at 3377 Wilshire</td>
<td>Any time</td>
<td>Street clothing</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The most beautiful Smorgasbord on earth. Hot and cold meats. Exotic salads</td>
<td>6 pm to 9:30 daily</td>
<td>Street clothing</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Southern cooking here is strictly from Dixie</td>
<td>Noon to 9 pm daily</td>
<td>Sport or business suits</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>This is a deconsecrated Episcopal Church. Candlelight and high-backed pews give it romantic charm. Wonderful chicken</td>
<td>Closed Tues. Weekdays, 5:30 pm to 8:30 Sundays noon to 6:30</td>
<td>Street clothing</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Decor is tavern-type; paneling, brass and copper touches, extremely pleasant. Try Cherries Jubilee for dessert</td>
<td>Dinner only Closed Monday</td>
<td>Street clothing</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Broadway location is woods-y; Olive location is South Sea Isles. Excellent food. Unofficial tourist headquarters</td>
<td>6 am to 9 pm</td>
<td>As you are</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>An English Tavern, service is buffet style. Ask your waitress for instructions to avoid embarrassment</td>
<td>Lunch and dinner</td>
<td>Street clothing</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The originators of the Di Cicco Salad. Corned beef and cabbage. Onion rolls</td>
<td>7 to 12 pm daily</td>
<td>Street Clothing</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Gay Nineties re-created; priceless antiques used in decoration. Waiters in handlebar mustaches. What steaks!</td>
<td>Five until midnight daily</td>
<td>Street clothing</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The gossip columnist’s hangout. World’s best seafood flown from all parts of the country</td>
<td>Dinner 5 pm to 10 pm a la carte to 4 am</td>
<td>Street clothing</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>One of the true picture restaurants; you’re likely to see Joan Crawford at the next table. Try the Queen’s Pancakes</td>
<td>Dinner only served Closed Sunday</td>
<td>Your best informal clothes</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>An Italian restaurant, filled with celebrities at lunch hour. Their chef’s salad one of the best anywhere, $2.25</td>
<td>Noon until 2 am Closed Sundays</td>
<td>Street clothing</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Once Marion Davies’ beach residence. Note the $90,000 worth of gold leaf on barroom ceiling. Excellent American food</td>
<td>Sunday, noon to 9:30 Weekdays, 12 to 2:30 and 6 to 9:30</td>
<td>Your best informal clothes</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The owner, Johnny Wilson, was a star USC track man. Their roast beef at $3.50 is the biggest serving in town</td>
<td>Dinner only</td>
<td>Street clothing</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Note the cartoons on the back bar, the Paul Hesse photo of Prince Mike Romanoff in sunroom. Chicken Romanoff terrific</td>
<td>Noon to midnight Closed Sunday</td>
<td>Your best hat and suit</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The owners are constantly coming up with a new idea, so this spot should be checked by those wanting to know Hollywood</td>
<td>Dinner only</td>
<td>Your best informal attire</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On Sunday morning, they have a hangover breakfast starting at eleven that is superb</td>
<td>Lunch and dinner on weekdays</td>
<td>Your best informal attire</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You may find Bela Lugosi at the next table. All Hungarian dishes. You’ll love the symphalom music, Mama Weiss’s singing</td>
<td>Lunch and dinner Closed Mondays</td>
<td>Street clothing</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Laguna Beach: Eden on the sea. Here celebrities—like Bob Stack, Rhonda Fleming—may been seen heading for the surf. Visitors can eat at Victor Hugo's, see Bette Davis's year-round home, view stars in summer plays at Little Theatre.

HOLLYWOOD HOLIDAY

Visitors to Apple Valley can follow Yvonne DeCarlo's, Scott Brady's lead—horseback riding on nearby desert

Rhonda Fleming, Bob Stack beside the ancient walls of famed Mission San Juan Capistrano, over a century old

Photographs by Don Ornitz
WONDERLAND—California! On your Hollywood holiday you can swim and ski the same day! Within easy reach of snow-capped mountains lies the sea. Historic sights abound too; missions, haciendas and inns as romantic as California history.

On the nearby desert are oases with sky-blue swimming pools, date farms, luxurious clubs, riding trails and primitive Indian villages.

Across the southern border is Mexico; adobe villages, Spanish cathedrals, exciting jai alai games. Across the northeastern border is Las Vegas, a reckless town, where you stake your chips on the turn of a roulette wheel. Whatever your mood, the very thing you want to do, the very place you want to see is just around the corner.

Six presidents slept here! Terry and Jerome visit presidential suite of Mission Inn in Riverside, Cal.

Terry Moore, Jerome Courtland in blossoming fields near Highway 99, framed by snow-capped Mt. San Gorgonio

Surprise encounter: Macdonald Carey, Jane Greer, center, meet in Wheel Room, Hotel Last Frontier, Las Vegas
OF LINDA

“A Letter to Three Wives,” with Barbara Lawrence, Thelma Ritter, proved something to Linda—and the producers

HAVE you ever asked yourself, “Who am I? Am I the person I want to be, doing what I want to do, living as I want to live? Or am I merely making a convenient adjustment to whatever happens day by day?”

Linda Darnell has asked herself these questions, I am sure. In fact, I would say Linda’s soul-searching began about three years ago. It was then she first separated from Peverell Marley and traveled to Zurich to work with Jung, the psychiatrist. Later, she re-established her married life with Pev, concentrated upon her art work, studying in Maine under Rockwell Kent, and adopted a baby daughter, Lola, who now is over a year old.

Then, and ever since then, it has been as if Linda were shaking her life out thoroughly, getting rid of the things she doesn’t want and making room for the things she has decided to have and to do.

“What gives with Linda?” everyone began asking. “What is she looking for anyway?”

Always, I wanted to say, “I (Continued on page 102)

No longer afraid to dramatize herself—Linda Darnell of “Slattery’s Hurricane”

by

ELSIA MAXWELL
famous party giver
and columnist

“Who am I?” she asked—and
in the last three trying years she
has finally found the answer
Casual charm: Montgomery Clift of "The Heiress"
what it's like
TO DATE MONTY CLIFT

BY TRICIA HURST

You get spaghetti, Dagwood sandwiches, French movies and beer—and a close-up of Clift never seen in any night club!

THIS all started, several months ago, when I told the gent on the other end of the phone that I needed some more information to add to a story I was writing about him. I'd had an interview with him the week before, and although I'd been very much impressed with the guy at the time, I certainly never expected to see him again.

"I'll tell you what, Trish," the voice said, "why not come along with a couple of friends and myself tonight, and maybe you'll get some additional material. But this isn't business, understand, it's pleasure. Can you make it?"

Could I make it?

If I'd had a date to attend my own wedding, I would have found a way of getting out of it.

The voice on the other end of the phone belonged to Montgomery Clift!

Where would we go? What would we do? Would he have a low, sleek convertible or, maybe, use a studio car that was probably at his disposal?

Dinner, dancing, maybe the theater? He'd said something about it being an "informal evening" but I knew  

(Continued on page 85)
The Lloyd Nolans, John Lunds, Wendell Coreys, John Bromfield and wife Corinne Calvet formed their own square dance club, dance in rustic Boy Scouts' hut. Caller Bob Osgood has a television show, is local square dance authority. (Lloyd is in "Bad Boy," John, "My Friend Irma," Wendell, "The File on Thelma Jordon," the Bromfields, "Rope of Sand")

Alice and Wendell Corey enjoy the courtly graces of a square dance favorite, "Honor Your Partner"

One good turn deserves another! Lloyd Nolan lends a helping hand to wife Nell while she illustrates "The Glowworm"
An old-fashioned remedy for modern woes, the square dance has become the favorite pastime of the Beverly Hill-billies.

Four-year-old Robin Corey gets into the act with dad Wendell in a "right elbow swing."

It all began during the war, when the Palm Springs hotels used to invite desert townspeople to join their guests in square dances. Today, oddly enough, it's usually the older crowd that gets the biggest bang out of the 250 square dance clubs in and around Hollywood. The Lloyd Nolans, who are experts at square dancing, give frequent parties to which guests, wearing colorful, comfortable western garb, bring basket suppers. Supper's at seven, which leaves from eight to ten-thirty for dancing. By this time everyone's ready to retire! These modern square dances—a combination of the Quadrille, the Kentucky running sets and Western figures—are keeping Hollywood figures trim and Hollywood temperaments relaxed and happy.

Photographs by Don Ornitz
Once upon a time, in Cincinnati, Ohio, there lived a little girl. She had a face full of freckles and a turned-up nose, long, brown, tomboy legs, and she looked like Huckleberry Finn.

Her father was a German classical musician, and her mother was, well, a warm, round, motherly mother, and a wonderful cook.

The little girl's name was Doris Kapelhoff.

Now, you would think that there had to be a fairy Godmother in this story, somewhere. Somebody had to wave a magic wand, if a tomboy kid named Doris...
a wonderful Day

With a face full of freckles and a heart full of hope Doris was out to lick the world, and if the going was rugged—so was Doris!

Doris, who thought she’d never dance again, with Jack Carson in “My Dream Is Yours”

Kappelhoff were fated, as she was, to turn into a movie star.
And somebody did. It was Doris herself.
Doris had talent. She learned to dance when she was four, was traveling with a professional stage show, when she was twelve.
She had eagerness and ambition and a unique kind of fresh, scrubbed beauty. And she had courage. When she broke both dancing legs in an automobile accident when she was fifteen, and faced fourteen months in a hospital bed and the end of her (Continued on page 31)

“It’s a Great Feeling” is the title of Doris’s next picture—and the way she feels, choosing wallpaper and furnishings for her new home

There’s always the smell of coffee and wonderful things cooking since Mrs. Day arrived to keep house for her daughter and grandson Terry
the most unforgivable

Up in arms: Humphrey Bogart of "Tokyo Joe," son Stephen Humphrey and Lauren Bacall of "Young Man with a Horn"
character I've met

By Humphrey Bogart

I've met several infant-sized bones to pick with a gentleman named Stephen Humphrey Bogart. As young as he is, he has disrupted my life completely.

He began this long before he was born, 'on a certain day when my spouse, Lauren Betty Bacall Bogart, went to a doctor.

She came home, marched into our den, and announced, "I'm going to have a child!"

All of which meant that, last summer, due to young Stephen, I had to get myself another crew for the boat. And the guy I chose couldn't cook nearly as well as Betty. And that was the beginning of my annoyance. Betty couldn't drive a car, either. That caused confusion. And then there was the matter of the house. When we bought our place from Hedy Lamarr three years ago, it appealed to us primarily because it was the only shack we'd seen that didn't need a lot of changes. All we had to do was furnish it and move in. There was even a wing which Hedy had built as a (Continued on page 94)
THE ROLLERDROME KID

A whiz on wheels, a flash at football,
Dean Stockwell is just coasting along
on all that glamour stuff!

A CTING, according to Dean Stockwell, is just work. He'd rather skate any day. Grown-ups, he thinks, would be happier if they'd learn to skate. Dean, who likes to see what makes people tick, says maybe he'll be a psychologist when he grows up. Four years ago, Dean got his start in movies in "Anchors Aweigh," made his greatest hits in "Green Years," "The Boy with Green Hair" and "Down to the Sea in Ships." There are those in the film colony who rate him the greatest actor in town!

Dean on bed, and brother Guy: A rousing pillow fight uses up excess boy-energy around bedtime!

A lick and a promise—from "Thief," Dean's dog. Brother Guy named his dog "Thug"

Guy, who's in high school, is usually snowed under with homework. But this is Saturday night! Dean's latest picture is "The Secret Garden"
Mrs. Harriet Carlson, instructor at the Rollerdrum, helped develop Willa Lea Jarvey and Dean into crack dance team. They'll compete in regional meet. Dean isn't too "hep" on girls yet, but he says Willa's different—she can skate!

Dean's always hungry—but that's no problem when a feller's family owns the restaurant where Chef Salvado, above, works.

Speed-demon Dean gets around the huge rink of Rollerdrum in Culver City in twenty-two seconds!

Photographs by Don Ornitz
Janis Carter in gray tufted taffeta designed by Fontana of Rome, sandals by his countryman Ferragamo.

Cut-out flowers of red and green form an interesting design on June Haver's Angovar gown of white organza.
Of shopping, showers and parties
and a few dressy details to make
the social pattern complete

BY EDITH GWYNN

WHAT a shower! And we don't mean an April shower. It's been a long time since there's been anything as lavish or tasteful as the baby shower that Mrs. Darryl Zanuck gave for the Reginald Gardiners' expected offspring, in the Rodeo Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel. Nadia Gardiner is a popular and well-dressed gal about Hollywood, and the sixty-five femmes who showed up for the luncheon certainly showed their affection. What loot! If you ever want to do anything along these lines in a great big way, here are some suggestions that can be followed.

Virginia Zanuck had a huge round table for the gifts in the center of the room, and its centerpiece was a large cradle holding a baby—all made of pink and white carnations. It was a buffet lunch—and the buffet table, too, was trimmed, not only with a great mound of pink and white carnations but also had streamers of pink ribbon, row on row, across it, from which tiny dolls and rattles alternately dangled over the sides. Then there were lots of small tables to seat the gals, and they too carried out the pink and white carnation motif. Even to the point of the dessert, which was ice-cream in the form of babies with little strawberries for mouths, cuddling in cradles of pink icing! It really didn't matter whether the decorations were pink or blue because Nadia already had her nursery done in bright yellows and white—a darling room in which either a boy or girl child would be very cooey!

Out of the many on hand, only a handful were wearing hats, and one of them was Diana Lynn. Her lid was the top-off to a lovely beige shantung suit. The hat was a toast straw medium-brimmed scooped-down sailor, with lovely fresh flowers (bachelor-buttons, red (Continued on page 88)
DROP THE GUN, Richard!

By HERB HOWE

We turn informer—on that menace Widmark, whose passion for picket fences gives a real clue to his character!

He grew up in more spots than Washington slept in!

Although he seems an old hand at slapping sirens on the screen, he’s had only one girl in his life—his wife Jean Hazelwood, daughter of (Continued on page 90)

RACING on to the screen with a loony cackle, Richard Widmark bowled an old Mom in a wheel chair down a flight of stairs, copped an Academy nomination and became the pet of the pedal-pushers, in his first picture.

Even old-timers were taken in by his histrionic hypnosis. They thought of Widmark, himself, as a hood, a skwitch from Hell’s Kitch, or a pal of the mobsters, anyhow.

“I wouldn’t know a mobster if I saw one,” he said, looking guileless.

He despises hoodlums and phonies and wants no parts glamorizing them. He nurses a drink all night at a party, and is almost certain to spill it, if introduced to a gushy woman. When asked to do his Udo cackle, he makes for the nearest door. And, if references are made to the way he almost blasted a blonde into a brunette, in “Street with No Name,” he cringes.

For, although he appears as an old hand at cuffing babes on the screen, he has had only one girl in his life, and he did not smack her—he married her. Jean Hazelwood, daughter of (Continued on page 90)
The lunch baskets were gay affairs but it was the contents that made conversation, with veal birds vying with fried chicken! The hosts provided the coffee. Left to right, Marion and Don DeFore, Bill and Barbara Williams, John and Patti Derek

*Color pictures by Fink and Smith*
A strong man stunt that has Don’s full support!

BY KAY MULVEY

A party idea that’s a picnic for the hosts and guarantees the guests a grand old time!

COME to our party—but bring your own food!” Such invitations are sweeping the country; an ideal solution, certainly, to the entertainment problem. Take Barbara Hale and Bill Williams (Mr. and Mrs.). They love to have people around. But since they have no household help and their time and energies are devoted to their careers and responsibilities, they couldn’t entertain in the usual way. (Babs just completed “Jolson Sings Again.” Bill is in “The Stratton Story.”)

Now, every Sunday, the Williamses have a group of young married couples over for exercise parties. Bill, who once considered becoming an athletic coach, has built a wonderful backyard playroom with slides, bars, swings and such. It was supposed to be for two-year-old Jody. But the grown-ups use it.

It was a nice, warm Sunday recently, when Barbara and Bill called the John Dereks and the Don DeFores and told them to pack their lunch baskets, tuck their swimming suits under their arms, and come on over. John, you know, made a terrific hit in “Knock on Any Door,” and his pretty little Turkish wife, Patti Behrs, is under contract to Twentieth Century-Fox. Don recently finished (Continued on page 98)

A dash of cold water from a handy hose may not have been the girls’ idea of dishwashing—but it suited the men fine!
Elizabeth Taylor's face: True beauty. 
Liz has mature role in "Conspirator" 
G. Morris

Jane Greer's mouth: Sultry appeal. 
She's featured in "The Big Steal" 
Bachrach

Maureen O'Hara's hair: Flame-tipped. 
She's starring in "A Woman's Secret" 
Kehle

Gene Tierney's nose: Perky—but refined. 
Her latest film is "That Wonderful Urge" 
Pawolny
If I could pick and choose among the movie stars for the physical perfections that would add up to one glamorous me, where would I begin? What star features would I choose? What, after all, constitutes the heart-warming magic we call beauty? Is it something in the voice, the face, the body? Is it simply frank, magnetic sex appeal? Is it an indefinable quality that comes from within?

Well, whatever it is, to start with, I'll take Elizabeth Taylor's face. And count my blessings daily. It must be wonderful to wake up and look in the mirror and see Elizabeth Taylor! In my opinion, which practically everyone shares, Liz is a great beauty. Her face is like one of those rare exquisite blossoms that (Continued on page 85)
The alarm sounds—for Joan. Sister Betty, home during Los Angeles run of “I Know My Love” in which she appears, naps through the first part of Joan’s morning exercises.

But Joan insists on a sister act. Swan dive exercise, good for back muscles, sent poor Betty swooping—to the floor!

When the coffee’s ready—back to bed they go (see above) to read what the papers say about the play.

BY JACK MCELROY

The coffee perks, the girls gossip while Mom and Dad catch up on the Caulfields

(Tune in Breakfast in Hollywood—Monday through Friday, 1 p.m., PST; 2 p.m., EDT, ABC)

Photographs by Don Ornitz
What's right with this picture? It's the Caulfields—all four of them—having breakfast together in Hollywood, which isn't usual since Betty, who prefers the theater, stays in New York apartment with her father, a stock broker.

JOAN CAULFIELD, who lives in California with her mother, rented her Bel-Air house just in time. They were barely settled when her sister Betty arrived—to stay for the run of the Lunt-Fontanne play. And Mr. Caulfield, of course, flew out for the opening. The first morning Betty couldn't believe her eyes. Joan, who had just completed "Dear Wife," was exercising! "It makes me feel wonderful," she explained. "But that costume!" exclaimed Betty, eyes widening at Joan's white pajamas, long sleeved and two sizes too large. "You remember these!" Joan said. "I wore them on the stage in 'Voice of the Turtle.'" Joan cooked Betty's breakfast too—a doubtful favor. For, although she insists she followed Betty's directions carefully—vinegar and all—the poached eggs turned out oddly. But they all had a wonderful time—as they always do when, too rarely, they are together. "Dreamy" is Joan's word for it. "Dreamy" is Joan's word for everything nice!

Joan's dad can't understand why it takes women so long to change! They're headed for after-breakfast golf date.
The star of "The Judge Steps Out" in the only room that was not redone—the small sitting room off her bedroom. Here Ann takes care of her letter writing, autographing. On the mantel is part of her growing collection of figurines.
Once bookshelves, now an entertaining item—a bar with running water and handy cabinets!

A wall of glass faces the small garden. Picket fence, left, keeps Tish out of pool!

Star in your home

BY RUTH WATERBURY

You'll want to make yours Southern-style too when you read about Ann's adventures in re-modeling an old house

WHEN Ann Sothern realized that changes were due in her manner of living, she did it up in true Sothern style, like a whirlwind. She bought a new house, sold her old one. Ann's decision to change her mode of life and living was occasioned by the fact that her daughter Tisha was growing up. Ann wanted her to live in a neighborhood where she could walk to school and where she would have plenty of playmates. Ann's old house had six master bedrooms, and needed a full staff of servants to keep it running smoothly. Much too big for comfort, Ann wanted a smaller, cozier place, one that a single servant could maintain easily. Being a California-type of mother, she did look for a house with a swimming pool behind it.

She found the exactly right size house (three master bedrooms and two baths, one servant's room and bath), and the right size garden and pool she wanted, on one of Beverly Hills' prettiest (Continued on page 99)
Any girl likes compliments from her husband. But this evening was too much! John kept talking about Shirley's long hair—and Shirley kept thinking—about her appointment to have it cut short the next day!

When Shirl came home from the hairdresser's the next afternoon she felt very fashionable—also very nervous. "Don't tell John," she cautioned her mother, "I'm going to wait until I dress for the party!"
Then Linda Susan took things into her hands. Her little fingers grabbed Shirley’s scarf—and off it came! Poor Shirley—she could feel John’s eyes on her new bob.

But John was grinning! “You can’t get away with anything now there’s another girl around, can you?” he asked. Shirley shook her head. “Or tell about husbands, either.” (They co-star in “Adventure in Baltimore.”)
## HOLLYWOOD HOLIDAY
### CELEBRATED HOTELS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NAME</th>
<th>ADDRESS AND TELEPHONE</th>
<th>DAILY RATES FOR TWO BEGIN AT</th>
<th>SPECIAL FEATURES</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Garden of Allah</td>
<td>8152 Sunset Blvd. Hollywood 9-3581</td>
<td>Rooms $10, Villas $16</td>
<td>Truly an oasis, complete with a swimming pool in the midst of flowers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hollywood Hotel</td>
<td>6811 Hollywood Blvd. HEmstead 4181</td>
<td>$5.00</td>
<td>This low, rambling hotel is world famous</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Knickerbocker</td>
<td>1714 Ivar Ave. GLadstone 3171</td>
<td>$7.00</td>
<td>Commodious and handsome, in the heart of things</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roosevelt</td>
<td>7000 Hollywood Blvd. Hollywood 9-2442</td>
<td>$8.00</td>
<td>Has everything—Cinegrill, Blossom Room, much space</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Plaza</td>
<td>1637 N. Vine GLadstone 1131</td>
<td>$5.50</td>
<td>Airline pilots' headquarters. Across the street from NBC Studios</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beverly Hills Hotel</td>
<td>9641 Sunset Blvd. CRestview 6-2251</td>
<td>Rooms $14, Villas $30</td>
<td>Expensive and worth it. Even if you don't stay here, lunch in the Lanai Dining Room</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beverly Wilshire</td>
<td>9514 Wilshire Blvd. CRestview 5-4282</td>
<td>$10.00</td>
<td>In heart of Beverly Hills—near Romanoff's, Brown Derby. Superb pool and cabanas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bel-Air Hotel</td>
<td>701 Stone Canyon Rd. ARizona 7-1271</td>
<td>$13.00</td>
<td>The most beautiful setting imaginable. Expensive but dreamy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miramar</td>
<td>Ocean &amp; Wilshire SAnta Monica 4-3731</td>
<td>$8.00</td>
<td>Grounds gorgeous, pool ideal. One block from Palisades above Pacific</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### In Downtown Los Angeles and the Wilshire District

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NAME</th>
<th>ADDRESS AND TELEPHONE</th>
<th>DAILY RATES FOR TWO BEGIN AT</th>
<th>SPECIAL FEATURES</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ambassador</td>
<td>3400 Wilshire Blvd. DRexel 7011</td>
<td>$10.00</td>
<td>Set in private park, this has everything—Cocoanut Grove, fine shops, stupendous view</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arcady</td>
<td>2619 Wilshire Blvd. DRexel 5311</td>
<td>$4.50</td>
<td>Centrally located, quiet, elegant</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Biltmore</td>
<td>5th &amp; Olive Michigan 1011</td>
<td>$9.50</td>
<td>Great commercial hotel. See art display in the Galleria, dance in famed Biltmore Bowl</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chapman Park</td>
<td>615 S. Alexandria Fitzroy 1181</td>
<td>$10.00</td>
<td>Main building and enchanting bungalows. Daily weddings in the private chapel</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hayward</td>
<td>206 W. 6th Michigan 5151</td>
<td>$5.00</td>
<td>Clean, moderately priced hotel in the heart of things</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William Penn</td>
<td>2208 W. 8th EXposition 3181</td>
<td>$3.50</td>
<td>Good headquarters for touring—centrally located</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Town House</td>
<td>2961 Wilshire Blvd. EXposition 1224</td>
<td>$9.00</td>
<td>Elegant, expensive, worth it. Garden Room, Cape Cod Room are social set rendezvous</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### TIPS:
A bellboy should be tipped fifteen to twenty-five cents for each item—with a twenty-five cents minimum for each trip to your room. If a guest remains in a hotel for a week or more, it is good manners to leave five dollars for the chambermaid. If you receive or place a great many phone calls, you will be remembered and loved for sending candy or a tip to the telephone operators.

### MOTELS:
These represent excellent accommodation to the motor traveler, but there are now so many really fine motel hostries in California that it would be impossible to name all the excellent ones. Warning: Be sure to look at the available motel room or cottage before you agree to take it. Sometimes a neat, imaginative exterior is misleading. Rates begin at three dollars.
The Countess
Jean de Caraman

Her lovely face gives out to you the bright Magic of Herself

She is beautiful—and more—you think when you look at the Countess de Caraman’s face. For her face gives out to you her delightful Inner Self. It sends you messages of her individuality, her responsiveness, her charming femininity.

Your Face has something special to say about you. Are you helping it to speak for you with originality and beauty? Your face is the You that others see first. Make sure it is showing the real You happily—at your very best. You should. You can.

That half-realized Self within you can make you over

Never think you are cut to just one pattern. You are not. You are changing every day. And you can direct this change.

Within you is a wonderful force that can help you. It grows out of the relation of your Inner Self to your Outer Self and the power of each to change the other.

You feel it in the confidence that glows out from you when you know you look lovely—you feel it, too, in the uneasiness that comes when you miss looking charming and right. It is the reason those daily niceties that make you look lovelier can work a magic change in You—your outlook, your appeal to others.

"Outside-Inside" Face Treatment
Your face is the first picture others see of you. To keep it a bright, appealing picture needs understanding help. Discover now this "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment with your Pond’s Cold Cream. It can bring your face a special cleanness, greater softness.

Always at bedtime (for day cleansings, too) cream your face this rewarding way:
Hot Stimulation—splash face with hot water.
Cream Cleanse—swirl Pond’s Cold Cream all over your face. This will soften and sweep dirt, make-up from pore-openings. Tissue off.
Cream Rinse—swirl off second Pond’s cream.

Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.

This "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment literally works on both sides of your skin. From the Outside—Pond’s Cold Cream softens and sweeps away surface dirt as you massage. From the Inside—every step of this treatment stimulates beauty-giving circulation. "It leaves your face glowing," the Countess says.

Remember always—it is not vanity to develop the beauty of your face. Everyone who cares about you wants to see you looking lovely. It helps you add to their happiness—it helps you feel happier yourself. And this greater happiness brings the real Inner You closer to others.
TIPS FOR UNESCORTED GIRLS

Unescorted girls seeing Hollywood together need not miss the night spots entirely. The Grey Line conducts a tour of several of the gay spots and it would be quite proper for two girls to catch a glimpse of night life in such a group. It is also correct for unescorted girls to patronize any of the moderately priced restaurants listed on our chart. It would be bad taste, however, for two girls to make an evening visit to Romanoff's, Ciro's, Mocambo, Earl Carroll's, Chasen's or any spot where there is dancing.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NAME</th>
<th>ADDRESS and TELEPHONE</th>
<th>AVERAGE TARIFF—DRINKS AND DINNER FOR TWO</th>
<th>CHIEF CHARM</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>CIRO'S</td>
<td>8433 Sunset Blvd. Hollywood 6235</td>
<td>$15</td>
<td>Always a name band, top-flight entertainment. You may sit next to Gable</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>COCONUT GROVE</td>
<td>Ambassador Hotel Drexel 7011</td>
<td>$10</td>
<td>Movie, radio, social hang-out. Big dance floor. Dress if you wish</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GARDEN ROOM</td>
<td>Town House EXposition 1234</td>
<td>$10</td>
<td>Beautiful room, good band, social set crowd</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>EARL CARROLL'S</td>
<td>6230 Sunset Blvd. Hollywood 7101</td>
<td>$10</td>
<td>Elaborate club, terrific floor show. See it to tell the folks back home</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BILTMORE BOWL</td>
<td>Biltmore Hotel Michigan 1011</td>
<td>$10</td>
<td>Name bands, floor show, plenty of dancing space</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B OF MUSIC</td>
<td>7351 Beverly Blvd. Webser 7811</td>
<td>$10</td>
<td>The twin pianos are spell-binding. If Ann Triola is there, see her Sensational</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PALM TERRACE ROOM</td>
<td>Beverly Hills Hotel CRestview 6-2251</td>
<td>$15</td>
<td>A social spot. Always a good band</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PALLADIUM</td>
<td>6215 Sunset Blvd. Hollywood 9-7356</td>
<td>$10</td>
<td>Favorite of young crowd. Always a name band, fun. In between are small restaurants, cocktail lounges, soda fountains</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SWITZERLAND</td>
<td>4057 S. Figueroa ADams 9292</td>
<td>$10</td>
<td>For Swiss food and rollicking music</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SKY ROOM</td>
<td>Wilton Hotel Long Beach 7-2201</td>
<td>Sensible prices</td>
<td>16 stories above the sea. Good music, standard American food</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

CATALINA ISLAND (in all the world no trip like this) is something no one should miss. The offices of the Catalina Island Steamship Line are at 508 West Sixth Street, downtown Los Angeles (Madison 7621), but your hotel will be glad to take care of the details for you. The beach, the nightly dance at the Casino, the Island tour, the golf courses, the bird farm, the quaint shops are a tourist's (and a native's) delight.

Steamship fares are: Week days, round trip, $5.50. Week-ends, Sundays and holidays, $6.83. Lodgings are from $6.00 up. At the Atwater Hotel, rates start at $10.00. At Las Casitas (Bungalows) rates are $75.00 per week for four persons; $15.00 per day. Restaurant prices are reasonable. Lake Arrowhead, a body of water some miles wide and two-and-a-half miles long, having fourteen miles of shoreline, was artificially created by a dam built in 1901. Basically, its purpose is to supply water to San Bernardino, but it has become a delightful year-around resort. It lies east of Los Angeles, about ninety miles over a high-geared highway which takes a traveler through orange groves, vineyards, and finally, over the Rim of the World Drive to an elevation of five thousand feet. Arrowhead Village is of Tyrolean architecture and offers just about every service and comfort a tourist could want. There is a movie, a six-lane bowling alley, billiard and pool facilities, miniature golf course, and dancing at the Lodge Terrace and Chalet patio. One can go fishing, boating, riding, moonlight hay-riding, or barbecuing.

There are several places to stay:

The Arrowhead Lodge is one of the country's finest hotels. Single occupancy—minimum $13.50 per day (including meals). The Village Inn is European Plan (no meals included); single—minimum $6.00 per day. For reservations, call Lake Arrowhead 733. The Lake Shore Motel has new cabins at $10.00 per day for four persons, $60.00 per week. Trailer space is $1.50 per day. Village Court offers housekeeping cottages with private bath at $75.75 per day for four persons. Write for reservations to Oscar Room, Box 11, Lake Arrowhead, Cal. Water-skiing instruction: $3.00 for first lesson, including speedboat ride for rest of family. Ride without instruction: $2.00 with speedboat ride for family. (A real bargain.)

Santa Barbara lies about 100 miles north of Los Angeles via U. S. Alternate 101. No one should leave California without having visited this most placid of all cities. During the early days of the West Coast's development, Santa Barbara was in the happy condition of being almost equally removed from the two squabbling communities of Los Angeles and Monterey. The inhabitants, removed from strife, somnolent in their graceful village amid their perfect climate, were a contented community. A delicious legend is told about Santa Barbara: In the spring of 1848, a new can
A SANTA BARBARA excursion is best made as a two-day trip. Details: Leaving Los Angeles, the tourist should turn off the double freeway at Malibu and stop at Malibu Inn for orange juice. Malibu Inn is patronized by the motion picture Malibu Beach colony, so one is likely to see any-one from Gary Cooper to Groucho Marx. Next stop: at Trancas Beach, or Malibu Trading Post. This is the small white building on the right side of the road as one goes north. The beach is marked "Zuma County Beach"; it is 35 miles north of Los Angeles, and it is the newest and finest public beach in California. Stop for a swim if you wish. Excellent public bath houses are available. Oxnard is the first town on the route; founded by the American Crystal Sugar Company because of the broad sugar beet acreage there. Port Huene-mere is the beach area west of Oxnard, and there is a huge Naval Weapons Experimental station a few miles south. You might stop at the Wagon Wheel Motel and restaurant for luncheon, or you might continue to Pickwick Inn in Ventura, or on the beach. Ventura, whose full name is San Buenaventura, is one of the oldest settlements on the Pacific Coast. As an Indian fishing village it welcomed explorers Cabrillo (1542) and Portola. The ninth and last mission founded by Padre Junipero Serra can be seen by the tourist on the main street of Ventura. It was established in 1782, and is still in excellent original and reconstructed care. It serves as a parish church. Notice the wonderful old buildings, and read the street names: Alsen-sandro, Arguelia, Ayala, Carlos, Carrillo, Junipero, Kalorama, Olivas, and Pico. Each one is eloquent of a human life, of a Spanish dream. North of Ventura is Carpenteria which has the safest beach imaginable. It is broad and gentle, but be warned—the water always seems cold in California, even in August.

In Santa Barbara, the fine hotels are: The Biltmore, on the beach. Rates start at $8.00 double; whether you plan to stay there or not, stop to see the enormous, gracious lounge looking out to sea. Pick up a "Scenic and Recreational Map of Santa

MOVIES—FINE ENTERTAINMENT AT LOW COST

I use Fels-Naptha Soap because it's gentle

I let my lovely lace curtains soak in mild Fels-Naptha sudss—squeeze them through the sudss and then rinse. They stretch-dry so soft and fresh and spotless—they’re just like new.

I use Fels-Naptha Soap because it's gentle

I wash all my underwear in lukewarm Fels-Naptha sudss. It's the only soap I've tried that removes all the dirt without soaking. My undies never look gray or dingy.

Fels-Naptha is so very, very gentle because it contains two great cleaners—mild, golden soap and active naphtha. This is why it removes dirt completely—without harsh cleaning action... and helps all your lovely things stay clean and fresh and new!

FOR EXTRA CLEANING ACTION USE

Fels-Naptha Soap

MILD, GOLDEN SOAP AND ACTIVE NAPHTHA
Will he see you at your BEST tonight?

Don't just miss because of

**Tobacco Mouth**

![Image of Listerine Toothpaste]

The yellow film of "tobacco mouth" is a little thing—but it can disfigure your smile like a missing tooth!

And the odor of "tobacco mouth... oh—oh! Lady, it's just not like you. Why offend a friend? Why annoy a neighbor—even in all innocence? It's so easy to be completely sure of yourself if you use Listerine Toothpaste. Here's why—

It contains Listerine— a special ingredient that actually cleans and polishes agents over your teeth... into the crevices—removes fresh stain before it gets a chance to "set"... whisks away that odor-making tobacco debris!

See for yourself how Listerine Toothpaste with Listerine freshens your mouth and your breath! Get a tube and make sure wherever you go—you won’t take "tobacco mouth" with you!

---

PLANNING A HOLLYWOOD HOLIDAY?

Photoplay readers may secure authentic travel information by mailing this coupon to

**Photoplay**, 221 N. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

Your Name (Please print) .................................

Address ........................................................

Phone ......................................................

I am planning to travel to Hollywood about ................. DATE

Aboard, check your choice: ( ) Train; ( ) Plane; ( ) Bus; ( ) Auto.

Please send free travel literature, information about costs, routes, etc., right from my home city.

There will be ........................................ in my party.
ASHAMED OF YOUR FACE?

Famous Doctor Advises Anyone Suffering the Humiliation and Misery of Bad Skin—Externally Caused—TO TRY VIDERM PLAN

Clinical Tests Prove VIDERM Does Wonders for Pimply, Itchy-Blotchy Skin.

A famous New York doctor and an eminent chemist (names sent on request) definitely prove by actual clinical tests that the VIDERM Plan is of distinct benefit to men and women, boys and girls suffering the humiliation and misery of bad skin caused by pimples (Acne Simplex). These two scientists took a group of boys, girls, men and women ranging in ages from 16 to 36 with bad, blotchy, itching skins and treated them with nothing else but the regular 2-jar Viderm Plan containing VIDERM SKIN CLEANSER and VIDERM FORTIFIED MEDICATED CREAM.

The improvement in the skin and complexion of these patients was so gratifying that the doctor arrived at this conclusion: The VIDERM PLAN should be tried by anyone suffering from bad skin—externally caused.

The marked photos shown here are living proof that VIDERM can actually make your skin clearer and better looking almost daily—that your skin will show a dramatic improvement every blessed day!

So if you are discouraged, blue, ashamed of your face, feel like a social outcast, this physician's findings should bring you great hope. For there is every reason to believe that the VIDERM PLAN will help give you a clearer skin in a comparatively short time, just as it has done for the patients treated by the doctor in the clinic.

In fact, the New York Skin Laboratory is so sure of it that they will refund the full purchase price if the VIDERM PLAN doesn't give you a clearer, love-

lier skin and complexion. SEND NO MONEY NOW. Just your name and address to New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division St., Dept. 2-G, N. Y. 2, N. Y. You will receive by return mail the complete 2-jar VIDERM PLAN in plain sealed wrapper with doctor's advice how to use for best results. (If you wish to save postage and C.O.D. charges, send $2 with order.) Same money back guarantee applies. Here’s the address again—New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 2-G, New York 2, N. Y. Write today.

TO PHYSICIANS: Complete clinical data on the effects of VIDERM on Acne Simplex, together with professional sample, sent if requested on your letterhead.
Are you in the know?

When you're a house-guest, should you—

☐ Follow your whims  ☐ Fit into the plans  ☐ Forget about clock-watching

Consider your hostess instead of your whims. If a picnic's planned—go, and have fun; even if you'd rather dress up for dancing. And during your visit, keep clock-conscious, so you won't delay meals or curt. Whatever the plans, you can be comfortably regardless of your calendar—by choosing the new Kotex. It's the napkin made to stay soft while you wear it; gives softness that holds its shape. Furthermore, you're so at ease with your new Kotex Sanitary Belt. It's elastic; fits smoothly!

In dining cars, what's a good plan?

☐ Freeze strangers  ☐ Make new friends  ☐ Bring a book

Train etiquette doesn't say no to exchanging impersonal small talk. Don't think you must clam up...or form a lifelong friendship. Use good judgment. If in doubt, read while waiting for your meal. Helps ward off unwelcome chatter! On certain days, good judgment tells you to keep on the cautious side with Kotex. For Kotex gives you extra protection; has an exclusive "safety center" that guards you, at home and "abroad." Which Kotex absorbency is "tailor-made" for you? Try all 3—and see!

If you didn't hear the name clearly—

☐ Say so  ☐ Let it pass  ☐ Repeat it anyway

See what happens when a friend mumbles introductions? You didn't get the name! Well, say so, rather than ignore or garble it. Even if his moniker's Schmicklefritz, he'll expect you to reverb— and pronounce it right. (You'll be glad you did, next time you meet!) And to meet any situation with assurance, "That" time of the month, choose Kotex. Why? Because those special, flat pressed ends don't show; don't cause revealing outlines. So your secret's safe. Let Kotex be your noise-preserver!

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

Diana Lynn travels in smart company—her lovely rawhide Dresner luggage.
DO INHIBITIONS (Doubts) THREATEN MARRIED LOVE?

One small intimate physical neglect can rob a wife of her husband's love

YES, your married love is strong today. But married love can wither swiftly when a wife lets one small neglect stand in the way of full, normal romance.

And every wife invites that sadness...if she neglects effective feminine hygiene, like regular vaginal douches with reliable "Lysol"...complete hygienic protection that assures dainty allure. This is perhaps the easiest way to make a wife confident of her daintiness...banishing the unsuitability that can separate loving mates.

Germs destroyed Swiftly

"Lysol" has amazing, proved power to kill germ-life on contact...truly cleanses the vaginal canal even in the presence of mucus matter. Thus "Lysol" acts in a way that makeshifts like soap, salt or soda never can.

Appealing daintiness is assured, because the very source of objectionable odors is eliminated.

Use whenever needed!
Yet gentle, non-caustic "Lysol" will not harm delicate tissue. Simple directions give correct douching solution. Many doctors advise their patients to douche regularly with "Lysol" brand disinfectant, just to insure daintiness alone, and to use it as often as they need it. No greasy aftereffect.

Three times as many women use "Lysol" for intimate feminine hygiene as any other liquid preparation! No other is more reliable. You, too, can rely on "Lysol" to help protect your married happiness...keep you desirable!
While making tour of the Little Church of Flowers, Wee Kirk of the Heather, and the Church of the Recessional, and the Mausoleum, do not forget that you are in hallowed ground and that the bodies of loved ones are here laid to rest.

Do make a trip to Olvera Street, the cradle of Los Angeles, two blocks from Union Station. It is now a Mexican Bazaar where you can have your fortune told, you can buy shoes or jewelry, have your portrait or your caricature sketched. Admission through the old Adobe—25c. Notice the buildings; some of them were standing and serving as dwellings when your grandfather was learning to crawl.

Make a trip to Chinatown if you are not going to San Francisco while in California. Don't go during the day. Wait for colors by dark. San Francisco's Grant Street is so calmly authentic, it makes the Los Angeles Oriental section seem garish. However, you can get marvelous Oriental food and groceries, exciting gifts from this area.

See the stupendous art collection at the Huntington Library in Pasadena. Check road map. Have Visitor's Bureau of All-Year Club make reservations (advance by reservation only), 19095.

Prowl around the Santa Monica, Ocean Park, and Venice Beaches, munching hot dogs or candied apples. At the end of Wilshire Boulevard, Pico Boulevard, or Olympic Boulevard. Rent bathing trunks and towel and go into the surf. Sun bathe. Towel and suit rental from $1.00 up.

UCCLA is reached by turning off Wilshire or Sunset and driving down Westwood Boulevard. USC is reached by turning off Figueroa at Eagle or going around the streets north of the Coliseum.

SPECIAL NEEDS

WHY ENvy OTHERS at that certain time of the month? You can wear Tampax in the water on sanitary-protection days and no one will be the wiser! This summer at any popular beach, you are almost sure to find many women who go in swimming on "those days"—wearing Tampax without any hesitation whatever....There is nothing about Tampax in the slightest degree embarrassing (or offending) under bathing suits wet or dry.

WORN INTERNALLY, Tampax discards belts, pins, outside pads—everything that can possibly "show." Perfected by a doctor, Tampax is made of highly absorbent cotton compressed in modern applicators for dainty insertion. The hands nearly touch the Tampax. No odor forms. There is no chafing with Tampax. Changing is quick and disposal easy.

COMES IN 3 SIZES (Regular, Super, Junior). Sold at drug stores and notion counters in every part of the country—because millions of women are now using this newer type of monthly sanitary protection. A whole month's supply will go into your purse. The Economy Box holds four months' supply (average). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.
The Bergman Bombshell

(Continued from page 30) followed her. And no one who saw her believed that she was displeased. In fact, both Rossellini and Lopert, his business manager and great friend, were house guests of Ingrid and Dr. Lindstrom. And Ingrid, who has been considered by many as something of a recluse, went out of her way to show her guests the town. She and Rossellini were everywhere together—sometimes in parties, sometimes alone.

The press, which has frequently been accused of disliking Bergman because of her aloofness, handled their appearances with more discretion than many stars would have received. I, myself, ignored many "tips" called into my office that Ingrid and Roberto had been seen dancing or dining together.

Soon after this, what previously had been mere whispers about Ingrid's marital status with Dr. Peter Lindstrom became pen talk.

Rossellini and Ingrid certainly were not exactly inconspicuous. He was very much by her side when they attended Hollywood's spotlighted and flash-lighted premiere of "Joan of Arc." Cameramen had a field day—night—snap pictures of the party, which included Dr. Lindstrom and Lopert.

AND THE night after Howard Hughes signed a contract to take over the nailing job of their picture, "After the Storm," an unfortunate incident took place. Ingrid and Rossellini, very happy and excited over their new contract, decided to terminate their separation in a Sunset Strip cafe. But they played so long congratulating themselves, that Dr. Lindstrom strode in and had a row thousand anonymous words in Swedish and English to say to his wife. This story was printed only as a "blind item" (no names used), but all Hollywood heard of the ruckus that had taken place.

From the beginning, everything that happened to these two was splashed by sensationalistic, Samuel Goldwyn, the first producer who planned to put up the dollars for the Bergman-Rossellini production, soon found out that Rossellini is an artist who cannot be pinned down to facts and figures. One evening at a dinner party, Sam discovered the distressing fact that Roberto "works in his head" and frequently goes on fishing jaunts in the middle of a picture. Amused eavesdroppers at a adjoining rooms report the ensuing battle, about which "boss" was going to lose the job, as loud and most interesting. And following the argument, Bergman and Rossellini departed without ever joining the other guests.

Any disappointment they may have felt, however, was short-lived. For, almost im-

grid and her husband Dr. Lindstrom before an island came between them...

Beautiful, Heavenly Lips
For You WITHOUT LIPSTICK

. . . And These Newly Luscious Colors Can't Come Off on Anything
Bid "good-bye" to lipstick and see your lips more beautiful than ever before. See them decked in a clear, rich color of your choice—a color more alive than lipstick colors, because—no grease. Yes, Liquid Liptone contains no grease—no wax—no paste. Just pure, vibrant color. Truly, Liquid Liptone brings your lips color-beauty that is almost too attractive!

Makes the Sweetest Kiss Because It Leaves No Mark on Him
Think of it! Not even a tiny bit of your Liquid Liptone leaves your lips for his—or for a napkin or tea-cup! It stays true to your lips alone and one make-up with Liquid Liptone usually suffices for an entire day or evening.

Feels Marvelous On Your Lips—They Stay Soft and Smooth
In fact, you can't feel Liquid Liptone at all. Nor can you taste it. And all it does to your lips is protect them against wind and chapped. They stay naturally soft and smooth.

Please Try Several Shades at My Invitation
Once you experience the greater beauty of greaseless color and the confidence of knowing that your lip make-up will stay on no matter what your lips touch—I am sure you will thank me for making this offer. Let me send you one or more costume-size Liquid Liptone—different shades for different costumes. Each is at least a two-week supply. Mark the coupon for shades you want. Enclose 25¢ for each shade to help cover postage, packing and government tax. I know you'll be thrilled by the startling new color-beauty Liptone instantly brings to your lips.

Sincerely, PRINCESS PAT

liquid liptone

Accepted for advertising in publications of the American Medical Association

---Mail Coupon for Generous Trial Sizes---
PRINCESS PAT, Dept. 9107 2707 South Wells St., Chicago 16, III.
Send Costume Sizes. I enclose 25¢, which includes Fed. Tax, for each shade checked below:

- Medium—Natural true red.
- Gold—Vibrant deep red.
- Ruby—Glamorous burgundy.
- Scarlet—Flaming red.
- Orchid—Exotic pink.
- Cheektone—"Magic" natural color.

Send Your Name, Address, and Telephone Number to:

Mail Coupon for Generous Trial Sizes---

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- Cheektone—"Magic" natural color.

Send Your Name, Address, and Telephone Number to:
YODORA the deodorant that works TWO WAYS

1. STOPS not just masks—perspiration odor
2. SOFTENS and beautifies underarm skin

Oh joy, oh bliss! YODORA is different...doubly divine, doubly effective, because it's made with a face cream base. Works two ways: 1—really stops perspiration odor...2—keeps armpits fresh and lovely-looking the skin of neck and shoulders. Safe for clothes, too. Today, try YODORA, the wonderful deodorant that works two ways! Product of McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.

Without prejudice, Howard Hughes took over the financing job.

The next thing anyone knew, the great Anna Magnani, Rossellini's terrible-tempered Neapolitan girl friend and screen star—when she heard that Ingrid was to follow Rossellini to Italy—threw a private tantrum. Then she took more tangible steps about the "importation" from America. She called a rally, enlisting the aid of 3,000 Italian actors to "protest" the appearance of "outsiders" in Italian movies. As several other American players, including Cornel Wilde and Louis Hayward, were appearing in native movies (minus outbursts from Magnani), it was obvious that Anna had one particular "outsider" in mind.

On every hand was heard, "What will happen when the great Magnani and the great Bergman meet in Rome?" Well, nothing happened. Because someone prevailed upon Anna to absent herself in London at the time of Ingrid's arrival. Even so, Bergman's advent in Rome was not without excitement.

The press party Rossellini staged in her honor turned into a free-for-all. The printer, who had been given the job of turning out the invitations to accredited correspondents, decided to print an extra 300, which he sold to friends and curious mischief-makers.

The result, well played up in gossip columns all over the world, was that Rossellini traded a few blows with the impostors and took a few sideswipes of his honor, before he could get Ingrid out of the place.

Following this, he hurriedly moved his movie headquarters and his Swedish star to location at Stromboli where he quar- tered his troupe on boats in the harbor and took over a little pink stucco house—so it is added to the much published plumbing facilities, unique on this primitive volcanic island—for Ingrid, her companion, his sister and himself.

All apparently was quiet—momentarily, at least. Just a little too quiet to suit the taste of Howard Hughes. Weeks went by with expenses mounting and still he had seen no script, not even a story idea, in fact, other than a vague outline about "a woman in a concentration camp."

Ben Alexander's Anniversary Club

Every Day Monday-Friday

Mutual Stations

Read how you can make an anniversary dream come true for your dear ones in

TRUE LOVE STORIES magazine on newstands now.
An emissary was dispatched to see what was going on. Apparently, nothing, because the report came back that everyone seemed very happy lolling in the sun, content to talk over the angles and problems.

It was about this time, you'll remember, that the pictures of Ingrid and Rossellini walking hand-in-hand on desolate lava-covered Stromboli began flooding the newspapers. Headlined stories accompanied them. "Will Ingrid divorce Dr. Peter Lindstrom to wed Rossellini?" In one way or another, they all asked the same startling question.

I called Dr. Lindstrom, still in Hollywood at this time. I had met him previously, admired him and always found him a direct talking and speaking person. When he heard my name on the telephone he was very gracious. But when I asked him if the rumor printed was true, he froze below zero and said, "No comment."

"Surely, Dr. Lindstrom," I said, "you will want to deny this story which is gaining so much momentum in talk and print, if it is not true."

"Nothing to say," he repeated.

But, two hours later, I received a call from him, this time with a laconic statement, "As far as I am concerned, the story is so ridiculous I can say nothing about it."

I then cabled Ingrid, putting the question right to her. She replied: "Peter en route. Will make statement after he arrives. Best regards, Ingrid Bergman."

Peter indeed was en route, although I am reliably informed Ingrid told him, before she sailed, of her feeling for Rossellini. However, he refused to take it seriously. Lindstrom is a man who knows what he wants and there were those who, from the beginning, insisted that he had no intention of consenting to a divorce and that he would not change his mind.

He first met Rossellini. They conferred on a sloop off Messina, Sicily. Originally, it was planned that Ingrid would be there, too. But, at the last minute, she changed her mind. The day following, however, both Ingrid and Rossellini conferred with Lindstrom at a hotel at Milazzo, Sicily. It was then her statement, that she would rejoin her husband in Sweden or the United States, upon the completion of the picture, was issued.

Now, Dr. Lindstrom is back in California with charming ten-year-old Pia, the little daughter whose private life Ingrid always has guarded so jealously. Because she wants her "to be like other little girls."

The Stromboli incident—if that is all it turns out to be—with Ingrid returning to her husband when her picture is completed—is, however you look at it, most unfortunate.

Ingrid is not just another Hollywood flirt but to be gossiped about. She has always stood for the finest and most dignified type of artist.

But still to be reckoned with are all the weeks she must spend at Stromboli in Roberto Rossellini's company. Everyone who knows him agrees he is a charming and fascinating man. Those who respect and admire Ingrid hope she now will be able to stand clear of his spell, reclaim the high place she has so long enjoyed both as an actress and a woman.

The End

MOVIES ARE
THE BEST ENTERTAINMENT

Make Evening in Paris a part of you...

Your perfume is as important to your charm as your perfect make-up, your shining hair, your exquisite clothes.

Make Evening in Paris an always-present part of your loveliness. Remember, daytime, evenings and always, Evening in Paris weaves a magic spell...and life can be much more exciting when you wear it!

Scent secret: Put a drop of perfume on your palm...smooth it over your hairbrush...then brush the fragrance through your hair.

Gift secret for men: The most gracious gift of all is Evening in Paris. She will love it!

Evening in Paris

BOURJOIS

Perfume...75¢ to $12.50
Eau de Cologne 65¢ to $1.50
Bath Powder . . . .  $1.25

All Prices Plus Tax

The End
Hurry, scurry for these exceptional lingerie values by Seamprufe—slips, petticoats, pajamas and gowns in a range of romantic Caribbean hues that are news! You'll be thrilled with their exquisite styling and workmanship, delighted with the made-for-you fit—and amazed that the price's so nice!

When you shop for lingerie value, ask for Seamprufe.

**PIN-TUCK CHARMER**
Feminine as today's fashions—fitted for action-free loveliness, and sturdily seamed for wear! Val lace with dainty pin tucking accents the bodice and hem of this Bur-Mil multifilament crepe slip. Sizes 32-40.

About $6.

**ENCHANTRESS**
Tropical elegance with fashion's newest plus—the deep, deep plunging neckline! This slip is laden with rich Val Alencon type lace, comes in luxuriant Bur-Mil multifilament crepe. Sizes 32-40. About $4.

**FROM TROPICAL TRINIDAD:**

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Above—Virginia Mayo, star of Warner's "The Girl from Jones Beach," wears the original dress by Leah Rhodes, designed for her to wear in this movie. Opposite—you see Virginia in the reproduction of this dress made especially for Photoplay by Korday. It also comes in brown and white checked gingham. Vest $3.98. Skirt $5.98 and blouse $5.98. Sizes 10-18 at Jay's Inc., Boston, Mass.; Heins, Waukegan, Ill.

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 83.
fashions
CODE FOR ROMANCE...

NAVY DOTS AND DASHES

(Right): Navy and white cotton by Jack Borgenicht—so spanking fresh you'll have to have one for your little sister or daughter, too. Also in pastels. Sizes 10-18. About $6.00. Children's sizes 3x-6x and 7-12. About $4.00 at Bloomingdale's, N. Y.; W. Filene's Sons Co., Boston, Mass.

(Left): Crisp navy and white polka dot cotton with a narrow silver belt. This dress, by Minx Modes, has the beguiling neckline banded in pique. Also in green or red polka dots. Sizes 7-15. $8.95 at Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.; Davidson-Paxon Co., Atlanta, Ga.

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 83

Helena Carter, who's with Douglas Fairbanks in Universal-International's "The Fighting O'Flynn"

The temperature's rising and everything you put on should not only be cool as to fabric and cut but should look cool, too. There's nothing like white touches to accomplish this—be they collar or cuffs or all-white accessories. You might tuck a pure silk white scarf in your belt, clip a tiny white flower at the throat of your plain linen pumps and wear earrings that look like cool bits of ice. Don't forget that undergarments should be light as air, too. A few such items are half slips in nylon, deep, plunging bras and dainty panty girdles with a minimum of weight and a maximum of control. Tuck a tiny white sachet filled with a light flower scent in the deep V of your bra and you'll not only look but feel the picture of cool serenity.
photoplay's pattern of the month

This dress has a softly tiered skirt, short cape-like sleeves and long, molded torso lines—all of which add up to one of the prettiest dresses you could wear. It would be heavenly made in a cool, crisp fabric like Amer-Mill's "Fiddlesticks." This fabric is washable and crease resistant.

For stores selling Photoplay Patterns see page 83

VIRGINIA MAYO in a Leah Rhodes—"The Girl from Jones Beach" dress which you can make for yourself.

Enclosed find thirty-five cents ($0.35) for which please send me the Photoplay Pattern of the Virginia Mayo Dress in size 12—14—16—18—20.

name................................................................ size.............

street ..........................................................................................................

city.......................................................... state.............
LINE
APPEAL

Warner's stylist, Leah Rhodes, knows Hollywood's glamour secrets

This Warner stylist, Leah Rhodes, set a record when she arranged wardrobe with three changes each, for fourteen girls in "The Girl from Jones Beach." This makes a total of forty-two costumes that Miss Rhodes had to design, buy or get from studio stocks and redesign for individual needs. All of which proves that Miss Rhodes is, indeed, a versatile designer. And the clothes she designed for Virginia Mayo, in particular, are added proof of this. Miss Mayo, who is noted for having one of the loveliest figures in Hollywood, told Miss Rhodes that she couldn't understand why the beauty of feminine form is constantly rated by arithmetic. After all, she feels, what does it prove when you read that such and such a girl is so many inches tall, weighs so much and is thirty-five inches around one area and thirty-four inches around another area. Not that her figure is pleasant to look at, necessarily. She's known many girls, she said, who have several bad features but who look wonderful, taken as a whole. The main secret for looking wonderful is to find your most flattering lines and colors in clothes and stick to them. And, of course, having everything you own fit perfectly.

Wherever you live you can buy photoplay fashions

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

Checked cotton skirt and vest, white blouse
Korday, 991 6th Ave., N. Y. C.

Polka-dot dress.
Minx Modes, 2223 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

Dress with square white collar
Jack Borgenicht, 1333 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Sun-back dress with jerkin
Carole King, 641 Washington Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

stores selling photoplay patterns

Lit Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.
The Hecht Company, Washington, D. C.

dream lined
from shoulder to thigh...
this pulse-exciting one-pieceer
with its single dramatically designed shoulder strap.
(can be worn strapless)
Note the smart high-fashion side drape and the figure-conforming featherboned bra.
Superbly fashioned by Sea Nymph of Lastex Laton Faille.
About $8.95

at smart stores. Write and we'll tell you where!
JORDAN MANUFACTURING CORP.
1410 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.
DOUBLE DUTY FOR DATES

Sun dress with a shirred bodice and princess lines, topped with a new-looking jerkin which ties on the sides. By Carole King in cool Chambrette that comes in pink and green, blue and brown or sand and prune. Sizes 9-15. $8.95 at Meyer Bros. White House Stores, Houston, Tex.; Burdine's, Inc., Miami, Fla.

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 83
I Envy These Women

(Continued from page 59) grows more breathlessly lovely as it unfolds.

Everything about Elizabeth’s face is right—the deep blue of her eyes, fringed with heavy, dark lashes, the sweep of her thick eyebrows, the blue-black sheen of her abundant hair, her straight nose with its faint suggestion of tip-tiltedness, the warm curve of her lips. And her rose and cream complexion that blends all the colors into a dream-like harmony.

But, if I had to pick and choose individual features, not take an entire face at one swoop, well, I always say as the nose goes, so goes the face. And I’ll go along with the general, pose to you, owned by Gene Tierney. It’s perky, a trifle disdainful, delicately refined and always doing the right thing, if you get what I mean. Gene’s nose is the clue to her character, and my choice for the nicest nose on the screen.

OR me, mouth and sexiness are synonymous, so I’d choose Jane Greer’s. The mouth you know, is full of mouths, some of them quite loud and some quite vicious. Jane’s is not only generously and excitingly formed, it’s quiet. She has what I call a listening mouth—usually in complete repose, very sultry, very pensive. So my friends, including her husband, Eddie Lasker, tell me. It wasn’t always so. Either. Some ten years ago, one side of Jane’s face and out of her mouth, too, was completely paralyzed. Determination and exercise over a period of heart-breaking years effected, not only a complete cure, but a mouth that focuses attention.

Jane Wyman’s eyes would be my choice. Jane’s eyes won her the Academy Award for 1948. Until she played the deaf mute in "Johnny Belinda," she was, I thought, pretty, in a general way. But really, I’d never bothered to look at or even think about those big, beautiful brown orbs. Now, I’d like a duplicate pair so I could do some swell interviews without saying a word.

The eyes, the poets have said, are the mirror of the soul. Well, it’s not just poetic imagery. For with Jane, they were also her voice. Terror, fear, hope and happiness—her eyes spoke all those emotions as clearly as any dialogue. If more movie stars had eyes like Jane’s, I’d be in favor of returning to silent pictures.

Don’t get me wrong, I like voices, too. But not just voices that produce beautiful, cultivated sounds. There must be something electric about a voice, a spine-tingling quality, so that you could never say, with certainty, that the owner was not beautiful. And at the top of the easy-to-listen-to speech-makers, I put Olivia de Havilland. You can learn a lot about a girl, just from her voice. But don’t judge Olivia by the gentle, throaty purr that emanates from her during conversation. If Olivia’s voice matched her personality, we’d hear a majestic roar, instead of a soft, mellifluous sound. And she’s learned, this determined and articulate young woman, that a soft answer turns away most opposition.

Hollywood is full of beautiful hair—some real, some phony. And the colors! You have to be psychic to pick out the natural blondes and redheads. Not being psychic, or in the mood to disillusion, I’ll just tell you whose crowning glory I’d like to own, if ever I lost my own bank of hair—Maureen O’Hara’s. Maureen is a rebel against the prevailing craze for short, clipped hair. And with her thick, luxurious auburn mane, I don’t blame her.

...I had to cut my hair short for my British movies,” Maureen told me recently. “Then I let it grow again because I just loathe short hair. Then they insisted I cut it short to make me look older in ‘Father Was a Pullback.’ Do you know,” concludes Miss O’Hara, with a big Irish twinkle, “I think it made me look younger.” But in spite of this big selling point, Maureen is now letting her hair grow long again.

When I first came to Hollywood, the complexion I envied most belonged to Virginia Bruce. Today, the creamiest skin belongs to Arlene Dahl. If you listened over your radio, you must have heard the gossip from the Academy Award audience, when this vision floated across the stage to hand out one of the Awards for the best something or other. I still don’t know to whom she handed her Oscar. I was too busy envying her beautiful skin.

And that reminds me, there are more strapless gowns seen in Hollywood, than there are beautiful bosoms to fill ‘em. For the best bosom division in movieland, I’m divided between Ava Gardner, Susan Hayward and Anne Baxter. But, viewing the matter objectively, I think Susan is the winner. It’s a close decision, however.

...Going a bit lower, in the female beauty parade, who has the prettiest waistline in Hollywood? And this isn’t merely a question of whose is the smallest. I happen to prefer a middle which doesn’t go so far in, it makes the hips and posterior seem to jut. For lowness and actual beauty of waistline in perfect proportion to the rest of her, I tip my tape-measure to Lor- etta Young. For sheer tummy flatness, Claudette Colbert wins, with or without girdle. Claudette, just to make you really envious, can’t get fat, no matter what she eats, and she’s under doctor’s orders to eat cake and candy! Claudette has a sugar and starch deficiency, which is why her
brief... for swimming!

One suit... convertible for sunning in your own backyard, or for sun-lazing on the beach! Exclusively designed for Catalina by famed Schiaparelli. Featured at better department and specialty stores. $8.00

brief... for backyard sunning!

RECENTLY, I watched Esther Williams doing some water scenes for "Neptune's Daughter." She was wearing a gold, metallic-looking swim-suit. I heard an electrician say, in an awed voice, "When the Lord made Miss Williams, He threw away the mold." And let me say, that if by some miracle, I had a figure like hers, I'd never wear anything but a bathing suit. Everything about Esther is properly proportioned and symmetrical. Her ancestors, I'm sure, were Amazons or Vikings.

Ava Gardner, from my personal observation, is one of Hollywood's most provocative stars. As a female, I'd like to be able to learn some of the things Ava knows, instinctively. I've watched her at "work." And her technique seems to be a simple "let them do the chasing." She's warm, yet aloof. She invites at the same time she withdraws. She has a maddening, teasing quality that seems to promise much, yet is as elusive as quicksilver at being plotted down. Maybe that's the secret: Looking as desirable as Ava looks, and being as hard to get.

There are still a few things missing from the dream person I would like to be. I've said nothing about character. That's as hard to define as beauty. Once you've got it, what can you do with it? Yet, beauty without it is meaningless.

It would be good to be as kind as Dorothy Lamour. And as loved. There isn't a mean thought in that sweet head of hers. She's a gal who actually means it when she says, "If you need me for anything, please call me." That junket to Houston, Texas, was typical of what she will do to help a friend—the friend being Glenn McCarthy. To help him put over his hotel, "The Shamrock," Dotty risking putting herself out of business. Most expectant mothers would have called off the junket. But Dotty worked like ten men to put it over.

I would also enjoy Deborah Kerr's charm. I doubt Deborah ever has said a wrong or hurtful word in her life. She has a natural dignity that isn't pompous. And she has a ladylike quality that is born of an integrated personality which commands and holds respect.

Last, and equally important, a sense of humor is necessary to round out a perfect woman. I'd like the brand possessed by Greer Garson. Greer has the priceless ability to laugh at herself and to be amusing during embarrassing moments. To give you an example: During a conference on the sequel to "Mrs. Miniver," someone said, "But how shall we explain the absence of Richard Ney?" Richard played Greer's son in the original picture, and I don't have to remind you that he was formerly married to Greer. "That's simple," said Greer, cutting into the weighty silence. "In one scene, I can pretend to receive a letter from him; then say to Walter Pidgeon, 'Guess what? Our son has gone to Hollywood and married Greer Garson!'"

There's just one more quality I'd like to have, before calling it a day—Paullette Goddard's ability to collect old masters and new jewels.

THE END
Beauty Spots

He "Makes Faces"

By Eddie Senz

Mary Fulton

Eddie Senz, famous movie make-up man, has a New York salon, where stage, screen and television actresses; models, debutantes and gals like you and me, can seek his expert make-up advice. . . . On Wendy Barrie's Inside Photoplay television program recently, Eddie gave us a flattering make-up. We learned a few new tricks from him. Want to know how you, too, can "get your face on" better? Here's how.

Foundation Technique

Foundation—cream or liquid, matched to natural skin tone, or a shade lighter or darker, whichever is most flattering. . . . Put dab in palm of left hand. Dip cushions of right-hand fingers into foundation in left hand. Smooth, evenly, on face and neck. Include areas under eyes, on eyelids and beneath eyebrows. If too heavily applied, blot off excess with facial tissue.

How to Blend Rouge

Rouge—Eddie used cream rouge before powdering. If you use dry rouge, apply after powdering . . . Put dab of foundation cream or lotion on back of left hand . . . Add bit of cream rouge. Blend with foundation. Pat on cheeks in gentle, upward and outward strokes, over bony structure of cheeks. Blend, so no sharp line of demarcation shows between rouge and foundation. Never apply below mouth.

Create Prettier Lips

Lipstick—balance upper and lower lips. Lower lip should "cradle" upper at corners, for happy expression. If upper lip overlaps lower, it gives disappointing, pouty look. Use lipstick brush, or applicator, for neater job . . . When lipstick's on, blot folded facial tissue against closed lips. Dust with powder to "set" lipstick. Apply lipstick again. Blot.

Write, Urging Its Repeal

There's danger of the twenty per cent wartime tax on cosmetics and toiletries becoming a permanent law. Voice your protest by writing to your congressmen urging them to fight for its repeal. If you don't know who your congressmen are, ask your druggist.

Have you spoken frankly to your daughter about these Intimate Physical Facts?

The practice of vaginal douching two or three times weekly, for intimate feminine cleanliness, health, married happiness after menstrual periods and to combat odor—has become so thoroughly recognized and recommended today, it's no longer a question of whether a woman should douche but rather what she should use in her douche.

And every woman should be made to realize this: Of all the liquid antiseptic-germicides tested for the douche—no other type proved so powerful yet so safe to tissues as ZONITE! You can use ZONITE as often as you want without the slightest injury.

Cautions Against Weak or Dangerous Products

It's shocking how many women, through ignorant advice of friends, still use "kitchen makeshifts," such as salt, soda and vinegar for the douche. These are not germicides in the douche. They never can assure you the great germicidal and deodorizing action of ZONITE.

The ZONITE principle was developed by a famous surgeon and chemist—the first antiseptic-germicide principle in the world with such a powerful germ-killing action yet absolutely safe to the most delicate tissues.

Truly a Miracle!

ZONITE positively contains no phenol, no mercury, no harsh acids—overstrong solutions of which may damage tissues and in time impair functional activity of the mucous glands. ZONITE is strictly non-poisonous, non-irritating—truly a blessing to womankind. ZONITE destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It immediately kills every germ it touches. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But you can be sure ZONITE does kill every reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying. Any drug counter.

For amazing collating new booklet containing frank discussion of intimate physical facts, recently published—mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. PE-79, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.
Have “SECOND LOOK” Legs!

Kept smooth and hair-free longer... by Nair... the safe, odorless depilatory lotion... that removes leg hair quickly, easily...
leaves legs smoother... more exciting...

Lady—throw your razor away—use safe, odorless, new Nair lotion to keep legs smoother... more exciting.
No nicks... no bristles... no stubly regrowth. No irritation to normal skin.
Nair keeps legs hair-free longer... because it dissolves the hair itself closer to skin.
Have “second look” legs! Get Nair today.
For free sample mail this ad before November 30, 1949, to Dept. 317, Nair, 53 Park Place, New York 8, N.Y.

Hollywood Clothes Line
(Continued from page 53) geraniums, daisies) fastened to the under side of the bloom as one of its many attractive ribbons. This flatter-
ning note, together with the bright red accessories, in the way of bag, gloves and shoes, made a picture you can really appreciate on a hot summer day. Another gal at the shower who looked super was Joan Bennett in a silk dressmaker suit in an almost weird shade of blue (not French blue, not royal blue, not cadet blue—but somewhere in there). Looked so cool and neat.
And the hat she wore was of a matching shade of baku straw—a very wide-brimmed cartwheel, trimmed only with its band of deeper blue velvet with a flat bow and streamers at the back. Pat Boyer was there—on a brief visit to Film-
town because Charles was still on Broadway with his show, “Red Gloves.” She looked right smart in a black and white print which featured a tiny dead white leaf design against the dark background.
Pat’s hat was a tiny white sailor with little black velvet geraniums nestling all over it; her accessories were chalk white—including the shoes. Now we get to the guest of honor—the expectant Momma who was wearing a lime-colored mandarin coat, spreading out at the hip-line (and ending there), over a black crepe skirt. A little dressy, perhaps, but very glamorous—and very disgusting. For evenings, Nadia uses this same Chinese lovely over a matching floor-length skirt of lime-colored crepe instead of black.

TED PIO RITO, whose return with his band to the newly redecorated Palm Terrace Room at the Beverly Hills Hotel drew a lot of glamour-pusses to hear his nostal
tage tunes—even after the opening night. That eve we spotted Loretta Young in a candy-striped, double-backed, strapless gown that made the green and white stripes of the room’s walls look pale. We saw her and Tom Lewis there a few nights later, and she was all done up in cream-colored starched marquisette over flesh taffeta—a truly wondrous color combination. The Van Johnsons were return
tees too, and Evie looked so chic in black lace and net, wearing a choker of about six inches of pearls of neck, and intertwined with two rows of blazing square-cut rhinestones. It might as well have been thousands of dollars’ worth of diamonds—the whole effect was so good.

For evenings, Nadia uses this same Chinese lovely over a matching floor-length skirt of lime-colored crepe instead of black.

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The modern way to remove ugly hair from your legs is with Neet" Cream Depilatory. It works deeper than a razor, below the surface of the skin. Safer too from razor cuts and scratches. Neet leaves tender skin soft and smooth, free from razor stubble. Just apply Neet like any cream, then rinse off and hair disappears like magic.

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Don’t be content with anything less effective than Resolin Ointment.

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Drake had so many setbacks trying to finish "I Was a Male War Bride") sporting a brand-new set of bangs—and the rest of her hair very short in a ringlet type of coiffure. Ann didn't have time to do any Paris shopping before leaving for foreign shores, but Betsy Drake splurged a bit in New York and came back with a whole raft of new duds. Betsy, who is staying out of the night clubs and concentrating on her career, won't give out with a yes or a no as to whether she and Cary have any definite wedding plans. One pretty Betsy brought back, is a pale yellow dotted Swiss, fashioned into a dreamy evening gown. It has a bouffant skirt, banded with six rows of gleaming yellow satin, gathered into a tiny waistline. The bodice has a wide bateau neckline, and short, fitted sleeves. Betsy adds an unusual touch to this quaint costume, by wearing a gold choker chain around her neck, from which hangs an antique sunburst of gold and small diamonds. She has tiny earrings to match the sunburst.

Ava Gardner just bleached her gorgeous natural chestnut brown locks to a ravishing blonde! A crime, that's what! She's not too happy with it, and will probably be a brunette again, any minute. Ava's "off-and-on" romance with Howard Duff isn't slowing her up. Saw her one eve at La Rue, dining and winning a bunch of chums from her home state of South Carolina—and she was showing them the town. Few nights later, Ava was brightening up Mocambo in a pale pink silk jersey coat-dress which, without the coat, became a five o'clock to midnighter. Had such a low, plunging neckline, tiny cap sleeves. The top was slightly draped up over the bustline and the dress had the high princess waistline—almost right up under the bust. The skirt just hung and slung—slightly full in the back, to just above-ankle length. That was the same night Joan Crawford was ring-siding with Greg Bautzer (yep—again), wearing a divine hat laden with pale lavender, fuchsia and purple flowers. A fan dancing by exclaimed, "Oh, Miss Crawford—that's the most beautiful hat I ever saw!" and Joan said, "Thank you—you may have it if you wish." With that, she handed her hat to the girl, who almost fainted dead away!

The End

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Just for the show! Gene Autry made a recent visit to Maryknoll Seminary to give students pointers on horse care

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Soothes tender underarm skin
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Economical! A few drops are effective. 35¢ & 60¢, at drug and department stores.

DICK's father is Swedish; his mother is of Scotch-English stock. They were able to accumulate their precious stock of home towns, because Mr. Widmark was a traveling salesman for wholesale goods.

After Dick had given Sioux Falls the first eight years of his life and had run up quite a bill in the Chocolate Shop, he shoved off on his Odyssey. Through a series of small towns, he arrived at Princeton. There he was graduated from high school with entrance credits for Lake Forest University. On the football field, he was a flash end weighing one hundred and forty pounds. He was also fast on the baseball diamond but couldn't catch the ball.

He had trouble, too, catching Miss Jean Hazelwood. Though agile of hoof on diamond and dance floor, he is tight with the talk. He took her out twice and gave her two words. She said, "What's with him?" and left him for fast talkers.

"He didn't do anything about it," Jean says. "He couldn't help himself. He couldn't get away without going out with other girls. He didn't. In different, but persistent, he hung around." Every campus has a solo guy. Dick, athlete and Fraternity man, was king of the junior prom, president of the end class, captain of a debating team and head of honor society. Yet he walked alone. Because he seemed immune to other girls, he fascinated them like Satan, but he never took his hypnotic eye off the Hazelwood wench.

After graduation she went to New York. "Speed Widmark" tailed; threw her two more words; the said yes; and the third, returned to Evanston for the "I do."

Two years and a couple of jobs after the wedding, the Widmarks were back in New York where Dick was burning up the radio waves with his "erotic" piano, burning up huge amounts of energy, gey-

ering up and down from program to program. They had to hold elevators for him in Radio City, and then he spotted the "CBS" board on the street. Running faster than a Checker cab, he legged it to CBS. Another breathless waiting ele-
avator tossed him spilling into "Aunt Jen-

ny's Real Life Story." All day, elevators palpitated for Widmark, picking him up and putting him down for Kate Smith, "Dear Old Girl," "I Love You," "In-
nner Sanctum," on which more often than not, he was the good egg.

He grabbed $500,000 a year. A facile non-
huff reader, Dick can read you the phone book in a day. In five years on radio, he went on the stage, playing leads in five prestige flops and more artistic successes. Five years of this and he had an elec- tronic name.

The secret of his acting genius is con-
centration. He throws all he has at a part and works with nervous tension. The best release from this, is putting outside, and building up. "Hitting a nail on the head is the best relaxation," Dick avers.

Mrs. Widmark regards this exuber-
ance with quiet resignation.

"I knew he was a fix-it when I married him and was prepared for a life among saws and things..."

Dick, she says, choosing not to be quoted, is a dependable unhandyman who can fix everything around a house so that nothing works.

"He can't afford to call a plumber every time the sink gets stuffed up," Dick said, marching to the task with wrench.

An hour later, when Jean and little daughter Ann, aged four, ventured into the kitchen, Dick, in progress, Papa was lying under the sink, and when she saw him, she leered like Udo, "Take Ann away, I'm going to talk to this plumbing."

The Widmark ladies retired, while Papa ad libbed.

His true passion is picket fences. You can almost trace the Widmark Odyssey by the weeping picket fences he left behind. When he was retired, he moved back to New Bedford, Mass., for the premiere of "Down to the Sea in Ships," he made a detour, in order to see a fence he built in White Plains. The sight of it gave him an exulta-
tion beyond any picture triumph.

The skill Dick lacks in his puttering is definitely not lacking in his characteriza-
tions.

He goes about his picture work with the stubornness and conscience of a fine stage actor. He figures out everything before he starts. He makes others around him good, by association. Shy with words socially, he can give direction when the cast gets together and acts on it. He says, "As a man, I believe in acting -- not playing."

In California, the Widmarks belong with that group of serious actors of stage experience known as Mother Carey's Chickens, because they foregather at the ranch home of Harry Carey's widow. They include, beside the Widmarks, the Grubs, Coreys, Cliff. Pete Armendariz, Dick Douglas, Harry Carey Jr.

The Widmarks were drawn to Hollywood mainly by the opportunity for outdoor ac-
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Oh, What a Wonderful Day

(Continued from page 47) dancing career, she spent no time moping. She put in a call to the nearest singing teacher. Talent, and eagerness and ambition and beauty. And courage. As efficient a magic wand as anyone could want.

Doris Kappelhoff was a cinch from the start to go places. And nobody who knew her was a bit surprised when she turned out to be Doris Day, idol of the juke-box hepters, before she was eighteen.

Doris, herself, says her success "gimmick" is her adaptability. "It's just that I accept things," she says.

But director Mike Curtiz, who discovered Doris for films, says it's more than that. "It's heart," Mike says.

DORIS was unknown, except to the record fans, when her agent brought her in to see the Warner Brothers director.

And Doris says she didn't look like much. She had just separated from her husband, George Weidler; she had cried all night, and there were dark circles under her wide-set blue eyes, and tear stains all over her freckles.

She couldn't even work up a smile for this important contact.

"Can you act?" Curtiz asked her.

"Heavens no," she told him, "the only part I ever played was a duck in a Mother Goose pageant."

He tried again. "But you can sing?"

Doris just gave him a look, a nasty look, she says, implying anybody-who-knows-anything-about-music-knows-I-can-sing. Walking over to the piano, she began to sing "Embraceable You." But the song reminded her of George and she burst into tears.

"This downright obnoxious," she says.

"He should have thrown me right out."

But Curtiz didn't throw her out. He was artist enough to know that a kid who would let her emotions run away with her at a time like that had something. Something great.

He talked to her for a while like a kindly father, "I needed that so much that day," Doris says.

Two days later, she was making a screen test. And, a week later, she was trying to feel at home in a star's dressing room on the set of "Romance on the High Seas," and acting before cameras.

"Acting?" Doris couldn't believe it. "Who? Me?"

It may not have been acting that the public saw when "Romance" was released. Doris may, as rumor had it, have walked chalk lines on the set to keep in...
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of headache, neuritis and neuralgia

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If you suffer painful bowel movements, try Petro-Sulyma® for regular comfortable relief. Its soft lubricating action is gentle, but oh so thorough you'll wonder why you haven't tried it before. Taken as directed, it's the way so many doctors recommend to ease painless, irregular bowel movements. But don't go on suffering another minute. Take this to your drug store today so you will be sure to get genuine, easy acting Petro-Sulyma® the laxative used by many pile sufferers to assure comfortable bowel movements.

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Shes answerd one of those telegrams which kept coming, and went back to New York and to work.

Doris has finally, after three years of separation, sent word to her friends that they are now back to New York and to work.

This news, however, was received with a sigh of relief by those who had wondered whether the two would ever be able to work together again.

And then, as Doris recalls, penitently, "I did it again."

Another nice young man. His name was George Weidler, and he was a saxophonist in Stan Kenton's orchestra.

It was Christmas time, and they were two of the most popular men in New York. They were together, and they felt so close, and it seemed so right. So they got married.

Doris tells now that she had one or two "negative feelings" on that drive up to Mt. Vernon to find a Justice of the Peace. Once more she was giving up everything she had worked for, for her husband's sake, and with her heart and happiness.

But it worked out all right, and they were now happy, and they thanked God for it.

"George was such a really nice guy, and he still is," Doris will tell you. But he was not in the band business. Their life together was a series of hotel rooms until they reached Los Angeles, where they had an extended engagement. They hit the city along with the peak of the housing shortage and set up housekeeping in a trailer on a bleak wind-blown vacant lot. Doris cooked with a cleaner, still hat- ing it, only this time it was drearier, with no bright-faced little Terry to cheer her up in the long hours. But Doris was also in the air.

After awhile, the Kenton band headed back east, and Doris lived in the trailer alone. Only after she had spent her first anniversary, Christmas Day, alone and in the trailer, did she call it quits. Quits at least to the loneliness.

SHE
Doris's mother is one of those rare women who can turn any house into a home by her mere presence. There is always hot coffee on the stove, "everybody lives in the kitchen anyway," and a hot, raspberry tart or a batch of cookies, making the place smell wonderful.

For the first time since she was a kid, she has a girl friend. Doris has been working since she was a child, except for the two time-outs for a try at marriage. She has worked with men, and men have been her friends. She understands them. Women, except for her mother, scared her to death until she met Lee Levine.

Lee was a salesgirl at Magnin's, whom Doris met, when, with her first pay check, she went to amplify the wardrobe of evening gowns (for work) and blue jeans, which was all she had in her closet.

They liked one another, and Doris kept going back just to talk to her pal. But the time came when she didn't need any more clothes. "Why don't you come and live at my house," Doris said, on one of those impulses. So Lee did, and has remained as a member of the family.

Lee is wonderful, Doris says. No longer does Doris come upon six-months-old unopened letters from her attorney, no more does the light hills go unaided, simply because Doris hates opening mail. Lee doesn't mind opening letters at all. Even answering them. She even likes to pack. Lee likes doing all the things Doris hates, and vice versa. No point now to Doris's falling in love. She's not lonely any more. She's busy, and happy, almost.

Pinned down, Doris will look at you, think for a minute, and come out with it. "Sure I need a man...I...I don't know...I think it's that I get so tired of making decisions. I don't want to turn into a dominating woman. I hate dominating women."

"Don't get me wrong. I don't want a husband who will also be a boss. That went out with high, button shoes."

"But just somebody to whom I could say, now and then, 'whataya think, honey?'...you know..."

Sure, Doris wants to fall in love again. Get married. Have more children. When? "Well," she says, "in about six months."

Anything, a lot of things can happen, in such an eternity as six months.

In the meantime, she'll go along, accepting things, loving life and the people around her, working and singing.

Not a morning, these days, that Doris can't jump out of her bed with a light heart and a happy song just bursting out of her.

THE END

Since Doris Day got her new Revere camera, everybody gets "shot"! Her son Terry and his dog are the victims here...
The Most Unforgivable Character I've Met

(Continued from page 49) nursery for her kids. Just in case.

Until the doctor spoke his immortal words to Betty, we were peaceful and contented. Then hell broke loose. For it seemed that what was good enough for Lamarr's children wasn't going to be good enough for ours.

The stove wasn't big enough. So out it went in a Betty shot. Then, that could easily do in a hotel. The refrigerator wasn't big enough. Out it went and a packing company could get by with the one that arrived in its place.

There weren't even enough trees outside the house, for some reason. I never did understand that deal, but young Steve, it seemed, had to have a small forest planted for him. My annoyance grew.

His actual arrival cost me money, frustration, and an innumerable amount of nervous strain. I may forgive him eventually, but I'm pretty bitter now.

I had just started a picture, my own picture, called "Tokyo Joe." When I say it was my own, I mean that my own company was making it. It was my dough.

O.K. So did young Steve arrive before we began shooting? He did not. He carefully timed his appearance for four days after we'd gone into production, into a production, moreover, in which his fate and mine were already mounted, he got himself born.

Furthermore, he did it in a nasty, sneaky way. He waited until I was in the midst of a love scene with Florence Marley, my very beautiful leading lady, and then announced to his mother that he'd like to see what the world looked like.

The result was that Betty went to the doctor, the doctor phoned me, I dropped Miss Marley at 12:30 in the afternoon, and I dashed pell-mell to the doctor's office to pick up Betty. Half an hour later, I signed her into the hospital, and sat down to wait eleven hours in what is laughingly called "The Fathers' Room."

I am considering suing young Steve for the mental anguish he caused me during that period. For I wasn't Bogart, the big fancy movie actor, then. I was merely Bogart, the confused embryonic Pa. And I didn't like it a bit.

It was nearly midnight when a nurse came in and whispered that I had a son, that Betty was fine, and that I could see the child in a few minutes. I promptly went into such a funk that I couldn't remember what the nurse had said. It wasn't until she had led me down a hall and showed the villain himself to me that I knew for sure it was a boy.

I have already learned, too, that he is going to cause more and more trouble as time goes on. "Ah-hal!" I thought, in my ignorance before he was born. "He'll be way off in that wing on the other side of the kitchen. He'll be able to yell his head off and I won't hear a sound. None of this being waked in the night stuff for me!"

So what did young Steve do? Well, he just beamed prettily at his mother and got her so nuts about him that she decided she wouldn't be able to sleep herself unless she knew he was all right. So she had a microphone put in by his crib, and planted a speaker exactly one foot from my pillow. She piped him in, in other words —morning, noon, and, especially, night.

He's really making things increasingly difficult. For another point comes to mind: I shall now have to get educated.

In the past, when my friends had babies, I looked at them quite calmly when their proud parents showed them off, and then dismissed them. But now—oh, Lord! I too am going to have to make with the safety pins and the diapers and the little shirts and the booties.

These things are mysteries to me. For up to now I never really wanted a child. My life was, I thought, too unsettled for children. I was either going on tour with a play, or going in and out of things on Broadway, or something like that. Show business, I felt, was a pretty tenuous field. You might be on top one day and broke the next.

Then I married Betty. And, suddenly, things seemed to get organized for the first time. And Betty wanted a child. That did it: I wanted a child, too.

The point is, however, that I have never changed a diaper in my life. And that young Steve's arrival is going to make me learn how.

Last, young Steve has unfortunately smiled at me, too. That was his meanest trick. The day he got home he tore his eyes away from his mother for a second, turned his tiny noggin, and gave me the full treatment.

The result was Bogart became a jellyfish, right there in the nursery. The additional result was Bogart resolved to live a life of dignity, intelligence, and responsibility. Bogart would, in short, become an upstanding citizen.

Like I said, I may forgive him, that Steve. But he'll probably be old enough to vote before I do!

The End

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EXPERIENCES

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What It's Like to Date Monty Clift

(Continued from page 43) better. I'd heard that one before. A great many Hollywood visitors will give you a sound-and-dance about being "down to earth," and "getting away from it all in a nice cozy out-of-the-way place," but you invariably end up in the Champagne Room of El Morocco. So, happily, I prepared myself for "seen" with him. No one could ever accuse me of being an introvert.

As I dressed, I could picture the flash-bulbs popping, the heads turning, and the autograph hounds swarming around us, as we made our way through the crowds. I even went so far as to stand in front of a mirror and practice the understanding and tolerant smile that comes to one's face as I stood aside to let Monty bask in his glory.

I met Monty at his apartment, which he proudly announced, "Only sets me back forty dollars a month in rent." I could understand the low rent without even entering the two tiny rooms he calls home on the top floor of a five-flight walk-up. It has been told, often, that Monty owns only two ties and one slightly battered tweed jacket. This I can vouch for. But, still, with only two ties to choose from, he studied them as if he had a complete selection before him and finally decided on one which looked exactly like the other.

"My jacket, where's my jacket?"

I EYED me accusingly and, sure enough, I was sitting on it. It had been thrown on the only chair in the two-by-four room, along with manuscripts, a couple of pillows, an old bathrobe, and a recent copy of The New Yorker.

"Do you think it's too mussed to wear," he asked, holding the poor thing up to the light.

"That all depends on what you intend to do in it."

He chose to ignore the sarcasm in my voice. "Well, I guess I can't expect much more from it. I've had it over six years."

The room, which contained a daybed, table, desk, and one chair, looked as if something rather violent had hit it one. A wall was covered with bookshelves, which, along with every other possible place in the room, contained tall thin books.

Everytime you tried to move, sit down, get up, or flick an ash into an ashtray, there was a book that first had to be moved. The desk was covered with scripts and mail, the top letter beginning, "Dear Monty, I hope you get this letter as I am an ardent fan. I'm sending it in care of your studio as I don't know your home address. You movie people will hide out in your secluded estates, won't you?"

At this point, the buzzer began giving out with loud dots and dashes, sounding more like the Morse code, and Monty, grabbing his coat and switching off the light said, "C'mon. That's Kevin's ring. We'll meet him downstairs."

Taking a good look at Monty in the bright light of the hall, I noted his flannel trousers and unpressed jacket, plus the fact that his tie was not even tightly knotted. This was not exactly the proper attire for the Stork Club. My suspicions were confirmed as soon as we hit the bottom stair. There was Kevin, standing in front of what he tried to convince me was an automobile. He was tired!

Kevin explained that McCarthys, the stage actor, and also Montys best friend. It seemed that Augusta, Kevin's wife, was doing a radio show and we were to get coffee and eat and pick her up afterwards. "This has to be a cheap evening," Kevin stated.
"How much have we got?" asked Monty. It turned out that Kevin was the banker, at least he kept doling out dollars to Monty throughout the evening.

"The guy has no sense of money," Kevin offered. "I borrow money from him or he borrows from me, but I'm the one that keeps the books!"

Druggists have to watch their dough because they have baby-sitters to pay and all that," Monty explained. "Now with it's a lot more simple. I just reach in my pocket and come up with nothing." He grinned and added: "I couldn't have afforded almost any kind of an evening he wanted. But, also, knowing a little bit about the working of his mind, I knew it wouldn't cost him all to flaunt his wealth or be insistent upon something others were unable to afford.

"Trish, do you like Italian food?" he asked. (Sure, I loved Italian food. I only lived in the Village and eat it seven nights a week, but sure.)

THE restaurant, Il Progressivo, where the great singer Caruso used to hang out, was in a shabby old section of the town occupied by warehouses and garages. If the patrons seated around the room recognized Monty as the Mr. Clift, they didn't bat an eyelid, although the head-waiter seemed happy enough to see us, most head-waiters seem happy to see you if you're a cash customer. Anyway, he was happy and Kevin was hungry. Monty was that day and I was dining. There wasn't a flash-bulb in the place.

Dinner consisted of a lot more talking than eating. Monty, an avid reader, was complaining about the lack of time he had to write his favorite characters, and giving beer. Someone spilled a beer down my front but my ready, tolerant smile was ignored. I was happy.

"No kidding, it's Clift all right." I went into the ladies' room to comb my hair. "Ya know who's out there?" one blue-jean'd, femme asked of another. "Montgomery Clift, sitting there at a table just as big as life."

"Well, isn't that nice," smirked the other one and, drying her hands, went out the door. It hadn't swung shut before she was back. "You really haven't got anything on your compact. Montgomery Clift!"

WHEN I got back to the table, I needed a press-pass to regain my seat. Monty was sitting with a look that was the answer to many questions. He would have haltingly ordered a "Forget-A-Me-Not" cocktail and gulping beer. Someone spilled a beer down my front but my ready, tolerant smile was ignored. I was happy.

"You never got a play here..."

"Mr. Clift, I could do that part better than Olivia..."

"Monty, would you just sign this and say something personal..."

When things began to get a little too rough, Monty said, "Let's try and get out of here."

There was one thing I continually noticed about him all evening. Although he has some of the mannerisms of a production of every littleธาตุ, he shows you. There's nothing worse, to my way of thinking, than the date who opens a door for you with such exaggerated gestures, you wish you'd gotten to it first. Or, the character who practically trips you and breaks his own neck as he maneuvers himself into an outside position in front of the street.

Monty is one of the few males I know who is a gentleman without trying to be one. He is so relaxed and at ease that you never notice when he is holding your coat or covering your car. But he is always there when needed. When he said, "Let's try and get out of here," he knew the rest of us were a bit weary of the situation and turned it over to himself to make the first move.

A few minutes later, we were sitting on the floor of my apartment, drinking my last four cans of beer.

When the time came for him to leave, Monty said, "Listen, I'm afraid tonight was no good for you as far as a story goes, so if you want to ask me anything, call me up."

I told him I had enough, if he wouldn't mind my writing about our date.

"Mind? Boy, if you can get a story out of this gaudy evening, you're a wonder!"

Well maybe, but one thing I know. I'll never get to the Stork Club with Monty Clift.

The End
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LAUGHING STOCK

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON

A MOVIE queen was applying for a pass-port.

"Unmarried?" asked the clerk.

Replied the doll: "Occasionally."

Spike Jones, when asked whom he considered the outstanding ﬁgure in modern music, replied: "Mrs. Harry James."

Bob Hope tired of listening to a café society matron brag about her charms. "I think I have everything Betty Grable has," she said.

"Yes, dear," murmured Bob, "but you've had it so much longer."

Gregory Peck was asked how he happened to cut short his career as a medical student and take up acting instead. He said: "I figured that a bad actor would do a lot less harm in this world than a bad doctor."

Larry Parks met Al Jolson and asked him how he was feeling. "Not so good," replied Jolson, "we have a sore throat."

If Artie Shaw devotes one chapter of his forthcoming autobiography to each of his wives, it ought to be the latest thing in five-foot shelves.

Some ﬁlm stars are wondering whether the studios will revive salaries instead of old pictures.

Two little nine-year-old girls were discussing the marriage of Dale Evans and Roy Rogers. One of the little girls said: "Oh, I know her kind. She doesn't want him so much. She just wants his horse."

He to She at a Hollywood cocktail party: "Here comes a photographer! Would you mind turning the darling, darling? My left side is my best proﬁle and all you have to do is cross your legs."

A movie doll floored Clark Gable by confiding about her newest romance: "He's a perfect darling," she said, "but I'm not sure I want to start marrying just yet."

Sign on a Hollywood pawnshop: "The Loan Ranger."

It's Cary Grant's story about one of his more wolfishly inclined friends. "He likes his women shy and demure. You know, the kind you have to whistle at twice."

Pat O'Brien, recalling the time he enlisted in the Navy, at seventeen, with his pal Spencer Tracy: "We sailed the seven seas."

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On Sunday Afternoon

(Continued from page 57) "Too Late for Tears" and "My Friend Irma."

The balloon relay race in the pool was the most fun. Wives and husbands were not partners, so the competition was keen. And no one could laugh, as they had to hold the balloons between their teeth. Bill put everyone through a regular series of Army setting-up exercises to start with, and then they played "follow the leader" on the bars, swings and pool. At five o'clock, when the gang felt very healthy and starred, the baskets were opened.

Everyone always tries to make her basket as attractive as possible and it has almost turned into a competitive thing, both from the appearance of the basket to the goodies inside.

Barbara sliced her basket done up with garden flowers and colored cellophane straws. It looked like a Fedda Hopper hat! The Dereks brought a left-over Easter basket and Patti wrapped the sandwiches in different colored papers. The DeFores used baby food containers for salads, relishes and pudding, which is a very convenient idea.

However, everyone spread out his food in a wholesale manner, and there was no regard for who brought what, when it came to eating.

The most popular "dish" of all was Marion's wonderful veal birds. She said she was weary of the potato-salad-fried-chicken routine, and thought up the veal birds as a novelty. Of course, her face was a bit red when Barbara Hale pulled out a box of fried chicken, which certainly did not go begging.

MARION gave us her recipe for veal birds:

(For 12 birds for 6 people). Buy two 3/4-inch thick round pieces of veal. Remove bone, cut each slice in two, lengthwise. Cut each half piece into three pieces, crosswise. Pound pieces thin with mallet or edge of heavy plate. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Mix for stuffing: 1 cup bread crumbs, 1/4 cup chopped parsley, 1/4 cup finely diced celery, 2 tbsps. chopped onion, 4 tbsps. melted butter, 1/2 tsp. salt, 1/2 tsp. pepper, a little sage if you like it, and about 1/2 cup water. (Use sage if you are old-fashioned, and enough to dampen and hold very tightly together. Do not make soggy.) Spread about 2 tbsps. of dressing on each of the 12 pieces of meat. Roll up meat and fasten each roll with toothpicks or string. Roll each veal bird in flour, brown in large, heavy skillet in which has been melted 6 tbsps. of fat. (Bacon fat gives a nice flavor.)

When browned on all sides, add 1 cup of water, cover tightly and simmer slowly for about an hour, or until tender, but firm. The liquid in the pan should be evaporated by the time the birds are done. Wrap each bird in cellophane, tie well, and chill. With these, cucumber salad goes perfectly.

Cucumber salad (also Marion's recipe):

For six people; peel 4 to 6 cucumbers, slice thin, add salt, rinse. Roll in sugar and vinegar; spread salt between layers. Let stand in refrigerator for several hours. Then drain and press out excess liquid. Add 1/2 cup finely chopped parsley, 1 thinly sliced yel- low onion, 1 cup chopped garlic, 1/2 cup salad oil, 1/2 cup wine vinegar, and salt and pepper to taste. Mix and place in individual baby food containers or one large ice-box dish.

Everyone brought hard-boiled eggs, milk, sandwiches, bananas, apples and cookies. Patti brought ham and cheese sandwiches, enough fruit gelatin for everyone and a couple of dozen chocolate brownies.

Chocolate brownies: 3 squares (3 ounces) unsweetened chocolate, 1 1/2 cup shortening, 1 cup sugar, 2 well-beaten eggs, 1/2 cup sifted, enriched flour, 1/2 tsp. baking powder, 1 cup chopped walnuts or pecans and 1 tsp. vanilla. Melt the chocolate and shortening together, Add the sugar gradually to the well-beaten eggs, then add the dry ingredients the mixtures. Mix and sift flour, baking powder and salt. Add the dry ingredients to the egg mix- ture; then add nuts and vanilla. Spread the dough evenly in a greased, square pan (8 inches). Bake in a moderately hot oven (375° F) for 25 to 30 minutes, or until toothpick, inserted in center, comes out dry. When cool, cut into squares or bars. This should make enough for six to eight people.

Barbara had celery and carrot sticks, which represented the health department, wrapped in a clean, damp tea towel. She also had some divine peanut butter sandwich es, a completely new twist from the usual kind. To make them, mix together 1 cup peanut butter with 1/4 to 1/2 cup horseradish; add 1 cup (8 ounces) cream cheese and a dash of salt. She spread this mixture on slices of whole wheat bread and used white bread for the top piece. This makes twelve generously filled sandwiches.

When it started to get dark, everyone moved into the house to the den, where they played bridge, and cribbage, which is having a terrific comeback.

THE END

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Star in Your Home

(Continued from page 63) streets. It had a scrap of lawn, and one tiny planting area for flowers in front of the house, and a curving walk leads up to its dark-stained wooden door. But inside, it was too quaint and much too English—it had pieces of stained glass placed in its windows, for example—to suit the vivit, very American, sparkling Ann. So it became her problem to modernize an old house, not old in years, so much as old in style, in a way not too expensive or involved.

The living room, a high-ceilinged rectangle. At the north end was an iron-railed flight of stairs to the second floor and a door to the dining room. At the south end, there was a low, small, leaded-glass window, flanked by dark, built-in bookshelves. The ceiling had dark, painted beams. And a senseless end window looked out on the blank, white wall of a neighbor's front porch feet away.

The west wall, facing the street, was dominated by a big, dark fireplace, with a copper hood, flanked on either side by narrow, leaded French doors. Doorknob from this, was a wall and a door that led to a small, narrow library, which, in turn, opened on a small porch with a shingled roof. Beyond, was a very fuzzy small garden. It was a very dated decor, as you can imagine.

NOW, one thing that Ann loathes, is bookshelves in a room. She isn’t "agin" books. But anything is going to be the high note of her decorating game, it will be the paintings she collects.

However, to have torn out all the bookshelves in her new home would mean a huge bang for repairing the walls. She did eliminate the iron railing on the stairs. And she did chuck the copper hood off the fireplace and the leaded panes and the stained glass out of the windows. Eliminating unwanted details must come first in modern home styling, of course.

Aided by decorator, Keogh Gleason, she then admitted that her initial need was to get more light and space into her living room. Her first step was to replace the leaded glass with plain glass.

They increased the apparent size of the French doors, and of the window at the far end of the room, an optical illusion trick. They framed them by louvres a foot-and-a-half higher than the doors or the window, on either side, with a narrow band of the wood of the louvers crossing the top, below which they hung a deep, tailored valance of raw silk of the softest green-gray. The ceiling beams were painted to blend into the ceiling, and the iron stairs railing, replaced by a solid paneling of wood, about three feet high. This was painted to blend into the general wall coloring.

The next step was to eliminate the porch onto which the adjoining room opened, and make the wall that faced the garden entirely of glass. This brought in more light, sunshine and greenery, besides doubling the width of the room.

Next, the door between the two rooms was taken out. In fact, a good third of the wall was removed, a broad archway substituted, faced with wall paneling, and framed in a narrow, beveled wood band. This made both rooms spring into real size, and real relationship. However, there still were two sets of empty bookshelves facing each other, the south end of the living room and the others at the north end. The brilliance of the decorative scheme then came in, because these bookshelves were used in two entirely different and highly original ways. Those in the living room were permitted to keep their outer frame. The

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shelves, themselves, were lifted out, however, and in the vacant space, four beautifully carved brackets were placed to hold four of Ann’s Chinese white Meissen figurines.

A closet was created where the other shelves at the north end had been. It held Ann’s radio, record machine, records and scripts, in one section. In the center, it became a bar, with a real sink, with running water, and below that, an ice box. And the third section became a liquor cabinet and general storage space for soft drinks. All this, mind you, was done in a space only twenty inches square.

The bar space was mirrored at the back and sides, to give it depth, with glass shelves at the side to hold glasses. The working space beside the sink was covered within the cabinet, and the perfect back of the cabinet has its own separate door.

A FLAT, white marble mantel and facing wall were lost in the finishing of a little copper hood that covered the fireplace, again creating space and bringing more brightness into the rooms.

Next, the color schemes of the two rooms were kept in harmony. For soft flowers at the window, copper and red roses to match the fireplace; for darker, more substantial, more permanent flowers, a touch of copper and red roses to match the fireplace.

The walls were done in gray-green. The carpet is very light gray. In the living room, two Hepplewhite mahogany stand on either side of the fireplace hold two Chinese rose lamps. Under it, a low, mirrored coffee table is surrounded by a broad, chintz-covered couch on one side, and two low stools in “shaggy” white, which Ann calls “inclusion.”

The living room was planned to be a “little girl’s room,” any girl can copy those coconut-stalks stools by simply padding a box, and covering the whole with white shag covering to fit. The end tables beside the couch, where the girls can be seated. They are big square boxes, with the one end that faces the couch cut octagonally.

(Continued...)

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In Search of Linda

(Continued from page 41) think she's searching for Linda.

I well remember a meeting with Linda, at this time. I had not seen her for ages. She never has been in Hollywood's social swim, which is curious, for beauty such as hers would be passport enough to take her anywhere. She came to this particular party with Constance Collier. Miss Collier was coaching her for her role as Amber, teaching her to speak English, not as a Texas darling would speak it, but as it would be spoken by a girl in England. Miss Collier, that night, was, in a sense, Linda's chaperone.

"What is this?" I thought. "Has this girl become really deep? Is she, separated from her husband, dramatizing herself with a duenna? Or, is she still so shy and insecure, that she must have someone to 'front' for her?"

S OON enough, I had my answer. For Linda came at once to my side. "I am so glad to see you," she said. "Can we talk for a few minutes? You know, Miss Maxwell, one of the few women in this world whom I envy?"

I laughed. "How could you envy an old girl like me, Linda? You are so young, so very beautiful!"

"Well, I do envy you," she said, quietly. "You know so much. You meet interesting people who are doing interesting things. You have the kind of life I want to have. You know the people I want to know!"

She hesitated, then added, "Do you know what I mean, Miss Maxwell?"

I answered, "I do, my dear! Here, in Hollywood, it is difficult to accomplish all you say you want to do. You are all so busy with your work, there is not much time left for other interests. You, Linda, must visit New York when I am there. Or Europe."

I "will have no difficulty," I promised, "getting you invitations to the grandest parties, or in arranging handsome, fascinating escorts for you."

Now Amber was supposed to be a great break for Linda. But it wasn't at all. She may have been as sensational to look at as Amber was supposed to be, but she did not have the faintest notion what a woman like Amber was all about. So, how could she give the role reality?

I am forever sorry that I was not in Paris, the following year, when Linda went over. Arriving later, I inquired for her. "She has gone," they told me. "Did you see her?" I asked one rich young man about town after another. "She is very beautiful... and very lovely..." Always the answer was the same. "See her? Of course not! We could not get near her. She would accept no invitations. And always, she went about with a dreary chaperone."

"Oh, the pity of it!" shrieked one young man. "Is that the most beautiful young woman who ever stopped in Paris, should spend all her time with a governess sort of woman...?"

"She went to Paris, of course, to seek the life about which she had talked to me. She wanted to dance the night through. She wanted to meet the brilliant people who are always there. But, starting off, she got stage fright, took an older woman along, and defeated her purpose."

The role of Amber, supposedly the great plum of the year, had done nothing for her. You see, in it, she had received no rave notices to bolster her confidence. And she, herself, knew that her performance was not one to recommend her to anyone of discrimination. All of which was a great shame, because Linda needed a triumph as bad as any girl could use. Which she, no longer was Little Miss Nobody.

I know. Because I've known Linda since 1939, when we played together in her first motion picture, Elsa Maxwell's "Hotel for Women." She had been in Hollywood only a few months at this time, having been lifted bodily from Texas, where she was a postmaster's daughter.

Her innocence and naiveté were close to being unbelievable. There was a scene in "Hotel for Women," in which a jealous woman shot a man because he was attracted to Linda. When the man dropped to the floor, Linda burst into sobs.

"Darling," soothed Gregory Ratoff, our director, "do not weep like that! Please, darling! This is making believe!"

From the first, Linda was extraordinarily beautiful. Ratoff, accustomed to the beauties he has known in the studios and the theater and in Europe, used to take me off in a corner and say, "What beauty! But she does not know anything about life. She does not know anything about anything. What beauty!"

It was not long, of course, before Linda started weeping in every action that was called for by the script. And it was not long before she ceased to be any little Miss Know Nothing. But never, I believe, until a few years ago, did she ever catch up with herself. Always, she was too busy doing her job, and adjusting to the many demands of her experience as a wife and as a star, to think about who she really was and what she really wanted to do.

We all know, and as Linda found out, it is one thing to decide that you are not living as you want to live, and another thing to effect a change. But Linda now is well on her way to accomplishing this. "A Letter to Three Wives" turned the trick. It provided her with the triumph "Forever Amber" failed to give her.

Asked the other day if she was satisfied now that she really had arrived, Linda laughingly declined to say. "That's usually determined by what they pay you, and they pay me pretty well."

She went on, seriously, "I understand the only picture that gets fat. So, I could be natural in the role of a wife it shagged."

This much is certain. Producers on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot no longer say, "She's so beautiful, but we don't quite know what to do with her." They want her for their new pictures, all of them.

I T'S good to see Linda with new self-confidence. It used to be, she never placed much up on her. Which meant everyone adored her. But over and over again, it was those stars who knew how to raise a rumpus on occasion, who got ahead. Linda, with her charm, and her looks, and her personality, could have been a star without equal.

Which reminds me of a day, soon after the adoption of Lola, when I asked Linda, "How are you making out with your daughter's creation?"

"She's got more sense, now," she said. "I can't believe, that she is so much a mother than I am."

Linda guffawed. "Are you kidding? I've taken care of babies, my brothers, sisters and my cousins, all my life."

It was a little hard to believe in Joan Crawford. Joan would have smiled and shaken her head slowly. There would have been no guffaw. In a soft, throaty voice, she would have said, "No, you see, Elsa, I've been accustomed to babies al-
much. We weren't rich. There were no nurses in our house."

For Joan, like most beautiful women in the studio, was too much of an interna-
tant woman. And acquired manners and manerisms which accentuate her loneliness.

Linda will never be a Crawford. Which is as it should be. But she's learning many things from her. Any woman, no matter how good she is, has to learn.

"A Letter to Three Wives" was Linda's chance to think, to dream, to learn, and to grow. And how much she has grown! From that day, sev-
eral years ago, when Linda asked herself, "Who am I? Am I living as I want to live?" she has been on her way. And from the moment of her success, "A Letter to Three Wives" she began traveling double-quick time.

In Search of Linda

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Not drying, not greasy! Your complete
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young look! Or wear with Woodbury
Powder in matching shades. The
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Tropic Tan, Brunette, Natural.
Sometimes the prettiest girl can’t find a beau to pin a posy on—and all because she’s guilty of the fault men don’t overlook! So guard well against underarm odor—never trust your charm to anything but dependable Mum.

For sure, long-lasting protection against offending, remember: Mum’s formula is modern, unique. Silky-smooth Mum contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. So, be a safety-first girl—get a jar of Mum today!

**MUM safer for charm** ... Mum checks perspiration odor for the whole day or evening. Protects against risk of future underarm odor after your bath washes away past perspiration.

**MUM safer for skin** ... Smooth, creamy Mum contains no harsh or irritating ingredients. Doesn’t dry out in the jar to form scratchy crystals. Gentle Mum is harmless to skin.

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For sanitary napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, sure—dependable for this important use, too.

*Mum keeps you nice to be near*
Don't be Half-safe!

by VALDA SHERMAN

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

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

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

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

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream. Awarded American Laundering Institute Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Safe for skin—can be used right after shaving. Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, will not dry out.

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From the Book by EDWARD HARRIS HETH Directed by MERVYN LEROY • Produced by ARTHUR FREED A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Cheers and Jeers:
I would like to thank you for the nice article by Faith Baldwin in your May issue. I (and lots of people I know) agree with every word she said. When I go to the movies, I like to laugh my worries off and don't like to come home and feel my spine still tingling from murder stories. Please give us more pictures like "Apartment for Peggy," "Sitting Pretty," and musicals like "Easter Parade."

MRS. H. WOOD
STOCKTON, CAL.

It seems to me that Ava Gardner is taking her looks too seriously. In fact, it has gone too much to her head. Anybody knows she is good-looking, but certainly not beautiful. Why does she insist on posing her face and profile in such awkward positions? Who is she trying to copy—the late John Barrymore?

JULIA ANN JUDEA
AUSTIN, TEX.

I just saw "Mr. Belvedere Goes to College." What happened to Shirley Temple? She doesn't know how to act anymore. How about somebody like that pretty girl Jeannie Crain, who is twenty-three and looks like eighteen.

CAROL RUMP
STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.

After seeing the picture "Louisiana Story," I have only this to say for it. Terrible! It was a picture that really insulted Louisiana. Please believe me, not everyone in Louisiana is the way that picture presented us.

BILLIE SMITH
LAFAYETTE, LA.

No Error:
I enjoyed reading "The Story of M-G-M Studios" in your June Photoplay, but could there have been a mistake made when Clarence Brown gave Dean Stockwell such praise? He is a good actor, but couldn't there be a mix-up between Dean and Claude Jarman Jr.?

ALBERT FITZGERALD
BALTIMORE, MD.

Readers' Pets:
Tyrone Power may leave Sheila Graham cold, but in my opinion he has more looks, charm, and appeal than all of Miss Graham's ten favorite males put together.

JANIS ELTIN
CHICAGO, ILL.

Being a housewife (living on a modest income), I must choose my movies carefully. And, having chosen very wisely, proceeded to see Joan Crawford in "Flamingo Road." Oh yes, there are stars and stars. In my estimation, Miss Crawford remains the queen of them all.

BETTE KOMADINA
MANSFIELD, O.

I have just seen Bob Hope in person and, in my opinion, he is the greatest comedian that show business has ever had. He goes all out to make his personal appearances a success.

KATHLEEN ANN FOLY
CHARLESTON, W. VA.

The Complex Question:
In your "Water Color Portrait" of Esther Williams you say, "She has no complexes or phobias." Further on, you say, "She has a marked case of claustrophobia." Puh-leez! Make up your mind!

EDITH LYNCH
MARENGO, IND.

(We have. You're right!—Editors.)

Question Box:
My friend and I have just seen "Fighter Squadron" and we have been having an argument about Robert Stack. Would you please state his exact age and height?

GERALDDEAN SAUCER
GRAND BAY, ALA.

(Robert Stack's birthday is January 12, 1919. He is six feet tall.)

Could you please tell me the name of the young man who played Billy, the Kid in "The Outlaw"? I think he has looks and talent.

SUSAN COLLINSON
OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

Would you please tell me if Scott Brady and Lawrence Tierney are brothers?

LUCY MOREBLEY
LEXINGTON, KY.

(They are.)

Please tell me who that wonderful, handsome actor is who plays John Brooke in "Little Women." Is he married?

GAIL KRAUS
LONGMEADOW, MASS.

(Richard Stapley is the actor. He is unmarried, six feet tall, brown hair, hazel eyes. See page 94 for further data.)

Did John Derek appear in any other pictures besides "Knock on Any Door"?

PEGGY EVANS
NEWARK, N. J.

(John Derek had bits in "Since You Went Away" and "I'll Be Seeing You," at which time he used his real name, Derek (Dare) Harris. See next month's Photoplay for a story about John by Humphrey Bogart.)

Address letters to this department to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. However, our space is limited. We cannot therefore promise to publish, return or reply to all letters received.
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A love story to match the tension of the times.
Dear Miss Colbert:

There are hundreds of thousands of women in this country just like me. I am in my early forties; my three children are all in school; my husband has now, and has always had, a steady job. I feel that I have great talent. I paint landscapes and china, both of which are bought by my neighbors at low prices. I have designed hundreds of candlewick patterns for bedspreads. I model clay and I carve wood. I have even written an occasional poem or story for our local paper. I know I have ability. I burn to do something about it, but I live in a small town. There is my problem, and the problem of women like me: What can I do with my capabilities to increase the comforts of our family? How can I reach out into the world and make myself known?

Marguerite B.

There are two types of talent in this world. One is the talent like a gusher. By its very power, this sort of talent makes itself known, once a channel is opened to it. The second sort of talent is put to different use. Without public drama, it warms a house, cooks a meal, provides the comfort which makes human life pleasant.

It is the destiny of a few people to be burning gushers; it is the destiny of many people to be hearth fires.

No one knows what his destiny is, so we might as well try for the brilliant spot. The way to do this is to channel our fire to the surface where it can be ignited.

Even though you are nearly two hundred miles from me, there is no reason why you can’t write to every large store there, and to shops in every city in America, describing your bedspreads. Photograph your wood earrings and your landscapes. Try your writings on a larger market. Exert yourself as a saleswoman as well as the producer of your wares.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Foolishly, I let my music go with my childhood and now I regret it very much. Not long ago a studio was opened here, and I, at thirty-one, began to take lessons. However, reading notes struck me as the most difficult thing I had ever tried to do. I simply couldn’t get the “hang” of it, so, although my teacher said I was doing beautifully and merely needed time and a little self-confidence, I stopped the lessons.

My parents and my unmarried sister laughed at me and said I should have known I was too old to tackle such an undertaking. Do you think I was foolish to try to fulfill my ambition to be able to play the piano? Do you think I should try again, or agree with my family that such lessons are a part of the past?

Agnes Ann R.

I am in complete disagreement with your sister and your parents. I think that any person can become, at any time, anything he wants to become.

In the theatrical profession, for instance, Adeline de Walt Reynolds became an actress long after she became a grandmother. Florence Bates is frank to admit that she enrolled at Pasadena Community Playhouse to launch an acting career after she was fifty.

It is not true that it might be difficult for you to become a concert pianist, but that is not your goal. Continue with your music, and pay no attention to jibes of those not as fortunate as you, those who have not retained a youth of spirit.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

For three years, I have been dating a wonderful fellow with whom I have gone just for laughs. For two years we have been in different colleges, so I have seen him only during summer and midwinter vacations, but at those times we have been together every day.

When he was home this past midwinter vacation, I noticed a great change in him. He had become more quiet, serious, and thoughtful. For the first time, instead of wise-cracking and kidding all the time, he had some deep opinions to discuss.

He will graduate in June, and from things he said in January, I know he plans to marry as soon as he has a job.

We have never been sweethearts, just pals. He has never kissed me, except in a kidding way, just to muss up my hair, or to tease me in front of our friends.

I know that he is the person for me, but I can’t figure out how to call it to his attention that I am the girl for him.

Eleanor N.

I don’t want to throw you into any state of gloom, but I think it might be a good idea for you to face the fact now that for two years you have been separated from your friend for ten months each year. It’s true that your vacations were spent together, but the very attitude of this man should have warned you that he regarded you as a pal, not a sweetheart.

If he is still unattached when he comes home this summer, you might try, by dressing in a thoroughly feminine fashion, by wearing your hair in a becoming new style, by showing your ability to cook, to entertain credibly, to call his attention to you as a girl instead of a pal.

In some cases, particularly when the girl and boy see another each few (Continued on page 8)
MONUMENTAL BEST-SELLER!
TOWERING SCREEN TRIUMPH!

GARY COOPER
THIS IS HIS ROLE OF ROLES!

“No man takes what’s mine!”

IT’S AN EMOTIONAL EXPLOSION!
He’s ROARK who lives by no rules except his own!
She’s DOMINIQUE — the only kind of woman for his brand of man!
A HIT TO REMEMBER FROM WARNER BROS!

LOOK AHEAD TO THE THRILL OF THE
FOUNTAINHEAD

CO-STARRING
PATRICIA NEAL

DIRECTED BY KING VIDOR  PRODUCED BY HENRY BLANKE

Screen Play by AYN RAND • From her Novel “The Fountainhead” • Music by Max Steiner
"I dress for a beach party... at 8 o'clock in the morning!"

1. "At business" I wear a soft linen suit. Its tucked-in jacket is held by a rainbow of belts whose circles are echoed by bands of hem tucking. And, of course, I rely on gentler, even more effective Odorono Cream... because I know it protects me from perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!"

New Odorono Cream brings you an improved new formula in a bright new package. Stays creamy smooth too... even if you leave the cap off for weeks!

2. "At the beach" I don braided, bright straw sandals, an apron copied from a Portuguese fisherwoman’s, take off my jacket, and get down to work in my pretty yellow linen peasant blouse. I’m confident of my charm all evening, too, thanks to new Odorono Cream... because I find it gives me the most effective protection I’ve ever known!"

It never harms fine fabrics, and is so gentle you can use it right after shaving! You’ll find it the perfect deodorant!

(Continued from page 6)

days, this sort of transformation is not easy to achieve, but you will have been separated for six months, so becoming a new person should be fairly easy.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:
I want to get married and have a home. I am thirty-one and a college graduate. When I was younger I had many beaux. The boy I loved died. During the years of going with him and loving him, my family discouraged any interest I might have developed in someone else. After his death, I discovered that I had so to speak, missed the boat. During the past few years I have met several men but in every case, my family disapproved of them.

Ours is a huge family and everyone seems to have the right to pass on the qualifications of my escorts. Even uncles, aunts, and cousins have to be consulted. I am now deeply interested in a man of thirty-eight who is a writer, but who is working in another field at present. He is capable and, in my estimation, has talent. However, he is not physically handsome and my family has already started to ridicule him on this score. Furthermore, he is divorced and my family is opposed to divorce.

I love my family and have always taken their advice but now I feel trapped. Sometimes I feel shut out from the things every girl has a right to expect. I gloried in family protection when I was younger, but now I wonder whether it was the best thing for my own growth. I don’t see how I am going to get family approval of my marriage. What do you think of marrying against the family? Will I live to regret breaking my family bonds?

Tedura Ann H.

Usually it is heartbreakingly wrong for a teen-age girl to marry against her parents’ wishes. However, you are a fully matured adult. I think you are capable of selecting a good man and making a lasting marriage.

The thing to do is to break clean. Tell your family how you feel about this man, and announce, with conviction, that you are going to marry him. And do so, with quiet dignity.

Tell your family, too, that you hope for normal family relations, provided they intend to be cordial to your husband. Otherwise you will live your own life.

I think you will discover that your family, even if grudgingly, will admit the justice of your courageous action, once a step has been taken.

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.
"YES SIR, IT'S TUNEFUL!
(Oh! Those songs!)

"YES SIR, IT'S TERRIFIC!
(Oh! Those co-eds!)

"YES SIR, THAT'S MY BABY"

You'll ROAR for more - when the whole family goes to college on Daddy's G-I BILL OF RIOTS!

Color by TECHNICOLOR!

Starring:

Donald O'CONNOR - Charles COBURN - Gloria De HAVEN

...and Introducing BOOPKINS... Baby of the Year!

"Look at me", "They've never figured out a woman!"
"Men are little children", "Yes sir, that's my baby!"
have

"SECOND LOOK"

LOOK

Legs!

kept smooth and hair-free longer... by

Nair... the safe, odorless
depilatory lotion... that
removes leg hair quickly, easily...
leaves legs smoother... more exciting...

Lady—throw your razor away—use safe, odorless, new Nair lotion to keep legs smooth... more exciting... no nicks... no bristles... no stubble regrowth. No irritation to normal skin.

Nair keeps legs hair-free longer... because it dissolves the hair itself closer to skin.

Have "second look" legs! Get Nair today.
For free sample mail this ad before November 30, 1949, to Dept. 477, Nair, 53 Park Place, New York 8, N. Y.

Cosmetic Lotion to Remove Hair Safely

79c plus tax

For Legs that Delight
Use NAIR Tonight

Casts of Current Pictures

AFRICA SCREAMS—Nassour-UA: Buzz Johnson, Edward Arnold; John Agar, Shirley Ross; John Blyth, Gary Merrill; Ted de Cors; Wally Brown, William Tabbert; the Duke and Duchess of Windsor; the Duke of York; Prince Rainier; the Shah of Persia; the President of the United States.

AGAINST THE WIND—Rank-Eagle Lion: Father Philip; Robert Morley, Michel Simon, Sigrid Gurie; stamp; Charlie McCarren; John Arlidge; John Blyth, Gary Merrill; Ted de Cors; Wally Brown, William Tabbert; the Duke and Duchess of Windsor; the Duke of York; Prince Rainier; the Shah of Persia; the President of the United States.

BEAUTIFUL BLONDE FROM BASPHILD BEND—20th Century-Fox: Fredric March, Betty Grable; Charles Hinglem, Rudyl Vault, Brenda Helm, Sterling Holloway, Anspach, El Brendel, Jack Oakie, Porter Hall, Rosina Robert, Harry Davenport, James Cagney, Marlene Dietrich; the Duke and Duchess of Windsor; the Duke of York; Prince Rainier; the Shah of Persia; the President of the United States.

BLUE LAGOON, THE—Rank-U1: Emmeline Reno... it is quickly, easily... leaves legs smoother... more exciting...

BRAND NEW—20th Century-Fox: Fredric March, Betty Grable; Charles Hinglem, Rudyl Vault, Brenda Helm, Sterling Holloway, Anspach, El Brendel, Jack Oakie, Porter Hall, Rosina Robert, Harry Davenport, James Cagney, Marlene Dietrich; the Duke and Duchess of Windsor; the Duke of York; Prince Rainier; the Shah of Persia; the President of the United States.

BRIDAL ROSE—Rank-U1: Emmeline Reno... it is quickly, easily... leaves legs smoother... more exciting...

CAMELLENELL ASH—Universal: Emmeline Reno... it is quickly, easily... leaves legs smoother... more exciting...

CANAL TERRITORY—Warners: Wes McQueen, Warner Oland, Edmund MacDonald, Virginia Mae, Julie Ann, Dorothy Malone; Winsome, Henry Hull; Reo Blake, John Archer, Dickie Harris, Juno Lee, I. B. Marshall; Marion Akrum; Dave Richard, Basil Rosenthal; Brother Tom, Frank Fugues; Latest, Harry West; A Prospector, Houseley Stevenson; The Sheriff, Victor Kilian; Station Agent, Oliver Blake.

COME TO THE STABLE—20th Century-Fox: Star Margaret; Loretta Young, Walter Slezak, Joel McCrea, Robert Wilke, Hugh Marlowe; Marla Potts, Eileen Lanchester; Luigi Rocca, Thomas Gomez; Kim Hunter, Dickie Harris, Marjorie Rhodes; Kay救护; צ'רלד, Billy Rose; Bob Hope, Andy Devine, Andy Devine, Andy Devine, Andy Devine, Andy Devine, Andy Devine.

THE HITCHING POST—20th Century-Fox: Buzz Johnson, Edward Arnold; John Agar, Shirley Ross; John Blyth, Gary Merrill; Ted de Cors; Wally Brown, William Tabbert; the Duke and Duchess of Windsor; the Duke of York; Prince Rainier; the Shah of Persia; the President of the United States.

THE JUDGMENT OF LUST—Rank-U1: Eunice Billings... it is quickly, easily... leaves legs smoother... more exciting...

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE—Warner Brothers: Tall, Henry Hull; Benicia, Dorothy Lamour; John Arlidge, John Blyth, Gary Merrill; Ted de Cors; Wally Brown, William Tabbert; the Duke and Duchess of Windsor; the Duke of York; Prince Rainier; the Shah of Persia; the President of the United States.

THE NAKED TRUTH—Rank-U1: Emmeline Reno... it is quickly, easily... leaves legs smoother... more exciting...

THE ROSE TAMPAN—20th Century-Fox: Fredric March, Betty Grable; Charles Hinglem, Rudyl Vault, Brenda Helm, Sterling Holloway, Anspach, El Brendel, Jack Oakie, Porter Hall, Rosina Robert, Harry Davenport, James Cagney, Marlene Dietrich; the Duke and Duchess of Windsor; the Duke of York; Prince Rainier; the Shah of Persia; the President of the United States.

THE ROYAL PALACE—Rank-U1: Emmeline Reno... it is quickly, easily... leaves legs smoother... more exciting...

THE SADDLE—20th Century-Fox: Henry Lambert, Danica Andrews, Adelaide, Maureen O'Hara; The Star, Wanda Hawley, Thelma Thede, John Mills, John Ireland, Bob Cummings, Joanne Dru, Marsha Hunt; the Duke and Duchess of Windsor; the Duke of York; Prince Rainier; the Shah of Persia; the President of the United States.

GIRL FROM JONES BEACH, THE—Warners: Bob Rudolph, Ronald Reagan; Ruth Westing, Virginia Mayo; Chuck Donovan, Eddie Bracken; Connie Martin, Blyth, Gary Merrill; Ted de Cors; Wally Brown, William Tabbert; the Duke and Duchess of Windsor; the Duke of York; Prince Rainier; the Shah of Persia; the President of the United States.

GREAT DAN PAY, THE—Frank-U1: David Lewis, Fredric March, John Agar, Shirley Ross; John Blyth, Gary Merrill; Ted de Cors; Wally Brown, William Tabbert; the Duke and Duchess of Windsor; the Duke of York; Prince Rainier; the Shah of Persia; the President of the United States.

GREAT Gatsby, THE—Paramount: Jay Cagney, Al Ladd; Daisy Buchanan; Betty Field; Tom Travolta, Garson Kanin; Carrol Serling; Donald Stewart; Gordon Jago; Baker, Anthony Warlock; the Duke and Duchess of Windsor; the Duke of York; Prince Rainier; the Shah of Persia; the President of the United States.

IT HAPPENS EVERY SPRING—20th Century-Fox: Vernon Simmons, Ray Milland; Deborah Green; Kenneth Mccall; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Douglas; Paul Doug
new SPIN curler

Cuts winding time in half—makes it double-easy!

New exclusive Toni SPIN Curler grips . . . spins . . . locks with a flick of the finger. No rubber bands!

All plastic, all-in-one! Nothing to tangle up in your hair! Non-dip grip holds hair-tips securely so even the shortest ends become easy to manage! Easy-spin action—built right in—rolls each curl up in one quick motion! Snaps shut! Assures a better, lasting curl. Winds more hair on each curler. Makes winding twice as easy!

new FASTER process

Gives you the most natural-looking wave ever!

New Photo Method Directions show how Toni waves many types of hair in as little as 30 minutes! No other home permanent waves hair faster yet leaves it so soft and lustrous, so easy to set and style. For the Toni Waving Lotion is the same gentle lotion that has given over 67 million perfect permanents. Try this exciting Toni with new SPIN Curlers and see how quickly you give yourself the most natural-looking wave you’ve ever had!

SPECIAL COMBINATION OFFER

New Toni Refill Kit. Guaranteed to give you the most natural-looking wave you’ve ever had—or your money back! Waves many types of hair in as little as 30 minutes! $1.00

Complete Set of New Toni SPIN Curlers. No more rubber bands. Makes every wave from now on twice as easy. ($2 when bought separately.) $1.29

Both for $2.29

“Now we’re both Toni Twins,” says Katherine Ring, of Chicago, Ill. “When I saw how easy it was for Kathleene to give herself a Toni with the new SPIN Curlers I decided on a Toni, too!”
Two on a honeymoon beam: Tyrone Power and his bride Linda Christian will remain in Europe until he finishes his new picture “The Black Rose”

News from Outside: A letter from Tyrone Power, on location in French Morocco for “The Black Rose,” reveals it to be a rigorous and exciting experience. His description of their flood-bound escapades, that almost ended in drowning at one point, sound more thrilling than a movie script. We’d love to accept his invitation to be a part of it all . . . From Errol Flynn in Paris, Cal receives an epistle full of cheer and, at the same time, homesickness. After telling us of the sunshine and relaxation and fun, he adds, “You know, I never thought I’d know the meaning of the word ‘homesick.’ Find I miss my kids like anything.”

About People: When Twentieth Century-Fox handed Vic Mature a $50,000 bonus for being a good boy, he cracked, “Yeah, but look what the bad boys and girls get. The choice of any role on the lot, a million dollars’ worth of free publicity and a heck of a lot of glamour.” Some people think Vic has something there . . . David Brian, who enjoyed making “Flamingo
STUFF

Watch this twosome! Audrey Totter and Brian Donlevy attend a premiere.

Gigi Perreau of "Death in the Doll House" is off to an early start! In attendance are Marshall Thompson, Roddy McDowall and Jerome Courtland.

Bob Alton, Judy Garland before she lost role in "Annie Get Your Gun".

Road" with Joan Crawford here in Hollywood, has a whole new aspect on the business. "Now I understand what they mean by movies being hard work," he says. "Seven weeks near Oxford, Mississippi, with heat, flies, and little else except location shots for 'Intruder in the Dust' to pass the time, has convinced me movies can be a tough job." When David's divorce is final, it's no secret he'll marry Adrian Booth ... Before leaving for Arizona and the "Copper Canyon" location, Ray Milland asked his little

Ann Miller, Janet Leigh and steady date Arthur Loew Jr. were among the many stars who watched final polo match between the U. S. and Argentina.
Sid Grauman of famed Chinese Theatre shows Roy Rogers how to lay that pistol down—in cement hall of fame! With Roy are his wife Dale and The Riders of the Purple Sage. Third from right is Hoot Gibson, cowboy hero of years ago.

Liz Taylor's latest beau, William Pawley Jr., gets a taste of movie fare in the M-G-M commissary. Liz seems to be having a hard time deciding—what to eat!
adopted daughter Victoria what she wanted as a birthday present. "My long hair," the little girl answered without hesitation. It seems Victoria is fearful lest her new daddy and mamma will shear her waist-long blonde hair. The Millands have promised Victoria she can keep her long tresses forever, if she wants to.

Purely Personal: The reported quarrel between Dick Powell and June Allyson in Romanoffs was merely an argument about June's forthcoming personal appearance tour to plug her film "The Stratton Story." June wanted Dick to help her escape the rigorous trip and Dick argued it was a matter between Junie and her studio to settle, not he . . . Gloria De Haven looked like the business end of a candle, in her flame chiffon frock, at the Don Loper party for the Charlie Morrisons. Gloria, who had spent the evening before with ex-husband John Payne, had Jack Sasson as her swain . . . Writers, bent on probing out the whys and wherefores of young Douglas Dick, who did such a fine job as the young major in "Home of the Brave," are having it tough. Young Dick is a shy, sensitive lad who sincerely and honestly feels his private life should be his very own. Incidentally, all the lads in the picture worked so hard and so enthusiastically for its united success, they refused to leave at quitting time and practically survived, the last few weeks, on vitamins and aspirins. The most eloquent (Continued on page 16)
Are you really Lovely to Love?

try the test below

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

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

Test it. Write to Fresh, Chrysler Building, New York, for your free jar.

INSIDE STUFF

talker of the lads is the Negro lad, James Edwards, who may trek to Europe for another film in the near future.

Wrong Number: It puzzled John Dall. He could make little meaning out of it. And yet, regularly each evening, came a phone call from a prominent director who chatted a few moments about nothing in particular, and then hung up.

At first John was flattered, thinking the director had some choice role in mind, but after a week, with nothing said, he began to wonder.

But the mystery solved itself only a few nights later, when the director telephoned. "Hey, doesn't your sister ever answer the phone?" he asked.

"Sister?" said John. "What sister?"

"Why, Arlene. Isn't Arlene Dahl your sister?" he asked.

Needless to say, after John explained they were strangers who didn't even spell their names the same, he never had another phone call.

Valley Dinner: To dinner at the charming Valley home of Francis and Marion Lederer, with neighbor Lucille Ball as another guest. It had been Lucille's radio day and during dinner in the quaint white-bricked combination dining room and kitchen, we listened to the repeat show, recorded for the West, of Lucille's amusing program, "My Favorite Husband."

Francis, who had just finished "After Midnight," raved about its star, Alan Ladd. He told of Alan's patience in relearning several rewritten versions of a single scene, without a word of complaint. "Huh," snorted Lucille, "in 'Miss Grant Takes Richmond,' Bill Holden and I had to learn rewritten scenes seven and eight times." And Lucille, in turn, raved over Holden's ability to transform a stodgy scene into something bright and alive. Nice, Cal reflected, to hear artists speak so highly of their co-workers.

Husband Desi Arnaz, on tour with his band, telephoned Lucille later in the evening that he'd be home in a few days, and this brought on a flood of amusing anecdotes from Lucille about her telephone experiences with Desi.

Love Thy Neighbor? A day or two after Richard Widmark, his wife and daughter moved (Continued on page 22)
"Star-Kist is the best Tuna"
says Bob Hope,
starring in "SORROWFUL JONES"
a Paramount Production

A Sterling Silver Add-a-Star Bracelet for You!

The "Add-a-Star" sterling silver charm bracelet with your favorite movie stars on exclusive Star-Kist charms is not sold in any store. Available only as a premium under the terms stated in this advertisement.

STAR-KIST, "THE TUNA OF THE STARS"
Great Stars like Bob Hope, Alan Ladd, and John Lund prefer Star-Kist Tuna because they know there is a difference in tuna! Only the tender, smaller tuna are selected and packed under the Star-Kist quality brand. Because these smaller tuna are naturally milder, finer-textured, they're known as "the best-tasting tuna in all the world!" Always use Star-Kist Tuna for naturally better-tasting salads, sandwiches, and hot dishes.

LIMITED INTRODUCTORY OFFER-

To get your collection started, three popular film stars on genuine sterling silver charms PLUS a sterling silver link bracelet, complete for only $1.00 and a Star-Kist Tuna label (Use order blank below.)

Start your own exclusive Star-Kist "Add-a-Star" bracelet right away. Be the first in your neighborhood to have it! It’s the most sensational jewelry premium ever offered! Begin today to collect all your favorite stars on these exclusive Star-Kist charms.

Special limited offer gets you started. Three sterling silver charms, including Bob Hope, Alan Ladd and John Lund, PLUS a solid sterling link bracelet complete for only $1.00 and a Star-Kist Tuna label!

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CLIP AND MAIL THIS ORDER TODAY

Star-Kist Tuna, Dept. 1
Box 52, Hollywood 28, Calif.

Please send me the "Add-a-Star" Sterling silver bracelet including exclusive Star-Kist charms of Bob Hope, Alan Ladd, and John Lund, complete. I am enclosing one dollar ($1.00) and one Star-Kist Tuna label.

Name
Address

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(Offer good only in U.S., and is void if this form of merchandising is tax licensed, restricted or prohibited in your city, county or state. Cash value of coupon one-tenth cent. Offer expires Sept. 30, 1949.)
Brief Reviews

✓ (F) ADVENTURE IN BALTIMORE — RKO: Shirley Temple gets into some mildly amusing scrapes, dragging John Agar along. With Robert Young, Josephine Hutchinson. (June)
✓ (F) ARTIC HUNTER—U-I: Ice-cold crime yarn with embezzler. Mikel Conrad as the quarry and insurance agents Harry Harvey and Russ Conway as his pursuers. Fairly exciting chase film. (June)
✓ (F) BIG CAT, THE—Moss-Eagle Lion: It's boy versus beast in this chase film featuring Leo McCuller, Peggy Ann Garner, Preston Foster. (July)
✓ (F) BLACK MAGIC—Small-U: Orson Welles puts on a whopping show, hypnotizing piece Nancy Guild to the distress of her sweetheart, Frank Laut- more. With Akim Tamiroff, Margaret Graham. (July)
✓ (F) BRIDE OF VENGEANCE—Paramount: Delicate but un-convincing drama of love, hate and revenge with Poulette Goddard as Lucietta Borgia, John Lund and Macdonald Carey. (June)
✓ (F) CANADIAN PACIFIC—20th Century-Fox: Colorful, exciting Western. Jsae Wyatt and newcomer Nancy Olson vie for Randy Scott's affections and Victor Jory is after his hide. (May)
✓ (F) CHAMPION—Screen Players-UA: A fight film which packs a wicked wallop and gives Kirk Douglas his best role to date. With Ruth Roman, Marilyn Maxwell and Arthur Kennedy. (June)
✓ (A) CITY ACROSS THE RIVER—U-I: Stephen McNally tries to steer Peter Fernandez straight into no avail in this story of juvenile crime. With Sue England and Jeff Corey. (June)
✓ (F) CROOKED WAY, THE—Boseans-UA: Gram gangland drama in which annusia victim John Payne gets really pushed around by gangster Sonny Tufts. Ellen Drew is the female foil. (July)
(F) DEATH VALLEY GUNFIGHTER—Republic: Rough-and-ready Western featuring Allen "Rocky" Lane, a trouble-shooter called in by sheriff William A. Henry to rout a bunch of badmen. (July)
✓ (F) DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS—20th Century-Fox: An adventure-packed voyage with Lionel Barrymore in command of a whaling vessel in 1847. Richard Widmark is First Mate, Dean Stockwell the captain's grandson. (May)
✓ (A) EDWARD, MY SON—M-G-M: This poignant domestic drama is beautifully acted by Spencer Tracy and Deborah Kerr with able support from Ian Hunter, Mervyn Johns and John MacGrath. (July)
✓ (F) EL PASO—Pine Thomas-Paramount: John Payne has a tough time bringing order to El Paso with Sterling Hayden and Dick Foran out to stop him. Gail Russell is the romantic interest. (May)
✓ (A) FALLEN IDOL, THE—Reed-SRO: Superior British human-interest drama. Subtly acted by child star Bobby Henrey, Ralph Richardson, Michelle Morgan and Senta Oreskiesl. (July)
✓ (F) FLAMING BLOOD—Warner's: Joan Crawford's cast as a girl trying to start anew in a small town. With Zachary Scott, David Brian, Sydney Greenstreet. A compelling drama. (June)
✓ (F) FOUNTAINHEAD, THE—Warner's: A curious, rather stagey picture which nevertheless holds some interest. With John Hodiak as the architect, Patricia Neal the lovely femme fatale, Raymond Massey, Kent Smith. (July)
✓ (F) HIDEOUT—Republic: Routine crime movie about a master jewel thief (Ray Collins) a small-town district attorney (Lloyd Bridges) and a gal too smart for her own good (Adrian Booth). (July)
✓ (F) HOME OF THE BRAVE—Screen Players-UA: This stirring war story, which points up the injustice of racial bigotry, is ably acted by Douglas Dick, Jeff Corey, Lloyd Bridges, James Edwards, Steve Brodie and Frank Lovejoy. (July)
✓ (F) ILLEGAL ENTRY—U-I: Lovely story of aliens being smuggled across Mexican border. With Howard Duff, Martha Scott, George Brent. (July)
✓ (F) IMPACT—Popkin-UA: In this strange triangle tale, Brian Donlevy gets a raw deal from his designing wife. Helen Walker. Ella Raines pops into Brian's life by way of consolation. (June)
✓ (F) INTERFERENCE—RKO: In this poignant drama, teasing Victor Mature and Elizabeth Scott, romance is stressed more than football. With Lucille Ball, Sonny Tufts and Lloyd Nolan. (July)
✓ (F) JUDGE STEPS OUT, THE—RKO: Mildly entertaining tale of a Bostonian on a Bender with Alexander Knox and Ann Southern. (July)
✓ (F) LITTLE WOMEN—M-G-M: Louise Allcorn's story of the March family is trimmed with Technicolor, and the entire cast includes June Allyson, Peter Lawford, Margaret O'Brien, Elizabeth Taylor, Janet Leigh. (May)
✓ (F) LOOK FOR THE SILVER LINING—Warner's: Lively musical of Marilyn Miller's life, full of memories and filming tunes. With June Havener, Ray Bolger, Gordon MacRae. (July)
✓ (F) LUST FOR GOLD—Columbia: An exciting true-life tale taking you to Superstition Mountain with gold-struck Ida Lupino, Glenn Ford, Gig Young and William Prince. (July)
Your loveliness is Doubly Safe

Because

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Veto lasts and lasts from bath to bath!

Laughing Stock

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON

WHEN he first started telling jokes from the stage, Bob Hope was scared and hid behind blackface. He thought that would make the jokes funnier. But one night he was late, didn't have time to put on the blackface and went out as is. The audience laughed as it had never laughed before. The theater manager told him: "Bob, please don't put on blackface again. You've got a perfect face to make jokes with." Hope never wore blackface again.

There's one sure sign of true love in Hollywood: When the girl adores the boy from the top of his toupee to the bottoms of his elevator shoes.

Jimmy Durante bet on a horse at Santa Anita and the nag lost by inches. "What that horse needed," bragged an ex-jockey, "was my riding."

"What he needed," corrected Durante, "was my nose."

Fibber McGee and Molly returned to Hollywood from their ranch near Bakersfield with the news that they lost their hired man the hard way. He won a scholarship to Harvard.

Talking about Al Jolson, comedian Danny Thomas cracked: "I understand he has the greatest insurance policy ever written. If he should die, they bury Larry Parks."

Things are so tough in Hollywood, Sabu is wearing a paper towel around his head.

Since Hollywood's production slump, Ruth Hussey has been doing more stage plays than films. Recently she heard that M-G-M was re-releasing, "The Philadelphia Story," in which she was featured. Ruth told a friend: "You know, with my luck, I probably won't even be in it."

Frank Sinatra occasionally can rib himself.

Someone once asked him if he was a blood donor.

Frankie replied: "I'm not even a blood owner."

Talking about a big star who has had a series of very bad pictures, Fannie Brice quipped:

"He's terribly conceited. He thinks he's the biggest flop in Hollywood."

There's a wonderful gag between Jack Carson and Joan Crawford in "It's a Great Feeling." Joan, playing herself in a quick scene, gives Jack a tongue-lashing for trying to wreck her life and then slaps him.

"Why did you do that?" asks Carson.

"Oh," says Crawford, blankly, "I do that in all my pictures."
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BIGGEST PICTURE IN TEN YEARS!

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EDWARD SMALL

"BLACK MAGIC"
STARRING
ORSON WELLES
AND
NANCY GUILD

WM
AKIM
TAMIROFF

FRANK
LATIMORE

VALENTINE
CORTES

MARGOT
GRAHAM

BASf ON ALEXANDRE DUMAS' "CAGUOSTRO" FROM "MEMOIRS OF A PHYSICIAN"

Produced and Directed by GREGORY RATOFF • Screenplay by CHARLES BENNETT

Additional Scenes and Dialogue by RICHARD SCHAPER • Released Nov United Artists

from a story by
ALEXANDRE DUMAS
author of "THE THREE MUSKETEERS" and "THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO"
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grasp the tiniest hairs firmly...
never slip.
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Naylon's "Double Process" lipstick. Its smoother texture clings longer...keeps your lips glowing with glorious color. Naylon lipstick or Slimstick, $1.00.*
Matching shades in Naylon nail enamel, 60¢*

(Continued from page 16) into their new home, they noticed a woman with a small boy by the hand, walking back and forth before the house. The small boy was pointing and talking excitedly.

That evening, as Richard went to get into his car, the woman and the boy passed again, only this time she stopped and frankly stared at Richard.

"Oh, Mr. Widmark," she explained, "do excuse me for seeming curious. I couldn't be more embarrassed. I didn't know it was you who moved into this place."

Richard looked puzzled. "You see, my son here saw you move in and ran home to tell his Daddy and me that a big gangster had moved in right near us. I well, this is such a nice neighborhood, I well, frankly I," she faltered and joined Dick in a good laugh.

"I think maybe he sees too many movies," the mother said, leading her charge away.

The "Pinky" Set: The "Pinky" set which, due to its dynamic racial theme, is kept closed most of the time, was a lively one the day Cal sneaked in.

The scene called for Bill Lundigan to drive up to the small home of Ethel Waters and Jeanne Crain and alight from his car. Ethel was to meet him at the front door.

Director Elia Kazan called "Camera," the lights blazed, Bill sat out of sight in his car awaiting his cue, but nowhere in sight was Ethel.

Before the director could call "cut," there was a small commotion out of camera range. To the astonishment of everyone, Miss Waters suddenly leaped from handsome Bill's car and began a tirade. "Young man, how dare you?" she stormed. "The next time you ask a young lady to go riding, I hope you'll behave like a gentleman. I've never been so insulted..." and on and on, she ranted, until the entire company suddenly caught on that this famous Negro actress was doing a walk-home-from-a-ride take-off. It took five minutes before the laughter finally quieted down. Incidentally, Miss Waters is a favorite with everyone on the set.

Sight of the Month: It went by so fast, and the sight was so unexpected, Cal couldn't believe his eyes. But before we could shut our mouth, agape with dumbfoundedness, there it was again, tearing around the publicity building at Twentieth Century-Fox studios; Ann Sheridan, astride a roaring motorcycle, with Cary Grant snugly relaxed in the basket-seat. It began in England, we learned, when Ann and Cary rode the motorcycle for a scene in "I (Continued on page 104)
Mitchum... in his newest picture!

It's a tough, terrific adventure in grand larceny that gets him deep into the wilds of Mexico... and deeper in love and danger with gorgeous Jane Greer on the trail of a fortune in hot money!

Robert Mitchum
Jane Greer • William Bendix

The Big Steal

with Patric Knowles • Ramon Novarro • Don Alvarado • John Qualen

Executive Producer Sid Rogell • Produced by Jack J. Gross • Directed by Don Siegel

Screenplay by Geoffrey Homes and Gerald Drayson Adams

Based on the famous Saturday Evening Post Story "The Road to Carmichael's" by Richard Wormser
There's a musical mix-up: Ricardo Montalban finds he needs more than a Latin line to reach Esther Williams.

\*\* (F) Neptune's Daughter
(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

A GUY, a girl and a bathing suit. Thus Keenan Wynn explains the plot of this splashesy musical. There's a bit more to it than that, however.

Esther Williams is alluring one moment, haughty the next, as Wynn's business partner. Ricardo Montalban is a visiting South American wolf, who plays polo almost as expertly as he makes love. Esther thinks he is dating her scatter-brained sister, Betty Garrett. But Betty is busy chasing woman-shy Red Skelton, if you can picture it!

With Betty's help, Skelton has ample opportunity to put over his slapstick humor. Their burlesque of "Baby, It's Cold Outside" is a riot. Xavier Cugat lends a Latin flavor.

Your Reviewer Says: A fun-filled musical.

\*\* (F) Reign of Terror
(Wanger-Eagle Lion)

This historical romance of revolutionary France is rousing film fare with an intricate plot.

Robert Cummings dons cloak and sword for his role of the reckless young patriot, who risks life and limb to save his country and the woman he loves. Pretty Arlene Dahl, as Bob's lady love and fellow-conspirator, handles her role well. As the cruel, hateful Robespierre, Richard Basehart barks orders and looks grim. Richard Hart credibly plays a Frenchman who allies himself with Cummings against Basehart. The standout performance is delivered by Arnold Moss as the rascally head of the secret police.

Your Reviewer Says: French-flavored spy story.

Romance prohibited: Alan Ladd and Betty Field learn that bootleggers and blue bloods don't mix.

\*\* (F) The Great Gatsby (Paramount)

The Prohibition Era, so graphically depicted in F. Scott Fitzgerald's novel, serves as the background for an intriguing movie with Alan Ladd as the colorful Gatsby.

A rags-to-riches guy, Ladd settles down to enjoy his fortune made in bootlegging. First, he buys a palatial home on Long Island, then cultivates the acquaintance of socialite Maedonald Carey with the idea of renewing an old romance with Carey's cousin, Betty Field. Ten years previously, Alan and Betty were engaged to each other but Betty jilted Ladd for wealthy playboy Barry Sullivan.

It's an interest-filled drama with a notable cast, including Howard da Silva, Shelley Winters, Ruth Hussey, Henry Hull.

Your Reviewer Says: An arresting picture.

Shadow

By Elsa Branden

\*\*\* Outstanding  \*\* Very good  \* Good
F—For the whole family  A—For adults
BARBARA STANWYCK turns in a terrifyingly real characterization of an emotionally unstable female, so badly bitten by the gambling bug that nothing can stop her on the downward path. Not even the loving sympathy of her writer-husband, Robert Preston. Stephen McNally, a cynical gambler, encourages her mad obsession. According to Preston, it’s all the fault of her neurotic sister, Edith Barrett, who has given Barbara a guilt complex.

Preston is kindness and patience itself. As for McNally, he’s so loaded with looks and personality, that his popularity is due for a decided rise. It’s a sordid, fast-paced film acted to the hilt.

Your Reviewer Says: Portrait of a lost lady.

(A) The Lady Gambles (Universal-International)

(F) It Happens Every Spring (Twentieth Century-Fox)

NOW it’s Ray Milland who takes to baggy plus-fours for some extra-fancy pitching. Ray is a chemistry teacher who brings culture and a dash of glamour to the diamond. How does he win game after game? That’s Ray’s top secret in which chemistry plays an important part.

As his charming young sweetheart, Jean Peters gets right into the spirit of this screwball comedy, rooting for Ray for all she’s worth. Paul Douglas (“A Letter to Three Wives”) is fine as Milland’s amusing side-kick. There’s good teamwork all around with Ray Collins as Jean’s college president-father, Jessie Royce Landis as her worried mother, and Ed Begley as a ball club owner.

Your Reviewer Says: Bebop baseball.

(F) The Blue Lagoon (Rank-UI)

WHAT could be more romantic than to be cast away on an island paradise with the one you love? That’s the delightful predicament in which Jean Simmons and Donald Houston find themselves in this original picturesque film.

When Jean and Donald first land on a remote island in the Pacific, along with sailor Noel Purcell, they are mere youngsters who know little about life, still less of love. But, in time, dark-eyed Jean grows into glorious womanhood. Blond, blue-eyed Donald matures into a veritable Greek god. Their sailor-friend has met an untimely death, leaving them to shift for themselves. Always, there’s the hope of rescue and curiosity about the outside world.

Your Reviewer Says: A thrill-packed romance.
**Shadow Stage**

**F** Come to the Stable
(Twentieth Century-Fox)

IN THIS inspirational picture, Loretta Young plays the role of Sister Margaret, whose life is devoted to work and prayer.

Loretta blends noble purpose with sweet serenity and gentle humor. She has a fine co-worker in Sister Celeste Holm. Arriving from France, where they spent the war years, the two nuns descend upon the New England town of Bethlehem. There they visit artist Elden Lane, whose stable has been converted into a studio. The Sisters' plan to build a children's hospital nearby seems impossible without financial support, but there's the faith that moves mountains. Upon learning that big-time gambler Thomas Gomez owns the land needed, they hear him in his lair, then proceed to win over Hugh Marlowe, a worldly young composer.

A splendid cast includes Dorothy Patrick and Dewey Wilson.

Your Reviewer Says: Human, unique.

**F** The Girl from Jones Beach
(Warner)

SHRITSTLY a hot weather romance, this is light in substance and long on laughs. It's chock-full of high spirits with Ronald Reagan, Virginia Mayo and Eddie Bracken. Virginia is a schoolgirl who could easily double as a bathing beauty. Artist Reagan thinks so and he is an expert on feminine pulchritude. His "Ranch Girl" has become famous but nobody ever met the mysterious creature. Accordingly, when artist Eddie Bracken tries to promote a deal to put this gorgeous gal on a television show, Reagan is forced to admit the role of a dozen different models is called for. Then the boys spot Virginia at Jones Beach and drool over her charms. Since Virginia fancies herself as the intellectual type, it's up to Ronnie to figure out a different approach.

Your Reviewer Says: Nifty nonsense.

**F** Susanna Pass
(Republic)

ROY ROGERS is in top form in this prairie picture of crooks and killers.

This time, Roy is a game warden who pinch-hits for the sheriff when he is laid up in the hospital. Desperado Douglas Fowley, in an attempt to steal valuable oil wells, dynamites a certain lake which serves as a fish hatchery. The owner's brother is in on the conspiracy to acquire the property and it's Roy's job to put a de- cided stop to the bandits' plans.

The tempo is swift, the cowboy ballads pleasing and, here's good news, Dale Evans is back at Roy's side where she belongs.

Your Reviewer Says: Roy mows 'em down.

**F** The Forbidden Street
(Twentieth Century-Fox)

TWO men capture Maureen O'Hara's heart in this Victorian romance, and they are both Dana Andrews. Maureen goes for the same type twice. Her first love is her drawing teacher, an artistic wakening born to break a woman's heart. Her second is also a charmingnever-do-well, but the difference is that he loves and understands Maureen enough to make the grade. It's an entertaining story.

Dana and Maureen make a very handsome couple. In the role of a repulsive, blackmauling old hag, Dame Sybil Thorn-dike is a character right out of Dickens.

Your Reviewer Says: Romantic is the word!

**F** Colorado Territory
(Warner)

HERE'S a swift-moving, suspenseful action film in which Joel McCrea is a big, bold bandit with a price on his head.

Two women figure in Joel's life—Virginia Mayo, a desolate, deserted, and genteel the lady who is eager to forget her wicked past, and Dorothy Malone whom McCrea rescues from a stagecoach holdup along with her grateful father, Henry Hull. Planning one last job, Joel plunges into a deserted mountain village where he meets James Mitchell and John Archer, a pair of double-crossing outlaws.

McCrea is convincing as a bad man with good instincts. Mayo turns in a laudable performance as the frontier female.

Your Reviewer Says: Fast, exciting thriller.

**F** Law of the Golden West
(Republic)

THE early exploits of William F. Cody, better known as "Buffalo Bill," are unfolded to the accompaniment of blazing guns and galloping hoofs. In the leading role, Monte Hale is a right cool customer.

John Holland is his adversary. Out to get the man who murdered his father, Hale sees to it that he is taken into the gang. Then, with Paul Hurst's help, he proceeds to outwit Holland and his strong- armed tenant, Roy Barcroft.

The action takes place in Kansas against the background of the Civil War. It's more mysterious, however, than historical.

Your Reviewer Says: Buffalo Bill rides again.

**F** Stampede ( Allied Artists)

ANGY Rod Cameron runs into all kinds of trouble in this outdoor drama. Rod and his fun-loving brother, Don Castle, own an Arizona cattle ranch on which there's a dam. Crooked Donald Curtis and John Eldridge have sold land to a group of settlers, among them high-spirited Gale Storm and her father. Without water the land is worthless, but Cameron refuses to heed their pleas and threats. Fearing reprisals from the settlers, Curtis concocts a desperate plot to blow up the dam and stampede Rod's cattle.

It's never a Western with time out for a bit of romancing. A capable cast includes Johnny Mack Brown.

Your Reviewer Says: Plump full of action.

**F** The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend
(Twentieth Century-Fox)

AMERICA's favorite pin-up girl, Betty Grable, has the roughest ride of her movie-crowded career in this parody on the Wild West. It's a lusty, lusty farce.

Having learned how to handle a gun at her great-grandma's knee, Betty grows up to be a regular Annie Oakley, only prettier. Every time she loses her temper, somebody gets hurt. Betty, boiling over when her petting boy friend, Cesar Romero, makes her she's going to another gal, has to plug them both. Judge Porter Hall, however, keeps getting in the way. With her cute Mexican girl friend, Olga San Juan, Betty flees town, posing as a teacher.

Betty merely sings one song in this horseless horse opera—unless, of course, you count the brief duet she warbles with Rudy Vallee. Rudy's role is that of Betty's small-town suitor.

Your Reviewer Says: Grable plays rough.

(Continued on page 28)
In one terrifying moment she realized what she had done . . . yet it was too late to turn back . . . TOO LATE FOR TEARS!

HUNT STROMBERG
presents
LIZABETH SCOTT · DON DE FORE · DAN DURYEA
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Too Late for Tears

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Your Reviewer Says: Pretty tame.

✓ (F) Africa Screams (Nassour-UA)

ABBOTT and Costello bring bedlam to the jungle. Their antics will put your funnybone right out of joint.

Scared as he is of a mere kitten, Africa is the last place Costello wants to visit. But when Abbott engineers things so they are taken along an expedition headed by Hillary Brooke. Bud convinces Hillary that Lou is an expert on Africa and will lead her to a certain treasure trove in exchange for a tidy sum. Hillary's two husky bodyguards, prizefighter Max Baer and brother Buddy, are on hand to keep Abbott and Costello in line. Between the muscle men and the wild beasts, the boys succumb to a severe case of jungle jitters.

Your Reviewer Says: Chills and chuckles.

✓ (F) Roughshod (RKO)

Given half a chance, personable Robert Sterling and sultry Gloria Grahame could go places. Not, however, in this static Western which stumbles along in half- hearted fashion. John Ireland and Jeff Corey are also wasted, but Claude Jarman Jr. does better as Sterling's brother.

Gloria and her dance-hall girl friends. Myrna Dell, Jeff Donnell and Martha Hyer, have been run out of a Nevada town and are stranded on the road. Begrudgingly, Sterling gives them a lift. He wants a truck with women, but Gloria has what it takes to make him change his mind. Meanwhile, escaped convict Ireland and his jailbird buddies are prowling the countryside. Sooner or later there is bound to be a showdown.

Your Reviewer Says: Run-of-the-range.

✓ (F) Calamity Jane and Sam Bass (Universal-International)

YVONNE DeCARLO, as the notorious girl bandit handles her gun with greater agility than she handles Howard Duff. But then, pretty Dorothy Hart saw Howard first. As if that doesn't put Duff in enough of a spot, he has the stalwart Arthur Hunnicutt for hitting but little matter of murder and theft. Dorothy loyally refuses to believe her man guilty; Yvonne doesn't care one way or another so long as Howard lets her stick around.

There's fast riding of Duff demonstrating, in Technicolor, that he has a way with horses as well as women.

Your Reviewer Says: Double-barreled action.

✓ (F) Sand (Twentieth Century-Fox)

ANY a movie has shown how a wild horse becomes tame. This one reveals that a tame horse turns wild. His name is Jubilee and he's a valuable show horse owned by Mark Stevens.

The train, in which Mark and his stallion are crossing the desert to California, catches fire and the panic-stricken animal dashes out of the car onto the Colorado countryside. Jubilee's subsequent adventures with man and beast transform him into a savage killer. Rory Calhoun, foreman at Coleen's ranch, is all for shooting the horse on sight, but Stevens offers him a handsome reward to bring him in alive. Coleen proves helpful and, being a good judge of men as well as horses, she falls in love with Mark.

Your Reviewer Says: Saga of a problem horse.

✓ (F) The Great Dan Patch (Frank-UA)

In the annals of harness racing, Dan Patch was the greatest horse of them all. This is his story, a tale in which speed and sentiment are neatly blended.

Dennis O'Keefe falls heir to the horse when his father Henry Hull is carried off by a heart attack. Having prospered in the city, Dennis builds a track and hires trainer John Hoyt and his daughter Gail Russell to look after Dan Patch. Gail secretly worships Dennis and suffers the pangs of unrequited love when Dennis weds snooty, socially ambitious Ruth Warrick. Dan Patch, not Dan, keeps winning more and more races.

Among supporting players, Charlotte Greenwood and Arther Hunnicutt give a good account of themselves.

Your Reviewer Says: Homespun and horse.

✓ (F) Against the Wind (Rank-Eagle Lion)

Sabotage is the subject of a sprawling, complex war story from overseas.

Among the main characters are an attractive young Belgian girl, Simone Signoret; a Catholic priest from Montreal, Robert Beatty; a cynical adventurer, Jack Warner. Also Gordon Jackson, a personable young Scot in love with Simone; Paul Dupuis, a patriotic Frenchman, and John Slater, a middle-aged fugitive from a concentration camp. On orders from their superior in London, they set out to rescue a fellow-conspirator, Peter Illing, who has been seized in occupied Belgium. Just why it's so important to save Illing is never made entirely clear.

It's an ably acted, provocative picture.

Your Reviewer Says: British brain-teaser.

Best Pictures of the Month

The Blue Lagoon
Colorado Territory
Come to the Stable

Best Performances of the Month

Loretta Young, Celeste Holm, Hugh Marlowe, Elia Kazan in "Come to the Stable"

Dana Andrews, Dame Sybil Thorndike in "The Forbidden Street"

Ronald Reagan, Virginia Mayo, Eddie Bracken in "The Girl from Jones Beach"

Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Preston, Stephen McNally in "The Lady Gambles"

Arnold Moss in "Reign of Terror"
Would you let your brother marry an Anna Lucasta?

Screen Play by Philip Yordan and Arthur Laurents • Based upon the play, "Anna Lucasta", by Philip Yordan

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Your beautician will tell you there's nothing else like Suave to make hair miraculously obedient... whisper-soft, kissable... starry-bright... keeps every tress perfectly in place, and safe from parching sunlight. Rinses out instantly. It's the amazing, new cosmetic for hair that outsells ALL women's hairdressings! Greaseless—not a hair oil. No alcohol! For the whole family. At beauty shops, drug and department stores. **50c and $1**

By Joe Martin

YES, SIR, THAT'S MY BABY: Buddy Clark is bound to have a hit disc with "Look at Me"—it's on the back of "Everytime I Meet You," Art Lund's version of "Look at Me" is backed by "It Happens Every Spring," the title song of the film (M-G-M).

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER-TIME: Judy Garland truly gets the opportunity to prove her capabilities as a recording artist in a two-record album folder of four songs from this film. This is another in the M-G-M series of "sound track" records.

SORROWFUL JONES: Both Dinah Shore and Benny Goodman have recorded "Havin' a Wonderful Wish (Time You Were Here)." Dinah's Columbia record is a vocal standout. Benny's Capitol disc features some excellent background accompaniment.

MAKE BELIEVE BALLROOM: Nine-year-old Toni Harper has recorded "Miss In-between Blues" (Columbia). It's amazing for such a youthful singer. "Bippity Bop Pon" on the reverse is even better.

THE BEAUTIFUL BLONDE FROM BASHFUL BEND: The title song has been recorded by Tex Beneke (RCA Victor), Two-Ton Baker (Mercury), Art Lund (M-G-M), and The Modernaires (Columbia). "Everytime I Meet You" is well represented on discs by Art Lund, Buddy Clark, Margaret Whiting, Perry Como, Dick Haymes.

DANNY KAYE: The irrepressible comedian does very well by two tunes from the irresistible "South Pacific." "Honey Bun" and "There's Nothing Like a Dame" are loaded with fun and Danny Kaye mannerisms (Decca).

CHATTER: Even if you don't remember the motion picture "Melody for Two" you'll remember a song called "September in the Rain." The newest version of the song is bebop, but musically. It's by the George Shearing quintet on M-G-M records... It won't be long before Eddy Arnold will be seen in Columbia pictures... The dead-panned comedienne Virginia O'Brien will make lots of people happy with her Decca disc of "A Bird in a Gilded Cage" and "In a Little Spanish Town."
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Ray Noble
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- Capital's new "Songs Without Words" album and Official Entry Blanks are available July 1, 1949, at your nearest record dealer.
- Write your own original lyrics to the melodies. All six are simple, singable tunes composed especially for this contest by the famous songwriters listed.
- Write lyrics for only one, or for all six songs. Each lyric will be judged on its individual merits.
- Be sure to submit each song-entry on a separate official "Songs Without Words" contest entry blank.
- All entries will be judged by the Contest Division of Reuben H. Donnelly Corp. in cooperation with the composers of the six melodies and two top lyric writers.

DON'T PUT IT OFF, GET STARTED TODAY. You have as good a chance as anyone to win this contest with a future! For full details get your Official Entry Blank!

Here's your big chance to "team up" with Hollywood's top tunesmiths...become a recognized songwriter. Hear the music...get your official "Songs Without Words" contest entry blanks today, at your favorite record store. NO FEE TO PAY!

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This contest—sponsored by CAPITOL, one of America's largest record producers—should not be confused with the dozens of "school offers" to make you "a songwriter overnight". Capitol expects to uncover new talent. Remember, it costs you nothing to enter!

See Your Record Dealer Today!
There he was... that wonderful boy she met last night at the hotel dance! Suzanne uncorked her most glamorous smile, bathed her most luscious lashes. No recognition. She waved her shapeliest arm, "yoo-hoo-ed" her most musical "yoo-hoo." No response. All of a sudden it dawned on her that he was deliberately giving her the air... and was it frigid! She hadn't the foggiest notion why he should snub her so.

Your breath may be beyond suspicion most of the time. And then, when you want to be at your best, you can be guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath) without realizing it.

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Never Omitt It
Get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic night and morning and never, never omit it before any date where you want to be at your best.

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

Before any date... LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC the extra-careful precaution against Bad Breath

VACATIONING? Take Listerine Antiseptic along—Because of safe germicidal action, it is an efficient first-aid in cases of minor cuts, scratches and abrasions. By the way, it helps take the sting out of mosquito bites.
REPORT ON JUDY

BY VIRGINIA PAYNE

In this intimate story about Judy Garland, a secretary transcribes the answers to all the questions that began again when Judy lost her role in “Annie Get Your Gun”

WHAT'S wrong with Judy Garland? Now that she has been let out of “Annie Get Your Gun” and it has been reported that she is a patient at The Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston for observation and, possibly, psychiatric treatment, that question, more than ever, is on everyone's lips.

I think I know the answer. I have known Judy for many years. During the last year when I worked with her as her secretary, I lived in her house with her most of the time. I dined with her and Vincente, accompanied her to the studio, shopped with her and went with her on a vacation to Palm Springs. I have been, I think, as close to Judy as anyone could be. In fact, she has said, more than once, "I've never known anyone who understands me as well as you do."

So, justifiably, I feel I know more about Judy, her troubles and what causes them than most people. Many of her difficulties, no doubt about it, stem from the fact that she is, in some ways, a rather spoiled young lady. Another thing, right now Judy is tired. For twenty-three of her twenty-seven years she has worked hard, carried tremendous responsibility. She is (Continued on page 98)
I SAW RITA

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

But she saw more than that. For she saw Rita as she is today, the fabulous life that is now hers, the obstacles that must lie ahead.

NEVER was there a more exciting assignment than mine—to see the wedding of Rita Hayworth and Prince Aly Khan, as their guest as well as a reporter. As I flew over the Atlantic, I kept reviewing the fabulous love story of the Spanish dancer who grew up to be a motion picture star and marry one of the richest young men in the world. I thought I knew how luxurious her new life would be. But when, a few hours after my arrival at the Carlton Hotel in Cannes, Rita and Prince Aly called to take me to their now famous Chateau de l'Horizon—I realized I hadn't even begun to visualize the luxury of Rita's new life. However, whether she will be happy I am not certain.
Can any American girl, much less one as spoiled as Rita has been, adjust to any such existence as she has set for herself? This I know—it isn’t going to be easy. Her Prince, who is most fastidious, will be no lenient American husband. Rita will have to dress to perfection when she appears in public with him. And she will have to hold her own with his European friends, who chatter in French, are at home all over the world and have the advantage of leisured Continental backgrounds.

The wedding itself in the little town of Vallauris was, in spite of the crowds and fanfare, most charming. Rita looked very lovely in her blue dress and big blue hat. And she did not appear unduly nervous. Neither did Prince Aly. But Paul Derigon, Communist Mayor of Vallauris, who performed the ceremony, was nervous indeed. No wonder! Not only were the bride and groom important people—so were the guests. It was a colorful scene with the Ismaili women wearing nose diamonds and beautiful rich saris. The Ismaili men, curiously, wore business suits; but carried handsome gold turbans.

After the ceremony Rita gave her two stepsons a kiss, American style. Her daughter Rebecca did not attend (Continued on page 91)
LAST July, Ginger Rogers was on her ranch, repairing her fishing tackle. She was about to go trout fishing on the Rogue River. The phone rang. It was producer Arthur Freed. "We have just the script for you," he said. He explained then that Judy Garland's fatigue had necessitated her stepping out of "The Barkleys of Broadway" and they wanted Ginger to take her place with Fred Astaire.

"Send me the script," suggested Ginger.

"We already have," he said.

The script, it developed, was enroute on a plane to Medford, Oregon, forty miles from her ranch. Ginger had the plane met, read the script, and with her customary quick decision, wired her okay. Two days later, she was rehearsing on an M-G-M dance stage.

Welcome news, this, to a public who had long felt as Ginger's milkman did. He left a scribbled note in a bottle on her porch reading, "Miss Rogers, it isn't any of my business. But when are you and Mr. Astaire going to dance together again?" (Continued on page 77)
As Lauren Bacall, she was just a blonde beginner. As Mrs. Humphrey Bogart, she's a lady with drive—and an English butler!

Marriage to William Dozier revealed Joan Fontaine in a new—and more sociable light

Bette Davis's strong nature can't upset husband William Grant Sherry, who knows how to take it in his stride

IS THERE A MAN

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

Some unexpected stories about some Hollywood ladies who changed more than their names when they promised to "love, honor—and obey!"
Marriage worked a publicity miracle in Mrs. John Swope who, as Dorothy McGuire, kept her private life very much to herself.

IN THE HOUSE?

Men and women don’t change because they’re married—so the old saying goes. But we don’t believe it. The change in the Hollywood girls when they become wives is often sensational.

The most amazing metamorphosis of all, during my time in Hollywood, transformed the competent, headstrong bachelor Olivia de Havilland into the “Yes, dear, you know best” Mrs. Marcus Goodrich. Before the Goodrich impact on the de Havilland personality, she was easy going, wrote poetry, tramped for miles in the Hollywood Hills and took more than an interest in politics and problems of the day. She smoked a lot, ate a lot, talked a lot and was invited to all parties. She was a strong character, but very warm with a wide circle of friends.

Came the day of her “I do” (Cont’d on page 74)
Arlene Dahl: Titian hair, a cameo complexion and provocative figure—all this and talent, too. Zooming in "Scene of the Crime".

Rossano Brazzi: Miscast in "Little Women," he's on his own now. Has that continental charm which so often wins American favor.

Barbara Lawrence: Why gentlemen prefer blondes is obvious here. But her breeziness, singing and dancing rates with girls, too.

John Derek: In "All the King's Men." A lad with his looks hasn't passed this way since Ty Power.
They're leading entries in the star sweepstakes. But not all will be drawn. Your vote will put your favorite in a winning position.

Every year many new personalities appear on the screen. Among them a happy few possess a dramatic force, a physical attraction, something that causes them to stand out and to be remembered. From this number, of course, come the future stars.

Who will they be this year? Only you know. The producers who have faith in these new personalities will give them increasingly important roles. But you, alone, will decide whether or not their names belong in lights.

Last August we published our first “Choose Your Star” fea-
Corinne Calvet: Freckled-faced French girl with exciting drive. Makes her American debut as the enchantress of “Rope of Sand”

Ruth Roman: A study in contrasts, her sultry simplicity in “Champion” won immediate critical acclaim and public approval.

Gigi Perreau: Beguiling in “Roseanna McCoy.” Candidate for throne Margaret O’Brien outgrew

Cyd Charisse: Beauty from the ballet. Wants to act as well as dance. Goes dramatic in “Tension”

Montgomery Clift, John Agar, Farley Granger, Janet Leigh, Jean Peters, Wanda Hendrix and Mona Freeman among others. This last year has seen an unusual number of unusually talented newcomers. Many among them managed to score in comparatively unimportant parts. Others, like Betsy Drake, Patricia Neal, Lex Barker, Scott Brady, John Derek, Audie Murphy and Paul Douglas made screen bows in leading roles. Nevertheless, their future,
David Brian: Masculinity plus—and his rugged appearance appeals to all types. Has scored a sure-fire hit in "Flamingo Road"

too, remains uncertain until they have a nod of approval from you.

So, once again, Photoplay's editors urge you to consider the outstanding newcomers presented here, to vote for your favorites, to choose your star.

Paramount—always hospitable to newcomers, is putting its money and big plans on the following:

Corinne Calvet: A French beauty of twenty-three, with some mild French pictures behind her. Her first American picture will be "Rope"

Johnny Sands: Dreamboat of the young crowd. No contract or role set after "Massacre River"

Scott Brady: A former amateur boxer, he's still shy about sudden film success. Adds to his laurels in "Montana Belle"

Paul Douglas: A late starter, he's caught on fast. "It Happens Every Spring" clinches career
Gordon MacRae: "Silver Lining" will bring further fame to this radio and recording star.

Jayne Meadows: Versatile with an unlimited range, she can afford to be independent in choosing her parts. Actress of distinction.

Allene Roberts: Her elusive quality, delightful in "Knock on Any Door," makes her difficult to cast.

Michael Kirby: Skater and actor, he made personal hit in dismal "Countess of Monte Crisco." Now all he needs is one good picture.
Stephen McNally: After endless B's he changed name and type to click in "A Lady Gambles" 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: 

Actress

I choose: 

Actor

Your Name Age

Address

John Ireland: Dark, dynamic and a veteran performer, Stardom's around the corner for him after release of "All the King's Men"

Betsy Drake: Off the beaten track as a personality and actress, her first screen role brought mixed reactions. Next in "Bandwagon"

Patricia Medina: Bewitching British wife of Richard Greene resolved to make it on her own

Stephen McNally: After endless B's he changed name and type to click in "A Lady Gambles"

of Sand." Sexy, with a stunning figure, excellent voice and freckled face.

Nancy Olson: Made her debut in "Canadian Pacific." Next picture, "Sunset Boulevard." Tall, collegiate type with great intensity.


Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis: Their first picture, "My Friend Irma." Night club comedians, they are distinctive in being both young and handsome. Martin possesses a fine singing voice and Lewis, a mad, wacky humor. Might "go too Hollywood."

Paramount also has dropped some young players from the contract list. Nevertheless, watch (Continued on page 93)
Wild animals at a birthday party! A fishing trip on a desert sea! But then, as Josh and Chris Mitchum can tell you, wonderful things have been happening since Dad came home.

Bob shows Chris scenic sights to come during day’s cruise on Lake Mead, a man-made desert sea with a 550-mile shore line.

Minor mischiefs! Bob, on a between-pictures holiday, took Josh, Chris and wife Dorothy on a vacation jaunt to Las Vegas and other points. Holiday high point was day on El Rancho Vegas cruiser, sunning, sightseeing and later, fishing.
NEW LIFE WITH FATHER

On the trunk line: Bob returned from Mexico and "The Big Steal" in time to give Josh a birthday surprise

LIFE at the Mitchums' is not what it used to be. They used to keep open house. Now, even their old friends, respecting their new attitude, arrive upon invitation only. Dorothy Mitchum refuses, quietly but firmly, to talk for publication. And Bob, who previously could be counted upon for copy so colorful that much of it could not be used, and who was, consequently, the reporters' delight, has a new and surprising reserve.

Bob always had a great fondness for his sons. But in the past, his attitude with them was pretty casual. Now he gives them most of his leisure time. The day after Bob returned from Mexico, following refreshments at home, he took Josh, Chris and a bus load of their friends, to the circus farm, to celebrate Josh's birthday. And the next day, the whole family took off for a trip at Lake Mead.

Josh and Chris have good reason to rate their new life with father as extra special.

Chris, second left, waits for Josh to blow! Circus party began with refreshments at home
THE FRIENDLIEST

As Belvedere, Clifton Webb of "Cheaper by the Dozen" emerged as the acting star he always wanted to be.
MAN IN TOWN

YOU'D think, to look at him, that he was most elegant and fastidious. And he is. You'd think, to look at him, that he was most critical and superior, almost supercilious. And he isn't. He's the friendliest man in town. It's Mr. Belvedere I'm talking about, otherwise Clifton Webb, a fifty-two-year-old bachelor, who adores his mother above any other woman in the world; with reason, I admit. For Maybelle Webb is as witty as she is wise.

Clifton first came to fame as a dancer extraordinary. Season after season, he charmed Broadway where he appeared in gay, sophisticated musical comedies. These days, however, it's a rare occasion when Clifton dances. "Mousie," Bill Powell's wife, likes to tell about the night Clifton danced to juke box music at one of the Palm Springs cafes. "Mousie," who is too young to remember the days when Clifton's dancing was the rage of Paris and New York and a couple of dozen other cities, says, bewildered, "But he was sensational! Everybody stopped whatever they were doing to watch him."

Clifton, talking of this same evening, says, "I don't know what happened to me. But when 'Mousie' arrived with about five million dollars worth of quarters and the music started, well, I started, too. I'm not likely to perform in public like that. But I suspect it is just as well it all happened. That evening convinced me it was a good thing the picture in which I was to dance was called off."

"I strongly (Continued on page 72)
WE can remember the time, and it wasn’t too many Technicolor epics ago, either, when you weren’t anybody in this never-never land of Hollywood, if you didn’t have a swimming pool.

And the fancier it was, with gleaming tile and underwater lighting and awninged cabanas lining the edge, the higher you had soared in the Hollywood heavens.

Then, when practically everybody had a swimming pool in their back yards, the rage changed. It became chic to build a winter home at Palm Springs—a tiny, palm-dotted

Glenn Ford, with son Peter, had the toughest time of all getting television into his home—but it wasn’t studio trouble with him!
It depends on where you're sitting in Hollywood—whether television is simply terrific or an unmentionable word!

resort on the edge of the desert, ninety miles from the movie studios. That got stale after a while, too.

But these days, there's another exciting sensation sweeping through movietown. Television is here!

Talk of the long-promised miracle crackles on the sound stages, in the exclusive restaurants, through the luxurious homes of the film stars.

Television is getting to be so popular, when a movie couple breaks up, there's a big battle over who gets (Continued on page 89)

Following the doctor's orders is easy for Mrs. Macdonald Carey, with television close at hand. With her is daughter Lynn Scott, Virginia and West approve of daddy Bill Holden's Sunday program—television open house for neighborhood kids!
MEET THE CHAMP

By Mushy Callahan

Former Junior Welterweight Champion of the World—from 1926 to 1930

Kirk Douglas, an instant-perking personality, whose chances for knocking down an Oscar are as good as his Irish stew!

The Brown Derby was jammed. It was Friday night—fight night in Hollywood.

Guys kept coming to our table to shake hands with Kirk Douglas and tell him he was great in “Champion.”

Kirk’s made only seven pictures but he rates with old timers for popularity in this town. He has one of those instant-percolating personalities. Warms you up soon as he shakes your hand and looks you in the eye. You’re for him and for the very good reason that you feel he’s for you. The guy gives. I rate him right up there with Bob Hope in that quality.

You don’t need to stick around long to see what I mean. That night they called Kirk into the ring at the Legion Stadium.

“Meet Hollywood’s new champ!” the announcer yelled.

The crowd gave Kirk a big hand and he gave them the big smile. Then he looked down to where I was sitting and said, “If I’m a fighter, the credit line goes to my friend, former Junior Welterweight Champion of the World Mushy Callahan, who trained me.”

As I say, Kirk gives. He passes (Continued on page 90)
Music has charms for John Hodiak, Macdonald Carey and Anne Baxter—but don’t let Zach Scott fool you—he has one ear tuned to Cesar Romero’s playing! A perfect hostess, Anne arranges her guest list so that people enjoy each other

Part of the Hodiaks’ charm as hosts is the warm welcome they give their guests. Early arrivals are the Zachary Scotts

Perfect background for Sunday brunch is Anne’s eyelet tablecloth, decorated with spring flowers
A BUNCH for BRUNCH

Anne's fruit compote

BY KAY MULVEY

When the breakfast gong sounds it's one p.m.—and Hodiak time for a special Sunday treat!

Anne Baxter Hodiak has the reputation of being one of the best hostesses in Hollywood.

And although she has given many unusual parties, her favorite way of entertaining is Sunday brunch. For these Sunday get-togethers, Anne either sends out casually written notes on small informal stationery, or phones her friends. And it is always understood that sport clothes will be the costume of the day.

Anne's brunch parties usually start at 1 p.m. and sometimes go on into the evening. A one o'clock party, you see, allows Anne's guests to sleep late and attend church. It also enables Anne to plan and prepare things herself, which means, of course, that John and she are up early the day of the party.

Both have strong domestic instincts. They do not consider their home a place to be run like a hotel, by pushing bells and (Continued on page 102)

Although Anne serves her brunch buffet style, she doesn't expect guests to help themselves. Macdonald, left, is growing whiskers for film role

An after-brunch chore put the party in the kitchen and the men in aprons. The Hodians' parties are so much fun they usually last until evening!
Blue skies, blue waters and beauty like Yvonne De Carlo’s are enough to turn any man’s head—in her direction! Yvonne is star attraction in new film “Calamity Jane and Sam Bass.” Scott Brady has feature role in “He Walked by Night.”

Subject to sudden change: Howard Duff, star of “Illegal Entry” and Ava Gardner, star of “The Great Sinner.”

Tropical twosome: It’s love in full bloom for Marie Windsor of “Hellfire” and Rod Cameron, star of “Stampede.”
Heat Wave

PHOTOPLAY

ROMANCE FORECAST:

RISING TEMPERATURES

Color pictures by Ornitz

Hearts beat faster when the music is sweet and slow!
Janet Leigh of "Forsyte Saga" with date Arthur Loew

When the girl in my arms is you! The desert casts its spell on Jerome Courtland of "Tokyo Joe" and Terry Moore of "Return of October," who went picnicking and found—that old midsummer magic!
breakfast in hollywood

BY JACK McELROY

(Tune in Breakfast in Hollywood—Monday through Friday, 1 p.m., PST; 2 p.m., EDT, ABC)

In Shirley Temple's home, it's something that happens between long distance calls, golf in the living room and John's attempts to keep Shirl out of the cookie jar!

Shirl, whose studio call is later than John's, "plays possum." She's working in "Always Sweethearts"

She isn't so good on the golf links but when she practices putting in the living room, Shirley outshines her husband
The first family of Hollywood, the Agars, have a little golden alarm clock. It rings gently. But not the telephone—"Who is it, Shirl?" John asks sleepily. "England," says Shirley. "What England?" John is still foggy! "London," Shirley explains. "Oh, that one!" and John rolls over. But that's only the beginning. Things move fast from then on. Always, John must try to keep Shirley out of the cookie jar! She used to eat avocado on toast for breakfast—"but that was before I was married! Too fattening," she says. Now it's chocolate cookies with white icing that she craves all hours of the day and night! The rush doesn't stop with breakfast—for the last one to leave is supposed to feed the rest of the family—the tropical fish, the collie Lannie, the pekinese and the parakeets.

This is the Agars—every exciting morning!

Photographs by Don Ornitz
Separately they're charming, together they're irresistible—Roz and Loretta, whose friendship is no joke.
For summer promenading Arlene Dahl of “Scene of the Crime” wears a coat dress of her own design—black silk faille with huge skirt and pushed-up full sleeves. Black velvet ribbons, tied under the chin, add perky touch to lace straw sailor
ROUND and 'round we go, parties mostly, and there have been so many of them it's no wonder the night club managers are screaming with pain! Out of the many home affairs, have come a lot of cute ideas for making get-togethers just a little gayer and different. Take the huge formal affair that the Tom Mays gave for some visiting New Yorkers, for instance. They had the "dancing room" all decorated with big vases of calla lilies, while the glamour-pusses sat down to dinner at tables on which were great round beds of daffodils glowing in the candlelight. When dinner was announced, all the girls went to a table marked "She" and all the males went to a table marked "He." Each guest had the choice of a souvenir bit of bric-a-brac which was one of a pair. Then the holder of that ceramic was told to find the holder of its mate, and
thus also find his or her dinner partner! This accounted for some funny results, because some fellers drew their wives. But all kidding aside, it's a charming gimmick, and saves any hostess the chore of place cards or pairing people who have little to say to each other. If it happens this way, they can't blame her! After dinner, Joan Crawford put on a funny rhumba with George Burns, while George's Gracie watched, looking elegant, as usual, in a white, raw silk evening gown, pin-striped with bright navy; a long full skirt, tight bodice that was strapless, and over it a tiny matching bolero of the same material with long sleeves. Ann Rutherford, just for a gag, wore her blonde wig to the party. It's the one she wears while she's playing "Blondie" on the radio, but she hasn't dyed her hair as someone printed. Someone was asking Dan Dailey how he can stand making one picture right after another as he does, and exclaimed, “Don't they work you to death at the studio?” Dailey drawled back, “Yeah, but you ought to see my Cadillacs!”

Little Jane Powell (who is getting star-billing in her new picture with Ann Sothorn, "Nancy Goes to Rio") was at the reception that Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond gave for opera star Lotte Lehmann. And she looked darling, in a bright jonquil yellow wool velour coat (bright yellow coats being the last gasp now!) over a simple black cocktail-length dress. Coat had a sweeping coachman cut, enormous cuffs, a wide collar, unnotched and not too tailored, making it suitable with dressy or sports clothes.

Joan Fontaine of "Bed of Roses" makes a striking appearance at afternoon occasions in a Hattie Carnegie coat dress of navy and red polka dots accented by red shoes, gold bracelets.
But the gal who really upset the younger set didn’t do it with clothes. We’re talking about Elizabeth Taylor, who confounded everyone by not “waiting two years to marry Glenn Davis,” as she said she would so many times in print and out of it, but switched her girlish affections to young William Pawley Jr., son of one of the richest men in the U.S. What a match this would be, and it set all the romantically-minded buzzing like mad. But the two didn’t make any public appearances and she was keeping very mum as to how serious things really are. But, when the Argentine Polo team came to Hollywood for some of the most exciting games ever played here, not only did all the stars in town turn out for the matches, but Elizabeth turned up at lots of parties and places with young Larry Sheerin, a topper in the sport.

The party that the Mike Romanoffs tossed for Mary and Laddie Sanford (he’s no mean man with a horse and mallet himself), brought out just about everyone. They had ninety for dinner, under a tent which had cellophane sides, permitting a view of the garden. All the tables and chairs were white, and the tables were adorned with white blooms. Elizabeth was there in a gown that brought out the color of her blue eyes, the bluest eyes extant, if you ask us. The dress was of porcelain blue net, the skirt (Continued on page 103)
Spanish railing on stairs is all that's left of balcony in Claire Trevor's entrance hall. Black and white wallpaper adds drama to background.

Claire Trevor proves even a house is not too old to change and gives a "horror" story a happy ending.

Charm detail: Apothecary's scales, "planted" on corner living-room table.

Claire's "Oscar" has top place in window bookshelves, once Spanish arches. Plants rest on "beach" of white pebbles. Curtains are split bamboo.
When Photoplay approached me about becoming a sort of supervising expert on these decorating articles, I was delighted to accept. We all know that the American standard of living is the best in the world, and gets better every day. When it comes to the home, it is the American woman who is steadily raising this standard. Every year a flood of honeymoon homes come into existence. As for the established homes, some change, no matter how slight, is always going on.

This month, I am taking up the problem of converting a big, old-fashioned house into a modern house, up-to-date and comfortable.

Last month's "Star in Your Home" discussed the way Ann Sothern did over a house. But Ann's house wasn't nearly as old as the house of which I write—and it had only to accommodate Ann and her small daughter. The job Claire Trevor undertook was more difficult.

Miss Trevor did over a much older house because it was the only place she could find which would, within her budget, offer the bedrooms, baths and general living space needed for a large family.

Actually, Miss Trevor, then about to become Mrs. Milton Bren, wanted five bedrooms and, if possible, five baths. For in her new family there were to be three boys; her son by her former marriage and Mr. Bren's two teen-age sons by his former marriage. Ideally, she felt that each of these boys should have a room of his own. To build such a house under today's conditions would have meant a large investment for the house alone, before any of those inevitable "extras" began to be piled on.

Miss Trevor, however, is as smart a business woman as she is a superb actress. The realist in her made her look for bargains. The artist in her let her see what could be done with a
No home would be complete for star of "Borderline" without her piano.
Living-room walls are green, restful background for plum satin couches.

Adult bar became a soda fountain and fun room for Claire's three boys.
Soundproof walls and private entrance give them entertaining privacy.

bargain. When she was taken to see a house described as a "Spanish jungle," she quickly saw what was the matter with the bargain. It was over-ornate, overdecorated, overgrown and outmoded in every way. On the other hand, it was very well built. It not only had five master bedrooms with five baths, but those bedrooms also had dressing rooms. Downstairs, after the manner of the period, there were too many sitting rooms. Besides the main drawing room, there was a huge bar, a sun-room and a library. The drawing room had a wrought-iron chandelier hanging from the decorated ceiling that also had painted beams. It had, on the end wall, an overhanging balcony. It also had, on another wall, a huge, arched window with stained glass insets. A third wall was a huge arched doorway, and the fourth wall was taken up almost entirely by a fireplace, with a projecting "Spanish-type" metal hood.

All this, of course, clearly spelled Southern California architecture of anywhere from 1910 to 1929. If your home is in the East or the middle-West, particularly in states like Illinois and the Dakotas, you probably have none of this particular Spanish style around. But you have your own types of atrocities, too. So what I am retelling here of Miss Trevor's experiences has application to you, too, in case you are restyling an old dwelling.

In the Trevor case, this Spanish castle was practically lost in a jungle of palm trees and bougainvillea vines. The color, inside and out, was that peculiar mustard shade thought smart twenty to thirty years ago. The interior walls had been stippled so that they looked diseased. The stair rails to the upper floor were decorated with every type of wrought iron monstrosity. But, and here for the ticket were most important savings—the plumbing was mag- (Continued on page 76)
"Leaves skin smoother, delicately perfumed!" says this lovely star. "You'll be delighted with the new bath size Lux Toilet Soap—it's just right for a really luxurious beauty bath. The rich, creamy lather whisks away dust and dirt, leaves skin smoother. Perfumed with a flowerlike fragrance that clings!"

Take Hollywood's tip. Why not get the big new bath size Lux Toilet Soap—make it your daily bath soap, too!

Linda Darnell starring in "SLATTERY'S HURRICANE"
A 20th Century-Fox production
There are a couple of Broadway producers who know that Monty Clift’s success hasn’t changed him. During the run of “Foxhole in the Parlor”...

One day the producers had to see Monty about a script. Everybody was in his dressing room—so were his clothes—but he had disappeared!

The producers searched everywhere. Suddenly, from behind scenery flats, they heard a buzz!

... He became something of a matinee idol, with crowds always gathering in his dressing room.
There was the missing matinee idol, comfortably perched on a packing case, studying a script! "There's a whole dressing room full of people waiting for you," cried the producers.

"I know," said Monty. "The place is so crowded there's no room for me!" And he went back to his script.

History doesn't report how long Monty waited to go to his dressing room—but a pair of producers will tell you that when the star of "The Heiress" gets to the Hall of Fame—he isn't going to like it if it's crowded!
The Friendliest Man in Town

(Continued from page 49) suspect my dancing days, like my salad days, are behind me.

The stories of Clifton’s warmth and friendliness are many. Take that time back in 1923—about half-a-dozen years after I first met him and we became fast friends—when I was opening a night club in Paris. I was convinced, as I have been so often, that this venture would make my fortune. Clifton was in Paris, too.

“What I need,” I told him, “are two great dancers. With two great dancers my club will be okay. But the clubs have reserve are so poor. The French don’t know how to dance as we do. . . .” He raised one gray-flanneled shoulder shrugingly. “I have a few months off. I’ll see if Jenny Dolly won’t come with me. . . .”

I was speechless. But not for long. “You are two of the greatest stars!” I said. “Nothing could please me more than to see you in the club, of course . . .”

ON OUR opening night, Paris went mad. The club was crowded with celebrities from London; kings and queens, American headliners, American millionnaires. Jenny Dolly, I remember, had the cape with which she danced covered with fresh gardenias. And these she threw, one by one, to the handsome men at the tables.

For six weeks, Clifton and Jenny danced for me. For six weeks, the club was crowded night and day. The inspiration was Clifton’s. He won all the friends who flocked to see him.

“Did you make any money?” I asked Clifton, later.

“No, I lost one cent. I spent it all on champagne!”

However, he has not always spent his all on wine. With his mother’s help he has built up a fortune. His career, too. His name and that of everyone knows, is the greatest thing in his life. It is, I am sure, because he never has met a girl who could compare to her that he has never married, in spite of attachments, if not official engagements. The lady who could have been the Libby Holman. Maybelle, his mother, has guided his career since he, as a little boy, trained and sang in song. He still, incidentally, adores his mother and knows a register or a line of every opera ever written. But, above all, he always wanted to be an actor, to enjoy the success he has, at last, found in films as Mr. Belvedere. For his success on the stage, performance has been a “you’ve a Crowd,” “The Little Show,” “As Thousands Cheer,” “The Gay Divorce,” and Irving Berlin’s famous “Music Box Review” was essentially a dancer.

During the day when Clifton and Jeanne Eagels were seeing each other, John Barrymore was playing on, Broadway in “Redemption.” His matinee was on Thursday. Clifton and Jeanne played their separate matinees on Saturday. So—Barrymore was their idol—they reserved the same front seats to see him, week after week.

And always, Clifton confesses, “after I had seen Barrymore, I was so charmed with his mannerisms and his beautiful voice that there would be just the least Barrymore aura to my evening performance. I would drop my performance over a few bars. The audience had its excitement. I was not one to break a bad record.”

There were other things that I have to remind you that you are not playing ‘Redemption’ this evening.

It was Maybelle Webb who wanted Clifton to go to Hollywood in the first place and who tried to persuade him to remain there after Metro, having signed him to a $25,000 a year contract, kept him idle for eighteen months. Clifton, about the most unhappy man in the world at the time, insisted upon canceling his contract so he might return to New York and the stage. This was one of the few things Maybelle pleaded in vain, when she implored him. “This is the place for you. Be patient. You are going to hit the jackpot.”

Clifton would not be persuaded. So back they came. Clifton bought a house in Connecticut. And it wasn’t until Darryl Zanuck, one of the most astute and perceptive of men, decided Clifton was the actor to play the decadent columnist in “Laurel” that he returned to Hollywood.

Following “Laura,” he did “The Razor’s Edge. Then came his great success, “Sit- ting Pretty” and “Father Goose,” picture for 1948. His Mr. Belvedere emerged such a delightful character that he had to come to the screen again in Clifton’s recent film, “Mr. Belvedere Goes to College.”

The great popularity of Mr. Belvedere was, I assure you, no happy accident. Clifton is a tireless worker. He has distinctive ideas about films, and his least modestly, he is the kind of man before it ever is recorded upon celluloid. For those who come to the studio unprepared, unsure of their lines, uncertain about their characterization, Clifton, usually the most tolerant of men, has an abiding scorn.

Undoubtedly the greatest thing about him, aside from his genius for making friends, is his great voice. I well remember the first time I was a party to it. It was in 1924, just before we opened the Paris night club, that Clifton and I, together with the designer Edward Molyneux, Noel Coward, Maxine Elliot (then and now friend of statesmen and kings, whose Cannes villa is now Rita Hayworth’s home), and Gladys Cooper were guests of the Earl of Lathan at Davos, Switzerland. A wonderful time we had all, too. At night, we would drive out over the snow to a shooting lodge, where we would burn a great fire and make marvelous music and eat and play the piano while Clifton improvised the most divine dances.

One day Clifton said to me, “Elsa, I want to take your picture on skis.”

“Well, Webb, you know, I can’t ski,” I told him. “It doesn’t matter,” he protested. “I want it for a souvenir.” I weighed well over 200 pounds, not exactly the perfect figure for a skier, but I allowed him to photograph me.

THE day following, when we went to the skiing tournament, I was amused to discover that the woman champion of the world was a Miss Elsa Maxwell from Scotland. I was thrilled, too, when she married the high jumps. But I thought nothing more about it until weeks later, when, upon my return to Paris, I saw the memento Clifton had sent our mutual friends. Across the picture of me standing quietly on my skis he had pasted a newspaper headline, “Miss Elsa Maxwell—Ski Champion.” And across the picture he had written, “Here’s our Elsa!”

In California, Clifton, who has great elegance and charm, lives in a perfectly beautiful house which, with its chintzes and lovely old silver and mahogany, has the feeling of an English country house. He entertains all his friends, friends like the Cole Porters, George Cukor, Charles Feldman, his manager; Ethel Barrymore, Hedda Hopper, Joan Fontaine, Katharine Hepburn and Garbo. Garbo, he consistently deems, “Stir your stump, Swedish girl,” he tells her. And, adoring him and aware of the warmth, affection and understanding in his voice, she laughingly does exactly what he tells them. They get on very fiercely.

But he goes his bachelor way, finding as much happiness as is given any sensitive, thinking adult. This summer will find him enjoying a long holiday with Maybelle, in France and Italy. And, at the moment, television intrigues him.

“The only difficulty is,” he says, “that I worry how I will photograph. I have a rather long nose. And I also am rather long. I might well appear in the homes of TV viewers looking like a pair of scissors. But there is nothing I would like more than television, really, if I could develop the good quality as I think I now have on the screen.”

His screen success continually delights him. His pleasure in the fact that he is at long last, recognized as an actor and not a singer or a dancer, is good to see. He cannot get over the fact that suddenly, with “Sitting Pretty,” he became a great film star and a big money-maker. The last, I think, pleases him most of all. No fool is Clifton Webb Belvedere, the friendliest man in town.

The End

“REAL ADVENTURE is mine” . . .

...when I turn in MY TRUE STORY Radio Program,” writes a listener to radio’s greatest morning show. The word “real” is typical of what hundreds of thousands of listeners say of these true-life stories taken from the pages of True Story magazine.

A complete story every day, Monday through Friday. “There is no other radio program like it.”

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At last! A Complete Hair Beauty Routine ...yet All you do is use New Drene Shampoo!

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There's beauty magic in this New Drene—an exclusive cleansing agent found in no other shampoo, cream or liquid. That's the reason New Drene cleans your hair so thoroughly, so gently... rinses out so completely. That's the reason New Drene leaves your hair so springy, curls last and last.

And that's the reason you should try New Drene now—right away. Once you do, you'll never go back to old-fashioned shampoos again!

It's a Procter & Gamble Exclusive!

For Complete Hair Beauty... get NEW Drene Shampoo
Is There a Man in the House?

(Continued from page 39) to Mr. Goodrich. Before the honeymoon was quite over, Olivia was counting her calories on a starvation diet. "Marcus doesn't like plump women," she told me, on their return to Hollywood. "Having offered her a cigarette she shook her head with an apologetic smile at her husband who was smoking a pipe, I believe, in an armchair facing us.

"My husband doesn't like women to smoke," Livvy explained with a soft giggle. Most of our conversation was prefaced with, "Marcus doesn't like this or Marcus likes that." Since her marriage and, apparently, a result of it, Olivia put up with politics, poetry, problems and most of the friends she had before her marriage. This includes Phyllis Laughton, who introduced her to Goodrich and who was matron of honor at the wedding.

AND IF you merely want to talk to Olivia, the theory is you have to talk to Marcus, for it is a fact that even her very old friend Sam Spiegel called to congratulate her, Marcus answered the phone. He's been answering it ever since, and unless he gives an okay, you cannot, like Sam, and told me this, of course whether Olivia, since her marriage, has read a book without her mate's approval. And this is a good thing, because Marcus, although he seems to have impeccable taste in literature. He advised his wife to read Henry James's "Portrait of a Lady" and Olivia was so enthusiastic, she wants to make it as a movie. In fact every move in her career, except the actual set changes, Olivia performs so brilliantly, is scrutinized minutely by Mrs. Man-in-the-house Goodrich. And Olivia says she loves it. "It's so wonderful," she told me not very long ago. "To have someone at last, but she has lost her reputation for being demure. And now she has plenty of drive—enough to accomplish what all of her three witty predecessors failed to do. She loosened the Bisco-matic purse strings—before Bogey's other old piece of junk that he preferred to call a car. He lived in a broken down two-bedroom house.

But Joan, instead of shrinking from the outside world in general, has expanded, socially and characterwise, since her marriage to Bill. She used to be very difficult to work with. When she started wearing her newly discovered director, Mitchell Leisen, or her leading man, Arturo de Cordova, would speak to her, except when absolutely necessary. It was very odd to watch Joan and Arturo in a mostly very serious love scene, hear Leisen call "cut," then watch the palpitating lovers cut each other dead on the way to their dressing rooms.

Number one project on the Dozier agenda for Joan, after he married her, was to hire the press agent who had formerly handled Olivia, the boy who ballyhooned her for the Academy Award. Like his brother-in-law Mr. Goodrich, Dozier and all inclined to putter and advise her which to accept. They own an independent film company, Rampart Productions. When a writer I know tried to interest Joan in his story, Dozier told him, "I'd love read it." "Yes, but has Joan?" persisted the author. "I said I'd read it," was the reply.

When Joan and Bill took their company to Universal, Bill decided to give his wife the starring role in a picture. So he went over all the star dressing rooms, picked out the best suite for Joan, and ordered a repainting and refurbishing job fit for a queen. Joan repaid him by refusing to cancel out of her tough comedy for Rampart Productions, "You Gotta Stay Happy," even though she was pregnant before she began.

Another case in point is Roz Russell. "But--" said Miss Rozruddy the other morning. Fred Brisson looked up slowly from the newspaper and for the first time noticed that his wife was wearing a flattering pink negligee.

"'I love your pajamas—dear—where'd you get 'em?'" twittered Roz while she poured. "'Hi,' said Mr. Brisson cautiously. "Peculiar," said Rosalind, putting down the silver coffee pot and coming to the point, "why can't we build a house on the Madera ranch and live there between pictures?"

"Because," said Miss Russell's lord and master, "I prefer to live in town."

"All right, dear, have it your way," replied Miss Russell meekly.

The above domestic vignette is supposed to be tell of a Rissie. But fact that ever since Miss Russell bought the ranch in Central California, some six months ago, she has fought a losing battle with Fred, a city fellow from way back, to live on the ranch. Apparently, the story before her marriage, I'd have laughed in your face. I was with them in Santa Barbara the day before the wedding and Rosalind's mother, Fanny, was put around from here to kingdom come, and he was taking it all and apparently loving it. All of which goes to show that when a Hollywood movie queen marries and has a man in the house, she can take charge of the life, of the world.

Take also the change in Lauren Bacall. Before she married Humphrey Bogart she was quiet and, at times, she seemed almost demure. And she did not have much drive. She was not the one to venture. But she has lost her reputation for being demure. And now she has plenty of drive—enough to accomplish what all of her three witty predecessors failed to do. She loosened the Bisco-matic purse strings—before Bogey's other old piece of junk that he preferred to call a car. He lived in a broken down two-bedroom house.

Betty hired an English butler right off the bat. When you call, it's funny to hear an impeccable English accent refer to him as "The Master" and to her as "Madam!" Lauren, groping cautiously at first, just briefly ungracefully. But after they had done the drive down the covered drive could accomplish, induced the thrifty mate to buy one pretty, but small house. Then, when the pain of that expenditure had subsided, she pulled a $100,000 loan out of the hat and before Bogey knew that he had written the check, he was living in the palatial mansion formerly occupied by luxury-loving Hedda Lamarr.

Lauren is smarter than most brides who buy their husbands. She is careful always to give the impression that everything he does and says is terrific with her, that he is the boss. Although, when he gets a little too pushy, especially at parties. Betty grabs for the silver whistle he gave her to commemorate their first picture, and pipes a tune which Bogey understands to mean Pipe Down."

Fred has fixed things, but good . . . with guests due any minute. It's dinner in the dog house for you, Fred, when your wife sees that rug. But . . .

Fred just whistles . . . and trots out the Bissell Carpet Sweeper. Swish, swoosh! That new "Bisco-matic" Brush Action picks up every speck, with no pressure on the handle at all!

"Adjusts itself to any rug, thick or thin!" brags Fred. "Even sweeps clean under beds and chairs, with the handle held low!"

Adds Mrs. Fred: "My vacuum's fine for occasional cleaning. But for quick everyday pick-ups, we couldn't do without our 'Bisco-matic' Bissell!"

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DON'T MISS THE NEW Bissell Sweeper

Exceptional values. "Bisco-matic" Bissells now as low as $6.65. Other models for even less. Illustrated the "Vanity" at $8.45. Priced a little more in far South and West.
When did we stop using Fels-Naptha Soap?

“Five bucks I laid out for this beauty—not three months ago. Now it looks like Exhibit A in a test of radioactivity . . .

“You tried what? . . . Look, Honey, we’re not running a research lab for experimental chemistry. I’m all for scientific progress but nobody’s going to play guinea pig with my best shirt.

“Never mind the contests and coupons or what-have-you. I bought you a swell washing machine and I can still give you the price of the best laundry soap to use in it.

“Let’s get back to fundamentals. And I mean Fels-Naptha Soap.”

Fels-Naptha Soap is the proven laundry product for best results with all kinds of family wash. Get some today. Get gentle, quick-cleaning, sneezeless Fels-Naptha Soap Chips for your washing machine or automatic washer.

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She’s entertained everybody . . . .

But never anyone like Clift! You won’t want to miss Elsa Maxwell’s amusing article about Monty in September Photoplay. On sale August 10.
Why take it with you?

New tooth paste with Lusterfoam attacks tobacco stain and off-color breath.

Don't kid yourself about "tobacco mouth"—it's as real as the stain on a chain smoker's fingers!

But your tongue can tell! You can "taste" an odor. And your dentist knows when he cleans your teeth. And your friends might notice . . . you know.

But they won't point the finger at you (after you've left the room of course) if you're a regular user of Listerine Tooth Paste. Here's why—

It contains Lusterfoam—a special ingredient that actually foams cleaning and polishing agents over your teeth . . . into the crevices—removes fresh stain before it gets a chance to "set" . . . whisk's away that odor-making tobacco debris!

See for yourself how Listerine Tooth Paste with Lusterfoam freshens your mouth and your breath! Get a tube and make sure that wherever you go—you won't take "tobacco mouth" with you!

Tobacco Mouth

[OFF-COLOR BREATH
OFF-COLOR TEETH]

Tobacco Mouth

...give it the "brush-off" with Listerine Tooth Paste

"Feel that Lusterfoam work!"

(Continued from page 68) Efficient, the heating system was perfect, the hardwood floors were of a quality not purchasable at any price today. And there were those wonderful bedroom suites, plus double maid's rooms, a kitchen and pantry big enough for lavish entertaining, and a very nice dining room. To top this, the price was a third of what it would be today.

It is not only the things you do, but also the things you don't do, that makes successful decoration. Miss Trevor immediately attacked the inside of her house. But, she had to be outside town, big window.

If you are ever converting an old house, follow that rule. I advise that, because if you convert an old house inside and out, it will cost you as much as building a new one, and yet will still lack as and one. But, if you merely do the inside, you have only the cost of your interior decoration. What you should do with the outside is very simple and not too costly.

First, you get a landscape architect, if you have one in your town, and if not, then an expert nurseryman. But don't take it upon yourself to buy shrubs and plants in the nursery and place them in the garden. Instead, get them from the architect. Then, you get a landscape architect, if you have one in your town, and if not, then an expert nurseryman. But don't take it upon yourself to buy shrubs and plants in the nursery and place them in the garden. Instead, get them from the architect.

So, with your "outdoor man," decide what parts of the old plantings to take up, what to retain, and how to lay it out and plant it. This is an ideal way to hide the doted aspects of your house's facade.

This determined, you then have the house painted. You might choose one of the soft pastel shades so popular today. Miss Trevor chose a soft, bluish gray. Then, she took out the jungle of palms. She still has a "patio" but it is so well-planned, it is difficult to see it. Once inside her hospitable door, you forget the exterior entirely. That is as it should be in any house.

The walls of Miss Trevor's living room are a soft, restful green. (Green in decoration, in every shade, is the "top" color of today's decorative scheme). The hood is gone from the fireplace. So are the columns, which have been lowered. The windows, with their arched, have not been changed, but the straight-hanging draperies hide them. The fireplace couches are covered in a rich, plush cloth. The corner room, where Claire's grand piano, without which no home for her would be complete, since she is an accomplished musician.

The lighting is up solid, they lend an uncomfortable air of fragility. I think I also think her hallway would have been much more important, if the door beneath the stairs had not been painted white, making it too prominent. I believe it would have been better to have subdued it back into invisibility with dark paint. Neither do I like a "patented" wall paper for stair walls. A paper or a painted wall, in an interesting tone will hide any moving portion of a house, like a staircase. If Miss Trevor desired this patterned paper, and I think as a paper, it is very chi, I feel she could have used it more effectively, if it was one solid wall, or in instance, on the wall at the top of the stairs. This use of a pattern on one wall, against two or three solid colored walls is newly smart, exciting and quite original. Now I will suggest something to you for this month. But I will be back here next month, telling you more about the most rewarding of pursuits—how to get beauty into your own home.

If you should desire my advice on your problems, write me at Photoplay.

The end
Roger!

(Continued from page 36) "Teaming with Fred Astaire again," Ginger says, "was not exactly a new idea. We'd had it in the back of our collective caps for a long time. They were always running into each other and inquiring mutually, "Don't you think we should make a picture together?" But they never did anything about it.

Bob Alton, the M-G-M dance director, who directed the production numbers, says, "After all those years, Ginger stepped right into it. Only a natural dancer can do that."

Ginger more than lived up to her name—the zest for challenge—in dancing with Astaire again after a ten-year absence. She rehearsed during lunch hours and after six o'clock, even when she was working before the cameras all day. She often danced eight hours a day. She would come into the studio in the morning looking beautiful and chic, and within a few hours be wet with perspiration, her hair falling in damp strands around her face.

Her FINE trouping won't be forgotten by Chuck Walters, the young director, who had never met her until "The Barkleys of Broadway." He was a little anxious about that first meeting, which occurred while she was rehearsing a dance number. Ginger knocked off around three, and they walked over to the studio commissary to have a soda. They took a table in the back of the room and became engrossed in conversation, that before they knew it, it was almost seven. They'd been sitting there four hours. A little later, when Chuck arrived home, he received a wire from her saying, "It was wonderful to know you today. And it will be a privilege and great fun to work with you." She will probably never know how much this meant to him. He was touched. As he was by the miniature, gold cuff links, in the form of "Oscars," which she presented him with at the end of the picture with one engraved, "Thanks to Chuck," and the other, "Fondly Ginger."

All through the months before Ginger went to work in "The Barkleys of Broadway," she had been reading scripts conscientiously, as she always does, asking herself, "How could I foist this upon an unsuspecting public? Waste their money and time?" When she wasn't poring over scripts, mapping her own production plans, or doing radio shows, she was managing her Four R's ranch (Rogers-Rogue-River-Ranch), buying cattle, painting, sculpturing, playing tennis and golf and fishing. "You name it, and I do it, or I do it at," she grins.

She believes that nothing is impossible if one has the "desire to do." What about the little matter of talent? "People without talent usually will work much harder," she says, "because they know they must." She has no use for goldbrickers. "I like people who work," she says, emphatically. "There's a terrible thing in the air now. You feel it every day. See it. Too many people believe the world owes them a living and want it paid to them as painlessly as possible. That's a dangerous philosophy."

It's typical of her consuming concentration even her hobbies become business assets. She denies the popular opinion that she is one of Hollywood's most astute business women saying, "I can't add, subtract, divide or multiply. And I've never out-smarted anybody. But I do have a sense of what is good and what is bad."

Yet, in spite of her inaptitude for mathematics, it would appear that every activity Ginger pursues, profits her. Be-
If you follow the suggestions of Sylvia of Hollywood, you can buy her book No More Alibis and perhaps challenge the beauty of the loveliest movie star!

In No More Alibis the author tells you how she helped many of Hollywood's brightest stars with their figure problems. She names—tells you how she developed this star's legs—how she helped another star to achieve a beautiful youthful figure.

This marvelous 128-page book containing over 40 illustrations formerly sold for $1.00 in a stiff-back binding. Now published in an economical paper cover you get the identical information for only 50c—and we pay postage. Send for your copy of No More Alibis today.

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"I'm a training practical nurse and believe strongly in the value of training for men and women. One of my fondest dreams is to have a home of my own, in a place where I can be my own master. I also believe in giving back to society what you have received from it. This is the way I plan to do it."
Are you a young wife who knows only half the truth?

Then read this scientific knowledge you can trust about these INTIMATE PHYSICAL FACTS!

It's really a pity when you consider how many young women continue to enter matrimony without first learning the real truth about these intimate physical facts. So often a young wife finds her husband's honeymoon devotion rapidly cooling—yet she doesn't realize the wife is often the guilty one.

Every young woman has a right to be instructed on how necessary vaginal douching often is to intimate feminine cleanliness, health, married happiness, after menstrual periods and to combat offensive odor.

And even more important, she should be told that no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide of all those tested for the douche is so powerful yet so safe to tissues as ZONITE!

Developed By Famous Surgeon and Scientist
A great surgeon and scientist developed the ZONITE principle—the first antiseptic-germicide principle in the world with such a powerful germ-killing and deodorizing action yet absolutely safe to tissues. ZONITE is positively non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-burning. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as you want without the slightest risk of injury to most delicate tissues.

A Modern Miracle!
ZONITE destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It's so powerfully effective—it kills every germ it touches. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But you can feel confident that ZONITE immediately kills every reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying.

Complete douching instructions come with every bottle. You can buy ZONITE at any drugstore.

Horse-sense: Rod Cameron is one of many stars who took part in Saving Bond Drive from May 15 to June 30
OPEN VALENTINE

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Your ads provoke comment wherever they're seen
Your copy is racy, facetious, and keen.
You've done great promotion. You've also had sport.
But, Colonel, how goes your financial report?

The girls in your ads, with their builds callipygian,
Would banish forever a gloom that was Stygian.
The country esteems your publicity feats.
But, Colonel, so what? Are you selling your sheets?

What price all your glory in admen's acclaim,
Unless you are beating this merchandise game?
If selling FORT SUMTER's your target today,
Consider them sold when you use PHOTOPLAY.

Of PHOTOPLAY's public we proudly boast:
Three million young minxes from mountain to coast.
They're lassies who sit in professional seats;
They're housewives whose budgets are right for your sheets.

They're girls filling hope chests. (Here's plenty of scope,
Because with their chests they have reason to hope!) They're lady sophisticates, avid for things,
Uniquely receptive to copy by Springs.

The PHOTOPLAY reader has light in her eye,
A feeling for humor, a bosom that's high.
The PHOTOPLAY lass has a delicate air,
An eye for an ad, and a cute derriere.

Your Mrs. van Astor, when down in the mouth,
Sees SPRINGMAID in Fortune on Sutton Place South
Although tickled pink from her nose to her tail
She'll still go on buying her pet superfine.

Our PHOTOPLAY fans are not snobbishly rich.
Our typical reader's a canny young witch.
She wants a good buy, and since yours is a honey,
Why not make a play for her bed-linen money?

A PHOTOPLAY ad, either D.C. or A.C.,
Is sure to electrify. See Erwin-Wasey. ♥ ♥
(We recommend six ads, but that's up to you.
Results persuade better than adjectives do!)

Sincerely,
Charles O. Terwilliger, Jr.
Eastern Advertising Manager

PHOTOPLAY
♥ 1,250,000 circulation; over 3 million readers;
—one of the five magazines comprising MACFADDEN WOMEN'S GROUP
♥ ♥ for details
In olden times throughout this land our maidens made their sheets by hand. They used a spinning wheel until it was replaced by cotton mill. Then, lovers found more than one use for strong sheets that could stand abuse. They used them to avoid grandsire and thereby to escape his ire. Our knight slid often down a sheet with eyes on girl and spurs on feet. But sometimes luck just wasn’t there when grandpa’s hatchet cut through air. Today we weave FORT SUMTER sheets in such a way that always meets with every family’s bedroom need from restful sleep to militant deed.

Unlike old times when couples bundled and in the process often bungled, we make our SPRINGMAIDS much the best and proved it in a strenuous test. We took our own FORT SUMTER brand, woven and finished by skillful hand. Each sheet was washed 400 times—a test like that would slick new dimes. Two hundred times they were abraded, yet none were either worn or faded. That’s equal to a generation of wear and tear and vellication. In speaking of FORT SUMTER covers, we really wish all fabric lovers, when homeward bound from some dull party, would test SPRINGMAIDS—they’re all so handy that you can get a running start and dive in—they won’t come apart. The moral is to each of you: No matter what you say or do, remember that in cold or heat, you can’t go wrong on a SPRINGMAID sheet.
Richard Hudnut

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contains egg!

Gentle! Lustre-giving! Leaves hair more manageable...more receptive to home permanents!

It's the real egg, in powdered form, that's the magic in Richard Hudnut Enriched Creme Shampoo. By actual test the egg makes your hair easier to set! You'll twirl pin curls smoother, so they're bound to last longer. And how much better your Richard Hudnut Home Permanent "takes"! Try this gentler, kinder shampoo for hair that shimmers!

Richard Hudnut Shampoo is better because:

1. Contains egg (powder, 1%)—proved to make hair more manageable.

2. Not a wax or paste—but a smooth liquid creme!

3. Easy to apply; rinses out readily.

4. Removes loose dandruff.

5. Same shampoo Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue Salon uses for luxury treatments!
SITTING PRETTY

PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

Above, two-piece Stein-Tex broadcloth in exciting two-tone combinations. Note the newness of the pockets both fore and aft and the smart plunging neckline. By Majestic in lilac and purple or ice-blue and navy. Also comes in solid dark green or navy. Sizes 10-18. $10.95 at B. Altman & Co., New York, N. Y.; Hochschild, Kohn & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Now come the dog days when everything wilts and you look longingly towards your vacation. So invest in the clothes that will be wonderful for those “two weeks with pay” and also will stand you in good stead during the fall. A new suit is a year-round investment and one of the best wardrobe stretchers.

You can team the skirt with sweaters and blouses, belts and scarves, for a fresh look. Also new and exciting are the “coat-dress” fashions (see picture opposite). These dresses will give your wilted wardrobe a terrific boost, for you simply step into them and walk out in the latest unruffled fashion.

Right, rainbow woven lightweight tweed makes this utterly new and charming coat-dress. Designed by Virginia Spears, the versatile scarf neckline can be worn a number of different ways. Sizes 7-15. $12.95 at Frost Bros., San Antonio, Tex.; McCreery’s, New York, N. Y.
Geraldine Brooks, who is currently appearing in Walter Wanger's production "The Blank Wall"
PHOTOPLAY’S PATTERN OF THE MONTH

Marilyn Maxwell in another design
by Helen Stepner for “Champion”

Here’s the ever popular shirtwaist type dress—but with the added attraction of unusual pocket interest at the hip and the newest of cuffed sleeves.

It’s wonderful for traveling any place—right now or later under a coat. Make it in packable, wearable Celanese Jersanese that comes in a wide color range of lightest pastels to vibrant darks.

For stores selling Photoplay Patterns see page 87
Helen Stepner, Hollywood designer, tells how to be dramatic in the new clothes

Miss Stepner feels the most important fashion news is the slimness of the silhouette. Evidence of this is the suit she designed for Marilyn Maxwell which opens our fashion section this month. Also the long lines of the buttoned-front dress, which is our pattern.

Miss Stepner predicts suits will highlight a long-waisted yet "nipped-in" look, with soft tailored lines and feminine touches. She likes a little shoulder padding in all styles and feels that most figures, even the famous movie-stars', need this.

The day we photographed these pictures for our fashion section, Marilyn Maxwell arrived wearing such a smart Stepner designed dress and coat. The dress was a jersey sheath, buttoned down the back, with a back hem slit for easy walking. The matching light coat was full length and had a wonderfully full back with a slim front held in by a self belt.

Wherever you live you can buy
PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

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

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Lilli Ann, 973 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.
Hat
Debway, 42 West 39 Street, New York, N. Y.
Two-piece broadcloth
Majestic, 1410 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Tweed coat-dress
Spears-Epstein, 1400 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Flannel suit and blouse
Sacony, 1384 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

stores selling photoplay patterns
Lit Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.
The Hecht Company, Washington, D. C.

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TRIPLE THREATS

Vanessa Brown is seen in Paramount’s exciting picture “The Heiress”

PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

Wonderful “go everywhere” flannel suit with a nipped-in waist and long, clean lines. Another wardrobe indispensable, a tweedy-type blouse, which complements this suit perfectly. All three by Sacony and all three in exciting colors. Sizes 10-20. Suit $25.00. Blouse $8.95 at The Baker Co., Minneapolis, Minn.; Maas Bros., Tampa, Fla. Belt by Vogue.

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 87
Hollywood's Got the TV's!

Continued from page 31) custody of the television set. They even have a "hearts and minds," and whether the film studios like it or not, it seems to be here.

The fact is, the boys in the front offices of the film factories don't like it. They refuse to let television "lookers" as they are called, to peek at them. Even sinus-twitching television veterans, and Academy Awards "Oscar" presentations go on strictly unviewed. This "head in the sand" attitude sometimes leads to funny situations. Like this year's Santa Claus parade down Hollywood boulevard.

Thousands of fans lined on the curbs or even eyed their favorite stars as they glided by on beautifully decorated floats. Emergency "lookers" at some got to peek only at the celebrities who aren't under contract to any studio.

Whenever an M-G-M actress, or a Paramount comedian rode by, the television set would go on a "television mania" and the kids would shout, "Hi, Mrs. Madonna Carey, who is expecting another child, was told she must remain in bed for several months, Mac presented her with a television set. It works overtime. For daughter Lynn has here.

The last time anybody bothered to count, there were 81,297 television sets in Los Angeles. Video salesmen figure there are three-and-a-half lookers per feature. But old friends at Bill Holden's house on Sunday afternoons, they blow those three--and-a-half lookers per set figures sky high. Bill says it's more like twenty-five or thirty features.

"Ours is out in the game room," Bill explains. "And every Sunday, we have television open house for the neighborhood kids. The TV stations furnish the Western bands, maroons and clowns and we supply pop and popcorn. What a madhouse that is!"

Tough guy Humphrey Bogart says his setup hasn't been bugged out due to "nudeness," when Lauren Bacall was at the film festival.

Bogie's a great TV booster. He even gave one to the aged ladies at the Hollenbeck Home to brighten up their dull evenings. But ask him when he's going on television himself. He says, "Huh! I'm ugly enough in the movies."

Think how I'd scare 'em on television!"

This is the same excuse a lot of the big studios hand out. They object to having their stars be seen on television and they object to their movies being shown on television, even when you object to their rules. "The results are so unfattering."

We work hard to present them carefully. But this is the only way we can keep our promise to the public.

Now and then, a starlet sneaks on any way, but as long as it doesn't happen once in a while, the studios don't kick up much of a fuss about it. Barbara Lawrence did it to a New York studio once. She showed a football game and parades because the "results are so unfattering."

Neve has told Costello, who went on with Milton Berle in New York. Berle wanted to use the stars the way they turned out, though. Lou kept ad-libbing with his face and got all the laughs.

Still, the big stars aren't plugging into television in a hurry. They're all interested, but the low pay and the lack of challenge about it.

Bob Hope and Frank Sinatra, who happen to own themselves as far as TV goes, aren't taking this case. Victor Mature, who did put on film first in the movie "Bing Crosby has he no intention of doing anything on television, "for at least a year yet."

Most of the stars think the majority of television is "aiding and abetting criminals," according to the low pay, unless it happens to leak out.

Television shows, without much money to spend, have their own ways of getting around big-name star guests. One popular "sneak" is to have the young woman do a scene, and if this spouse "just" happens to bring along a funny or unusual suburban, during her better half, what can the emcees do but run 'em off for the letterlookers? That way he gets the star second-hand without haggling for the studio's permission.

A few big names around town aren't nervous about tackling television. Red Skelton's straining at his M-G-M leash; Edgar Bergen says he's been ready for it for years, and Cooper Morse has his daily show. Joan Leslie made a television short telling why she was mad at Warner Brothers, but by the time the story was ready, she had drawn out the battle with her former studio had settled.

But Louis B. Mayer, head man at M-G-M, refuses to consider television as a competition. "What baseball is to sports," he says, "the movies will always be to many entertainers."

Out at Columbia, where Harry Cohn rules the roost, they don't even admit there is such a thing as TV. When they say television out here," one studio worker wisecracked, "why, your quick and wash your mouth out with soap."

Everybody admits television shows from Hollywood don't hold a candle to the movies, and the men, who are disgruntled TV producers blame the partly on the film factories.

Harry Ravel, who writes popular songs when he's not making video movies, says the studios are afraid they can't hold television back, and they're getting in their best licks by renting beat-up old prints of 1935 movies to television stations for practically nothing.

Hollywood is hoping the customers will take one peak, turn up their noses, and head for the local movie houses.

And the embarrasing movie queens don't like it, either. They never know where they'll have their guests come in for an evening and have to watch in horror, while one of their early movies flickers across the screen.

All TV stations called "Television Pictures" will sell an old Western to a TV studio for $100. "City, without Men," an old Linda Darnell movie, goes for $250. A TV movie, "Barber of Seville," for $800; "Birth of a Nation," for $400; and "Stage Door Canteen," for $600. The latest movie on this company's list is six years old, but the buyers are now snapping them up because they're cheap.

And there's the classic story about the television salesman who spent two hours extolling the virtues of his product to a family. It was an exclusive Hollywood suburb.

"That's wonderful," they enthused, after the demonstration. "All those new improvements. We must have one."

"Then you buy it?" beamed the salesman.

"Oh, no," chirped the family. "But you go right over and sell it to our neighbor, Robert Preston. We always do our television looking-on his set."

The
We made with the training and slugging during the day and in the evenings we took off to town for the fights, shopping for clothes and girl stuff. Like a comic stealing gags, Kirk would pick off a punch from one fighter and a side-step from another, building up his own style.

No actor I have trained in my fifteen years of Hollywood duty has been so heavily taxed as Kirk was, for, in addition to fighting guys in the ring, he had a lot of sparring with beses, non-glorified sex stuff. It's a wonder he didn't get punch-drunk.

In the midst of it all, the newspapers broke stories that Kirk and his wife Diana had thrown in the towel.

Kirk once remarked to me, "You must believe you are a fighter in order to play a fighter. I don't have to go down the road playing leads, but instead, chose to carry a samovar on to the stage for Katharine Cornell, and then play an off-stage echo in her play "The Three Sisters." I guess he felt he had a natural affinity for sisters.

Kirk and Diana were hitched during the war in New Orleans. He was shoving off with the Navy for anti-submarine duty. When Diana returned from Hollywood, he hitched down. She always used the name Diana Douglas in screen casts.

When they separated, Kirk moved into a small house in San Fernando Valley that he had built. To work in Holly- wood, she always used the name Diana Douglas in screen casts.

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I Saw Rita Hayworth Marry Aly Khan

(Continued from page 35) the wedding. She arrived at the reception later, however, in time to see her mother cut the beautiful wedding cake. The sword of antique glass which Rita used had been bought by her and Aly in Paris. Rebecca was brought to the reception by the Princess Khan, Aly's stepmother. Princess Khan, who was married to the Aga Khan prior to his marriage to the current Begum, practically raised Aly after his mother's death and he adores her. Rebecca does too, begged to live with her, in fact.

PRINCESS KHAN told me that Rebecca was terrified of the photographers who tried to take her picture every time she left the house. Because of this, Aly, who loves children, felt she should not be subjected to such experiences.

The wedding gifts were worth a King's ransom. The Aga Khan's gift to Rita was a choice of heirloom jewels. And her gifts from the Prince were a $12,000 car, a twelve-carat diamond ring, a case of silver, paintings and jewels of moderate size.

Even more lavish gifts came later from the Ismaili guests who attended the Moslem ceremony. No one but the family and a handful of guests knew that the Moslem ceremony was to take place at the Chateau de l'Horizon the night following the civil ceremony. To it the Ismaili guests came bearing the gifts of diamonds as big as walnuts, gorgeous silks, cloths of gold and golden coins.

Rita's title of Princess is a courtesy one. But in India, when Aly succeeds his father, she will be called Her Royal Highness.

The Aga Khan who, I thought, looked like a lovable kewpie, is regarded as a god in India; his image worshipped by the Moslem natives. And when he passes on, Prince Aly, his successor, will become Imam or spiritual leader of the Ismaili branch of the Mohammedan religion.

The angle of Aly becoming a god has been much discussed. And Rita has been jokingly referred to as a future goddess.

Many of the stories told about Rita's thirty-eight-year-old Prince Aly are completely false. As the eldest son of the Aga Khan, he has been raised in the greatest luxury. However, he is greatly annoyed when it is intimated that he is very dark in color. As a matter of fact, his mother was Italian. He is only half Persian. His mother's brother, incidentally, a delightful Italian gentleman, is major domo of l'Horizon, manages the dozens of servants, among them the chef formerly employed by the Duke and Duchess of Windsor.

Prince Aly has blue-gray eyes and wears his hair rather long. And he still walks with a limp as a result of a broken leg he received while he was playing with his sons. He drinks little, smokes practically not at all and frequently takes a cigarette from Rita's lips, puffs on it, and returns it to her mouth.

The day Prince Aly showed me over the chateau, Rita brought him a plate of cherries. He looked at her, smiled and said, "Thank you, my darling." As he spoke, I confess, my thoughts flew backward. To the bitter young tears Rita shed during her marriage to Edward Judson and her unhappiness when she was married to Orson Welles.

The Chateau de l'Horizon has fifteen bedrooms and baths, each with a balcony overlooking the Mediterranean. There is a swimming pool, the water of which is piped in from the Mediterranean. I have seen more elaborate pools in Hollywood but none with any such background. A chute goes from the terrace to the blue-
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The End
Choose Your Star

continued from page 43) out for them.

Douglas Dick: Current release, "Home the Brave." No contact, but sure to be looked up after this picture and "The Action." Young, loaded with come-lit'her. Philip Friend: Good supporting role in Paramount's "My Own True Love" and old boy's "Enchantment." Very handsome it held down a bit by British accent. With production most uncertain at RKO til Howard Hughes completes its reorganization, the contact list at this studio is very small. In the past year, they cast Robert Ryan and Jane Greer have finally crossed over as starts, and there's wrong feeling that Gloria Grahame willuster as star-stuff with her next release. Their brightest young hopefuls, however, the two men under individual contract to Ford, and a girl partly under contract to RKO, partly under contract to Warners. Betsy Drake: Her first picture, "Every Girl Should Be Married," made her a star. All, blonde, with a vibrant voice and excellent stage background. Next piece, "Bandwagon," in which she sings and does, too.


Dropped By RKO But Watch For:

Arthur Kennedy: Current release, "Death of a Salesman." Next release, "The Window." Handsome, excellent actor but probably around too long for major click at late date, and is tied up on Broadway in "The Man Who Came to Dinner." Dorothy Patrick: Next release, "Follow That Quietly." No contact. A beautiful girl, currently under M-G-M contract. She hasn't quite seem to make the grade, despite definite acting ability.

Joan Ferrer: Current release, "Joan of Arc." Not handsome, tall or young, butArizona's "Death of a Salesman," and "A Man for All Seasons" that he was brought back to Broadway for "Whirlpool." Person with a charming, Hollywood producers like him as an individual, which is a big help.

Columbia—A little studio that either makes them big, as witness Rita Hayworth and Glenn Ford, or does nothing at all with them, as in the case of Janet Blair. They have an interesting group of young actors this year, the chief of whom is:

John Derek: Current release, "Knock on My Door." Next release, "All the Kings Men." Although he's almost too good-looking, he's still a dynamic performer at Harry Cohn, Columbia's boss, is tremendously enthusiastic about him.

John Ireland: Current release, "I Shot the Sparrow." Next release, "The Kings Men." Dark and rugged, with plenty of scullion sock. 1949 should be a red-letter year for him.

William Bishop: Current release, "The Wishing Hills." Next release "Anna Lucasta." He has social background and a great deal of stage experience behind him.

Ereme Courtland: Current release, "Man from Colorado." Next release, "Kyo Joe" and "Battleground." Lanky and with great humor, his fine start in "I Was a Bellhop" was stalemated by his ing drafted. May yet make it.

Vera Foch: Current release, "Undercover Man." Next release, "Johnny Allegro." A blonde of superior intellect, it may

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the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous
waste from your body. Ce. Dean's Pills.

Randy Stuart: Current release, "Apartment
for Peggy." Next release, "I Was a Male
War Bride." Cutie pie stuff, just
might make it.

Betty Grable: Current release "You're My
Everything." Next release not yet set.
Shari is as cute a tiny girl as Shirley
Temple was, and sings and dances.

Patti Behre: Current release, "Beautiful
Blonde from Bashful Bend." No future
release set. Cute foreigner, supposedly
e German princess. Her chief distinction
right now is in being the very happy wife
of John Derek.

Warner Brothers—This hard-punching
studio is definitely on the march for new
young talent, spurred on, perhaps, by the
outstanding hit of the very new
-Doris Day and Gordon MacRae.
These two are stars already, with only a couple of
pictures behind them. Warners have also
signed Kirk Douglas, on the strength of his
performance in "Champion," together
with Ruth Roman from that same picture.
Kirk's next picture is "Young Man with a
Horn" and Ruth will be seen in "The
Window" and "Beyond the Forest." They
are both expected to hit the heights.

Warners is already giving star—billing to:
Patricia Neal: Current release, "The
Fountainhead." Next release "The Hasty
Heart." Very tall, very highbrow, she's a
fine actress. Studio backs her strongly, but
preview reaction hasn't been as enthu-
siastic as expected.

David Brian: First picture, "Flamingo
Road." Next releases, "Intruder in the
Dust," and "Beyond the Forest." Rugged
and in—mid-thirties, he is already in solid,
due to sock appeal in "Flamingo." Studios
want him on loan-out.

Julie London: Latest release, "Task
Force." Next release, "Return of the
Frontiersmen." A sexy, young type who
can act, which never hurt any girl.

Robert Douglas: Current release, "Homic-
id Victim." Next in "Journey to Baku.
" Commanding and handsome in a
gigantic way. Was in British pictures and on the stage.

Barbara Bates: Current release, "Quick-
sand." Next release, "Happy Times." In
danger of being "just another pretty girl"
despite definite talent.

Michael Wilding: Current release, "Ideal
Husband." Next release, "The Hasty
Heart." Charming and handsome, poss-
ibly too British.

Universal—International—U-I is signing
a lot of youngsters, on the proven theory
that one new Durbin or Cable can carry a
soggy picture, if need be. The studio
already has one winner in Shelley Winters
and is still strongly backing Helena Carter
and Marta Toren who we mentioned last year.
All three of these girls are regarded
by the studio as potential stars.

This season, the U-I bets on:

Gar Moore: Current release, "Illegal
Entry." Next release, "Abbott and Costello
Meet the Killer," Doris Karloff.
Tall, dark and distinctive, completely
American that he has Indian blood in him, he
scored originally in the Italian "Paisan." An
excellent actor, he might score sensationally.

Anthony Curtis: Current release, "City
Across the River." Next release, "For the
Hotel." Very young, with dark hair and blue
eyes, Hollywood girls swoon for him.

Stephen McNally: Current release, "The
Lady From Nowhere," "Sweetheart in the
Desert." Here is an actor. As Horace
McNally, he was buried in "B" pictures.
Metro, who had him under contract for years,
now regrets dropping him.

Meg Ryan: Current release, "The Life
of Riley." Future release, "Illegal Entry."
A slender, green-eyed blonde. Very
ambitious and studio is very ambitious for
her, so perhaps she'll swing it.

Young Wives

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The editors of Photoplay have asked me to report what goes on behind the cameras when "Inside Photoplay" brings Hollywood to your living room.

A literal statement, that! For the gossip on this show comes directly from Cal York. The pictures are hot from Hymie Fink's camera. Sometimes there's a preview of a film. And many movie stars appear as guests. It's exciting and fun. I know. I'm Mistress of Ceremonies.

Always we start out sanely enough. But we rarely end that way. I've had stars turn the tables and start interviewing me! After one such session when I didn't have the right answers, I spent an entire day with the boys in the engineer's booth being briefed. "Be prepared—anything—Barrie," they call me now.

But one thing for which I wasn't prepared happened the evening that Kirk Douglas was on our show. In the audience of the telecast preceding ours was a club of twenty girls in their teens. One of them spotted Kirk in the hall. She stood transfixed. To break the spell, Kirk planted a big-brother kiss on her cheek. With a squeal of glee, she cried, "He kissed me." Whereupon the other nineteen girls streamed into the hall and lined up. And I got on the end of the line myself.

We've had our share of beautiful ladies before our cameras, too. Nina Foch looked so beautiful and chic when I interviewed her that I had to hide my head in shame—behind a handkerchief. The sound man told me that my voice through the hanky sounded like a foghorn—but better than comparison with the extraordinarily lovely Nina.

I'll never forget our pre-telecast conference with Edward Everett Horton. He wouldn't say a thing. He'd just smile and nod pleasantly. Would he, I wondered, just nod and smile while the show was on? My fears were groundless. He was witty, charming, wise and completely wonderful. "Why wouldn't you talk before the show?" I asked him later. Eddie smiled, "I have a dreadfully sore throat—and didn't want to lose the benefits of the spray in conference."

See you Inside Photoplay.

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For the Sufferer who wants to Feel Better and Live Better.

(Continued from page 33) nervous and emotional too, and suffers periods of depression. She doesn't mind these periods, she insists, because, although no one could be more depressed than she can be, no one could be more happy when she is happy. Judy suffered from insomnia during the time I was with her and for many years prior to that time. Because of that fact, she took sleeping medicine, though she felt there was nothing impossible for her to get to sleep.

I well remember when Judy was let out of The Barkleys of the Broadway." After rehersals with the manager, Fred A Staete, she was ill for a few days. The studio felt she was holding up production although Judy tried to tell them that she would be well enough within a few days. Before she went into a new picture she suffered the greatest pangs of stage fright; stays in bed, can't sleep, can't eat, turns as white as a ghost. She then felt it funny at first, started to laugh. But in the middle of the laugh she fainted. She was put to bed and for two weeks she was so ill, she almost died. She seemed to have lost her memory.

"I'll never stop making pictures," she says. Actually she wouldn't know what to do without her career. That's why, morally afraid of losing it, she makes herself sick he can't even sing "Summertime," the picture she did following the holiday she had when she was released from Barkleys. In "Summertime," when she just ahead of her voice, quicker. It's a better voice, looks better and turns in a good job all around. It is the best thing she has done in five years.

JUDY REQUIRES a great deal of love and understanding. But she is glad to give these things, too.

She does things on the spur of the moment. When a song suits her fancy, she plays her own guitar and cranks out a ditty. She once said to me: "I'm all right as long as I'm not being pulled around. When I get a chance to make my own pictures and do things my own way."

Her clothes are always simple. She wears a short white brocaded satin robe with a worn yellow plastic shower cap covering her hair. With this she wears ladies socks instead of mules. Her favorite costume for her trips to and from the studio is a pair of slacks, a cotton blouse, socks with rubber soles and a camel-hair coat that was given her by her father when she was a girl.

Her last party, given for her by Vin- cente, a year ago, was a combination wed- ding anniversary and birthday party at which she entertained seventy-five guests at a dinner party. Among the guests at the dinner party were friends, one of whom had just given up a movie career. Judy had spent the evening with him. She was very happy.

Her last trip, she went to New York to become an actress. She never did. She is happy now and has been for many years. She is now married to a man who is very successful and she is very happy with him.

"You know, Virginia," she says, "I never know myself what I'm going to be like when I get up in the morning." She has a lovely face, a beautiful smile, and she is sweet. She is always thinking of people and their needs. She has a wonderful sense of humor.

"I still do the same things I did before," she explains. "The only difference is now I know why I do them."

THE END
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Laugh-tonged Friends

(Continued from page 61) troubles, aren’t friends at all,” says Roz. “Gretchen (as she calls Loretta) and I never do that. We’ve both had our share of trouble but we’ve never come crying to each other.” Neither is their relationship palsy-walsy. They’re not constantly in each other’s hair with the latest bit of gossip, the most recent happening in their households, or rushing over all the time with the juiciest who-told-what-to-whom. Each has too complete a home life, too full a career to allow that. Both lead good normal lives, both are practicing Catholics, both go to church every Sunday, both are good wives and devoted mothers. Naturally, they’re drawn to each other. Even their husbands like each other! And when members of Roz’s numerous family come to town and Roz’s house is bulging with house guests, Loretta usually volunteers to put them up.

“But I don’t do it for Roz,” jokes Loretta, “her family is composed of the most charming people in the world.”

During the war, when Tom Lewis (Loretta’s husband) and Freddie Brisson (Roz’s husband), were both in service, and the girls were alone so much, they occasionally get together for dinner and a good hen session afterwards. Loretta would call Roz in the afternoon, invite herself over, upon which Roz would remark that the food at Loretta’s was better and she’d be over at seven sharp. The first time, Roz wore a simple black dress, three years old, thinking, “what the heck, it’s just the two of us, no men...”

Well, one look at Loretta in a sumptuous housecoat and Roz turned green. “You dog,” she murmured under her breath. Next time, though, Roz dressed up to her teeth. Sequins, gala hairdo, the works. Loretta, in a pair of slacks, almost fainted when she saw her. But when she very politely and sweetly called hello, she summoned her maid, Beatrice.

“Beatrice, go right upstairs and get me that new housecoat, you know the one.” Beatrice flew and returned seconds later with a housecoat over her arm. “No, not that one,” said Loretta, “the new one with beads all over it.” So Loretta dolled up, right there on the staircase, and two elegant gals tripped in to dinner.

They love to go to parties together. One morning, Loretta called Roz and asked her to make an appearance that night at a charity party. “I won’t go east of the Ambassador,” pouted Roz, who’d just wound up an intensive Sister Kenny polio campaign.

Humphrey Bogart, star of “Knock on Any Door,” gives John Derek, surprise bit of film, some knockout advice in the September Photoplay, on sale August 10

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worrying about everybody, especially Loretta. She knows what a breakdown is, and wants to make sure that nothing like that happens to her friends, if she can help it. "If I'm working, she's always dropping a hint that I go home by ten," says Loretta. "She doesn't nag; nothing like that, she just suggests, ever so subtly, but persistently. And, of course, she'd like to see me fatter, so she keeps telling me to eat, eat, eat."

There was a time, too, when their friendship was put to a severe test by that little joker, "Oscar." But, if anything, it made them closer. And if you don't think that's some operating, try being best friends with the girl whose husband got the office manager's job, for which your husband had been angling for years. The 1947 Academy Awards were awarded in one setting. Nobody had any doubt that Roz would win. For the first time since 1927, a sure thing had appeared in the balloting. She couldn't miss. No other candidate had a chance. Loretta was also nominated, but nobody, including Loretta, took that very seriously.

The afternoo before the Academy Awards presentation, Roz called Loretta. "Got your speech written, Gretchen?" she kidded her. Loretta laughed. "Speech! I'm not wasting my time.

They didn't sit together that evening, but they waved to each other just before the Awards started, and Roz motioned to Loretta to get ready to mount the stage. Loretta waved her down, honestly feeling Roz was a cinch.

That moment, when Fredric March read Loretta's name as the winner, Loretta's first reaction was one of stunned surprise. Later, though, when she rejoined Tom, after the lights and flashbulbs exploded, she said to him, with heartfelt concern, "What about Roz, what'll I say to Roz?"

Loretta isn't denying that the night she won the Award was the biggest and most gratifying night of her life, but she says she would have been just as happy to see Roz win it. She went to the Mocambo party that followed, half wishing she were going to congratulate Roz in her triumph.

When they arrived, Roz wasn't there. Many thought that Roz wouldn't show at all. But Loretta was confident she would. She knew Roz, and she also knew that, disappointed though Roz must have been, she also would be happy for her and would come to the party and tell her so. Besides, Roz's mother was ill, and Loretta realized that Roz had to take her home before she could turn her thoughts to partying.

An hour later, a tenseness filled the room. Loretta could feel it, even though her back was towards the entrance. "Is that Roz?" she asked her husband, without turning her's, "I'm glad Tom, "she laughed, "she looks perfectly beautiful.

Loretta rose and walked toward Roz, who was coming to her with her arms outstretched. They embraced, both choking back the tears, and those who saw that little tableau will never forget it. The photographers rushed at them, and after it was all over, one of the lensmen asked them to do it all over again. They both shook their heads, knowing that a moment like that could not be repeated. But it had broken the wire of tautness. From that moment on, both girls had a wonderful time.

They always do. The end.

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ABSORBINE JR.
A Bunch for Brunch

(Continued from page 55) giving orders. Anne has a kitchen library of cookbooks and a gourmet's imagination.

The Hodlaks' Georgian-English cottage, designed by Anne's grandfather, the famous architect Frank Lloyd Wright, is most attractive and a very pleasant background for a get-together. And when you are a Hodlak guest, their greeting makes you feel they were waiting just for you and the party couldn't possibly start until you had arrived.

Their gardens are colorful and carefully landscaped. Anne loves flowers and spends many hours digging and replanting the beds with seasonal blossoms. She also displays her artistic talents with picturesque floral arrangements.

On the Sunday of this particular party, Anne's living-room decor was enhanced by Spanish iris, jonquils, tulips and bachelor buttons. The colors of these flowers complemented her large buffet plates and cups and saucers of American ceramics, especially made to her own design of warm and varied tones of yellow and gray. And her eyelet embroidered tablecloth was a perfect background for her table service and food.

Macdonald Carey, the first to arrive, came with apologies for his two weeks' growth of beard, demanded by his characterization in "Copper Canyon." Cesar Romero, who is currently being seen in "The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend," opposite Betty Grable, blew in full of vim and vigor, girl-less.

The Zachary Scotts arrived last, because Zach and Elaine take their teen-age daughter Waverly to Sunday School each week, and then follow the good example by attending church themselves. Zach, incidentally, turns in a swell job in "One Final Trip."

CESAR PROVIDED plenty of laughs and wonderful music and, of course, he was a dynamic dancing partner. There was singing around the piano. There were games. There was swimming. And there was, best of all, just sitting around on the floor swapping stories.

No one, interesting enough, was on the down-beat about the box office. Everyone seemed to feel that Hollywood is going through an interesting transition, the outcome of which will be films of great merit made for less money. The "depression" in the glamour city, everyone agreed, is merely a matter of getting on a more businesslike production plan, with "deadheads" out for good.

Both the Hodlaks have been working regularly. Anne's latest film is "You're My Everything" and John just finished making "Battleground" at M-G-M Studios. A good thing about giving a brunch is that midday food of this sort is easy to prepare, also inexpensive. A brunch requires no courses, no cocktails, no fancy service, yet, lacking these things, it still can be rather elegant, and Anne was congratulated by everyone on her menu.

Here it is: Hawaiian punch (served on arrival in iced metal goblets); huge silver bowl of fruit compote, well iced; maple sugar pancake pie; crisp bacon, thickly sliced fried ham, pure pork sausages and pork and apple sausages; coffee, tea and milk.

Hawaiian Punch: Boil together for three minutes, 1 cup sugar, 1½ cups of water, 2 cinnamon sticks, 8 cloves. Strain and cool and add 4 cups unsweetened pineapple juice, 1 cup fresh orange juice, ½ cup fresh peach juice. Pour over large chunk of ice in punch bowl or pitcher. Makes 10 servings.

Fruit Compote: Fill huge bowl with crushed ice. Poke partly peeled bananas and large slices of fresh coconuts and pineapple on skewers into the ice, put small bunches of grapes on ice and in the center, use half shell of pineapple, filled with huge strawberries. Where there is room, stick handles of forks with whole peeled oranges on the times into the ice for the final effect. Surrounded with green leaves (Anne used calla lily leaves). Very beautiful and full of health!

Maple Sugar Pancake Pie: The trick to this is to make exaggerated size (about 12 inches across) pancakes of thin batter. Make 8 or 10, fry in shortening to golden brown and pile on top of each other layercake fashion. Spread each with 1 tbsp softened butter, 2 tbsp. hot maple syrup and 2 tbsp. shaved maple sugar. Treat the top the same way, but use ¼ cup maple sugar. This may be heated for 10 minutes in a moderate oven (350° F.) to brown and melt the sugar. Cut in pie fashion to serve. This won't help your figure any, but on Sunday you shouldn't care. Batter for 10 people ½ eggs, 1 cup milk, 2 cups flour, 5 cups milk, 5 tsp. baking powder, 2 tsp. salt, ¼ lb. butter (melted), 3 tbsp. sugar. Mix until very smooth with rotary beater or electric mixer.

The supper which Anne provides for her guests, since she counts on them having fun and staying on, is even more easily prepared. Anne simply stocks the refrigerator with cold meats and a salad. Everyone raids the ice box and fixes a snack on the kitchen table.

THE END

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THE END
Hollywood Clothes Line
(Continued from page 65) a tremendous bouffant, banded with puffed net and edged with tiny ruffles of silver embroidery. The heart-shaped, long-waisted bodice was slightly and snugly draped and she carried a long, flowing stole of the matching net that drifted gracefully as she danced.

Romanoff had a variation of the “choose your own adventure” idea, merely passing out slips of paper, first to the men, then to the girls, each slip bearing a name, and, of all things, Benita Colman drew Ronald Colman! Peggy Cumming drew Jimmy Stewart, but Peggy’s heart belongs to Derek Dunnet, wealthy Britisher who has been visiting her, and you can take our word, they’ve been discussing wedding plans. As Sotomayor, who was at the party with Paul Douglas, can have her pick of parts after the big hit she scored in “A Letter to Three Wives.” Ann had on a knockabout gown of Christian Dior’s, one of those many-skirted dresses with the full hemline dipping from almost knee height on one side, right down to the ankle on the other! It was of pale green organza, with great big flowers—constantly changing wedding plans. As Pompadour, who

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I'm a teacher...

Round table discussion: Gwen O'Connor puts across her point to Ciro companions Jack Sasson, Gloria De Haven, Gwen's husband, Donald O'Connor

(Continued from page 22) Was a Male War Bride." At first, Ann was nervous, but once she got the hang of it, she and Cig would take off for long rides through the English countryside after shooting hours.

Just Plain Betsy: The insistence of Betsy Drake that she remain as unglamorous as possible, has the make-up and wardrobe department of Twentieth in a quandary. For a certain scene in "Bandwagon," however, Betsy was called upon to look the part of a glamorous actress, so the hairdresser went to town for the coiffure test, making Betsy as alluring as possible.

The hair test occurred on the very day Gary Grant was due to dock from England and the studio, looking ahead to the pictures of the two in the papers, chorted with glee at Betsy's appearance.

Their delight was short-lived. Rushing from the test stage, Betsy ran to the make-up department. "Wash my hair quickly," she said, "and let it dry straight. No curl at all, please."

Gravelly as she was, the hairdresser was off to meet Gary.

"I didn't look like myself prettied up," she explained later. "Gary might not have known me at all that way."

Romance Department: Audrey Totter was standing at a Saks Fifth Avenue counter, buying a gold evening bag, when Cal spotted her. Drawing us aside, she confided that the new bag was to be carried on her date that night with Brian Donlevy. "What's more," she said, "he's asked me to dinner tomorrow night, too."

But Cal, who knows Audrey pretty well, is certain this is just another of those friendship things. Remember, please, when everyone else touts her engagement to Charles Grayson, Cal said no...

"Tis said Clark Gable made a recent trip to New York just to see Dolly O'Brien again. True or not, Cal believes Dolly is the one Clark cares most about... Deanna Durbin and Felix Jackson will have a final chat in New York when Deanna passes through on her way to Europe. Some say it's Deanna who wants most to reconcile with Felix... Friends

Nora Eddington Flynn and June Cooper, Jackie's wife, may share that Las Vegas ranch, if Jackie Cooper and June fail to reconcile. The divorce suit of the Dan Daileys was an event Hollywood had long accepted as inevitable. The Daileys' unhappiness began in the war years. Dan was away for two years and the breach between him and Liz widened every day. In the past two years, they have tried to take up their life as before but even the birth of their young son didn't help. "Too bad, Dan and Liz are both favorites of Cal who wishes them each happiness in the future."

Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly? A streetcar (definitely not named Desire) was ploughing its way up and down fifty feet of track on the "On the Town" set, with three sailors, Frank Sinatra, Gene Kelly and Jules Munchin aboard. The old "Take Me out to the Ball Game" trio are back again, with Kelly not only acting, but directing.

"How do you do it?" we asked, after the scene was over.

"Well, you assistant who takes over while I'm before the camera, and every night at home, we go over the next day's shooting together and know exactly what we want to do. We're ahead of schedule so far," he grinned, "and saving the studio money."

Odd, that as Gene gradually climbs into new fields of writing and directing, his pal Sinatra seems to be changing from singer to actor. Frank's new radio stint as disc jockey, permits him to concentrate on his acting career, and down at M-G-M they hint about great new plans for Frankie, who, many claim, stole the "Ball Game" picture from the rest of the cast.

"Betsy is still planning on that jaunt to Italy to work with Orson," Gene told us, "and there's another one coming up in Rome that she may do with Montgomery Clift. She and Monty are very good friends, you know."

Well, we pondered, here's one actor that doesn't object to his wife having a career. In fact, Gene almost insists upon it, which makes it cozy for the Kellys all the way round.
Baby Coming Soon?

Then don’t delay sending for your copy of Dr. Allan Shayn’s book, “How to Raise Your Baby.” Covers care of infants and young children—food problems, child ailments and diseases, proper growth, training, vitamins. By the famous “quack” doctor who really knows about babies. Vital information needed by all parents. See it now.

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How To Better Your Nails

Every day, if possible, and at least thrice weekly, soak them in water as hot as you can stand it, for fifteen minutes. Add to the water either a foot bath soap or powder. Next, hold them under the full force of the cold water spigot. Rub off any roughness with a wet pumice stone used according to directions. Now, dry them with a clean Turkish towel, and massage a soothing, cooling foot cream or lotion all over them, your ankles, and your legs. Sprinkle on lots of medicated foot powder, especially between your toes. Sprinkle some, too, in your shoes. Keep your toenails as beautifully manicured and tinted as your fingernails. Before retiring, treat them to an extra foot cream or lotion massage. Wriggle your toes as often as you think of it.

A Simple Exercise

Relax your feet from the ankles. Then move them in circles—ten times clockwise; ten times counter-clockwise. By treating your feet with care, Adele says, they’ll give you better service, and you’ll be proud to walk barefooted on the beach.
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Omaha World-Herald

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Esther Williams

PHOTOPLAY

September 15c

15 COLOR PORTRAITS

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"MY BABY AND ME"—ESTHER WILLIAMS
Wrapped, it looks like a 

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... or facial tissues

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You see, Listerine Antiseptic kills even the "bottle bacillus" (P. ovale) which so many dermatologists say is a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

You will be delighted to see how wonderfully fresh, cool and clean your scalp feels, how quickly flakes begin to disappear, how healthy your hair looks. Yes, in clinical tests, twice-a-day use of Listerine Antiseptic brought marked improvement within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers.

As a precaution against infectious dandruff, make Listerine Antiseptic a part of regular hair care no matter what kind of soap or shampoo you use.

For more than 60 years the chief use of Listerine Antiseptic has been as an antiseptic mouthwash and gargle.

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P.S. Have you tried the new Listerine Tooth Paste, the Minty 3-way Prescription for your Teeth?
Don't be Half-safe!

by VALDA SHERMAN

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

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

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

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

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream. Awarded American Laundering Institute Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Safe for skin—can be used right after shaving. Arvid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, will not dry out.

Your satisfaction guaranteed, or your money back! If you are not completely convinced that Arvid is in every way the finest cream deodorant you've ever used, return the jar with unused portion to Carter Products, Inc., 53 Park Pl., N.Y.C., for refund of full purchase price.

Don't be half-safe. Be Arvid-safe! Use Arvid to be sure. Get Arvid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.

(Advertisement)

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE-GOERS FOR 37 YEARS

PHOTOPLAY

Contents for September, 1949

HIGHLIGHTS

Take Another Look

Who Will Be Your Favorites for 1949?

Listen to Me, Kid (John Derek)

Mermaid-in-Waiting (Esther Williams)

Tall, Dark and Different (Montgomery Clift)

Kiss the Girls Goodbye (Jimmy Stewart)

Blonde Bonanza (Betty Grable)

Diary of a Hollywood Photographer

I Name Twelve Great Ladies

My Mrs. Mike (June Allyson)

The House That Zach Built (Zachary Scott)

Hollywood's Memorable Moments

Searching Party (Wanda Hendrix)

Unmask!

Aboard the Snuffy (Lana Turner)

'49 Fords (Glenn Ford)

The Sun Set (Hollywood Clothes Line)

Your Photoplay Photo-Plays

(A Jane Wyman Adventure Told in Comics)

Photoplay Fashions

FEATURES IN COLOR

John Derek

Montgomery Clift

Betty Grable

June Allyson

June Havock

John Lund

Gary Cooper

Susan Hayward

Doris Day

Burt Lancaster

Errol Flynn

Shelley Winters

Betsy Drake

Diana Lynn

Patricia Neal

78

SPECIAL EVENTS

Brief Reviews

27

Platter Patter

28

Cast of Current Pictures

20

Readers Inc.

8

Inside Stuff—Cal York

10

Shadow Stage

22

Laughing Stock

17

What Should I Do?

4

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that French women
have...

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Bovary
had more
of it!

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HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY with Colgate Dental Cream

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Clean Your Breath While You Clean Your Teeth—and HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY!

| Right after eating |

NO CHANGE IN FLAVOR, FOAM, OR CLEANSING ACTION

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY
CLAUDETTE COLBERT

What should I do?

DEAR Miss Colbert:

Four years ago, I met my dream man. After I had dated him a few months, I fell head over heels in love. He seemed so good and kind, so sincere and humorous, so completely my sort of person, in every way.

For nearly two years, I didn't accept dates with anyone, this man. Each of our dates was filled with good, clean fun. I was utterly happy, and felt sure that he was, too. We never quarreled. I took it for granted that eventually we would be married.

One night he kissed me goodbye, said, "Be seeing you," as he always did, and I never heard another word from him. At first, I thought he must be ill. I telephoned his home, and he answered. He said he was fine but had been busy, and he would call in a few days. He never did.

About a year later, I met him on the street and he introduced me to his bride.

They had been married several months.

I'm simply lost. How can I take an interest, again, in another man when the same thing might happen? Frances A.

First of all, your trouble was caused by an all too common mistake. Because you felt a certain way, you assumed that the identical emotions and thoughts were entertained by this man.

The first rule of successful dealing with others, is to think of the other person's position, to try to imagine how he feels, and to try to forecast his reaction.

If, instead of losing yourself in your own golden haze of dreams, you had taken time to understand and realize that his moods, manners, upon his express life views, you would have discovered almost immediately that he was self-centered and opportunistic.

I am a bit of a pessimist, so I feel that this man was not for you, or things would have worked out differently. Be grateful that you escaped this man; be hopeful for the future, and be more analytical in the next romance.

Claudette Colbert

DEAR Miss Colbert:

My parents have been divorced since I was eight. I am now fourteen.

My father and stepmother have the custody of my sister, my brother and me. I don't know just why we were not given to my mother; she sees her regularly and she always tells us she loves us.

My father and stepmother are kind to us, too. They give us nice presents and see that we have what we need. My mother, on the other hand, has never even sent one of us a birthday card, although she tries to make up for it, when she sees us.

Here is my trouble: When we go to see

my mother, she quizzes us about what my father and stepmother have been doing, what they talk about, what we have to eat. She always has a catty remark to make.

Then, when we come home, our father and stepmother ask us whether Mother had any dates, whether she has a lot of new clothes, how her apartment looks, etc.

This makes us very uncomfortable. We don't know what to say without being rude.

Heidi C.

Yours is becoming a universal problem. It is too bad that when a judge hands down a decree of divorce, he does not also hand down a book on etiquette of divorce.

Don't do it. The next time anyone asks you to carry gossip, you should say courteously but firmly, "If someone asked me the question you have just asked about you, I would be too loyal to anyone. Please forgive me." Then chatter about something else.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

My problem is caused entirely by a little girl. She is now almost eight, and a very sweet child. She is under the care of the local Welfare Agency. She begs us to take her back. We can't do it. The next time anyone asks you to carry gossip, you should say courteously but firmly, "If someone asked me the question you have just asked about you, I would be too loyal to anyone. Please forgive me." Then chatter about something else.

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Claudette Colbert

No matter how well-intentioned the Welfare Agency people are in this matter, I am completely in sympathy with you. It is obvious, from your letter, that you love the little girl dearly and would supply a happy home atmosphere for (Continued on page 6)
Wait'll you hear those FOUR wonderful tunes written especially for Betty ...by Hollywood's No. 1 Songwriter Frank Loesser!
stands for the **Terrible Time** that most women have every month in their struggle with belts, pins and external pads. Sanitary protection has been called women's oldest problem and until recently little progress has been made toward its solution.

stands for **Another Way** to deal with this problem — by means of "Tampax," a doctor-invented device which absorbs while being worn internally instead of externally. Made of highly absorbent cotton, it is inserted with patented applicator.

is for the **Millions of Women** (yes, actually millions) who have already adopted this miracle Tampax — college students, secretaries, trained nurses, housewives, sales girls, athletes, actresses — all kinds of women all over the world!

indicates the new **Pulse and Confidence** resulting on those days from the use of Tampax. No odor can form. No chafing. You can't even feel it. Wear it in tub or shower bath if you like. Easy disposal.

represents the **Absolute Certainty** that no single bulge or ridge under your dress or skirt will be caused by Tampax. It simply can't, because Tampax is worn internally. It's only one-ninth the size of the other kind!

stands for all the **Ex-Users** of external pads who now march up to their drug or notion counters each month and buy Tampax — 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Average month's supply slips into your purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

(Continued from page 4)

her, I feel certain that, no matter what your past mistakes have been, you would help this little girl to grow up into a good and useful woman.

The thing for you to do is to go to an attorney for aid and advice. Select a man who is known for his humanitarian views. He will, no doubt, be able to adjust your life so that this little girl may grow up as your daughter.

**Claudette Colbert**

Dear Miss Colbert:

Like most fifteen-year-old girls, I am having trouble with my mother. She won't let me go anywhere at night. Recently I was invited to a boy and girl party but my mother refused to let me go. When I asked her why, she said because it was a curse to be born a girl. She keeps saying too many things are going on today.

When she let me invite some girls to come to my house for a slumber party, she agreed to sleep next door at my aunt's house, but she made all of us go to bed at ten-thirty, and she didn't leave until we pretended to be asleep. While she was in the house, everyone was stiff and nervous, and I was embarrassed to death.

She came over the next morning long before anyone was awake, and prepared breakfast, then said goodbye. The six girls left right after breakfast, and the whole weekend was a miserable failure.

When I try to explain my side of the story, my mother starts in to tell me how hard she works and how she worries and what a sad life she has had. I guess she wants to give me a sad life, too, because she doesn't really love me.

**Marsha H.**

Like most fifteen-year-old girls (I was the same when I was that age) you are trying to be a little more like you yourself. Don't think that your mother does not love you. If there is a criticism to be leveled, it is that she loves you too much, not only for your own good, but for hers. From what you have told me, I judge that she had some heartbreaking experience when she was young, and is trying to shield you from the same.

Don't expect her to tell you the story; it may be too painful for her to do so. If she cannot confide it to you, at least until you are much older.

Be patient. In two more years you will be through high school, and either going out into the world to earn your own way, or going to college. Then you will be able to guide your own life. Then you will begin to appreciate and understand your mother more than you can now.

**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.
This one's better than a dozen vacations! It's so full of laughs and kisses you'll be having a wonderful time all through the winter!!

LOOK FOR THIS AD IN YOUR LOCAL NEWSPAPER... IT ANNOUNCES A GREAT ENTERTAINMENT IN YOUR LOCAL THEATRE!
Cheers and Jeers:

What has happened to the female figures in Hollywood? I refer particularly to Jeanne Crain, Ann Sothern and Linda Darnell in "A Letter to Three Wives." All three were disgustingly hefty. What a shame, for the picture was delightful. Gracie Deegenhardt Pittsburgh, Pa.

Never have I seen such superb acting as was portrayed by Kirk Douglas in "Champion." I doubt if his portrayal could be surpassed. I've seen the picture four times already, and will see it again and again. The Oscar and all other awards belong to the Champ.

Bobby Moore
Binghamton, N. Y.

Please tell Twentieth Century-Fox to return Betty Lynn to the mothballs whence she came. Miss Lynn was the only sour note in "June Bride." And, for me, it was pure torture to watch her in "Mother Is a Freshman."

Mary Walters
New York, N. Y.

The photograph of Elizabeth Taylor on page 57 (June Photoplay) is the most arresting, natural, color picture I have ever seen in any motion picture magazine.

Albert B. Manski
Boston, Mass.

In the June issue of your magazine, there was a letter objecting to the way Ingrid Bergman treated her fans. Well, I think she is right, as a star has terribly hard job. She is probably one of the stars that has been "pestered" night and day by autograph hounds. Maybe every star needs fans, but are the fans the ones who get the stars a start in pictures?

Janet Swenson
Andover, Mass.

Old vs. New:

I would like to see reissues of some of the good pictures of the past. "San Francisco" was the most enjoyable picture I've seen in the last year. "Gone with the Wind" seems to improve each time I see it. I would love to see "Dinner at Eight," "Grand Hotel," "Min and Bill," "Smilin' Through," "Susan Lennox" and many more. Why not have one of these old pictures as the second feature, instead of the terrible dribble we have to sit through when we arrive at the wrong time.

Marilyn Pitney
Salem, Ore.

Lashes for June:

In your June issue of Photoplay, your cover girl is June Allyson. I think she is nice, but why doesn't her studio give her a different hair-do, and also some false eyelashes? She has such small eyes and she would be much more beautiful if her lashes were longer.

June Vangen
Pelican Rapids, Minn.

GAYLORD PRODUCTS, INCORPORATED

CHICAGO, ILL.
New Heart-throbs:
My friends and I have seen many a good actor, but when we saw John Derek, who played in "Knock on Any Door," and David Brian, who played in "Flamingo Road," our hearts went hing! Brother, if that's what Hollywood is coming up with, we want more!
PENNY RATSAROS
Cliffside Park, N. J.

Love Trouble:
I have been reading in the newspapers of the coming divorce of Mrs. O'Brien and Don Sylvo. Margaret isn't supposed to be the cause of it, but everyone knows she didn't like the idea of the marriage at all. I think she is a very selfish and spoiled little girl who is only thinking of herself.
MITZI SCARLATA
Chicago, Ill.

Question Box:
Can you tell me who the two, slightly crazy brothers in "The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend" were? I think they are good, but haven't seen them before.
ANNE TAYLOR
Middletown, Mont.
( Sterling Holloway and Danny Jackson )

Would you please tell me who played Shirley Temple's big brother in "Adventure in Baltimore"? Where can he be reached? I think he should be cast in more pictures.
BARBARA PAPERNY
Omaha, Neb.
( Shirley's big brother was played by Johnny Sands. He can be reached c/o RKO, 780 Gover St., Los Angeles, Cal. )

Would you please give me some dope on William Bishop, whose most recent picture was "The Walking Hills"?
MARGERY FIELDS
Pittsburgh, Pa.

( Bill Bishop was born in Oak Park, Ill., on July 16, 1918. He is 6 feet 2 1/2 inches tall, has black hair and brown eyes and is married. His next picture will be "Anna Lucasta.")

Why don't any of the movie magazines ever put in any of the stars' addresses when they write stories about them? Will you please put some in your next column? I would like to get their pictures.
MARTHA WOODARD
Flint, Mich.
( If magazines printed the home addresses of the stars they would subject them to many intrusions, many of which would be unpleasant. You can write to them in care of their studios. )

Could you please tell me if Charles Drake, who played in "Tarzan and the Magic Fountain" is related to Tom Drake?
ADELINE M. PAROLISI
Lawrence, Mass.
( No relation. )

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

That
"Left-Out Feeling"
can begin at home!

It hurts when a husband seems so indifferent. Yet sometimes a wife has herself to blame. So remember — never trust your charm to anything but creamy, dependable Mum! Mum's unique modern formula contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Be a safety-first girl. Get a jar of Mum today.

Mum —Safer for Charm ... Mum checks perspiration odor all day or evening. Protects against risk of future underarm odor after your bath washes away past perspiration.

Mum —Safer for Skin ... Smooth, creamy Mum contains no harsh or irritating ingredients. Doesn't dry out in the jar to form scratchy crystals. Gentle Mum is harmless to skin.

Mum —Safer for Clothes ... No damaging ingredients to rot or discolor fabrics. Quick, pleasant to use. Economical — no shrinkage, no waste.

For sanitary napkins — Mum is gentle, safe, sure ... dependable for this important use, too.

keeps you nice to be near
Hearts and Some Flowers: David Brian probably doesn't know it but one of Metro's most beautiful actresses, who had her heart set on David, almost swooned at the news he had married Adrian Booth. Brian Donlevy was so impressed when Audrey Totter cared enough to meet him at the airport at 6:50 a.m. when he arrived from New York, that he gifted the lady with a diamond big enough to choke a horse. An engagement? They won't admit it... Hollywood feels the Taylors are handling the romantic episodes of their beautiful daughter Elizabeth with wisdom. They don't oppose Elizabeth's engagement, counting on her good judgment to carry her through. That judgment has already carried the seventeen-year-old miss past one engagement to Glenn Davis and then into another with handsome William Pawley Jr. The Taylors feel it will surely carry her on to a proper time and proper age for marriage... Jim Stewart has a dry way of showing his love for Gloria McLean. Arriving at the Gary Coopers' one afternoon, he spotted (Continued on page 19)

June Haver, whose career received a boost with role in "Look for the Silver Lining," lunches in 20th commissary with husband-to-be Dr. John Duzik

Meet Irma's boy friend! John Lund, who plays Al, with Marie Wilson on "My Friend Irma" set

Michael Kirby, who used to be Sonja Henie's leading man on ice, parks beside pool with his wife, at Les Mitchell party.
Clown Frank Macis couldn’t get a laugh out of Paul Brinkman Jr., who looks to mother Jeanne Crain for comfort. Left is Jeanne’s younger sister Rita. They’re at party given by Trudy Marshall to celebrate her son Bill’s third birthday.

Polo fans recognized Ricardo Montalban in spite of that beard. He’s with wife Georgiana and her sister Loretta Young, left.

Shelley Winters, looking provocative, as usual, has her first star role in “Take One False Step”
Vera-Ellen presents a charming picture at recent premiere of "The Stratton Story." She's with Rock Hudson.

Picture of happiness: Barbara Stanwyck and husband Bob Taylor do stint on NBC's "Screen Guild Players."

Victor Mature visits Lucille Ball in her dressing room on set of "Interference." Lucille and husband Desi Arnaz, married in a civil ceremony nearly nine years ago, rewed in church recently, with Desi's mother as matron of honor.
INSIDE
STUFF

Gloria on the tennis court. "Showoff," he said softly, with that certain Stewart charm. It sounded, someone said, exactly as if he'd said "darling."

Winter Storms: Shelley Winters, who accidentally stepped from a curb in New York into the path of a car, is home again, limping and fuming. Shelley's peeve is due to a columnist accusation that Shelley's mishap was a publicity stunt for her last picture, "Take One False Step."

"And me," Shelley moans, "with this aching back."

Parent News: Robert Walker strolling down Beverly Boulevard with his two small sons and looking very fit. Van Johnson and Pete Lawford will join Bob in his first picture since his illness, "Please Believe Me". The leggy youngster on the "Let's Dance" set was Fred Astaire Jr., watching his dad and Betty Hutton go through their routines. Fred Jr. isn't interested in becoming a dancer. Too hard work, he claims... Gale Storm, who looks a mere nineteen and who has the smallest waist in Hollywood, brought her three sons to meet Audie Murphy who plays with Gale in "Kid from Texas." The way Audie drew those guns for the boys left them breathless.

Sight of the month: Glamorous Joan Bennett pushing her grandchild in a perambulator before her house and being whistled at by passing college kids. When Rosalind Russell and Fred Brisson sail for Europe, they'll leave six-year-old Lance at home. Roz feels a child is happier among his own things.

Here and There: Chatted with Irene Dunne at the wedding of Edward La Cava and Consuelo Courtwright, daughter of Hernando Courtwright, genial head of the Beverly Hills Hotel. Miss Dunne is radiant over the honors heaped upon her recently. We noticed again how smart she is in those little hats atop her brushed-up coiffure. Consumed the wedding breakfast goodies with dress designer Don Loper and agent Jack Bolton with his cute wife Peggy... At the party given by Charlie Morrison, Roddy McDowall, Elizabeth Taylor and Claude Jarman Jr. represented Hollywood's younger set at recent premiere celebrating M-G-M's Silver Anniversary.

The gentleman still prefers blondes: Frank Ross, Jean Arthur's ex-husband, was beautiful Joan Caulfield's escort at a recent dinner date at Mocambo.
try the test below

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

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

Test it. Write to Fresh, Chrysler Building, New York, for your free jar.

Are you really Lovely to Love?

Pat Neal and Kirk Douglas were a new twosome at “The Fountainhead” premiere

the handsome owner of Mocambo, Cal bemoaned with Agnes Moorehead over the fact that her natural beauty is somehow hidden on the screen. Agnes, a young woman who goes “character” for movies, has masses of dark red hair that contrast with her green eyes.

M-G-M-ing: Arthur Loew Jr., sent Janet Leigh a bedpan of roses the day she began work on “Bodies and Souls,” a story of hospitals and doctors. Since Janet decided not to be engaged to Barry Nelson, she intends to play the field... Mario Lanza has become the lad of the future with M-G-M since those “Midnight Kiss” reviews. And didn’t Cal predict as much several months ago? The American-born Italian is destined to become the singing sensation of the screen... Richard Ney, who married wealthy widow Pauline McMartin, beat his ex-wife, Greer Garson to the altar. Buddy Fogelson still hopes Greer will say yes. Incidentally, Greer was glad to see her friend Errol Flynn who flew home for a few weeks for retakes on “Forsyte Saga.” And judging from the picture Flynn showed Cal of his real Princess girl friend, she’s a beauty with great chic.

Conversation Piece: Jimmy Cagney on the “White Heat” set: “Don’t under-play Virginia Mayo. In every scene, she has worked hard and diligently to get the best out of it. Seems to have a bit of an inferiority complex about her work, maybe shoved around a little in other pictures, but I think she’s great.”

Jack Carson to Dennis Morgan: “Look, I’m a comic, a character actor, so how I look or grow to look won’t make too much difference in my career. But you’re a leading man, a lover, a get-the-girl-guy, and you’ve got to make hay now. So why eat or drink stuff that puts on the weight that gets harder and harder to take off? You’ve the biggest box office and fan mail star on this lot so why not keep it that way by keeping down your weight?”

Donald O’Connor on marriage: “Gwenn and I have gone through four years of marriage and we’ve had plenty of fights along the way. But we seem calmed down now, so I guess we’ve come through okay. I figure marriage this way—you’ve got to want it enough to work at it and stick to it or not care enough to bother. That’s the way we found it.”

(Continued on page 16)
To be kissed... tonight...

as you've never been kissed before... Tangee

Tangee KISSABLE TEXTURE

1. Keeps lips soft... invitingly moist.
2. Feels just right... gives you confidence.
3. Does not smear or run at the edges.
4. Goes on so easily... so smoothly... so quickly.
5. And it lasts—and LASTS—and L-A-S-T-S!

Tangee KISS COLORS

TANGE PINK QUEEN—A bright new pink... to make him think... of kissing.

TANGE RED—Makes your lips redder than red... and ready to love. For brunettes especially.

TANGE THEATRICAL RED—America's most dramatic shade—transforms your lips into a "feature attraction."

TANGE GAY—Cold men turn into bold men—when a blonde wears this daring shade.
Shortly after this picture was taken of bat-girl Ava Gardner and Ronnie Reagan at Actors’ baseball game at Wrigley Field, Ronnie fell, fractured a leg and went to the hospital.

Bat-girl Gloria De Haven jokes, Bob Hope, captain of the Comedians, gags, at size of Vic Mature’s fist! Vic headed the opposing team, the Tragedians. Proceeds of ball game went to charity.

(Continued from page 14)

John, My Son: They sat in the front row of the bleachers at the ball game, a handsome gray-haired man and a boy in his early twenties. They shouted at the umpire, ate peanuts and had a swell time. But, of course, the lad had not a word of the excitement for this was John Tracy, who was born deaf, and his father, Spencer.

A great friendship has grown up between this father and son. Due to the fact that the Tracys have been separated for some time, both John and his sister have lived with Mrs. Tracy, who devoted many, many hours to advancing the cause for deaf children.

John, who has graduated from college, can speak now, forming the words by watching the lips of others. But the way he feels about Spencer needs no word to tell. It is reflected in every look he turns upon his dad.

Pimms and Whims: Hollywood’s hostesses are in a swivet these nights. A couple of years ago, when Paulette Goddard introduced a drink called “Moscow Mule,” they all had to buy special copper mugs to serve this concoction.

Now, a drink called “Pimm’s Cup,” which Joan Fontaine launched on the film colony some time ago, is really catching on in a big way. The only thing that fusses the hostesses is that this Pimm’s drink has to be served, if one is utterly, utterly correct, out of pewter mugs.

Joan has antique pewter mugs. But other Hollywood girls have had to rush around and settle for any pewter mugs they could find. Imagine, therefore, the consternation of Joan Crawford, when she invaded the ultra-smart Bel Air Hotel bar, to borrow some mugs for a party at her house, only to find that their pewter cups had been dipped in sterling silver.

“Good heavens,” said Miss Crawford, “what are you going to do if the Princess Aly Khan, Rita Hayworth to you, comes here on her return to Hollywood—dip the cups in gold and put emeralds on the crowns?”

Preacher McCrea: Joel McCrea was letting the hillbilly crowd in the country store have Hail Columbia! as we strolled onto a sound stage at Metro. Kinda scared us, too, until that wide McCrea smile and firm handclasp assured us that one minute Joel could play a hot-under-the-collar preacher, such as he plays in “Stars in My Crown” and the next be himself, which is tops for anyone’s money.

Unlike so many actors who delve into Westerns, Joel is a rancher living the year round on his Ventura County ranch, not the “Valley” brand, he would have you know, and working it and making it pay, as other hard-working ranchers do. We recalled the day we’d gone out to visit Joel and his lovely wife Frances Dee and as we drove along, there he came on horseback from over the hill where he had been helping a neighbor with his round-up. He told how his two sons, Joel Jr. and David, twelve and fourteen, are hay-baling for the summer, traveling from one ranch to another, helping to bale hay.

“T’m delighted to play the role of this

(Continued on page 19)
LAUGHING STOCK

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON

Barbara Stanwyck, after a Hollywood party: "The gossip was wonderful but it got so late I could hardly keep my mouth open."

Hat designer Keneth Hopkins had a telephone order from a movie starlet. "Is the hat for a short or a long bob?" asked Hopkins. There was a moment's silence and then the starlet giggled: "This Bob is about six feet tall!"

The Hollywood office of film censorship is in a building at Hollywood Boulevard and Western Avenue. The outside of the building is decorated with the cavortings of exactly thirty-two nude ladies.

Glenn Ford had to roll a pair of dice for a movie scene. The studio wanted to hire an expert to show him how it was done. "No thanks," said Glenn, "I didn't spend three years in the Marines without learning something."

Humphrey Bogart started the heroic tough-guy cycle on the screen. "Funny, isn't it," he says, "I come to work without shaving and with a hangover and I start a big movie cycle."

Overheard: "He wanted to become a bartender but failed to get the job. He didn't know how to repair a television set."

When Fred Allen checked into his hotel on a trip to Hollywood, a friend brought him a bowl of white gladioli. Allen groaned: "I don't know why people bring flowers when somebody arrives in Hollywood. I guess they think you're going to ask for a job and they hope you drop dead."

You can now buy a Dipsy Doodle Rainbow Sundae for $1 in a Hollywood ice cream parlor. It contains thirty colors and, no doubt, half-a-dozen Technicolor nightmares.

Word got around to Bing Crosby that the addition to Bob Hope's home would include a vault for his gags. "Why doesn't he just hide them in a cornfield?" asked Bing.

Economy note: A movie producer visited his prop department and fired a couple of statues for standing around doing nothing.

You're conscious of the Hollywood influence immediately after you arrive at the Los Angeles airport. The girl on the loud speaker announces: "Buses for Los Angeles and limousines for Hollywood are leaving in five minutes."

Your Hair can be Radiant and Dandruff-free

— all you've got to do is take me home and squ-e-e-e-ze me!

Light-meter tests prove Prell leaves hair more radiant!

Doctors' examinations proved Prell Shampoo removes dandruff in as little as 3 minutes!

Theres No Other Shampoo Like EMERALD CLEAR PRELL!

This new, different, emerald-clear shampoo in the handy tube is wonderful! For Prell—with its exclusive formula and patented cleansing ingredient—removes ugly dandruff fast! Leaves your hair more radiant than any soap shampoo . . . more radiant—in hardest water!—than leading cream shampoos! Prell goes farther than any other known shampoo too, because it's more concentrated. Get a tube today!
Your loveliness is Doubly Safe

So effective... Veto guards your loveliness night and day—safely protects your clothes and you. For Veto not only neutralizes perspiration odor, it checks perspiration, too! Yes, Veto gives you Double Protection! And Veto disappears instantly to protect you from the moment you apply it!

So gentle... Always creamy and smooth, Veto is lovely to use and keeps you lovely. And Veto is gentle, safe for normal skin, safe for clothes. Doubly Safe! Veto alone contains Duratex, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. Let Veto give your loveliness double protection!

Veto lasts and lasts from bath to bath!

because
Veto gives you Double Protection!

Always creamy and smooth...
...lovely to use!

Veto
COLGATE'S NEW DEODORANT

Veto
COLGATE'S NEW DEODORANT
INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 16)

Protestant preacher," he said. "So many Protestant fans have been asking for a picture like this."

Well, a better one to play it couldn't be found.

Front Row Center: Sitting near the open door of Arthur Little's famous snack bar, "The Little Alibi," Cal commanded a clear view of a minor sidwalk drama. A young woman, nineteen or twenty, stood with a water pistol in hand, waiting for victims. Obviously choosy, she permitted unknowns to pass by, selecting only the well-known.

Turhan Bey, dapper as usual, was the first to receive a sudden spurt of water on his astonished face. He stopped, grimmed and, wiping his face, passed on. So did victim number two, Richard Ney. But not so, number three, who happened to be Peter Lawford.

"What do you think you're doing?" Peter growled. "You must think you're very funny," he went on, cleaning the water from his face and scowling. Our sympathies were with him. Although Pete has played many a prank in his day, this time we felt he was entirely right.

DeMille Gets Wilder: Sunstroke! We were sure the summer sun had finally got us, the day we stepped onto a Paramount sound stage, to find director Billie Wilder directing director Cecil B. DeMille directing "Samson and Delilah." See what we mean?

It took director Wilder, Gloria Swanson and our friend from the publicity department ten minutes to get us straightened out, and then it seemed comparatively simple, that is, as far as anything DeMille-ish can be simple.

It seems the story "Sunset Boulevard," which Wilder is directing, has Miss Swanson, who plays an old-time movie queen attempting a comeback, trekking over to a sound stage to ask DeMille for a job. When Miss Swanson arrives on the set, DeMille is supposed to be directing a scene for "Samson and Delilah," a picture he recently completed. So, instead of finding Cecil in his usual place behind the camera, here he was before it, fluffing his lines, stepping past his cue mark and committing the errors for which he has bawled out dozens of actors. But finally, he gets it right and with a grin, walked out of camera range.

Looking like a dream, Miss Swanson told us she loved every minute of the picture. "But there are times..." and we knew without the final words, Gloria was thinking of so many of the stars of other days about whom this very story could be written. And if Hollywood lets Gloria ever get away from them again, they are plain crazy, so beautiful and talented is the lady.

The Johnsons: It's difficult to imagine a more normal household than the Van Johnsons', one beset with the same problems of families everywhere in the wonderful U.S.A. Which is why Cal eagerly accepted their recent dinner invitation.

Ned, the older Wynn lad, came to show us his cut lip, broken front tooth and sore arm, sustained when he pitched headfirst from his bicycle. Little Tracy, pajama-clad, had to be put to bed twice. In the nursery, baby Schuyler waited to be kissed good night by her daddy. "It's wonderful," Van grinned, "I wouldn't have it any other way."

The problem of a vacation, versus "how much can we afford," arose exactly as it does in thousands of families everywhere. Ten days in Coronado was finally decided upon. After four films in a row, three unreleased, Van is weary.

We notice a maturing, a mellowing in Van Johnson that reflects the man and the actor more and more. This, and a growing confidence in the judgment of his wife, Evie. And yet, there's still sufficient boyish appeal to keep him ever popular. As we sat down at the table, he exclaimed, like a disappointed kid, "Aw, gee, meat loaf. I thought we were going to have roast beef."

Roz Russell, Ray Milland, first row; Ben Gage, Esther Williams, second row; at auction for St. Anne's Maternity Hospital for Unmarried Mothers, sponsored by Loretta Young, with husband Tom Lewis, third row. Donations netted $41,012.50.

Does your nail polish CHIP? PEEL? FLAKE OFF?

New miracle-wear ingredient discovered!

THOUSANDS OF WOMEN who've put up with polish which chips soon after manicuring are making a thrilling discovery...

It's the new 10¢ Cutex polish...the new miracle-wear polish! Now it contains Enamelon, a Cutex-exclusive ingredient designed to give incredible wear!

Cutex with Enamelon stays lovely day after day after day! Resists chipping, flaking, peeling as no polish ever did before!

Today, try this new, miracle-wear Cutex! So pure...even women with skins so sensitive they cannot use other polishes state that they can use new Cutex with perfect safety!

14 fashion-colored colors. Only 10¢ plus tax. In the bottle with the blue label, at your favorite cosmetic counter.

If you don't find that New Cutex wears longer than you ever dreamed possible, send the bottle to Northam Warren Corporation, Box 1355, Stamford, Conn., and your money will be refunded.

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YODORA
the deodorant that works 2 WAYS

1 stops perspiration odor

Wonderful Yodora does not merely mask, but stops perspiration odor. Effective for full 24-hour protection.

2 softens and beautifies underarm skin

Made with a face cream base, Yodora keeps armpits fresh and lovely-looking as the skin of neck and shoulders.

Kind to skin, chemically safe for clothes, it's the perfect cream deodorant . . . You'll adore Yodora!

Tubes or jars 10, 30, 60c

Cast of Current Pictures

ANY NUMBER CAN PLAY—M-G-M: Charley Eul- 
yng, Clark Gable; Lu Key, Alexis Smith; Roby 
ella, Wendell Corey; Alice Elliott, Audrey Tho- 
ter; Tim Kestyn, Frank Morgan; Ada, Mary 
Astor; Ben Garvey Smalley, Leon Stone; Tyrone 
Baird, Sullivan; Sarah Lather, Marjorie Rambeau; 
Ed, Edgar Buchanan; Dr., Palmer, Leon Ames; Pete 
Sutliff, Mickey Knox; Leonard Gwilt, Rich- 
ard Robert; Frank Sigaia, William Conrad; Paul 
Enley Kyng, Darryl Hickman.

BIG STEAL, THE—RKO: Duke, Robert Mitchum; 
Jane, Jane Greer; Blake, William Bendix; Fido, 
Patric Knowles; Col. Ortega, Ramon Novarro; Lient. 
Roca, Don Alvarado; Scron, John Quilien.

BROKEN JOURNEY—Rank-Eagle Lion: Mary 
Johnstone, Phyllis Calvert; Joanna Dane, Mayo 
Grahame; Bill Hawes, Norman Jameson; Ferry 
Ingrid, Francis L. Sullivan; Edward Marsh, Ray 
mond Huntley; Jimmy Marshall, David Tomlinson; Rich- 
ard Faber, Derek Bond, Fox, Gay Rafle; Sue 
Stevens, Sonia Holm; John Barrie, Gary Blake; Kid 
Carmack, Andrew Crawford; Harry Gunn, Charles 
Victor; Jacky Rome, Gerard Heinz.

GREAT SINNER, THE—M-G-M: Fosja, Gregory 
Peck; Pauline Ostrynski, Ava Gardner; Armand De 
Glasse, Melvyn Douglas; General Ostrynski, Walter 
Huston; Grandmother, Edith Barrymore; Aristide 
Pilard, Frank Morgan; Emma Getzel, Agnes Moore- 
head; Secretary, Frederick Ledebur; Doctor, Ludwig 
Donath; Jeweler, Curt Bois; Hotel Manager, Ludwig 
Stossel; Valet, Erno Vercs.

GUINEA PIG, THE—Pilgrim: Jack Read, Richard 
Attenborough; Lynn Halsey, Sheila Sim; Mr. Read, 
Bernard Miles; Mr. Harker, Cecil Courmeau; Nigel 
Strachan, Robert Forsythe; Mrs. Harker, Edith 
Sharpes; Mrs. Read, Joan Hickson; Ronald Read, 
Tim Bateson; Gregory, Crive Baxter; Buckton, Basil 
Cumard; Fitz, John Forrest; Beatie, Maureen 
Glynn; Lorna Beckett, Brenda Hogan; Sir James 
Cordfield, Herbert Lomazi; Miley Minor, Anthony New- 
ley; Mr. Stringer, Anthony Nicholls.

HOUSE OF STRANGERS—20th Century-Fox: 
Gino Monetti, Edward G. Robinson, Irene Bennett, 
Susan Hayward, Max Movoit, Richard Conlin; Joe 
Movoit, Luther Adler; Pietro Monetti, Paul Valen- 
tin, Tony, Efrem Zimbalist Jr.; Maria Domenico, 
Debra Paget, Helena Demondo, Hope Emerson, 
Theora, Esther Minicelli; Elaine Monetti, Diana 
Douglas, Lena, Tito Vudrio; Peter, Albert Morin, 
Walter, Sid Tomnack; Judge, Thomas Browne Henry; 
Provost, David Wolfe; Danny, John Kellogg.

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME—M-G-M: 
Fernonia Fisher, Judy Garland; Andrew Dibley La- 
ria, Van Johnson; Otto Kruger, S. Z. "Cuddles" 
Skating; Nellie Burke, Spring Byington; Roy Han- 
sen, Clinton Sundberg; Hickey, Buster Keaton; 
Louise Parkhouse, Marcella Van Dyke; Aunt Addie, Lib- 
ian Bronson.

JOHNNY ALLEGRO—
Columbia: Johnny Allegro; George Gaeta; Glenda 
Chapman, Nina Foch; Morgan Valley; George Macready; 
Schley, Will Geer; Ab- 
Tina, Gloria Henry; Pelham Ditch, Ivan Tre Guam; 
Pudge, Harry Anton; Roy, William "Bill" Phillips; 
Ciment, Walter; Detective, Thomas Henry.

RED MENACE, THE—Republic: Bill Jones, 
Robert Rockwell; Nina Petrosko, Hanne Axman; Frankie 
Kraus, Betty Lou Gerson; Mollie O'Flaherty, Bar- 
bara Fuller; Henry Strohman, Sheparrd Strickland; Larry 
Parmalee, Lester Lather; Jack Taylor, William J. 
Lalley; Inspector O'Teale, Lloyd G. Davis, Reuel 
Nunnal; Father Lloy, Leo Cleary; Mrs. O'Flaherty, Kay 
Bihn; Rings, William Mattel; Mar- 
tha Lister, Jane Harrington; Mrs. J. Robert Duke 
Williams; Tom Wright, Napoleon Simpson.

ROPE OF SAND—Paramount: Mike Daves, Bert 
Lancaster; Suzanne Renard, Convine Calvert; Com- 
mandant Paul Voel, Paul Henreutich; Arthur Mar- 
tinguil, Claude Rainis; Tony, Peter Lorre; Dr. 
Satic, Marion Parke; Dartmouth, Paul O'Connell; 
field, Priser, Mike Mazurki; John, Kenny Washington.

TAKE ONE FALSE STEP—
U-I: Andrew Gent- 
lings, John Hodiak, Theresa Rothen- 
ters; Martha Wier, Marsha Hunt, Gladwell, James 
Glesson; Helen Goverina, Dorothy Ham- 
zy, Susie, Jess Barbara, Prof. Morris Aron, Felix Bret 
statt; Henry Friel, Art Baker; Pascare, Sheldon 
Leavitt; Dr. Marko, Howard Freeman; Batch- 
er, Housekey Stevenson; Arnsperger, Paul Harvey.

WEAKER SEX, THE—Rank-Eagle Lion; Martha 
Ursula Jenkins; Geoffrey Roddiche, Cyril Parker; Hel- 
I, Joan Hopkins; Wibb, Derek Bond; Lolly, Lane 
Morris; Roddy, John Stone; Mrs. Gare, Thora Hird, 
Sally, Dugby Walser, Haverick, Marion Spencer; 
Maia, Molding, Dorothy Bramhall; Soldier, Bill Owen.

YOU'RE MY EVERYTHING—20th Century-Fox: 
Timothy O'Connor, Dan Dally, Hannah McAdams, 
Anne Baxter; Aunt Jane, Anne Bevere; Mr. Evers, 
Stanley Ridge; Jane, Shari Robinson; Prof. Adams, 
Henry O'Neill; Mrs. Adams, Selena Royle; Joe 
Blanton; Alan Mowbray, Colleen Boy, Robert Ar- 
thur; Butler, Buster Keaton; Elizabeth, Phyllis Ken- 
ber; Cilley, Joe Barnes; Dancers, Steve, 
Warren Berry, Announcer, John Hestand; Siebel 
Olsen, Mickey Moran; Mrs. Efrem, Charles Lat- 
arch, Robert Emmett Kean; Nurse, Ruth Clif- 
ford; Doorman, Joe Hawthor; Housekeeper, Libby 
Taylor; Maid, Geraldine Harris.

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And at the table sat Odile's younger sister, voluptuous Caresse, even more sultry than her name. She resided with Odile and her husband in the family mansion and she drove Leonce to a mad-dening desire to put an end to his wife so that he could possess her. And Foxworth himself had reasons of his own for wanting Odile out of the way.

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Occupation

*Same Price in Canada: 105 Bond St., Toronto 9
**VV (F) In the Good Old Summertine**  
(M-G-M)

A GAL with a vibrant personality—Judy Garland. She can make a moderately amusing situation seem very funny indeed, and can really put over a song.

Judy does both in this light-hearted filmusical, set in Chicago's horse-and-buggy era. Van Johnson registers as her brash young boss, who keeps needling her constantly. Each dreams of romance with another partner, meanwhile working in the music shop of hot-headed but soft-hearted S. Z. Sakall. Sympathetic Spring Byington and blundering Buster Keaton (deadpan comic of the silent screen) work there, too.

Good-natured ribbing, lilting song hits of yesteryear plus Judy and Van combine to make this a most engaging Technicolor treat for the entire family.

Your Reviewer Says: Full of melody and mirth.

**VV (A) Any Number Can Play**  
(M-G-M)

This is a tale about a big-shot gambler, who meets good fortune and bad with a smile and a shrug. Clark Gable plays the part in his usual forthright fashion and he has a dazzling cast to support him. There's beautiful Alexis Smith as his beloved wife, Wendell Corey as his thieving brother-in-law, Audrey Totter as his admiring and unhappy sister-in-law, Mary Astor as his would-be sweetheart and Darryl Hickman as his young son who is ashamed of him. Frank Morgan is a fellow-gambler out to ruin him; Lewis Stone, a pathetic has-been; Marjorie Rambeau, a loyal friend, and Richard Rober, an underworld character.

The cast, one and all, turn in laudable performances.

Your Reviewer Says: Gable deserves better.

**VV (F) The Great Sinner**  
(M-G-M)

Gregory Peck and Ava Gardner make a torrid twosome in this tale of human frailty. Europe of the 1860's provides the handsome background.

Greg goes to pieces and it isn't altogether Ava's fault. True, she's an outrageous flirt with a penchant for gambling, inherited from her black sheep father, Walter Huston. Both father and daughter are in debt to shrewd Melvyn Douglas for huge loans lost at the gambling tables. Peck, a writer on the look out for material, gets more than he bargained for when he attempts to win back the money so Ava will be free of all obligations to Douglas.

A romantic story on the longish side, it has a superior cast including Ethel Barrymore, Frank Morgan and Agnes Moorhead.

Your Reviewer Says: For your gambling mood.

---

Musical mirthpiece: Buster Keaton, S. Z. Sakall, Van Johnson and Judy Garland shine in a nostalgic film

Love takes a chance: Action-packed story of the gambling tables co-starring Alexis Smith and Clark Gable

Shadow

By Elsa Branden

++ Outstanding ++ Very good + Good  
F—For the whole family  A—For adults

22
**A** (F) Rope of Sand (Paramount)

SOUTH AFRICA'S diamond country is the locale of this star-loaded, thrill-crammed desert drama.

Burt Lancaster injects realism in the role of a two-fisted young American who returns there to retrieve a fortune in uncut stones buried in the sand. Paul Henreid excels as the vengeful German overseer of a diamond company. The hatred between them flares up with Claude Rains fanning the flames. Rains and Henreid mean to learn the hiding place of Lancaster's diamonds and, towards that end, hire seductive Corinne Calvet to turn the glamour on Burt full force.

It's Mademoiselle Calvet's first Hollywood film, but there's nothing of the novice about this eye-catching siren with the thick-as-cream French accent. Peter Lorre and Sam Jaffe complete an outstanding cast.

Your Reviewer Says: Savage, sordid, picturesque.

**V** (F) House of Strangers (Twentieth Century-Fox)

REMBELLISHED by three topnotch stars, this powerful drama about the rise and fall of an Italian-American family is sure to stir you.

Edward G. Robinson stands out as the despot head of his family. He has prospered with the years and his four sons will inherit his bank one day. However, with the exception of attorney Richard Conte—the apple of his father's eye—he treats them shabbily.

Conte registers in a colorful role, as the only son who stands by his father when ruin and disgrace threaten him. Susan Hayward turns in a vivid performance as a strong-minded female who steals Conte from his nice fiancée, Debra Paget. Luther Adler, Paul Valentine and Efrem Zimbalist Jr. score as the other sons.

Your Reviewer Says: A solid slice of life.

**V** (F) Broken Journey (Rank-Eagle Lion)

REVEALING the varied reactions of the passengers and crew of a British plane forced to land on an isolated glacier, this is an interesting drama.

The company includes Phyllis Calvert, a pretty stewardess who loses one love only to find another in co-pilot James Donald. Margot Grahame spiritedly plays a petulant film star, who starts the journey with personable Derek Bond but ends up with a new admirer. Francis L. Sullivan comically portrays a conceited Italian singer, whose voice is his very life. Then there's unfortunate Grey Blake, traveling in an iron lung accompanied by his lovely nurse, Sonia Blake.

Although overlong, distinctive acting against an Alpine backdrop makes this movie worth-while.

Your Reviewer Says: Death rides the airways.

(Continued on page 24)
For manicure perfection...

La Cross
Cuticle Scissors

True hand beauty begins with well-shaped cuticles.
These precision scissors trim cuticles cleanly, easily, help avoid painful hangnails. $2.50

Shadow Stage
✓ (F) Take One False Step (Universal-International)

WILLIAM POWELL can always be counted upon to turn in a super-smooth performance. He has a role cut to his measure in this sophisticated melodrama, describing how a reputable university professor becomes embroiled in the disreputable doings of a bold hussy.

Shelley Winters credibly plays this menacing creature, who emerges from Powell's carefree past at a most inopportune moment. The fact that Shelley is married to a shady character, and carrying on a clandestine affair with her husband's gangster-partner, makes her doubly dangerous. Besides, Powell is in love with his pretty wife, Dorothy Hart. When Shelley disappears and Bill's blood-stained scarf is found, he has to keep his wits about him to dodge a murder rap.

Marsha Hunt and James Gleason give a good account of themselves in supporting roles.

Your Reviewer Says: Slick crime story.

✓✓ (F) The Adventures of Ichabod and Mr. Toad (Disney-RKO)

Two famous classics from American and English literature provide a gay, colorful all-cartoon feature designed for youngsters and adults alike.

Bing Crosby delightfully describes the hair-raising adventures of Washington school's grotesque Yankee schoolmaster Ichabod Crane, and the Headless Horseman. Bing, who is heard but not seen, sings three songs as only he can sing them; Kenneth Grahame's "Wind in the Willows," dealing with a thrill-thirsty toad, is nicely narrated by Basil Rathbone with Eric Blore impersonating Mr. Toad's voice. A roguish creature full of impish impulses, Mr. Toad arouses the anxiety of his friends. Mr. Rat, Mr. Mole and Angus Mephisto try to save him from bankruptcy and scandal with comical results.

Your Reviewer Says: Jolly good fun. But timid children may be frightened by the Headless Horseman.

✓ (F) The Big Steal (RKO)

The tempo of this crime chronicle leaves you limp and breathless. Reckless Bob Mitchum is in the driver's seat with smart Big moment from "The Big Steal," new film starring Jane Greer, Robert Mitchum

To complete your beautiful manicure wear Naylon's wonderful tempestuous Cyclone—most reckless of all true reds! Nail enamel 60¢.

And for matching lips use smooth Naylon lipstick or Slimstick, "double processed" for creamier texture, longer wear. $1.00*

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New York City, White and Green Mountains, beautiful Ausable Chasm, cruise on Casco Bay, historic Boston, Concord and Lexington. $54.55

2-day WILLIAMSBURG TOUR
Accommodations at Williamsburg Lodge. Visit Public Gaol, Governor's Palace and Gardens, Raleigh Tavern and the Capitol. $18.98

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Yosemite Lodge is your host. See Mariposa Big Trees, Wawona Tunnel Tree, spectacular Yosemite Falls, and lovely Yosemite Valley.

3-day Atlantic City, $20.00. 3-day Chicago, $19.95. 6-day Colonial Virginia, $40.45. 3-day Detroit, $12.10. 7-day Fajrta Springs, $137.10. 11-day Florida Circle, $123.10. 4-day Havana, Cuba, $60.60. 3-day Kentucky Caves, $21.10. 4-day Los Angeles, $16.00. 8-day Mexico City, $68.60. 3-day Montreal-Quebec, $35.05. 4-day New York City, $18.55. 3-day Niagara Falls, $11.75. 3-day Salt Lake City, $8.50. 3-day Washington, D.C., $12.50.

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MW 99
Jane Greer at his side and Army Captain Bill Bendix hot on his heels.

Mitchum appears to be running off to Mexico with a wad of stolen money, but it turns out that tricky Patric Knowles is the real culprit. Seems Knowles sweet-talked Jane into giving him her savings as well, and now she means to get it back. With Knowles as their common enemy, Bob and Jane are thrown together. A wild auto race along a twisting mountain road, culminating in a blazing gun battle, provides plenty of excitement.

An attractive twosome, Mitchum and Greer handle their roles competently. Capable performances are also contributed by Bendix, Knowles and veteran actor Ramon Novarro.

Your Reviewer Says: Fast-paced chase film.

✓ (F) You're My Everything
(Twentieth Century-Fox)

WITH each new picture, Dan Dailey proves he is a hero extraordinary, oozing personality from every pore. His leading lady in this entertaining musical romance is Anne Baxter.

Playing a flapper, who becomes movie-dom's "Hotcha Girl a la Clara Bow," is quite a departure from her dramatic roles. But Anne handles the assignment expertly, delivering an ingratiating and sincere performance. Both Dan and Anne have starred in stronger stories than this one about a couple in a thrill in love, marry and stumble into Hollywood stardom back in the Torrid Twenties. It isn't their careers or another woman that come between them, but their own child. Against Anne's wishes, Dan encourages the tap-happy youngster to become a movie starlet. As played by Shari Robinson, she's a talented ten-year-old who ably polishes off a couple of Shirley Temple's former numbers, including "Good Ship Lollipop."

Ann Revere and Stanley Ridges are featured to advantage in supporting roles.

Your Reviewer Says: Musically diverting.

✓ (F) The Weaker Sex
(Rank-Eagle Lion)

ENGLISH womanhood receives a fine tribute in this touching wartime drama.

Ursula Jeans, rather like Irene Dunne with an English accent, is as gracious as she's attractive. Her family consists of two grown daughters, a son and son-in-law, all engaged in war work. The commonplace tasks of keeping house, of waiting in awful suspense while D-Day looms over them, are graphically described. In contrast to his usual pompous roles, Cecil Parker sympathetically portrays a middle-aged naval officer billeted in Ursula's home. Chock-full of charm, he is a real catch for any widow. Joan Hopkins, Derek Bond, Lana Morris, John Stone and Thora Hird complete a noteworthy cast.

If you think the British are a cold-blooded lot, this warm, sentimental film will change your mind.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll enjoy a good cry.

✓ (F) The Guinea Pig
(Pilgrim Pictures)

IF YOU have had your fill of movie murders and are in the mood for a picture with more mental than physical appeal, this is it. Made in Britain, it presents an interesting story, intelligently treated and splendidly acted. If it seems to drag at times, that's because American audiences are geared to a faster tempo.

Richard Attenborough sensitively portrays a schoolboy of middle-class English background, suddenly thrust into a world completely foreign to him. He has won a scholarship to a socially elite school brim...
Have

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LOOK"

Legs!

Kept smooth and hair-free longer... by Nair... the safe, odorless depilatory lotion... that removes leg hair quickly, easily... leaves legs smoother... more exciting...

Lady—throw your razor away—use safe, odorless, new Nair lotion to keep legs smoother... more exciting.

No nicks... no bristles... no stubble regrowth. No irritation to normal skin.

Nair keeps legs hair-free longer... because it dissolves the hair itself closer to skin.

Have “second look” legs! Get Nair today.

Best Pictures of the Month

House of Strangers

Best Performances of the Month

Edward G. Robinson, Susan Hayward, Richard Conte, Luther Adler in “House of Strangers”

Judy Garland, Van Johnson in “In the Good Old Summertime”

William Powell in “Take One False Step”

Ursula Jeans, Cecil Parker in “The Weaker Sex”

Dan Dailey, Anne Baxter in “You’re My Everything”
BING AND WALT
(CROSBY, THAT IS) (DISNEY, OF COURSE)
team up on The Headless Horseman!

Walt Disney presents

"ICHABOD and MR. TOOD"
told and sung by BING CROSBY and BASIL RATHBONE

and told by RKO Radio Pictures

distributed by

"THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN"

"KATRINA"

"ICHABOD CRANE"

In one hilarious all-cartoon feature... two of the finest stories ever written, are told by... three of the world’s greatest storytellers: Walt Disney, Bing Crosby and Basil Rathbone.

Walt and Basil Rathbone tell another tall tale about that rich, reckless, up-to-anything charmer, The Magnificent Mr. Toad, and his frantic friends in a sparkling interpretation of Kenneth Graham’s "The Wind in the Willows."

Walt and Bing bring to rollicking, melodious life that famous masterpiece... Washington Irving’s fabulous "Legend of Sleepy Hollow" with awkward Ichabod Crane, curvaceous Katrina and the hair-raising Headless Horseman.

Hear BING sing:

TWO TALL TALES

(Distributed on page 29)
BY JOE MARTIN

IT'S A GREAT FEELING: The top ballad from the Doris Day-Jack Carson film is "Blame My Absent-Minded Heart" and Doris sings it persuasively. "Now That I Need You" is a cute rhythm song that makes this Columbia record a winner. Jack Carson has signed a Capitol Records contract and has already recorded the hit songs from this film.

TASK FORCE: The Freddie Martin band does right well by this wistful tune called "If You Could Care." The reverse side is the lovely "Portrait of Jennie." (RCA Victor)

NEPTUNE'S DAUGHTER: Ricardo Montalan recorded "My Heart Beats Faster" (M-G-M), but not nearly so well as Tony Martin and the Jud Connlon singers. (RCA Victor)

MISS LIBERTY: "I Love You" and "Let's Take an Old-Fashioned Walk" are well done by Perry Como on RCA Victor and by the Frank Sinatra-Doris Day combination for Columbia. Dinah Shore on Columbia and Fran Warren on RCA Victor are excellent as they sing the lovely "Homework." The light, fluffy version of "You Can Have Him," which is sung as a duet by Dinah and Doris, is Grade "A."


RED, HOT AND BLUE: The sensuous voice of Jane Harvey is perfectly mated to "Now That I Need You." The reverse side has Jane singing "Weep No More" (M-G-M). Another truly great version of the song is Betty Hutton's (Capitol).

BING CROSBY—CONNEE BOSWELL: Here's a Decca reissue of a pair of songs that belong in everyone's record collection: "Bob White" and "Basin Street Blues." Both are masterpieces that will live forever.

THINK OF IT!
YOU...writing the words to the melodies of internationally famous composers who have made many thousands of dollars with their music. Here's what you may win: For each writing lyric, you will be offered a regular songwriter contract (SPA form)—and $1000 cash advance against contract royalties. (Winning songs will be recorded by famed Capitol artists and sold nationally!) You stand to make many times more than $1000, if the songs become hits. (Remember, it's possible for you to win more than one prize—even all six!)

PLUS the fact that as a co-writer with one of America's greatest popular composers you'll have made a big step to fame and fortune in a business where the rewards are great.

NEVER BEFORE A CONTEST LIKE THIS!
GET YOUR OFFICIAL "SONGS WITHOUT WORDS" CONTEST ENTRY BLANKS TODAY, AT YOUR FAVORITE RECORD STORE.

ATTENTION!
This contest—sponsored by CAPITOL, one of America's largest record producers—should not be confused with the dozens of school offers to make you "a songwriter overnight." Capitol expects to uncover new talent. Remember, it costs you nothing to enter!
"I dress for a square dance... at 8 o'clock in the morning!"

1. "At work, I feel like a 'best dressed business woman' in my smart black jacket with clear, clean-cut lines above a pumpkin-colored skirt. I add a black belt, an orange silk scarf, and, of course, I rely on gentler, even more effective Odorono Cream... because I know it protects me from perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!"

New Odorono Cream brings you an improved new formula in a bright new package. Stays creamy-smooth too... even if you leave the cap off for weeks!

2. "At the party, the jacket comes off and my pretty, boating-necked jersey blouse makes its appearance. Highlighted by the gold of my necklace, bracelet and belt buckle, it's an orange with my pretty pumpkin skirt! I'm confident of my charm all evening, too, thanks to new Odorono Cream... because I find it gives me the most effective protection I've ever known!"

It never harms fine fabrics, and is so gentle you can use it right after shaving! You'll find it the perfect deodorant!

New Odorono Cream safely stops perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!

(Now in new 25¢ and 50¢ sizes, plus tax)
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...yet All you do is use New Drene Shampoo!

Think what a treat your next shampoo can be—if you use New Drene. Instead of fuss and bother, you have luxurious ease and simplicity. You use New Drene...and New Drene does the rest.

Hair that’s naturally shining and soft, full of highlights...yet you don’t need to use a single special rinse. Hair that sets easily and holds its wave beautifully...even without lotions or pomades. It’s so wonderfully simple! Just use New Drene—that’s the whole routine!

You see, New Drene has an exclusive cleansing agent found in no other shampoo—cream or liquid. That’s why New Drene cleans your hair so thoroughly, so gently...rinses out so completely. That’s why New Drene leaves your hair so springy, curls last and last. Be sure to try this wonderful New Drene Shampoo right away!

For Complete Hair Beauty...Get

NEW DRENE Shampoo
DURING the past year many old movies have been reissued. This is as it should be. Judy Garland as Dorothy in "The Wizard of Oz" certainly should belong to every generation growing up. Now being shown, too, are "Intermezzo" with Ingrid Bergman seen in her lovely youthfulness and "Gone with the Wind" with green-eyed Vivien Leigh playing Scarlett and Clark Gable in his greatest role as Rhett Butler. There's also "Blossoms in the Dust," "Pride of the Yankees" and many more.

It's another type of reissue that the editors of Photoplay deplore; old movies obviously not popular enough to come back on their own merits—with new titles. When the advertising makes it inescapably clear these pictures were previously shown under another title the practise is fair enough. But there are too many times when this is not done. It puts short-time profits into the hands of producers at the cost of long-time customer displeasure. Repeat this long enough and you have neither profit nor audience.

Fred Karamanis
WHO WILL BE YOUR

Top favorite, in spite of its grim theme: "Johnny Belinda" with Jane Wyman, Agnes Moorehead and Lew Ayres in leading roles

Runner-up is "Red River," which started a new trend, with Joanne Dru, Monty Clift

Six months have passed since that momentous and glittering evening, when in a star-filled room, the Photoplay Gold Medals and Citations were awarded to the most popular stars and pictures of the year.

We are now at the halfway mark of an even more exciting competition to determine the 1949 winners. We have again retained Audience Research Inc, to keep a careful tabulation of all your preferences. This year, as in past years, your choices and opinions follow an interesting pattern. For instance:

Most popular actresses are liked
Check the results of our Audience Research Inc.'s national poll for the first six months and you will see that this promises to be the most exciting year in Photoplay's Gold Medal history!

"The Snake Pit," with Olivia de Havilland, Leo Genn, is another realistic picture which is now running third in the race for votes better by women, not men. This is a surprising rule you made for yourselves. Jane Wyman, as an example, is stronger with women than with men. So are Olivia de Havilland, Ingrid Bergman, Bette Davis, Esther Williams and Greer Garson. Another movie damsel in this group may astonish you. She is Lana Turner. This apparently paradoxical fact is easily explained: Women like to identify themselves with the beautiful movie stars. Hence their popularity with their own sex.

Rita Hayworth, on the other hand, is equally popular with men and (Continued on page 90) It's the opposite sex that gives Dorothy Lamour her star chance

If it were left to men, Bob Hope would be the biggest star of all
Listen

by Humphrey Bogart

"Don't trust a boss because he's nice to you! Don't play patty-cake with other women! Don't beef about money but yell about opportunities . . ." says Bogie, who gave John Derek the "go" sign in "Knock on Any Door"

Now that you have clicked overnight, don't pull your punches!

Get in there and follow up your flash. Forget your fears and don't fumble. If you do, I ought to belt you.

Suddenly, you've got life on the run, Johnny. If you use that brain of yours, you can wind up a long-term winner. If your Hollywood bosses give you the right breaks, in three years you can be the same sort of star Tyrone Power is. While you are waiting for that happy day, take these tips from a guy who has been through the mill.

It is what you insist on being, and what you won't do, that gradually shapes your personal story on this funny, flying globe. So, don't waste any time being a chump. Figure the angles. There are a lot of slickers out to take you. By-pass the curse of stupid conventions. Stick to your own pattern. If you're shrewd enough, you'll be a true success.

From our work together in "Knock on Any Door," you know what a determined so-and-so I am. I've ended up with my own productions, when I'm not making my one picture a year for Warners. Now I film the movies I like, and reap the profits as well as the pleasure of doing only what suits me. (Continued on page 83)
To Me, Kid

Coming attraction: John Derek has star role in "All the King's Men"
When Esther Williams went to her mother with that important question she knew the answer would be as honest as their relations with each other.

**Mermaid-In-Waiting**

by Kate Holliday

Because she’s Esther she hasn’t been doing any of the things you’d expect an expectant mother to do.
ESTHER WILLIAMS was spending the afternoon with her mother over in Englewood, in the little house in which she was born. These casual afternoon visits home were among the nicest things that the long holiday she was having, while she awaited her baby, permitted her.

"Mom, I want you to tell me the truth," she said. She leaned forward. "Even if you think it's something I won't want to hear. Promise, Mom?"

Mrs. Williams patted her daughter's firm, brown hand. "What's your trouble?"

"I'm worried about the baby that's coming. I keep wondering whether or not I'm going to be the kind of mother I want my baby to have, and be a good wife and actress, too.

"It's a little late to think about such things, I know that! But, Mom, I just couldn't stand it if my baby and I didn't have the same close relationship you and I have always had."

Mrs. Williams sat back in her low rocking chair. "Esther, I strongly suspect your career will make you a good mother. Because of it and the time it will keep you away from home, you'll undoubtedly arrange certain hours to be with your child. Also, because you won't constantly be together, your child will be more exciting to you and the other way 'round.

"It isn't the length of time a woman spends with her children that makes her a good mother. It's the attitude she brings to their hours together; her understanding of a child's world, her sense of fun and play. I have a feeling you're going to be a very wonderful mother, indeed."

Perhaps Mrs. Williams was remembering the patience, spirit and understanding she had seen (Continued on page 87)
BY ELSA MAXWELL

She served him coffee—he disappeared into the kitchen! She mentioned movies—he plunged into politics!
She said goodbye—he left by the service elevator!
Which isn’t surprising—she was entertaining Clift!

"They said formal—so I wore tweeds!"

"Celebrity seekers... cost me my home"
AND DIFFERENT


But Monty is strictly one of a kind. There are those who will tell you this is just as well, that he is a poseur, as well as difficult and opinionated. There are others who rave about him as a person and as an actor.

Actually, you know, Monty—under exclusive contract to no one—can be hired by any studio that has what it takes. And what it takes isn’t any gargantuan sum of money, only a role to Monty’s liking. However, the money might be easier to produce. (Continued on page 86)

Color Pictures by Coplan-Dirone
Final love chapter: Gloria Hatrick McLean and Jimmy Stewart. His next picture is "Malaya"

kiss the girls goodbye

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

Back home in Indiana, a man's got to know where he's going. Jim does. That's why he's changing his bachelor course in midstream!

IT WAS a birthday dinner for two. Candles glowed softly. The quiet was broken only by muted sounds from the kitchen and the talk and laughter of the host and his lovely guest. He leaned across the table and said four abrupt words, "Will you marry me?"


So far as Jim's friends are concerned, he could not have bowed to a sweeter "enemy" than Gloria Hatrick McLean. Bill Grady, casting director at Metro who is his pal, says, "When a girl can listen to Jim playing and singing 'Ragtime Cowboy Joe' for seven nights a week running, it's love."

Before the news hit the papers, Bill got a call from the Metro set where Jimmy was doing added scenes on "Malaya."

"Uh, Billy, have you got a blue suit?"

"Yes, I guess so. Haven't worn it in a long time."

"Well, you'll have to wear it now—and be (Continued on page 88)
Maggie Sullivan: First link in Jim's romance chain

Roz Russell: For laughs—but rumor was serious

Ginger Rogers: This date kept gossip columns going

Olivia de Havilland: Cupid missed the boat on this one

Anita Colby: Hollywood asked but no one answered

Myrna Dell: Wedding bells became bachelor buttons
Blonde rhythm: Betty Grable, star of "Wabash Avenue"
Blonde Bonanza

BY DIANE SCOTT

The musical number they were shooting on the "Wabash Avenue" set at Twentieth was "My Honey Man." The girl who was putting it over was a blonde beauty in a strapless black affair, by the name of Betty Grable.

Every eye was on Betty—on her dazzling bright head, on her curves so sweetly silhouetted by the scant black costume. Men applauded silently and girls sighed a little enviously.

Betty stopped suddenly, right in the middle of a phrase, her blue eyes wide.

"What's the matter?" queried director Henry Koster.

"Isn't that smoke? Isn't the set back of you on fire?" Betty asked calmly, as a studio fireman, whose eyes, too, had been glued to her, sprang into instant action to take care of the short that had flared up in the wiring.

It was just about this time, too, that some folks in Hollywood were saying where there's smoke there must be fire, too, in Betty's private life—the smoke being the recurring rumor that the Jameses were separating. Betty was denying these rumors as vigorously as she had denied all previous rumors on the subject. So was Harry.

On the opposite side of the fence from the rumor-mongers were all the Hollywood people who had passed the James car on the road and reported that Betty and Harry were sitting close together and acting like a couple of newlyweds. There also were the people who remembered what Betty had told a Photoplay writer last spring. Said Betty then: "When I started

She's made musicals and marriage pay off in happiness but not even Betty Grable can keep out of the rumor-range

Vicki and Jessica won't go Hollywood if Betty can help it

(Continued on page 98)
1933: The bigger the star, the bigger the car—in those days! This is Gary Cooper with his green and yellow Deusenberg.

1939: Rare Hollywood spectacle then but Bette Davis and George Brent didn’t care.

1939: Greta Garbo went to Irene Hauser, left in a hurry—but not.
Photoplay's photographer gives you the best years of his lens life—the Hollywood he sees through his camera

EVERYONE keeps an album of favorite pictures. I'm no exception. I haven't been able to keep all the pictures I've taken since I've been behind the lens for Photoplay, of course. Save an average of 500 shots a month for fifteen years and you'd be borrowing living space from Fido.

However, there are some pictures with which I wouldn't part. One picture is worth a thousand words, the Chinese say. To me, certain pictures are worth more than that. For the stories behind them capture the moods of Hollywood and its fascinating people. I've seen them all—from Mary Pickford and Broncho Billy to Betsy Drake and Monty Clift.

Joan Crawford tees off my album. She's been one of my pets for years. My fashion show with Dr. Gaylord fast enough to dodge Hymie.


1940: This one's his favorite! Cesar Romero, Joan Crawford, bride Billie Carey, Hymie, Rudy Vallee— at the Fink wedding!
first pictures of her were taken in the Twenties when she was doing the Charleston at the Cocoanut Grove. But the shot I like best, a decided contrast to all the others, is one of her playing football on an empty lot in Brentwood. Got it not so long ago, by accident.

I was doing a sitting of Joan at her house. Around four o'clock she called quits, told me she had to leave. Wearing a pair of shorts and a sweater, she left the house with her two eldest kids, Christina and Christopher. “Give you a lift?” I asked.

“No, thanks. We’re just going down to the corner. Want to come along?”

We walked around the block. There, in an empty lot, Joan and the children began an informal game of football. Before long, half a dozen neighborhood kids joined them, the game becoming more and more rough and tumble. A number of automobiles with tourists passed. A sight-seeing bus cruised along. But nobody paid any attention. Who would expect to find Joan Craw- (Continued on page 81)
1949: Picture of a photographer taking a picture: A lot of Hollywood buds have blossomed since Hymie took his first pictures of Mary Pickford! Gloria DeHaven, Jane Powell and Elizabeth Taylor pose for a place in Fink's album.

Hymie has a sneaking suspicion of Fink than Fink has of Gable!

1949: A sightseeing bus went by while Hymie was "covering" this game. The passengers never suspected the tall girl in the game was Joan Crawford!
IN Hollywood, where superlatives describe everything from an historical epic to a banana split, the quality of greatness has been unmercifully strained.

So, to the many lists of the “great this” and the “great that,” let me add my list of the great ladies.

In my language, a lady is a girl or woman who is genuinely kind and considerate. She is a sweet Patsy who puts something back into the rich soil on which she feeds. She’s generous without being extravagant; impulsive, but not a screwball, a girl who would rather embarrass herself than the least of the work-
Dorothy Lamour kept a promise

Betty Hutton's act saved the show

Loretta Young restored lost hopes

She doesn't need a dictionary as she passes out her laurels. When it comes to defining a lady, Webster can take lessons from Sheilah

Joan Crawford didn't forget to call

Claudette Colbert starred at tea

GREAT LADIES

ers around her. It's very definitely not family silver, big parties, ancestry (I'm thinking of that young but famous star who tells you about her husband's titled European family at every pause in the conversation) or the size of a name on a theater marquee that counts. And neither does it have anything to do with a college degree.

Betty Hutton didn't even finish high school, although it's her dream to go back one day and get her diploma. She'll be wasting her time. So far as I'm concerned, she's already graduated, cum laude. The Hutton heart goes deeper (Continued on page 72)
June, who’s ultra neat, invaded Dick’s dressing room, swept the rug while he rehearsed!

Dick had to teach June to fight for herself

“Little Idiot” and “Barrel House Joe” suited her fine—until he found this better name for June Allyson

my Mrs. Mike

BY DICK POWELL

RIGHT now—that’s what I call June Allyson, my wife—My Mrs. Mike. “Mrs. Mike” is on my mind, these days, because it is my most recent picture. Our own company bought the book originally, backed the production with our own dough, produced it and I starred in it. I believe in the yarn completely, because it is a wonderful love story about a wonderful girl determined to make a success of her marriage against all odds.

But, I doubt that I would have believed in the story so completely if I hadn’t known June. Because Junie is my Mrs. Mike, a kid determined to make a success of her marriage, against all odds. Including me. Including those typically Hollywood, absolutely unfounded, completely ridiculous rumors that we are about to separate.

I want to tell you the whole truth about all this, as a tribute to this gallant, spunky, enthusiastic small wife of mine, who has made me (Continued on page 102)
Zachary Scott of "One Last Fling" and his wife use their olive green and light wood living room for formal purposes only.

The House that Zach built

By HANS DREIER

Supervising Art Director of Paramount Pictures, Inc.

By putting cherished pieces in their proper places and following his plan for happiness, Zach proves no house is too small to make a lasting impression.
THE house that Zach Scott built is small and cozy. Located upon a Brentwood hilltop, the views from it are beautiful and far-reaching. Its simple exterior, however, would deceive any sight-seeing tourist, for it seems much too "modest" to be the home of a celebrity. Maybe! But it's perfect for Zach.

Call me a decoration detective, if you wish, but I hadn't been in the Scott home five minutes before I was convinced that Zach is shy, even reserved with strangers, that he vastly enjoys cooking and eating; that he is very much in love with his wife and that he and Elaine Scott are wonderful parents to their teen-age daughter, Waverly.

The quiet comfort of this house envelops you the minute you step inside. Three rooms immediately are visible, the den with a bar, the living room and, off the living room, the dining room.  

(Continued on page 92)
June Haver never forgets a Xmas Eve lesson

A broken window exposed John Lund to the career he really wants

Hollywood's Memorable

A reflection in a mirror, a near-accident on a highway, a lovers' quarrel—incidents that were to change the course of many a star

Susan Hayward lost a role and won a victory

Chance and a baby kitten cured Gary Cooper of an infatuation
Moments

ONE moment—one tick of a clock—seems too little time to change a life. But it can. Many of us can remember at least one fleeting second when we zigged instead of zagged and thus changed our entire pattern. There was that (Continued on page 94)

A press introduction changed Errol Flynn's life

A broken leg sent Doris Day off in a different direction

Burt Lancaster's car license led to stardom

A "warrant" for Shelley Winters changed a bad habit

by FLORABEL MUIR
Fair and warmer: Wanda read poem clues to find gifts hidden by guests Ann Blyth, Mona Freeman, mother Mrs. Mary Hendrix and hostess Edith Head, Paramount designer Edith Head, usually strict about diets, put down her tape measure for this occasion and gave Ann Blyth, Mary Hatcher and the rest all the sweets they wanted.

Ann's gift, No. 7, made her the next bride! Clockwise, Mary Lou Van Ness (secretary to Paramount stars), Mona Freeman. Vanessa Brown, Elizabeth Lingo (Wanda's secretary-companion), Wanda, Edith Head, Mrs. Hendrix, Mary Hatcher, Ann Blyth.
Very few prenuptial parties were given for Wanda Hendrix. Because, all the time she was engaged to war hero Audie Murphy, she was in Italy making "Prince of Foxes." She didn't get home until Christmas, and was married on January eighth. Audie had to paint and decorate their apartment completely by correspondence.

So, Edith Head's party for Wanda was a bride's shower, rather than a bride-to-be shower.

Edith's parties, executed with as much talent and flair as the lovely costumes she designs for the stars on the Paramount lot, are just as famous. And when she planned her party for Wanda, she received fast and happy acceptances from Ann Blyth, who appears in Paramount's "Top of the Morning"; Mona Freeman and Vanessa Brown, who worked together in "The Heiress"; Diana Lynn, who returned to the studio for "Bitter Victory"; Mary Hatcher, now in Columbia's "Holiday in Havana"; Mary Lou Van Ness, secretary to Paramount players; Elizabeth Lingo, Audie's cousin, and Wanda's mother, Mrs. Mary Hendrix.

So the party would be more fun, Edith arranged for Wanda to be the last to arrive. Before she came, all the gifts were hidden and (Continued on page 100)

By Kay Mulvany

Fun forecast: Delayed shower, followed by a deluge—of surprises for Wanda Hendrix, who read a poem and tracked down a treasure
Betsy Drake of the bright young charm. She's in “Dancing in the Dark”
The Hollywood masquerade is over. Beauty no longer comes out of a make-up kit—it's the happy combination of all the best things that you are

All true. But what the superficial observers overlooked was the fact that Betsy had a solid something that was going to serve her considerably better than the overworked commodity called beauty. What she had—and still has, thanks to her own determination and drive—was a kind of brisk, clear-cut simplicity, a trim completeness, utter individuality.

After the first shock had worn off, the wise characters settled back and relaxed. "Oh well, wait until the studio takes over," they purred. "They'll jazz her up, curl her hair, soften that mouth, shed those eyebrows."

They reckoned without Betsy, who doesn't know anyone on this green earth if she doesn't know Betsy. And what she knew was that her claim to fame, if she was to have one, must be the very individuality that had startled the natives in the first place. There would be no drastic changes made. Her face was not to be covered with a new and fancier face.

What is more, the experts agreed with her! With the happy result (Continued on page 96)
ABOARD THE SNUFFY

Lana never went deep-sea fishing before she met her husband Bob Topping—but you’d never know it to see her now! Her studio is planning two pictures for her after her eighteen-month holiday—one, a comedy, “The Reformer and the Redhead.”

Lana weighs one of tunas she caught. Catching tuna means fighting 300 to 700-lb. fish for hours.

Dan Topping and brother Bob, friends again, can be proud of wives, Kay and Lana, who won trophies in Women’s Events.
Exclusive shots of Lana Turner in exclusive Cat Cay, where tuna is the main attraction and Lana is simply "Bob’s wife—a darned good sport!"

Spring and early summer found Lana and Bob Topping cruising around the Bahamas on the Snuffy. This fifty-four-foot boat has a beautiful stateroom and deck house but quarters only for a crew. Lana, however, managed well without the service to which she’s accustomed. She’s no softie—as she proved when she won third place in the Women’s Day events at Cat Cay. Husbands couldn’t go along but Bob went ahead “scouting” tuna for Lana. On all occasions, Lana’s warm simple manners made friends for her instantly. Now, if Bob will adjust to Hollywood as well as Lana adjusted to his world, all should go well.

First lady fisher to boat a tuna during the 1949 season there. Lana’s weighed 497 lbs., Bob’s, 388 lbs.
For fisherman Ford, a chance to try his “casting” talents elsewhere

Glenn's Italian records were just so much "static" to son Pete!

by robbin coons

Strange things have been happening around the Ford house since Glenn decided to leave security behind and take off in pursuit of a dream
Glenn's picture-making plans will send three Fords traveling in the same direction. His latest film is "Mr. Soft Touch."

There have been strange goings-on recently around the Beverly Hills home of Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Ford and son Peter, aged four.

For instance: One day, the ordinarily dignified Mr. Ford drove his blue Lincoln convertible into the driveway fronting his beautiful, two-story French Provincial house. He stepped from the car and, with no concern for his neat sports attire whatever, ran to the lawn and did a series of enthusiastic back-flips. Like a happy guy, celebrating something. Son Peter, watching this performance gravely, retreated to the house to report, "Mommy," he said, "Daddy is acting awful silly..."

For instance: The stalwart Glenn has been faithfully sitting, on daily schedule, by his record-player. The sounds coming therefrom have been of a nature to puzzle Peter. "Mommy," he reported, after listening a while, "Daddy is playing records and they are not music and they are not talking, either. They are like static on the radio."

"Honey," smiled Eleanor Powell Ford, "they are talking records. Only they're in a language called Italian. It's spoken by people across the ocean in a country called Italy. Daddy is learning how to speak Italian."

For instance: Down from Glenn's bookshelves, down from the attic, up from the basement, have come certain books. These are collected in stacks, more or less neat, beside Glenn's desk in his bedroom-study. The books are all about faraway (Continued on page 70)
EVEN with Lady Elsie Mendl, that indefatigable party-giver, in Paris, her charming husband, Sir Charles, carried on the family “tradition” of constant entertaining, so of course, when Charles was about to take off for Europe, there were dinners and soirees galore tossed for him. The Bob Cummingses gave him a dinner dance at the Beverly Hills Hotel’s Crystal Room. Arlene Dahl, whom Sir Charles always escorts, was there in a full length, floaty, mauve chiffon gown, with a draped, strapless bodice, very low and almost heart-shaped in front. Over it (even though all her accessories were of deeper mauve) she wore a long, flowing coat of navy blue lace, lined with pale mauve satin! A gorgeous ensemble, but a wrap of that color combination isn’t as extravagant as it sounds, because it would look so well over almost any pastel shade of gown. Roz Russell, Fred Brisson, photographer Paul Hesse, the Ken Murrays, Lew Ayres and Michael Gazinsky (an ex-Polish nobleman, who makes the most out-of-this-world cheesecake and sells it to most of the film notables) were in the gay crowd.

Another affair for Sir Charles was given by Paul Hesse at his wonderfully charming little beach house at Malibu, where Joan Fontaine and Bill Dozier, Ginny Simms and her spouse Hyatt Dehn and others were served a luncheon of hot lobster, green salad and mint drinks, as they took a squint at the blue Pacific from the terrace of Paul’s little “palace.” Joan Fontaine was delirious.

Headline print: Stole fringe matches red in the red-orange-and-yellow linen dress designed by Brenda Marshall.
over the fact that she gets to star in "Bed of Roses," which was purchased with her in mind a couple of years ago, when hubby Bill was head of RKO. And now that she's not going to England to make "Trilby," she gets the story she's wanted for so long. It's real light and calls for gobs of clothes, so she went on a mad duds-buying spree in New York. Most of the things she bought are things you'll see on the screen. One of the dresses she had just bought, she wore to Hesse's luncheon. It really was a dual-personality dress, perfect for daytime in this season which is "almost fall," but still hot. Alone, it's a gay sundress in blue, gray and white print, in one of those new color-fast, wrinkle-resistant materials, and it has tiny, narrow straps supporting the bare-shouldered bodice. The skirt, rather longish, is full and gathered to the waist. Over this goes a gray jacket of heavy cotton, lined with the print. It's the kind of a costume that should be in every gal's wardrobe—for outdoor fun or more sophisticated afternoon doings.

Jo Stafford is another with a new gown that is perfect for transition from one season to another. Very elegant, but so packable while it's still "weekend away" time. It's a slim-lined evening gown of midnight-blue chiffon, finely pleated all around the skirt (the kind of pleats you can't squash out!) that sweeps the floor. The top is very décolleté back and front, with soft draping over the shoulders that forms a wing-like sleeve effect. When Jo packs it, she merely pulls the dress out to full length and loops it into a big, neat twist! And the pleats spring right back into place when the dress is untwisted.

Audrey Totter and Brian Donlevy are still going strong as a twosome, and still making the rounds of the night spots regularly. And Audrey's ex-fiancé, writer Charlie Grayson, is going steady with the beauty (and former band singer), Amy Arnell. Since both couples seem to be doing fine, no one can figure out why the Totter gal sees red and gives a big freeze to either Amy or Grayson when they run into each other, (Continued on page 85)
That hidden, magic self within you
— can transform your world

Does that wished-for woman you’d like
to seem tantalizingly out of reach?
She shouldn’t! Every woman has the
to change herself—be lovelier.

A wonderful force within You can help
you. It grows out of the close relation of
your Inner Self to your Outer Self and the
power of each to change the other.

You sense this force in the warm glow
of confidence you give out when you
look your loveliest. You also know its
down-pulling feeling of inferiority, when
you are not at your best. It is the reason
those special daily attentions that add to
your outer loveliness can make so much
difference to You—and all who see you!

“Outside-Inside” Face Treatment

You’ll find this “Outside-Inside” Face Treatment with Pond’s Cold Cream has a
wonderful way of giving skin a cleanness
and freshness other people notice. Always
at bedtime (for day cleansings, too) cream
your face this special way. Do it like this:

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

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

Cold Stimulation—give your face a tonic
cold water splash.

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

Mrs. Ryan says: “I find it a delightful
beauty routine, Pond’s is the finest quality
face cream anyone can ask for.”

Remember—it is not vanity to develop
the beauty of your face. When you look
lovely it has a magic way of rippling out
to all who see you—all who love you. It
adds both to your happiness and to theirs.
It brings the Inner You closer to others.

Mrs. Allan A. Ryan

The Special Magic
of her Inner Self glows through
her lovely, expressive face

Mrs. Ryan’s charming, sensitive face has a
lovely way of showing you delightful pictures
of her vivid self. Small wonder so many
doors and hearts open wide for her every-
where she goes.

Your face, too, is constantly telling what
You are! It is the You that others see first
—and remember best. Do help it to look
always lovely and bright, and beckoning.
Then, your own Inner Magic can glow
through it joyously for everyone to see.

Her skilled, beautiful riding
talent, too—her way of always looking especially smart and charming.
One Sunday morning, during Jane Wyman's recent trip to London, she woke up with a very sore throat. The hotel manager called a throat specialist. The specialist said he couldn't come!

He was alone with his son and had promised to take him to a cricket match. But when the manager explained that Jane had to be at the studio the next day, the . . .

. . . specialist agreed to go. But Junior went along too! As Dad put it to him, "You can go to the matches any Sunday. This way, you'll see your favorite star. I'll leave the . . .
... door open so you can peek in!"
Jane, anxiously explaining about her throat, didn't notice her small audience at the door. Until suddenly ... 

... a whirlwind rushed at her! "Dad," he cried, pointing to the astonished Jane. "We missed the matches for nothing. That isn't Jane Wyman!"

Jane, who was beginning to think she must be delirious, finally found her voice. "Why am I not Jane Wyman?" she asked, hoarsely. "Because," said the whirlwind. "I saw Jane Wyman in 'Johnny Belinda.' And she can't talk at all!"
'49 Fords

(Continued from page 63) places. And as Glenn pores over them, he gets that faraway look in his eyes.

These seemingly unrelated items all manifest the big new development in the life of acting, a devotion that ‘49 Ford was to bring about for Glenn. After seven years under contract to use his time as he wishes, to pick and choose his films.

He must make one picture a year at Columbia his Alma Mammy. For the rest of the year, he’s on his own.

During the war, as you remember, Glenn was in the Marines, and his greatest success came after his return to Hollywood. Any success he had to date was in what “boot camp” is, that period of rigorous training for things to come. “I feel as if all my work until now has been my boot camp for the career I hope lies ahead. To be at one studio or seven years is a basic training, not only in acting, but in the motion picture business. After you’ve made it, you either know how to do it or you’ll never know.”

AND how does a guy like Ford go about enjoying his new freedom?

Well, for the first few weeks, as it turned out, he found that he didn’t know how to do his old job at all. He was Peter’s man, and he loved that, too. Eleanor was away on one of those quick dancing trips of hers, this time to England and Scotland. As his own boss, Glenn didn’t work is said that he was more idle than hard at work before.

“And I think,” Glenn relates unabashedly, “I learned more from Peter than he did from me!” There was the affair of Glenn’s desk and his wife.

“We are near, Peter,” the boy had heard often. “We put our toys away, we hang up our clothes, we tidy.” Glenn had thought to give those familiar rules for shared living a try. They made a sort of bargain. Peter would mind his toys, while Glenn would vigorously keep his desk-top free of clutter.

But Glenn forgot, and Peter decided to help poor old absent-minded Dad. “Peter,” asked Glenn that evening, “did you pick up my desk today?”

“Yes, Daddy,” he said, proudly. “I did.”

And did he have a little piece of paper, about so big, that was lying on it?”

“Yes, Daddy, I put it in a drawer.”

“Which drawer?” Glenn asked.

“I don’t remember, Daddy,” Peter answered. “The piece of paper was a sizable check for one of Glenn’s radio performances. The Ford home has about 999 drawers, all built-in, all looking alike. They found the paper, finally, in drawer 997, of course.

Another time, Peter’s passion for neatness, on Dad’s part, taught Glenn to keep his pipes in their racks. Always, no exceptions. Glenn had a pipe, of course. He also kept it in a pipe. Glenn and Peter found it, at last, in one of those 999 drawers, the one reserved for Eleanor’s delicately scented handkerchiefs.

In another instance, Peter instructed Glenn in his own petittages. Glenn collects stamps, and when he’s busy, they pile up on him, lie around loose on his stamp table among his albums. Came a day when Peter, ever helpful, bent some sealed letters on the desk, all addressed, ready to go, but stampless. He helped. He even left the letters downstairs, in the mail slot, for the postman to pick up.

“Don’t know how many of my good, valuable U.S. un-cancelled specimens are now canceled and delivered, probably to non-collectors,” Glenn lamented. “Anyway, I now carefully keep my albums in order. Peter reformed me.”

Life with Peter was strenuous enough, what with one thing and another, and Glenn found it almost restful to get back to work. His first picture of his own selection was M-G-M’s “Bodies and Souls.” Besides offering a good role, the picture catered to one of the Ford dreams of freedom, the freedom to travel. It called for a location in New York, right away. And that was timed beautifully, too. Toward the end of the trip, and when Peter had docked and down the gangway came Ellie, straight into Glenn’s waiting arms.

They celebrated the reunion by “disappearing” for a week. They stayed at a hotel, saw shows, dined at inconspicuous spots where they could dance a little and talk a lot. Second honeymoon stuff, the first real vacation the two of them had had together in years. But, somehow, the talk kept going back to Master Peter Newton Ford, and soon three Fords were reunited in their home in Beverly Hills.

The reunion, was a gala success. “The next time a Ford goes to New York, free Fords go,” said Glenn, “or there’ll have to be a good reason why not. Shake on it!” When those Fords “shake on it” with Peter it’s a contract.

“Shake!” said Peter.

“Of course,” Glenn amended hurriedly, “there’ll be some places that Daddy goes that you and Mommy can’t go along, Peter.”

And Peter understood why, when Glenn explained. Glenn’s “freedom plan” includes three months a year of travel. He’d like to combine it with picture-making but he hopes he can get it in, working or not. He’d like to make a film in Europe once a year. He can probably take Ellie and Peter along for that.

But the other kind of travel, the kind that explains his interest in those travel books and all the old copies of National Geographic he has around, will be Glenn’s alone. Stern he-man stuff involving mountains, desert and rugged terrain. Big-game hunting in Africa, for instance.

“I’ve got to look into that,” Glenn grimms. “I’ll go by myself,” he tells you, “and nobody, except Ellie and Peter, will know when I leave. I don’t want it to look like a publicity hunt. I just want to see what it’s like, this big-game hunting I’ve heard so much about.”

So he’s saying when. One of the things he learned about Hollywood during his years in the boot camp of screen life, was to keep his own counsel. He’s the same way about the stories he would like to do in pictures.

“I don’t tell the names of them,” he confides, “but for about five years now, I’ve been keeping my eye on certain properties I’d like to play in. Now’s my chance, but there’s always dickering to be done, and I’d like to have the bag for anything until it’s in the bag.”

Since he pushed himself out of the Columbia nest, Glenn has been reading more scripts than ever before. A script before breakfast, a script at bedtime, and scripts during every break in busy days. All in all, something more than eighty scripts in five months. “It’s amazing,” he observes, “but poor scripts are floating around town.”

But Glenn was in no hurry to make a deal for his next picture after “Bodies and Souls.” With that film in the cutting room, he still had a lot of time in the studio at Columbia. One of these, “Undercover Man,” with Nina Foch, was already playing, and there were “Mr. Soft Touch,” with Evelyn Keyes, and “Lust for Gold,” with Ida Lupino, plus plenty of time to go pick and choose, to decide on deals in Hollywood or England or Timbuktu.

RIGHT now his “freedom deal” was taking a domestic turn. And he and Ellie were seeing to the redecoration of his bedroom-study, the room where he works, reads, and sleeps. This redecoration, which they claim to have done above enough, Peter brought about finally by young Peter, during Ellie’s absence abroad. How Peter managed to squirt ink on the ceiling, Glenn still doesn’t know. But with ceiling and rug specified, the time had come to get out some color schemes, call for samples of materials, and set to work.

And there was young Peter’s “garden,” an outgrowth of a bit of Ellie and Glenn’s child. There are flowers and vegetables, and Glenn doesn’t believe in forcing unfavorable foods upon their favorite child. They use a subtler technique to educate his palate to the variety of vitamins he needs. Came a time when Peter, with onions unthinkably, Glenn and Ellie conferred and decided that, as a special favor, Peter could have a spot in the flower garden for his vegetables. And there are some other things he has tried, even onions if he thought he could grow such difficult plants.

So Peter planted onions, with Glenn’s help, and together they cultivated the crop. And one day, as they were eating some of those onions for dinner.

“The only catch is,” Glenn groans, “that I’ve had a heck of a time making the care-and-cultural of onions seem difficult.

They’re new to us, and we have onions running out of our ears!”

And there’s another little matter that claims the attention of Glenn these days, regardless of his new freedom. He and Ellie are devoted cheering fans of the Hollywood Stars, local unit of the Pacific Coast League. They have taken Peter to see his first baseball game, an event which left them happily chattering for days. Left him to run off his first bat, bat, and mitt.

“After all,” Glenn insists, “you can’t let a kid get to be almost five without seeing a league game. It’s well, the pictures, or big-game hunting, or ‘most anything you can think of!”

The End
Are you in the know?

If he's talkative, what's your cue?

- Lend both ears
- Keep one eye on the field
- Plan tomorrow's schedule

What if he's chatty-happy. The fact remains, he's talking to you. So listen . . . without a roving eye. Or daydreams. Or tapping tattoos on the table. Boys are people . . . they like to be appreciated. And the best-rated fillies never forget it. They're also the gals who (on difficult days) never forget to choose Kotex sanitary napkins. They've found the exclusive safety center of Kotex gives extra protection . . . and what girl wouldn't appreciate that?

When your suntan starts fading—

- Get back in the swim
- Get in the pink
- Get a sun lamp

As your fancy turns to fall fashions—don't let your waning suntan give you a last-rose-of-summer look. Use a pink-tinted makeup base and powder. (Fall-minded lipstick and "paw paint" too). Then you'll blend better with autumn togs. You know, you can wear any smooth new outfit, any day, without misgivings . . . once you've learned to trust to Kotex. The special, flat pressed ends of Kotex prevent revealing outlines. So . . . fade "those" fears with Kotex!

To judge what you should weigh—

- Compare your pal's poundage
- See on "average weight" chart
- Measure your wrist

You and your gal pal may be the same height—but a large-boned femme should weigh more, and vice versa. For instance, are you over 5'4" tall? Measure your wrist. If it's less than 6½" you're small boned. More than 6½"—large boned. Consider your frame when you read an average-weight chart. In sanitary needs, too, all girls aren't "average." Find just the right Kotex absorbency for you by trying all 3 . . . Regular, Junior, Super!

Which deodorant would you decide on?

- A cream
- A powder
- A liquid

Granted you're in the know about napkins . . . what about deodorants for napkin use? Fact is, while creams and liquids will do for everyday daintiness—yet, for "those" days a powder deodorant's best—sprinkled freely on sanitary napkins. That's because a powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't slow up absorption. And soft, soothing Quest Powder is made especially for napkin use.

Being unscented, Quest Deodorant Powder doesn't just mask odors. Quest destroys them. Safely. Positively. To avoid offending, buy a can of Quest Powder today!

Quest Deodorant Powder
Ask for it by name

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER
plane witchery...

Rhinestone and jewel-tone brilliant blazing against inky black backgrounds. Inspired by the motion picture "Black Magic" starring Orson Welles and Nancy Guild, released thru United Artists. Necklace, earrings, pin, matching bracelet—sheer magic at about $2 each piece (plus tax). At good stores everywhere.

I Name 12 Great Ladies

(Continued from page 49) than the heart of Texas. I know.

It was at the Hollywood premiere of my "Yours for a Song" radio show. Burt Lancaster was set as my star interviewee. Two hours before the show was to go on the air, Burt called me from the studio. It was raining. Director William Dieterle had called him in suddenly for some cover shots. "I think I'll make the radio show," said Burt. "But I can't get there until the very last minute, so of course, you can't take any such chances.

At the same studio, Betty was up to her neck in "Red, Hot and Blue," the picture in which she co-stars with Victor Mature. "I don't know where Shell Damage is, the phone. "vic and I will be over even if we have to close down the picture." With the help of director John Farrow, the picture was ticketed to a studio. It was still in make-up, dashed to the radio station and gave one heck of a performance for us. Then, dashing back to the studio they worked until midnight to make up for the time they had spent broadcasting.

To me, Betty always will be more of a lady, than say, someone like Jennifer Jones, who uses her so-called shyness to duck out of giving benefits and even to avoid polite conversation with her fellow workers. Tell Betty, however, that you consider her a great lady, and she'll say, "Who me? You've got the wrong singer. Dorothy Lamour deserves that laurel." Don't worry, Betty, there's plenty of room for you both.

Betty's admiration for Dotty dates back to the days when she first came to Hollywood and was about the most miserable, homesick blonde in town. Dotty was the person who invited her to lunch, helped her with her make-up, tried to make her feel at home, and taught her the Hollywood ropes. You could count on the fingers of one hand, the stars who would do that for a newcomer at their studio.

Dotty's also a girl who'd never go back on a promise. A month before the big Shamrock Hotel shindig in Texas, Dotty learned that she was an expectant mother. She had made three pictures in a row, had an ear operation, and was committed to a weekly radio show. She was utterly exhausted. But she had promised Glenn McCarthy to spearhead the big show, so she went.

Claudette Colbert is a lady in the more conventional sense of the word. She is also a first class sport and possessed of great tact. Once, when I was to tea at her home, one of the guests dropped and broke a beautiful cup and saucer. Instead of overdoing, she merely asked发表了同样的意见, saying, "it doesn't really matter," when everyone knew it did. Claudette put her embarrassed guest at ease by saying, "Now according to Emily Post, I'm supposed to bring you my cup and saucer, but I'll be darned if I will." Then, very casually, she helped her guest pick up the pieces.

Joan Crawford started her working life as a waitress in Kansas City. But when it comes to ladies, I'll pick Joanie. You can keep someone like British actress, Ann Todd, who attended the best finishing schools in England, but forget to learn that kindness to less important people is the true trade-mark of a gentlewoman.

Between the takes of an emotional scene in "Mildred Pierce," Joan received a phone call from a group of young girls. They wanted her to name the ten best actresses in Hollywood for their magazine. Joan kept saying, "Now let me see, let me see." The assistant director kept yelling, "Miss Crawford, we're ready!" "Give me a number where I can call you back," Joan told the girls. And, by golly, when the scene was over she called the girls she had never met, or was ever likely to meet, and she talked to them for thirty minutes by my watch. It's little kindnesses like this that I like.

Lucille Ball's language can be pretty fancy at times. But in my lexicon, she's a lady. Once, when she was making a personal appearance in Chicago, a man from the staff had to make an obscene remark at her. In the shocked silence, with all eyes on her, Lucille didn't bat an eyelash. She just waited a few seconds to be absolutely sure her voice was noticed, "I'll be having a shindig, and you're invited."

Lucy's also a pal. When Susan Peters lay shattered, after the gun accident that changed the lives of both Janet and Lucille, Susan never doubted that Lucy was a lady all the way. She always remembers how Lucy took her all over town. She even helped Susan with the adoption of her baby. The way I feel about Lucille Ball, I wouldn't care if she ate peas with a knife.

There will be no arguments about my next choice, for Irene Dunne always has been considered a great lady. Everyone's read about her receiving the Laetare Medal from Notre Dame for never subordinating her art and insisting upon making wholesome pictures; the honorary degree LL.D. from Mount St. Mary's College for women for work in cancer research and fidelity to Catholic principles in her work and private life, the American Brotherhood Award from the Congress of Christians and Jews, and many other honors.

Few people, however, know why, early Christmas Eve, she has open house for lonely people who are away from home; even goes around combing the town to find these people.

It was Christmas Eve in Atlanta, Georgia, and the last stop for weary members of the Light Opera Company. Weariest of them all was a young singer who spent the night at a railroad station, sitting up, waiting for an early morning train. She was lonely, poor and miserable. When dawn finally came, she made a vow, this young Irene Dunne, "I will never let anyone be in a similar situation if I can help it." And she never has.

Janet Leigh is a junior Irene Dunne. She has the same charm, takes the same care to avoid hurting others. I've never seen a girl handle herself as well as Janet has in every situation. But she never forgets that she gets a name or a face and has a gracious remark or a smile for everyone.

I was on the set of one of Janet's pictures, when Norman Taurog went over to say hello. Said Mr. Taurog, "Janet sat down. Then a vocal group consisting of the electricians, prop men, camera men, etc., burst into a song composed in her honor, in which they expressed what music they thought of her. It was plenty. Leave it to the working crew of a picture to know a real human being from a phony. And for that reason, I think her name will be no amount of fame will spoil.

Then there's Marjorie Main. For all the downright simplicity of her clothes, for all her lack of filmian, in spite of the two or three films she's made, Marjorie is on my list. She's loved for her courtesy, which is why I was a little baffled when, on the set of "Ma and Pa Kettle," Marjorie merely muttered, "hello," and "excuse me," and dashed right by. "What goes?" I asked...
FELS-NAPTHA ANNOUNCES
NEW MIRACLE INGREDIENT

How to make a million women laugh!

A lot of women who use Fels-Naptha Soap would think we were kidding, if they saw this announcement. And they would laugh right in our faces.

They use Fels-Naptha because it already contains a wonderful ingredient—in addition to good golden soap. A proven ingredient, known for years for its active, dirt-removing ability . . . NAPTHA.

So . . . we don't make any laughable announcements about adding 'miracle' ingredients to Fels-Naptha Soap. We're content to make a laundry soap so good that women just smile—with pleasure—when they see the results it gives them on washday.

If you want better washday results—better in every way—we suggest you try the mild, safe soap with no 'miracle' ingredient—Fels-NAPTHA Soap.

FOR EXTRA CLEANING ACTION USE
Fels-Naptha Soap
MILD, GOLDEN SOAP AND ACTIVE NAPTHA

Percy Kilbride, her side-kick in the picture. "It's the kids," he said. "Go to her dressing room and you'll understand."

I went. There I saw sixteen children, youngsters with roles in the picture and their stand-ins, sitting all over the floor, the chairs, the settee and even the stove. All of them were intent upon their cake and ice cream, and in the center, beaming, was my old pal, Marjorie.

"She does it every day," Perc told me later. "What a woman!"
"What a lady!" said I.

Barbara Stanwyck is another girl to weep on with my list of great ladies. She's a generous one. And quiet about her giving. I can never tell her how I found out about the donation she gave to the Kathyn Fuscus Fund. Nor about the prop man in one of her pictures, who walked around one day as if he were carrying the burdens of the world on his shoulders. Babs didn't ask him outright what troubled him. She's too sensitive to do that. Instead, she sent someone who knew this man well to find out what was wrong. His wife had just had an operation, and she discovered he was faced with a huge hospital bill. She sent an anonymous cache of dollars. No wonder Stanwyck's worshipped in Hollywood, in the right circles.

Loretta Young's another sweet Patsey. Take the time four Waves from the San Diego Naval Base were in Hollywood on a four-day furlough, from Friday to Monday night. They had tickets to see Loretta on the Lux Radio Show Monday. Saturday the blow fell. They had orders to return to San Diego Sunday night. They sent a telegram to Loretta. "Troubly sorry we can't see your show Monday. Would it be possible to meet you Sunday?" Loretta had them up to her house for lunch. And they got to see the radio show, too, for she took them over to the rehearsal.

Loretta lives in a beautiful house but she rarely enters it just for fun. Her chores are usually to bring groups of wealthy people together to get them interested in spending their money for hospitals, and especially, for the care of unmarried mothers. All of Loretta's radio earnings are sent direct to the St. Anne's Maternity Hospital.

But, Loretta also knows it isn't enough merely to give money. She, herself, visits the hospital at least twice a week when he is not working, and talks to the unmarried mothers. "Some of them are only thirteen or fourteen," Loretta once told me. And she tried to make them feel even though they have erred in the rules of our civilization, they are not damned forever.

Lida Lupino doesn't weigh very much but she's a lot of woman. When Lida interviewed a bunch of newcomers for roles in her first independent production "Not Wanted," he made them feel very wanted by doing the interviewing at her home and serving tea and cake! And when the picture was over, she ran all over town getting jobs for her protégées. What a swell gal!

Last, but far the least of my great Hollywood ladies, Shirley Temple. Shirley's sitters have always been exquisite. And he has more know-how about how to handle people in one little finger, than anyone like Ingrid Bergman has in her whole body.

Shirley is what I call the articulate type lady. When the publicity policy of her slick boss landed her in trouble with the press here, she called the president of the Hollywood Women's Press Club, begged to be invited to their next meeting, and made everyone promise to contact her personally on all future requests.

Kipling's definition of a lady was "A rag, bone and a hank of hair." I prefer mine.

The End
You'll swing through the day with the greatest of ease in these clever undies that keep your stockings up without the aid of costly and uncomfortable girdles and garter belts! Wear Suspants without garters, too, on stockingless occasions. Your favorite store has them in a variety of colors, in sizes 4 (dress 9/10) to 9 (dress 19/20).

IN RAYON
$1.50

IN NYLON
$2.50

Below, Miss Neal wears the original dress in "The Fountainhead"
PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS
A smartly tailored fine-wale corduroy
done with a face-framing collar, coins
at your belt, and a slimming wrap skirt
by Dorris Varnum of Jonathan Logan.
Available in camel, moss green, winter-
$14.95 at H. P. Wasson & Co., Indian-
apolis, Ind.; Gimbel Brothers, Phila-
delphia, Pa.; The Denver Dry Goods
Co., Denver, Colo.; Broadway Depart-
ment Store, Los Angeles, Cal.

Soon, when the Labor Day weekend says farewell to summer, you’ll be thinking of
your fall wardrobe. There is no drastic change in the new fashions—they just look
so very new and slim and exciting. The coat-dress is bigger and better than ever (see
the adorable ones on these pages) and you’ll find this “easy-to-get-into” style popular
in both day and date dresses. The plunging neckline continues important in blouses
and dresses, which means you’ll need those new bras and slips which go way down
to there. The youngest hats are the small head-hugging caps, like half egg-shells.
Jewelry is important. You’ll wear pins on high or low necklines, on lapels, even on
your cuff and at the waist. Here’s to walking into fall—being the best dressed ever.

Lovely Ann Miller can be seen in M-G-M’s “On the Town”
A beguiling dress by Doris Dodson which buttons from neck to hem and has the newest of back-swept lines. Made of luxurious satin-brocaded crepe in blue, steel, green, taupe and toast. Sizes 9-15. $16.95 at J. W. Robinson Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

Pearls by Delaka

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 79
Enclosed find thirty-five cents ($0.35) for which please send me the Photoplay Pattern of the Diana Lynn "Bitter Victory" dress in size 12—14—16—18—20.

Name........................................Size......................................
Street...........................................
City........................................State..................................
FALL FASHION NEWS

Predicting it will be classic elegance that will make headlines

Edith Head, Paramount's ingenious fashion designer, turns fashion prophet and tells you the new tricks and trends to watch for in this fall's cool weather clothes.

According to Edith Head, the latest look is one of classic elegance. The careless look is definitely the old look and because Miss or Mrs. America wishes to look smart, she will be smart if she takes meticulous care in choosing complete ensembles. The piecemeal outfit is simply a waste of time and money. The slim silhouette has completely stolen the spotlight in both day and evening fashions. This doesn't mean that your dress is going to be skin-tight. It's simply that the overall look should be slim, regardless of the amount of yardage used. Flashes of vivid color in a costume play an important part—and padding returns to shoulders, but not the kind of padding which makes you resemble the All-American hero. Dame Fashion likes a small amount of padding for the softly rounded shoulder. Coats are full and fabulous—bloused and belted. Suits and dresses spotlight wrap-around skirts, concealed fullness and a new softness of line. Cocktail and date dresses continue to plunge in neckline and uneven hemline. Short evening gowns rival last year's long, floor-length gowns. And the long gowns will take on new appeal via sweeping trains.

Wherever you live you can buy

PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

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

Green gabardine or crepe dress
Minx Modes, 2223 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

Satin dotted dress
Doris Dodson, 1120 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Corduroy dress
Jonathan Logan, 1375 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Jersey cardigan and skirt
Madison Sportswear and Garlan Knitting Mills
1410 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Pearls
L. Heller, 411 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

stores selling photoplay patterns
Lit Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.
The Hecht Company, Washington, D. C.

They certainly make the most of You...
and you can make the most of your dollars...with 

SHOES

They'll flatter you and they'll delight your pocketbook because they are the finest quality you can find at...

7.95 to 9.95

Write us for the store nearest you.

PETERS SHOE COMPANY, SAINT LOUIS

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 76.
Diary of a Hollywood Photographer

(Continued from page 46) ford playing ball with a group of kids? But she does, nearly every afternoon. I was glad I had my camera.

To make the grade in this business, a photographer should be gifted with a sixth sense—know the right time and place to put in an appearance. Most of the time it's a question of luck. It was, that night I stopped at Ciro's for a cup of coffee, and walked in at the exact moment that Rita Hayworth and Aly Khan were leaving. A few seconds later they would have been gone. I got a first-class scoop, one of the first pictures of them ever taken together.

It was by accident that I got, what I think, is the most beautiful picture I've ever taken. Several years ago Marlene Dietrich was resting on a set between takes, wearing a low-cut evening gown and holding a cigarette. Director Joseph Von Sternberg said something to her in German and she looked up at him. At that precise instant I snapped my camera. What the director said I never knew, but my finished print was a soft provocative portrait. A real honey.

The late Jean Harlow was one of the most photographed gals in Hollywood. I've a huge collection of pictures of her. One which means a great deal to me wouldn't have been shot at all but for Jean's sense of fairness and consideration. At the time she married Paul Bern, there was keen competition between the fellows with the flashbulbs. In fact, before the ceremony, one of the downtown newspaper photographers punched a hole in the bellows of my tripod camera and stuffed it with paper. I was immobilized. When I told Jean what had happened, she told the waiting gang: "I'm going upstairs. When Hymie gets his camera in working order, I'll pose for a picture." The newspaper boys, who had a deadline to meet, pitched in to repair my equipment.

It's the accidental scoops that make this game so fascinating. You never know how, where or when you'll get your next exclusive. We photographers get tips from all sorts of people. Maitres d'hotel call from night clubs to tell us a couple of big name stars just walked in. Stars themselves, call me up to tell about parties and other events. I've even had picture people telephone while a shindig was in progress and tip me off to the goings-on.

I was invited to a party given by David O. Selznick to introduce his newest young star, Jennifer Jones, fresh in from New York with her husband, Robert Walker. Shirley Temple, who had just signed with Selznick, and Ingrid Bergman and Joseph Cotten also were there. When Selznick gathered his brood around him, I lost no time getting the historic moment on film. I'd never have forgiven myself if I missed this, for it couldn't be duplicated for all the money in D.O.S.'s bank account.

You hear plenty about wild Hollywood parties. I've spent fifteen years in this town, and have yet to see one. I've no doubt that such parties take place. But, believe me, anybody important enough to be worth a photographer's coverage has more important things to do.

Never will I forget a party at Norma Talmadge's home many years ago. Gary Cooper and Phil Berg, the agent, were there. Gary drove a green and yellow Duesenberg in those days and Berg owned a Fiat. After a heated discussion as to which car could go faster they decided, on the spur of the moment, to put their autos to the test. Gary chartered a bus and all of us piled into it and, preceded

Neutrals
are looking up

why?

Doris Dodson knows!

"Correct Answer"... now, have the animated silhouette that reaches for the sky, councils Doris Dodson.

Choose it in neutral colors. Shoulder high pockets (French in flavor) on an exclusive and sheer 100% wool (Doris Dodson design) with neutral stripes woven in.

Beige/brown or light grey/dark grey.


Write for name of your local shop ... DORIS DODSON, Dept. P9, St. Louis 1, Missouri
SEVEN times, of course, when a star or her agent or a top magazine seller crosses one of us boys. Then we’re out to get “revenge,” by gaff or boycott.

Once, we lenses staged a sit-down strike, over what we thought was an unjust rule imposed by the club president. It was used to be the outstanding social events of the season, were always covered by all the newspaper and magazine photographers. Then, suddenly, one of the members of the executive committee decided we would only be allowed to take pictures in one room. We didn’t scream when we got the edict. We merely packed our equipment and sat down on our cases by the main door. When the stars arrived, heard what had happened and realized we really meant to continue our strike, they prevailed upon the execs to change their minds—fast.

I believe in being considerate of stars. When a star has strongly objected to a picture I’ve shot, I’ve taken the film out of the camera and handed it to the star. But there are some shots that fall into the classification of news. In such cases, it’s a cameraman’s duty to get them.

Only a few stars aren’t cooperative. Bing Crosby was standing for a picture after much urging, then walking away just before the shutter snaps. I’ve taken one snap of Crosby, however, that’s worth a hundred of those missed. I got it long before he was asked to sign fifty billion dollars and parted with several thousand hairs from his head. At that time, willing to do almost anything for a gag, he posed for me standing on his head and eating an ice-cream cone.

Many a sleepless night I’ve spent scheming up ways to grab a Clark Gable exclusive. Clark has a neat way of stalling. Whenever a cameraman wants a picture of his latest fling, he suddenly becomes ill and starts shooting them. Once, on the set of one of his films, he had me posing all over the place. I’ve a sneaking suspicion that Gable has more pictures of Fink than Fink has of Gable. Clark also had a ban about pictures being taken of his home. But I managed to fool him with a telescopic lens. I climbed the hill behind his house and swung the lens over his house and took a breath of fresh air. The negative didn’t suffer from over-exposure, but I did.

There’s the time, too, that I snared an exclusive on Shirley Temple’s residence long before it was planned to be photographed one day. I waited until workmen doing repairs came out for lunch. As the electric gate opened for their exit, I went in and snapped out again when the gate opened for their return.

Greta Garbo’s aversion to photographers has reached almost legendary proportions. And, no exception to G. G.’s rule, I had some difficulty getting her to sit for her pictures. Once, I waited for two hours on the running board of an automobile. Another time, I crouched for what seemed an eternity, behind a rain barrel in the rear of the Trocadero. I finally managed to photograph her satisfactorily at a fashion show by Irene given at Bullock’s Wilshire. Even at this parade of feminine frills she and Gaylord Hauser insisted on being alone. So the management set up a screen from behind which they peered at the models. When the show was over, Garbo made a dash for the elevator while I took a short cut to the main entrance.

There I caught her by surprise and photographed her at a distance of twenty feet (although my camera was set for twelve) as she sprinted by at a record-breaking clip. This is one of the rare shots in which Garbo does not have her hand in front of her face, I was proud, indeed, when I sent that picture out to the Photoplay office.

I had illusions of a bonus, or at least a silver cup engraved with E for effort. What I got was a note that read: “Thanks for the picture of Garbo—but nobody cares.” The picture and the letter are in my album as a lesson that fame is fleeting.

Actually, the great majority of the movie people are sweet and considerate. Bette Davis is extremely cooperative. Offering pictures, Bette wears eyeglasses. More than once when I’ve been ready to shoot, I’ve said, “Bette, want to take off your glasses?” “It doesn’t matter,” she always tells me.

Hymie reduced Ava Gardner’s picture to postage-stamp size for a purpose.

“Millions of girls wear them.” And usually, she poses with them on.

Van Johnson’s still a regular fellow. I was on a Metro stage one morning when Van noticed a pretty extra girl passing. “Dorothy!” he called, “what are you doing here?” Dorothy was Dorothy Barrett, a chorus girl he had known back on Broadway. When he was a chorus boy, Dorothy had been in the line of the show next door. They’d sat in the theater alley and talked about how wonderful it would be to go to Hollywood. Now, Dorothy was playing as an extra in his picture. He had lunch served in his dressing room for both of them and let me photograph them as they talked about old times. “Why didn’t you let me know you were here?” Van demanded. “Well,” Dorothy said, “you’re a star and I’m an extra and I thought maybe you wouldn’t want to be bothered.” “Say that again,” Van told her, “and I’ll spank you.”

I am always so busy snapping famous Hollywood faces that I worry I’ll overlook a promising newcomer. It was while I was shooting the celebrities at the Los Angeles Tennis Club that I ran into Jinx Falkenburg, just arrived in Hollywood. Almost as a gag, I started shooting picture after picture of her. Samuel Goldwyn asked me who she was and why I kept focusing on her. I explained I’d taken a top New York model. The next thing I knew, Goldwyn had given Jinx a contract.

Newcomers are likely to be ignored when there’s a big crush at a party or club. They don’t have the same opportunity to make friends. When Gardner first came to Hollywood, I made an agreement with her that if I should fail to spot her at a club or party, she was to come up, give me a hug, say, “Hymie, I’m Ava Gardner.” I made the $5000-a-shot deal with Marie McDonald. The tough part of it is that both Ava and Marie took me at my word. My shins grew sore from bending over to hug them, but I never missed a shot of either of them.

Ava’s lawyer, Jerry Rosenthal, has an office in the same Beverly Hills building where Photoplay is located. Whenever Ava is in the building, she always drops in to see us. She’s the last girl in the world to get a big head, so I thought she might be amused by a little gag I wanted to pull on her. I had taken a shot I’d taken of her to half the size of a postage stamp. I mounted this in a sixteen by twenty-two-inch frame and hung a magnifying glass on it. When Ava came to the office one day, I said, “Ava, I want you to know that if you ever get a large head, this picture will bring you down to size.” I said. It still hangs in my office and every time Ava looks in, she gives it an appreciative, unsmiling smile.

SPEAKING of the young stars of whom I never miss a shot if I can help it, there’s also Jane Powell, June Allyson and Gloria DeHaven. It’s refreshing to photograph these four little maids from M-G-M. A few weeks ago Jane, Elizabeth and Gloria posed for me to get a picture of them together with some of those I’ve taken of former starlets I do no grieving for the old days. These youngsters are exciting.

After all these years of popping bulbs, I’m still not completely surprised. Nevertheless, there’s still more moments when I do a double take. I was frightened out of my wits at Jeanne Crain’s. Her little star shot right past the screen on which I’d as a pet, looked big enough to swallow Fink. When I saw him sitting in Jeannie’s living room, I dropped my camera and ran. Finally, Jeannie had to give her pet to the dog in her room to replace him.

I lay claim to being the only photographer who ever accompanied a Hollywood couple on their honeymoon. I flew to Mexico City with newlyweds Esther Williams and Ben Lyon, and documented the romantic event with my camera.

My own wedding also turned out to be a photographic field day. Ten years ago, I met beautiful Billie Carey on a blind date. When we set a wedding date, Joan Crawford offered us a fancy nuptial ceremony. She outfitted Billie in a white satin princess wedding gown and took over all the plans. For Billie it was like a fairy tale. She selected the Rio Grande cafe for the wedding which was followed by a champagne supper. Joan was matron of honor. Rudy Vallee, who is Billie’s favorite crooner, gave the bride away. And Cesar Romero was best man.

Rumors had circulated in screen circles that Joan, herself, would tie the knot that Saturday night. So just about every photographer in town was on hand. But to discover that one of their colleagues was being wed. I didn’t get anywhere near a camera, but I guess ours was one of the best-lensed marriages in moviedom.

The End.
Listen to Me, Kid

(Continued from page 34) But, I took a hefty flock of hard knocks, before I eased into this nice spot. I hope you skip the low jams. They say weathering them gives you character. I disagree. Tough, unnecessary jolts just tear your heart out, and leave you with too much suspicion in your noodle. Now, I am always suspecting everyone (except my wife) of trying to put something over on me. That is a dumb trait. There aren’t that many clever people.

Getting married, the minute we finished our picture, was one of the brightest moves you ever made, kid. You didn’t let the Hollywood wiseacres convert you into “The Most Eligible Bachelor.” Sure, with your looks, you could be the most chased young male about town, today. You’re a guy gals go for, but you, yourself, have no time for playing-around-love. When it comes to women, you have an approach as old-fashioned as mine.

I believe in marriage, the kind grandpa had. I was married a year younger than you. (For the first time.) I’m not a lone wolf type, nor are you. When I was temporarily single, I always got in too much trouble. So, I think you were sharp when you wouldn’t let anybody sidetrack you from marrying Patti Behr. And it’s good you didn’t fall for any girl outside of the movie business, too. She would never enjoy the impulsiveness of our profession. I am very proud of being an actor, as you may have suspected. I don’t play golf or hunt or ranch or get my kicks from California real estate reapings. I want to act at the studio, and then go on acting away from it, however strikes my whim. I won’t work at being a standardized Los Angeles neighbor. Betty and I live family-style. But, we dare to be the individuals all our grandparents actually were, also. Instead of trying to keep up with the Joneses, a horrible goal, we’re happy nuts who don’t suppress a passion for acting, even when we’re home. We jump at the chance to ham up anything! We’d rather die than seem dull.

Since you and Patti are cut from the same bolt, we thoroughly approve of you. We glowed at the discovery that you have acting, rather than social, ambition. We swear the acting streak in human beings is everybody’s best side. Even our most famous author pal, Louis Bromfield, is a terrific ham in person.

Don’t be dismayed if Patti displays her temper in your Malibu hideaway, now that you are settled there. Let her chirp about the things in life that puzzle or irk her, and you continue to blow it yourself. I know Betty’s around when she expresses herself. Then she patiently lets me be hot-tempered. I get all steamed up about almost everything, shoot my mouth off, and when I sizzle down, and recognize a little calm thinking could have prevented that uproar, I’m not sorry. It’s fun making a commotion.

Don’t you two grow too old too young. Betty’s pet crack, now that she’s a mother, is, “I’ve got my whole life to be old.” I have no remark to make about my own age at this point. All I’ll say is that it’s

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Dan River kindles new colors for fall

Perfect for the first snap in the weather—wonderful later, under your coat. It’s Dan River’s iridescent cotton chambray, afire with rich new overtones. Sanforized*, fast color, navy a worry in the washing.

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no secret, and that once it was bruiting about that I was sort of a handsome dog. You see what time does! But, earnestly, I hope to watch my child grow up. And the first thing this father will teach is self-reliance.

Not dependence upon parents. All parents aren’t auto-matically wonderful. Not dependence upon money, either. A life based on money is a travesty. Making money has never been my main purpose. Enough will come to you if you excel in your chosen work. I have, as I have never argued with a boss for more pay—my beefs have always been for more opportunity. Try this policy, and in the long run, your worth will be too obvious to ignore.

Your rise has been swift. That’s fine. Betty’s was, too. I see no value in piddling when you can fly. I started acting, back in the theater with I was twenty-one and I didn’t land in a movie until I was thirty-five. During my time on the stage I had money, sometimes. Then my $400 a week salary was cut to $50 during a ‘funk’. Those spells when I was a zombie were awful. (An actor who doesn’t act doesn’t exist.) Being eight months overdue with my rent was no lark. When I got out here, I didn’t change, and by a year or first. I would rather have been in A’s, and I’m glad you’re beginning in them. Experience has shown me, the best is none too good for anyone, anywhere. Never be too apt to take up jobs which others have turned down. My rise started when I accepted two roles George Raft had rejected.

You’ll have to think cannily, my boy. I have learned that it is folly to trust a boss simply because he’s being nice to you. A boss, anywhere, will be syrupy only while you are bringing in that old profit for him. Everything is not going to be all right, just on general principles, in this outlandish world. You have to make all things switch from a probable wrong to right.

Don’t give a second thought to splurging on a ‘front’. Never bothered with such a thing, myself. Of course, I like certain luxuries. But I rave at show-off, snobbish conduct. Our house came with a swimming pool attached. The thing bores me stiff. However, I don’t let it go to waste here. Betty looks sensational in it, naturally.

I don’t think anybody who’s intrigued with the possibility of becoming a superior actor can understand movie money. Any actor—and here is one I betted you as the new young fellow who could put flame on film.

I found a foxy business manager who sweats out all my financial problems and I recommend you do the same.

Right now you want all kinds of niceties. Take it easy! The urge is natural. You were okay about that little imported British car and after driving yours far enough I got one, too. But do you have to trade it so soon for a French car?

Never get too upset about what they write about you in gossip columns. Too many actors are needlessly scared by such little slips. The worries about your motives don’t really add up, as a menace. But holier like fury if a critic misspells your name. That’s frightful nerve, brother!

One of the factors in your future life will be the actresses, charming creatures, that you’ll team with on your movie sets. Now I can’t advise you other than to hope you’ll not play patty-cakes. You have a perfect Patti of your own.

I hope you get as much joy from watching Patti develop into a mature woman as I do observing Betty’s growing-up. Sharing in all that builds a home is the thrill you’re discovering these days, a major chapter. What if your honeymoon lasted only one night? You had to pop back from Palm Springs and desert bliss because Patti’s shooting schedule was suddenly cancelled. I know you two spent a week house-cleaning when you returned. But moving into a beach cottage and transforming a mess was proof that you can adjust together.

You don’t hesitate to roll oats on rising at seven to collect the eggs. Betty’s that way. Our house came with chickens, as well as a pool, attached. Because Betty had always lived in apartments, she’s reveling in possessing every detail of her household. I don’t get folksy with the chickens, and I’m grateful that she can still find time to read her head off. This habit makes her a companion I can’t resist. A well-informed woman, who has wit and can listen, is a jewel beyond price!

Travel as much as you can. Betty wants to see the world, and that we’ll do. I have the urge to travel, and sometimes I’m not a葡萄. For mental excitement, always get out of your home town. Sample how the rest of this peculiar world gets by. You were born in Hollywood, but you don’t have to stay put here!

If you have any kicks about your opportunities, give your new bosses a sales talk. Harry Cohn of Columbia owns half your screen contract. I latched onto the other half when I spotted a new young fellow who could put flame on film. My door is always open to you.

The END

Justice Triumphs!!

Two fugitives from the law have already been brought to justice through the alertness of private citizens who heard their descriptions on the weekly radio program that is currently offering $1,000 for information leading to the arrest of wanted criminals.

Each Sunday afternoon, "True Detective Mysteries" presents vivid dramatizations of actual police cases, clubbing together a cornucopia of famous crimes, adapted from the pages of True Detective magazine.

Tune in Sunday Afternoon for this week’s exciting story and listen carefully at the end of the program. You may cash in on the $1,000 Reward!

"TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES" 4:30 p.m. EDT Mutual Stations
The Sun Set

(Continued from page 66) as happened in Mocambo one night.

We went down to NBC to watch and hear Bing Crosby cut his last radio show for the season, and what fun. There's always so much clowning around and sometimes several songs sung, that never reach radio audiences by the time the show is edited to meet the half-hour time limit. We had to laugh, being very "clothes conscious," noting that Crosby, as usual, was wearing his " sloppy shirt motif, hanging carelessly outside his trousers," but he obviously goes to the trouble of having his droopy drapes monogrammed, yet! Because there were his initials, all neatly hand embroidered on the breast-pocket! Metropolitan Opera star Dorothy Kirsten was on this show with him, and singing like a bird. But, honest, this is what she was wearing! A kelly-green, short-sleeved cocktail dress of heavy silk shantung, with a high back and plunging neckline. A diamond and sapphire necklace (short but lavish with gems), a gold wrist watch and other unimportant gold bracelets, a big topaz and gold ring, and gold kid pumps. Now there's a combination of clothes, jewels and shoes to be studiously avoided!

IN all the years that Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor have been happily married, they've never given a party, even though you see them at many a soirée. But for their tenth wedding anniversary, they really busted out with a big dressy shindig, and just about everybody was there. Dinner was served in a cellophone-enclosed patio and Barbara played hostess in a cocktail-length apricot-pink satin gown, that turned out to be just the thing for the hectic Charleston (yeh, Charleston) that she and Bob Cummings put on later. They wowed the guests with it, too. It was almost matched by the samba that towering Gary Cooper did with little Gracie Allen. Gracie, whose clothes are always the last word, was wearing her favorite emerald-green color, in a heavy satin, draped skirt number. The John Lunds, Claudette Colbert (in black lace over white), Deborah Kerr and Tony Bartley (taking off for England the following week), the Alan Laddys, Van Johnsons (Evie, in a knockout beige and yellow chiffon, trailing in the breeze), the Bill Holdens, Robert Stack, were just a few of the guests. John Hodiak "brought" the long beard he was growing for a movie and, of course, his trim-figured little Anne Baxter, who wore a choker of real pink camellias with her black lace gown.

Gals around Hollywood are table-talking about a new craze starting in the east, and panting for a chance to try it. It's a new way of dyeing a blonde or gray streak into any shade of hair, but it's best for brunettes. This comes out blonde or silver, but it's done with a phosphorescent chemical and it glows and glows—even in the dark! Connie Moore, Mona Freeman and a bunch of gals were talking about it and said they're dying to try it, even if they never can erase it! Sounds attractive. But let's wait and see.

The David Nivens have finally been "converted" to those square-dance sessions that now go on weekly at the Bel Air Club. And the Ronald Colmans, the Kay Kysers, the Bob Montgomerys, the George Murphys and the Jimmy Cagney's are still the maddest addicts in town.

THE END

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PHOTOPLAY
I am determined," Monty told me, "not to let any success cheat me out of living as I want to live. Sounds unpleasant when you say anything like that. Yet, it's only the simplest wisdom."

He had come to lunch with me at my hotel apartment in New York, just before I sailed on the Queen Mary. I was going to Epsom Downs with Rita Hayworth and Prince Aly Khan, then to continue to my farm at Auberive, in the hills of the French Riviera. Downstairs, that day, gathered in little groups about the hotel entrance, waiting impatiently, was a small but eager portion of Monty's public.

He did not like it when he heard they were there. "The people who want to way-lay you in doorways," he said, "are a nuisance. And that is not ingratitude. They do not wait for me, or any star, because they especially admire any work we have done. They're celebrity crazy."

He grinned. "At this moment I'm furious with such celebrity seekers. They've cost me my happy home!"

I had my maid, Pauline, serve Monty some more scrambled eggs and little sausages. "Some eggs, sir?" she asked.

"Wait a minute. . . ." Monty followed her into our kitchenette. "Tell me how you make that coffee. If I could make coffee like that I'd be a success in my crowd. I brought a complicated coffee-maker from Italy hoping for results like this. . . ."

I had discovered at Giovanni's, one of Monty's favorite restaurants, that it would be wise to serve him a lunch that could pass as breakfast, too. He likes to stay up late and sleep late.

At Giovanni's, I must say, they're devoted to Monty. He has a way with waiters. He may change his mind half-a-dozen times before he ever seems to annoy anyone. He just has to flash that Clift smile and ask the captain's advice as to "what's good" and the entire staff will fall all over themselves trying to please him.

"Monty," I said, "tell me how your fans cost you your happy home."

He grinned. "They got my telephone number somehow. The phone rang at all hours. So I had to change it. But now I never seem to annoy anyone. He just has to flash that Clift smile and ask the captain's advice as to "what's good" and the entire staff will fall all over themselves trying to please him."

"Monty," I said, "tell me how your fans cost you your happy home."

He grinned. "They got my telephone number somehow. The phone rang at all hours. So I had to change it. But now I never seem to annoy anyone."

I only pay forty dollars a month. I'll never get anything else for that price. You see, I don't want any place that's going to be a responsibility. I only want a couple of rooms I can close up and leave when I'm in Hollywood or traveling."

Naturally enough, because he chooses to live by his own, he talks as frankly as he does, there are those who will tell you he is niggardly. This, I do not believe. I understand his wish to be free of possessions. All my life I have practiced that philosophy. There are some of us who are better off free. Monty Clift, undoubtedly, is such a person. And I suspect that Howard Hawks, the man who discovered him, was too.

Three years ago, Howard insisted upon running "Red River" for me. "I have a new star," he said. "Clift is his name."

"Red River" was not finished when I saw it. Howard sat beside me and supplied the dialogue. I agreed that Monty, of whom no one had heard at this time, was splendid. But I did not anticipate the sensational success he would have. Howard did. So, a few months ago, I asked Howard why he had let Monty get away from him."

"You cannot hold people like Monty," he told me. "He has to do what he wants to do and when he wants to do it. That's the only way he'll ever be any good."

In "RED RIVER," certainly, Monty had his ideas how Matthew Garth should be played. You'll remember how tight he wore his shirt. There were times when you could see his ribs. Doing this, he felt he looked stronger and a more believable adversary for big John Wayne.

Hollywood, of course, was flabbergasted when Monty traipsed off to Israel the minute he finished "The Heiress."

Certainly, as I listened to him talk of Israel at lunch that day, heard the enthusiasm in his voice as he described the communal life there, the spirit and endeavor of the people, I felt he would have been a fool not to have gone, or to have heeded any of the cablegrams that implored him to fly home for the many roles.

However, when retakes were necessary for "The Heiress," he returned at once. He's meticulous where his work is concerned. It is, for instance, a Hercules task to get him to pose for publicity pictures. But the publicity staff of Paramount Pictures told us, how he posed, uncomplainingly, for high, solid hours on the day he promised for photography. They had half-a-dozen new suits waiting in the studio for him. They knew it was futile to expect him to bring any wardrobe. He hasn't one.

Which reminds me of a story they tell about Monty in England. He was invited to a London dinner party where he was visiting over there, and not having a tuxedo with him (I doubt if he owns one!), he arrived wearing his now famous tweed jacket. Everything seemed to be going well, until, small potatoes, a gentleman tapped him on the shoulder."

"I say there, old man," he began, with raised eyebrows. "This is a formal affair, you know. You Americans are so casual."

"Monty laughed. "You're so right, old boy. There just wasn't a thing I could do about it. Caught short, you know. I had to wear this . . . this . . . thing hasn't come back from the laundry!"

Whereupon, the autocratic gentlemans left for the bar, shaking his head sadly."

"Monty's difficult," gossip said. But this goes unconfirmed by those who have worked with him. I asked Olivia de Havilland about him. "He was wonderful to work with," she said, "but not very communicative. He did little talking on the set, and when we were through for the day, he disappeared. He has a rather remote, detached manner. He isn't just unapproachable, he is the one that can annoy those who like to be accepted as close friend of any big new star."

At lunch, I found Monty most entertaining. And, with the exception of Clark Gable, he's the only movie actor I know whose conversation isn't primarily concerned with himself or motion pictures.

I did not, although it shames me as a reporter, ask him about his girl friends. If I had, and he had, and I had, and I had, I would have answered. His private life, he maintains, is as so many other stars have before him is his own. But I suspect that, unlike most stars, Monty is one who is trying to preserve the privacy of his private life.

However, even though I did not question him about his romantic life, I will confess I have thought about it. I seem to tend to mate the ideal of men I introduce. Rita Hayworth to Prince Aly Khan, Where Monty is concerned, though, I can think of no girl who would understand his personality or his philosophy.

Pauline, I have a special sympathy for Monty, because basically I think alike, I admit he often puzzles me, I cannot understand, for instance, why, after trying to make a pro, he should have agreed to play the boy in "The American Tragedy." This Theodore Dreiser character is a murderer, you know. And it is not for any ideal or ideology that he com- mitted himself to this role. I believe this role will contribute to Monty's celebrity. Nevertheless, if it interests him to play it, it will play it.

As Rome helped him on with his coat the day of our lunch, he asked quite casually if there was any side exit. He had no intention of coping with that segment of his public that waited at the main door. Pauline, looking bewildered, directed him to an elevated entrance, which would take him to a service entrance and closed my apartment door behind him.

"Did you see that poor young gentle man who stood there, with his white glove, and the loning tux?" asked Pauline. "Is there no one to look after him?"

"Listen, Pauline," I said, "that 'poo young gent' is too famous to let any producer in Hollywood wants him for a picture. It's for him a crowd waits downstairs at the main door, the girls squeal and wanting his autograph."

"No," Pauline was astonished. "You wouldn't think so to look at him!"

"No," I said, "you wouldn't!"

The End
Mermaid-in-Waiting

(Continued from page 37) Esther demonstrated, teaching small, visually handicapped children to swim. Twice a week, Esther had worked with these youngsters, most of whom had been born blind. Eddie Storey, the attendant at the pool so generously donated by the Chase Hotel in Santa Monica, had helped her.

Within a few months, the kids not only had lost their fear of the water, but were splashing around like crazy. Esther gave them further incentive by presenting each with a gold logo as soon as she, or she, could swim alone.

"Babies born with a sight defect have trouble learning to walk," Esther explains, "so, their little muscles become stiff. Much of the advantage of learning to swim is that it relaxes the children. Some of those who were very stiff-legged when we began, now can run with freedom."

She did not know the children to swim. She determined that their present home, terribly inadequate, be replaced with a new building.

"PLEASE," she says, "ask anyone who wants to help me with this project to contact me through The Home for Visually Handicapped Children, Los Angeles."

It was a sad day when Esther's doctor insisted she give up her swimming class. She was nearly seven months pregnant and it was unwise for her to go into the water, of course, much less lift, hold and play with a group of active youngsters.

"I have to get someone to carry on until I can swim again," she told her husband Ben Gage that night. When the faithful Eddie Storey stepped up to offer his services, she was delighted.

It was not the fact that Esther gave her time and effort teaching blind children to swim that convinced her mother that she would be a good parent. It was the way she worked with the children, responded first to their fears and then to their laughter.

Mrs. Williams expects all her sons and daughters to pitch in and help others.

She brought them up with the idea that there's always someone who needs help and that they should offer it.

With Esther's teaching job temporarily discontinued, Ben Gage is occupied with planning the new home which she and Ben expect to move into sometime in November. An early American farmhouse, it has four bedrooms—in anticipation of the three children they expect to have. The fourth will be for guests.

Full of ideas for the place, they've dreamed up special gadgets that never have been seen west of the Rockies—or anywhere else, for that matter. The first idea that had the builders in a tizzy was Esther's plan for a kitchen-sitting room with all the cooking equipment on one side of the room and a fireplace, bar, piano, chairs and a hook for the radio on the other side. Esther, you see, loves to cook. But when she gives a party, she doesn't like to be in the kitchen while her guests are there in the free-for-all they usually get into the kitchen, are directed in her path.

With a kitchen-sitting room, she will be able to make with the pots and pans and be in the fun at the same time.

The master suite is double-sized, allows room for a desk for Esther and another for Ben. Thus, when he is knocking himself out over his Income Tax, and she is answering the phone, or vice versa, they can chat. Instead of separate dressing rooms, they will have one large enough to enable them to dress simultaneously.

"The entire house," says Esther, "is constructed in a way to permit the family to be together. That's the kind of living we want, because we enjoy each other's company so much."

Her admiration for her husband is wonder-ful. So is her pride in his success with his television show, "Ben Gage's Rumpus Room." This unique and popular show, is based on the happenings in the Gages' living room where any party seems to turn into a production.

They have fun, these two. They're exactly right for each other. And Ben's as proud of Esther as she is of him. He loves to tell the latest tale of Angie, Esther's cocker spaniel—an epic he calls "How to Put a Movie Star in Her Place."

One day, it seems, Esther had the brilliant idea that Angie should appear in a movie with her. Other people were having their dogs and children in films, so why shouldn't she have Angie.

"Neptune's Daughter" was in full swing at the time and Esther remembered one scene in the script which, she decided, would be no end charming with the addition of Angie.

It was a scene in which she and Betty Garrett were at home, sitting on opposite arms of a chair, chatting. Esther suggested that Angie relax between them as they talked.

The great day arrived. Angie was combed, brushed and even perfumed within an inch of her life. And, when she got under the lights of the set, she made like a veteran. She kept looking at her mistress, as if to say, "Why haven't we done this sooner?"

So, anyway, they started shooting. Esther and Betty were at a great rate, reading lines like mad.

But, suddenly, they realized that no one was paying any attention to them. The whole crew was howling.

For dear Angie was also giving her all. First, she would look at Esther, as she said something. Then, she would look at Betty, as she spoke. And then, she would look directly into the camera, as if to say, "Oh, now really! Whom do they think they're kidding?"

It was a hilarious scene. Unfortunately, the public will never see it. For it was a key scene and even Esther had admitted that there was very little attention that anyone put on anything and Betty were saying, with Angie 'commenting'.

ESTHER, by the way, may think of putting her dog in a picture but she doesn't expect she will ever have her children in one. "I want my kids to have all the fun of helping to earn what they have, instead of having it handed to them. I don't want them to be snobs. In fact, I almost wish they could be reared in the neighborhood where I grew up, even though it's pretty tumbly-down now.

"I'll have to have a nurse—when I'm working, of course. But, I'll give her a vacation when I have time off. I wouldn't allow anyone else to take full care of my babies.

"We're going to see, Ben and I, that our children get as good a sense of values as we can give them," she continued seriously. "We're going to try to see they don't have too much of everything. No fancy presents like high-powered trains, birthday parties with monkeys and ponies. Of course, some of our fine ideas about raising a family may not work," she concluded, honestly. "But, at least, we shall do our best. Ben and I intend to work at being the best parents we can be."

Listening to Esther say all this, you're sure that her baby will have more than an average chance of turning out to be a pretty wonderful child. And, to agree with Mrs. Williams, that Esther has more than an average chance of turning out to be a pretty wonderful mother, too.

The End

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87
Kiss the Girls Goodbye

(Continued from page 40) my best man,” said Jim. His agent and good friend, Jack Holton, was attending the twenty-fifth reunion at Annapolis Naval Academy when he received a wire. “Finally got the nerve to ask. The date will be August.”

To Joe DeBona, his famous pilot pal who works at real estate on the side, the news came as a double bill. “Well, Joe,” Jim said. “You’ve got to find me a house. I’m lining up a big family. Two little ‘wild Indians’ and the biggest police dog you ever saw.”

Before Jimmy left for Flagstaff, Arizona, on location for Twentieth Century’s “Arrow,” he and DeBona went house hunting. “I’ve never lived pretentiously,” Jimmy kept saying. “Don’t know how to... A swimming pool? I never go in swimming but...” Well, he thought a pool might be nice for Gloria’s children, Ronald, Russell and Michael, three-and-a-half. With which, he left the housing problem in the hands of DeBona and his bride-to-be.

He hoped, he said, they could find a place “way out” in the neighborhood of the Pacific Palisades, with enough space “not to feel cramped.”

The wedding would be held sometime in August, depending upon the completion of “Arrow.” It will be at the Brentwood Presbyterian Church Jim has attended for years. Only his parents, Alexander and Elizabeth Stewart, and Gloria’s mother, Mrs. Edward Hatrick, and a handful of people will be present. Gloria’s sister, Ruth, will be matron of honor. And Jim’s pal, Bill Grady, wearing his blue suit, will be best man. Gloria will wear a ballet-length taffeta gown and a small hat. She doesn’t like large hats and neither does Jim. Following the ceremony, the Jack Boltons will give a reception at their Beverly Hills home.

“The honeymoon? Well, I got to go back to the soap-box derby in Akron, Ohio,” Jim said. “Gloria will go back with me. And I want to see my parents, Hatrick, in呵.”

“Then we’ll go on to Cleveland.”

The Jim officiates as parade marshal of the soap-box derby every year. The kids expect him and he doesn’t think he should disappoint them. Gloria agrees.

Back home in Indiana, Pennsylvania, the news about Jim’s engagement traveled fast. “It’s true,” said a friend in the old red brick building labeled “Jim Stewart and Company—Hardware Store,”“read fast and furiously. So did the phone in the red brick house at the top of forty-three wooded steps, “Vine Hill.” “Heard Jim’s getting married,” then, with friendly curiosity, “What’s she like?”

Incurable romanticist that he is, Jim’s father began at once to polish a big glass cup with gold letters—“Kurt Clotilde”—that sits on a shelf in the hardware store. This cup was used to spotlight the troth of Jim and Margaret Sullivan in The Mortal Storm. Ace Sullivan, on the set that day, was so touched by the ceremony that he remarked he would love to have the cup to keep. Bill Grady got it for him from the prop department. Ever since, he’s been saving it—for Jim.

Perhaps this is it,” he said, more than once, as a Stewart romance appeared to be growing serious. Almost always, of course, there’s been some girl in Jim’s life. Margaret Sullivan, once married to his friend Hank Fonda, was rumored as a romance—in spite of the fact that both she and Jim insisted it was only friendship.

From Russell, when she first came to Metro, had many dates with him. And those who knew, insisted these dates
You owe it to your daughter to tell her these intimate facts of life!

Before she marries—make sure she has this modern, scientific information...

Isn't it a blessing that in this modern age of enlightenment, helpful truths can be outspoken? Today, vaginal douches 2 or 3 times weekly are so widely recommended and practiced for intimate feminine cleanliness that the all-important question has really become—what to put in the douche?

So, mother, make sure your daughter realizes: no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide of all those tested for the douche is so powerful yet so safe to tissues as Zonite. (If you have the slightest doubt, send for PROOF in free booklet below.)

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THE END

Ginger Rogers, Marlene Dietrich, Loretta Young and Olivia de Havilland. He followed Olivia to New York. And neither denied it was love. There was Anita Colby, too, and cute Myrna Dell. And, once upon a time, there was Rita Hayworth. Surprisingly little was known about this romance, but those nearest to Jim will tell you she was the girl who came closest to his heart.

It's been typical of his extremely cautious nature that Jim, always slow of speech, was slower than ever when the subject was matrimony. "A man's got to know where he's goin'," he said, as Monty Stratton. He says it personally, too. He's always had to know where he was going and if in doubt, take his time finding out—even into his forty-first year.

Recently, however, Jim worried his pals. He had acquired the ear-marks of a lonely man. When they worried audibly he would say, "Don't worry. I'll take care of it. Everything's going to be all right."

He was attracted to Gloria the first time he met her at a party at the Gary Cooper's. This was well over a year ago and they didn't date until they'd met on several other occasions.

No two people ever had more varied backgrounds, of course. Gloria McLean, ex-wife of Ned (Hope Diamond) McLean and the daughter of Ed Hatrick, retired head of "News of the Day," is a cosmopolite and socialite. Jim hails from a mining community lighted by the friendly flares of coal pits. It boasts "over ten thousand" population, one main street and a Volunteer Fire Department on which Jim makes an extra hand whenever he's home.

No one, however, thinks this difference in backgrounds will be any handicap. Jim's friends believe, unanimously, that she's the right girl for him.

Bill Grady likes to talk about a trip to Phoenix, Arizona, he made with Gloria and Jim. They were having dinner at a colorful little desert place when in walked three fliers who'd been in service with Stewart. Jim spent a couple of hours with them. "I thought he was neglecting us," Grady remembers now. "But when he came back and began apologizing, Gloria stopped him, with, 'Did you enjoy yourself?'"

"Yes," he said.

"Well then, that's all that matters," she smiled.

Asked what bachelor habits he plans eliminating from his life, Jim says, "Can't tell yet—gave me a few months and I'll let you know."

In his modest bachelor abode his every want is taken care of comfortably by his devoted Spanish couple, Victor and Hannah. He's accustomed to leading a quiet, simple life. He reads constantly, maintains a large record collection, likes to entertain a few people in a relaxed way and on invitation will gladly oblige with a few hundred selections on the piano or accordion.

For years, his heart has been in the sky. Recently, his love has been the P-31 Mustang he rescued from yard in the desert for $4,500, brought in Los Angeles on a flat truck and, with loving hands, built into "The Champ" she is today. For months, he worked nights as he helped Joe De Bona sand the ship down.

When "The Champ"—that proudly wears the anvil of the Stewart hardware store as its insignia—takes off in the Bendix, Jim will give the race a look. For, after the race, he's selling her. Gloria's afraid of 560 miles an hour merchandise. Also, it's a little too small, a single seater, and a little too expensive, 400 gallons an hour, for a family man.

His heart, you can tell, is grounded at last.
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Who Will Be Your Favorites for 1949?

(Continued from page 33) women. So are Betty Hutton, Hedy Lamarr and Betty Grable. Dorothy Lamour and Jane Russell, however, fascinate the male moviegoer more than they do his female partner.

Many men stars also depend mostly upon a feminine following. Some of the actors who rely on women for their highest popularity are Gregory Peck, Montgomery Clift, Robert Taylor, Clark Gable, Tyrone Power, and Jimmy Stewart. Two male stars are equally strong with both sexes—Cary Grant and Bing Crosby. Very few actors have a much bigger following among men than women. Examples of this rare bird are Humphrey Bogart and Errol Flynn.

But the actor with the most solidly male following is Bob Hope. Apparently, if men alone were dictating, Mr. Hope would wear the Popularity Crown.

For many, many years Audience Research has been patiently polling the types of films you preferred: Westerns, historical, costume pictures, biographies. Your overwhelming response has been, "Musicals—and light comedies with amusing dialogue." In 1947 and 1948 you backed up this statement by liking best of all movies made in those two years, "The Jolson Story" and "Setting Pretty."

But at the hallmark year of 1949, you have chosen the exact opposite type. Your favorite picture, thus far, is the grim drama "Johnny Belinda." Then, to complete the detour from your former preferences, still another grimly realistic picture is among the top ten: "The Snake Pit." Your interest in these pictures does not, however, indicate a trend toward morbid pictures, in our opinion. It merely means that these two superlative films have captured your attention.

Let us see what ten pictures were most enjoyed by you for the first half of 1949. In the order of their popularity, they are:

1. "Johnny Belinda"
2. "Red River"
3. "The Snake Pit"
4. "Apartment for Peggy"
5. "Mother Is a Freshman"
6. "A Letter to Three Wives"
7. "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"
8. "The Paleface"
9. "Tap Roots"
10. "The Three Musketeers"

There is not a musical on the list, and only two films that fit under the heading of really light comedy—"Paleface" and "Mother Is a Freshman."

There are four other strongly contending pictures which do not make the Top Ten list, but because they had been seen by enough people at the time of the survey. These are "Hamlet," "Little Women," "The Search," and "Take Me on to the Beach."

It would be very interesting to see what trends in pictures are started by you, the people—but very often a trend is far safer than a large Western. All this means, however, is that "Red River" was so successful that other studios hastily began making Westerns to get on the band wagon. You were enthusiastic about "Red River"—but not, we think, because it was a Western; but because it was a fine picture, and featured the captivating personality of Montgomery Clift.

Which brings us to yet another of your firmest rules: Every year, you form a determined army of boosters and create stars from among the new screen faces you see. One of your top new stars this year is Montgomery Clift—and you haven given him the same support that you have given"
in the past to numerous actors, including Van Johnson, Robert Taylor, Tyrone Power.

Montgomery Clift, of course, gave "Red River" the freshness and intriguing quality of a new face. One reason that so many British pictures are successful in this country is that many of their actors are new to us, and therefore interesting. By the same reasoning, an excellent American picture like "Command Decision" loses some of its reality because the parts were played by such familiar stars as Van Johnson, Walter Pidgeon and Clark Gable.

NOW, back to your rules. For 1949 you ruled a big turn-out at the theaters. There are ten million more movie-goers this year than there were before the war, in 1940. Then fifty-four million people sat in movie houses regularly—now there are sixty-four million.

Here's another fact that might interest you. Over half the audience around you in your local movie theater is aged between eighteen and thirty (62% to be exact). Since this age group predominates among movie-goers, perhaps it is you to whom we are talking when we speak of "you, the people.

What brings you into the theater? You have rules for this, too—the first and foremost being a big cast of stars. A familiar title also helps—one previously made famous by a best-selling book or play. Fine examples of this fact are "Gone with the Wind," "Mrs. Miniver," and "For Whom the Bell Tolls.

While on the subject of money-makers, there is one big reason why movie producers often tear out what's left of their hair. You, the people, often like one picture better—but pay more money at the box office to see a picture that you admit you don't like as well! For instance, out of your ten favorite pictures in last year's final polling, only two of them were on the ten biggest money-makers' list. These two were "A Date with Judy" and "Gentleman's Agreement."

And as a final, but very important rule, you definitely don't like your favorite stars to get involved in scandals. Our surveys show that a bad scandal about a star will result in a brief increase in interest in him—but very brief. From then on, your former hero-worship is over. This was particularly true—and still is true—of one male star who got into a lot of highly publicized women-trouble. He's never had the same box-office draw since.

With Robert Mitchum, however, you proved your right to break your own rules. Somehow his arrest for marijuana smoking excited your sympathy; since then, he has increased in popularity. When the representatives of Audience Research ask you why this fact exists, you, the people, give different reasons. "Well, he served his jail sentence, didn't he?" you say. In any event, you are back of Robert Mitchum, come what may.

But Mr. Mitchum is not one of your really top favorites. Over a range of the past twenty years, you have always insisted on your true favorites living fine, clean public lives. Examples of this rule are Will Rogers, Shirley Temple, Spencer Tracy and Bing Crosby. If Bing Crosby should ever be involved in a great scandal, I am convinced that there would immediately be a tremendous drop in his popularity.

And that's the way things are going at this point. You, the people, are still running things in your own puzzling fashion. What conclusion you will have reached by the end of 1949 still remains to be seen. But sometime next February, the Mystery of the Photoplay Gold Medal Awards—presented by you to Hollywood—will be solved.

THE END

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GIFT SECRET FOR MEN: The most gracious and acceptable gift you can give is Evening in Paris.
The House That Zach Built

(Continued from page 53) This dining room, incidentally, is the pride and joy of the Scott household and the room in which Zach keeps his favorite piece of furniture, a fine Welsh dresser in dark burned oak. The Scotts could have put this piece in their living room if they wanted to "show off." Instead, it's used in their dining room for its rightful purpose of holding dishes and providing cupboard space. The table and chairs, made of modern craftsman, are of an antique wood to match the dresser. A special feature of the dining room are the end tables that sit against the inside wall, acting as a buffet. They also lengthen the table when there are many guests. Zach designed these personally and I salute him for being both practical and imaginative. Actually, what he did was to adapt the "luggage rack" you see in all hotel rooms. Racks which are easily moved and yet can hold great weight.

Zach also expresses his personality with the Victorian columns used as plant stands in the corners of the dining room. He found these in an antique shop in his home town of Austin, Texas. To an outsider's eye they might clash somewhat with the early-English period of the Welsh dresser. However, they spell home to Zach, so for him, they are friendly and charming. What I highly approve of, in the Scott dining room, is the black-figure, white background scheme. It offers them a contrast to the raspberry-toned rug, and the cottage curtains of raspberry and black plaid.

In the bar-den the colors all are gay. There are brass light hardwood floors, brass lamps with red shades, light, wood-paneled walls, red-checked cotton-covered cushion, and chairs, and an open fireplace faced in black. On one open place, there's a portrait of Zach, aged four. On another wall there's a tiny photograph of Elaine, also at four years of age. And framed with this is Elaine's first doll, one of those inch-long china dolls that was "must" for every child around twenty or so years ago. Then, too, there is a silhouette of Waverly as a small girl. So mother, father and daughter beam at one another from the walls.

Sentimental? Certainly, and also delightful. It is sentiment, after all, that keeps families together and gives life meaning.

Zach's living room is the only room in the house devoid of sentiment, proving the Scott sense of formality and shyness. Not to the casual eye do they expose those possessions to the light.

The formality was in their having the living room at all.

At this point you might say, "But you have to have a living room." To that I reply, "What makes you so sure?"

It is not necessary to have a living room. I do not honestly see what application to modern living the "living room" makes when it is used as we used to treat parlors in our grandparents' time. Parlors were only for rare callers. They did not express the warmth of life that went on around them. The living room certainly lacks the sense of warmth that both the den and the dining room have. Thus, if you are building, or redoing your own home, you could do much worse than to knock down the old, when you have your "den" and your "living room" and make it all one room, designed for comfort.

The decor of the Scott living room is in excellent taste. I like its paneled walls in light wood. I think the choice of olive green ceiling and olive green on the back walls of plaster is very smart. There

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92
is a good simplicity in the fireplace detail, in the big, overstuffed chairs and sofa. However, it is when you go a dozen steps one way into the dining room, or a dozen steps the other, into the den, or upstairs to the bedroom, that you become aware of the fact and in the atmosphere of hominess and content.

To prove even more clearly how much Zach's home and family means to him, you have only to invade the privacy of his bedroom. Mrs. Scott has the large bedroom next to it, all full of feminine frills, but Zach's room is small, very masculine, and with practically every inch of it referring back to his boyhood, that of his parents, or that of his wife.

To begin with, it also expresses one thing which is a good rule for any person to follow: It is primarily a "bed-sitting room." I mean, it is visibly dedicated to rest and comfort, but it also has reading space, and odd corners in which Mr. Scott's "collecting habit is emphasized. He, himself, found the 1840 turkey-red handspun bedspread he uses on his antique bed. On the wall over the bed, there is a sketch of the Greek-revival house that was his grandfather's. This is flanked by two photographs of Zach himself, as a tiny lad. Over his dresser is a scarlet patch of paper, put over one spot in the overall blue-and-white paper used for the room, which matches the blue-and-white curtains at the window. This red patch dramatizes the gold watch that hangs at that spot—Zach's father's watch.

Another thing I found both delightfully individual and wonderfully useful, was "Mr. Scott's callboard." As you probably know, a callboard is simply a bulletin board that went into the theatrical profession. They are used just like bulletin boards in any trade, to make announcements, but never until I visited the Scott house have I seen one used in a private house, and if you, as Zach says of himself, are forgetful, you could use one, too.

Characteristically, however, in this particular house, even the callboard has its sentimental touches, like family snapshots thumb-tacked up there.

One place where Zach is obviously king, is in the converted attic which is thirteen-year-old Waverly's domain. The family love of this household is more clearly expressed by the fact that this is the house's largest room. It has been carefully air-conditioned. It has two beds, so that Waverly can entertain his girl friends overnight. There is plenty of room for her books, and a desk for her homework, sits in the best light below a dormer window. The "sitting room" end of the room has everything a young girl could desire. There is even a table large enough to dance upon, and here Waverly does, at times, "lunch" or "dine" her friends. The place of honor, however, is occupied by a large portrait of his father, and his attractive young lady who wants to be when she grows up, she answers, "I want to be an actress. Then I'll be in the same business as my father.

Personally, I'm sure she would be a very fine actress, but I think she won't do so badly, if she marries such a home-loving actor and gives up any thought of a career. That is what Mr. Scott, who was in the theater did, and their house tells their happy personal history.

Next month, I shall take you to a modern house, where there is a teen-age daughter, a rambunctious young son and two vividly contrasting parents.

The End

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Hollywood's Memorable Moments

(Continued from page 55) morning when Burt Lancaster was driving over Cahuenga Pass. As he made the turn into Ventura Boulevard, a big black sedan swung close and crowded him off the road.

"Hey, you big city hick," Burt yelled.

"Where do you think you're going? Why don't you learn to drive?"

The man at the wheel of the big sedan was the late producer Mark Hellinger. He was annoyed over the incident too, an annoyed enough to take Burt's car license. But Burt couldn't get Burt's flushed, angry face out of his mind.

"That guy had more action in his face than I'd seen in a long time," Mark told me later. "When I traced his car number and learned he was an actor, I realized he was just the man I'd been looking for to play the fall guy in "The Killers."

Burt, who was on contract to Hal Wallis, got his first big break in "The Killers." If he hadn't bawled Mark out that morning it might never have happened.

It was a disappointment that changed Susan Hayworth's fortunes.

"In 1937," she relates, "I was a skinny, redheaded and often hungry model working in New York. David O. Selznick happened to see me and thought I might be the girl they'd need for 'Gone With the Wind.' He brought me to Hollywood for the screen test.

"Until I heard that Vivien Leigh had the part, I walked on air. Then my despair was complete. I think the only thing that saved me was the fact of my age. When I lost the role of Scarlett O'Hara in 'Gone with the Wind' I was just the man I'd been looking for to play the fall guy in 'The Killers.'"

Burt, who was on contract to Hal Wallis, got his first big break in "The Killers." If he hadn't bawled Mark out that morning it might never have happened.

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Lovely; he really remembered really talked Morning—decided good had p Lots showed showed was, i j things, happened. That, ise big lovely thing get arrested ly, I promise i up. ‘Please another I murdered him. He, I knew, of course, was a ga g But when Shelley got back to the party later she told me that she never again would make an empty promise.

“I'm not feeling any better,” she explained. “Those few minutes when I thought I really was arrested had me so scared, I'll never forget them or renege on another promise!”

Gary Cooper, years ago, was infatuated with Lupe Velez. His friends did everything to break this infatuation. But the lovely girl's attraction remained great.

The day the police found Lupe in her big silken bed, dead from an overdose of sleeping pills, I had a luncheon engagement with Gary. I told him what had happened. “She was always violent about things,” he said, shaking his head.

I talked with him I remembered but for one of Lupe's little acts of violence Gary's life might have been different. They quarreled one evening over an ill cat hat, with her kittens, had moved uninvited into Lupe's house. Gary liked them and, in a maddening way, talked to them instead of listening to Lupe. Finally, after giving the little brood a saucer of milk, he walked out on a turbulent argument. A few minutes later, he returned through the cold and slept to apologize. He found the cats shivering in the rain, trying to lap up the milk that had spilled from the shattered saucer that had been thrown on the path. That was the turning point in his life. His romance with Lupe was over.

When June Haver was a kid of nine she was doing a singing and dancing act in a Cincinnati theater. Christmas Eve, after a late hospital engagement, she went home so tired she was ready to drop. About one o'clock in the morning the mother of a little Negro girl telephoned. Please come and see my little girl,” she said, distraught. “It may be the last thing she'll ever ask of anybody.”

June, so tired she was ill, got out of bed and went. “And,” she told me, “on Christmas day my mother and I decided we would go over and see that kid again, take her a present. We telephoned off and her mother told us in a choked voice that she had died during the night.

“Ever since then, when people ask me to do anything, I keep thinking I better do—while I have the chance.”

John Lund's biggest moment looked at time like his darkest moment.

“A tough kid of fourteen playing on the streets of my hometoy, Eugene, pushed through a show window,” John told me. “The only terms offered to stave off all sentence was for me to promise to pay.

With the long shadow of the law behind me I lived a life I never thought I would. I had no name or any pleasure. I was, literally, driven to the public library to amuse myself. “I read everything I could get my hands on. Lots of trips.” Then better stuff. If you're exposed to good literature long enough, you learn to like it in self-defense.

“Right now I'm working with John Stein on a script for an Alan Ladd movie called 'Postal Inspector.' I really want to be a writer. And if I make it, I'll know or sure that window smashing episode was the turning point of my life.”

The End

---

**Are you having any trouble with your skin?**

**Read how these 4 women gained softer, smoother, lovelier-looking skin**

- Does your skin ever get dry and flaky? Do those ugly little blemishes from external causes sometimes embarrass you, spoil your fun?

Cheer up! You can do something about it. These four women pictured above have found a real aid for their beauty problems—a simple home beauty routine developed by a doctor.

This new beauty routine has been clinically tested. 181 women took part in this test supervised by 3 skin specialists. Each woman had little thing wrong with her skin. Each woman faithfully used Noxzema's New 4-Step Beauty Routine.

**New 4-Step Routine**

Try this simple 4-step aid to a lovelier-looking complexion:

1. **Morning—bathe face with warm water, apply Noxzema with a wet cloth and "cream-wash" your face.**
2. **Apply Noxzema as a powder base.**
3. **Evening—repeat morning "cream-wash" cleansing.**
4. **Massage Noxzema lightly into your face.**

Pat on extra Noxzema over any blemishes you may have.

So if you want an aid to a lovelier-looking skin, if you suffer from rough, dry skin, externally-caused blemishes, chapping or other similar skin troubles—start using Noxzema's New Beauty Routine now.

Try Noxzema! See if you aren't thrilled at the way it can help your skin . . . as it has helped so many thousands of other women. See for yourself why over 25,000,000 jars are sold every year! Available at all drug and cosmetic counters. 40¢, 60¢, $1.00 plus tax. Get your jar of Noxzema today.
When your hair glows with bewitching Marchand color, 'twill see the difference and love it! Follow your next shampoo with Marchand's "Make-Up" rinse. See the extra loveliness, rich color, shimmering highlights, new austerity in your hair.

Marchand's Rinse removes dulling soap film, blends in tell-tale gray hairs, makes your hair easier to manage. Flattering shades for blondes, brownettes, brunettes and redheads. Safe, easy to use, washed out in shampooing.

Marchand's "MAKE-UP" HAIR RINSE
2 Rinses 10c • 6 Rinses 25c
*By the Makers of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash

Unmask!
(Continued from page 59) that Betsy, today, looks essentially the same as she looked her first day in Hollywood, only better. Her eyebrows are still there—every last one of them. Her mouth is still shaped the way it was when she came—with lipstick to give it point and color, but not to distort it. You may not like Betsy's mouth, but it's all hers and she wouldn't be the same without it. Her hair is short and straight and youthful, about the way she's always worn it. Her figure is unadorned, her malar haven't been yanked to give her a thief's look, her elbows haven't been soaked in nectarine bubbles to heavens-knows-what purpose. And looking at Betsy is a treat because you feel you're looking at a real person, not a make-up kit. And there's not a make-up man in town who isn't delighted about it. For these days, they use make-up only to intensify a girl's natural endowments, not to remake her.

Perc Westmore of Warners, for instance, thinks mobile features are considerably more attractive than any static beauty. "Give me a face with features that move and are full of expression. Mobility, that's the keynote today."

Jack Dawn, over at Metro's, says, "It used to break my heart when fresh young beauties came to Hollywood and were transformed into another facial mold. Our girls today are no better-looking than our girls have always been. They just look that way because now you can actually see them."

All of which is part of a quiet revolution that's been going on in Hollywood since the war. As Jack Dawn says, his job, his business, is giving the girls points and leave the bad ones alone altogether. "Of course, you don't leave blemishes uncovered, not with all the wonderful skin foundation on the market. Neither do you cover any face with a mask, a solid layer of thick make-up that's ugly." In other words, be yourself.

Prettier, if possible, with subtle undercoloring, but yourself, first, last and always. Like Betsy, Jeanne Crain, Anne Baxter, Janet Leigh and June Allyson, all of our lovely young stars. There's no a bleached head or a formula mouth in the lot.

However, before anyone upsets her face and prepares to face the world in her own natural state, allow me to caution that all this fine, healthy beauty of the stars is the result of plenty of hard work. Betsy's beauty habits are simple, but consistent. First, she's not afraid to scrub her face often and thoroughly and give it a hard rub-down to keep her facial tones alive and circulating. Her skin is one of her best features and, wisely, she plays it up. Since her coloring is high and rosy-checked, she uses no rouge. However, she advises those who need coloring to use it, by all means. But subtly, not cautions, subtly. However, as the years begin to pile up, Hollywood advises that you play down the rouge. Rosy cheeks are youthful, the badge of the very young.

Wally Westmore. Paramount's high factor of beauty, says, "After twenty-five, make-up should be used conservatively to enhance the illusion of youth—skin, not to preserve it. Oftentimes, girls who are over thirty, use your make-up with extreme discretion. Your own new-found maturity and assurance will more than compensate.

DONT MISS THE NEW PICTURES

Oh! my aching back!
For Fast Relief—
Rub tired, stiff, lame muscles with effective
Absorbine Jr. . . . and clock how fast the pain eases!
More hints? Well, Janet Leigh, to name another new, fresh beauty, has freckles. And Jack Dawn, her make-up man, doesn't cover them, even for the camera. "They're part of Janet," he says, "part of her clean, mountainy charm. We've never touched her hair, either, it's the same sun-streaked golden brown it's always been. Janet's eyelashes and brows, however, because she is naturally fair-haired, are quite light. The lashes are long but thin, so we enhance them with mascara and pencil just to bring them out properly, not to startle you with them. Janet's eyes are so lovely, naturally we don't want to waste them."

Janet's hair hasn't been cut because long hair seems to suit her kind of beauty. Just as long hair is so right for Jeanne Crain. And Esther Williams. But could you see June Allyson in any other kind of hairdo but the one she's got, the one she's had since her first picture? June's gay, effortless kind of personality calls for just the loose, unobtrusive way she wears her hair. She knows it, and although styles come and go, Junie's short unfussed—page-boy will go on forever.

Which, according to Pere Westmore, is exactly what he's been preaching for years. Despite the fact that he's one of the world's leading hair stylists, he insists that if a girl comes to him with nice hair showing any natural curl whatever, he usually leaves it alone and advises against a permanent wave. And Twentieth's hair expert Irene Brooks insists, "The new short hair, if properly cut and set, eliminates the need for kinky, obvious curls."

Anne Baxter used to wear more hair than anyone, her own and any spare rolls she could find around the studio. Now, after a long talking to from Irene Brooks, she's wearing her hair short. And she swears she'll never let it grow long again.

You might imagine to look at Anne's simple hair-do that she doesn't do a thing for it but run a comb through it. Uh huh! She spends more time on her hair now than she ever has in her life. She brushes it furiously to keep it springy and natural-looking. It's washed in the studio salon and Anne literally beats it with a brush while one of the girls works over it with the hand-dryer. But it's worth the trouble. Anne's short hair has really brought out her crisp personality.

So, off with affectations and on with individuality. Or, would you rather be a mask?

THE END

LISTEN TO RADIO'S COMEDY QUIZ!

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EVERY MONDAY NIGHT

beginning August 29

10:30 EDT, CBS

Read Bob Hawk's life story in the current issue of TRUE STORY magazine now on the newstands.
Blonde Bonanza

(Continued from page 43) working, I thought I could not have a career and marriage, too. And marriage is all I really wanted. Now I have that, too. I am just a very lucky girl.

Those people believe she still feels that way.

Certainly, no top actress in Hollywood, and Betty is the first with her $200,000 income for 1948 and her place in the Big Ten at the box office for the past six years, has ever sublimated her career to marriage and home any more than Mrs. Harry James. The two pictures she makes every year are planned to coincide with the dates of Harry's band tours. This is done so that when Mrs. James is busy on the sets and comes home late and tired, Mr. James will be away and busy, too, and have no chance to feel neglected.

When Harry is on tour nothing keeps Betty out late enough to miss his nightly eleven o'clock long distance call. Even as on a recent birthday party night at Ciro's for her friend, Mrs. Harry Ritz, Betty will walk out on the fun early. She could have Harry's calls transferred, but, "If Harry thinks enough of me to telephone every night, I can certainly be home for his call," she says. And she is.

WHEN she's working on a picture she insists on stopping promptly at six, has her make-up off and is dashing out the studio gate in her car by six-thirty, to be home for dinner with the family at seven.

If she is busy later, the afternoons her hairdresser and devoted companion of eleven years, Marie Brasselle, calls and lets the family know whether Betty will be home in time to play with two-year-old Jessica before she goes off to school. Vicki, being four, can stay awake longer.

While other stars plan impressive European vacations and specially timed trips to the Paris ballet, Betty is apt to go off on a six-weeks' jaunt with Harry and the girls to a place like Del Mar, a mere hundred or so miles from Hollywood.

Until they get to building the ranch house they dream of, on the 100 acres they have bought just across the road from their other San Fernando property, they are living as simply as they can in a rented house in Beverly Hills that is really too pretentious for folks like the Jameses. Weekends they spend at the ranch while they await the day when they can make their real home out there.

Betty is managing to keep the children unspoiled in spite of the attention that is showered on the children of stars. Vicki already shows talent for music. She can play five "pieces" on the piano and her mother says she got a promise of being a dancer. Vicki, herself, says, "I'm going to be a lady jockey." That's because (a) the Jameses, as you know, own and breed race horses and Vicki has horse face; (b) her favorite movie star is not Betty Grable, who is just Mommy to her, but a fast-rider, hard-shootin' cowboy called Hopalong Cassidy.

Betty is well aware of this story, since, who loves her because she is Mommy, not because she is an important star. It seems that Vicki was told she could listen to Mommy's voice on the radio where she plays a very important role recently. Vicki tried hard for a few moments, but it was way over her head. She turned to her nurse. "Do you suppose," she asked, "ever so politely, 'there is something good on television?'"

Jessica, too young to be a movie fan, has, at least, a general idea of her father's profession. When anyone asks where he is she shouts, "Tell Dad's daddy's on the road a-tootin' a horn!"

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If all this sounds like a piece about Betty James—the wife, mother and home-maker—without due respect to Betty Grable, the motion picture star, it's not. Betty Grable herself, has put career second, marriage first. (That's why we were concerned about that talk of separation.) But she is dead serious about her job, while she's doing it, and has the reputation of being about the hardest-working star on the lot.

A Grable picture is about three months in the making. Betty rehearses on the set for weeks beforehand. When the film actually starts rolling she may be wilting in a chair on the sidelines. But when she hears, "Ready, Miss Grable!" she springs back with animation and sparkle.

She is plagued by the idea of perfection, especially in her dance numbers. "It didn't feel right to me," she will comment on a take that satisfied everyone else. "Just one more, please," she will beg. "I'd like to turn a little quicker on that last note." Almost invariably, the retake is asked for will be the one that is printed. Grable is usually right, about Grable. "A director's dream," Henry Koster murmurs admiringly.

She seems to have no vanity except when she is before a camera. Then she wants to live up to everything her public expects. She believes she knows her own face better than anyone else, so she puts on her own make-up.

When people tell her she looks as if she really were enjoying herself on the screen, she says, "I am. I love it all. I always have. When I was in the chorus I was happy. I had no ambition to be a star. I just worked hard doing my job. When I was given a specialty I just worked harder. "I'm surprised, too, every time I see my name in the top ten, but I'm also grateful. That's why I work hard. If people like me that much, I should work hard. Musicals are right for me," she goes on. "People want to see me in glamorous costumes against a jeweled backdrop—a sort of backstage Cinderella, the poor working girl who makes good. They want to see me in roles they can believe in.

Of course you already know about Betty's keen sense of humor. Quickly she can bridge an awkward situation with laughter. For instance, in her last picture with Vic Mature, they had a little argument at the finish, something about the way a scene should be interpreted. They're together again in "Wabash Avenue," and in the first scene, Betty is supposed to be singing on the stage of a cheap cafe while Vic and Reggie Gassner watch from a table. Vic, as per the script, is heckling her. Betty throws a tomato, Vic ducks in time and Reggie gets it: "You know the part about the tomato," Vic sputtered. "I was sorry they changed the script. "Why?" Vic fell into her trap.

"Because at first I was supposed to hit you," Betty laughed. Vic joined in, and they were off to a merry start. So that's the kind of girl Betty Grable is. That's the kind of girl Harry James married. That's the kind of marriage we would like to see go on and on.

The End

Color forecast for October PHOTOPLAY

Exciting pictures of Rita Hayworth and Aly Khan at their honeymoon home
Searching Party

(Continued from page 57) earmarked for a treasure hunt. When the hunt started, Edith presented Wanda with a poem that held a hint as to where the first gift was hidden. On the first gift was a clue for the second. The poems revealed that the gifts were definitely amateurish, some silly, some serious, the guests all helping with the compositions. Not until Wanda had all her presents examined, her mother gave her an iron. Edith presented her with a miniature grandfather's clock. And there were lovely linens and china from the other guests.

There is an old legend (similar to that of catching the bridal bouquet) that the donor of the seventh shower present to be opened will be the next bride. Since the cards with the ribbon were unaware of the fact that it was Ann Blyth's lovely cut glass bonbon dish she chose to be the seventh package. Ann, however, blithely denied any possibility of the legend coming true, perhaps for a long time.

Edith, usually a strict disciplinarian as to what her glamour queens may and may not eat, put her tape measure down for this occasion and prepared a delectable high tea. High tea can be considered in the same class with a Sunday night supper. But it's really more fascinating, offering a greater variety of delicious dishes. The menu that Edith offered may seem difficult to prepare, but actually it isn't.

Here is what she had: Deviled crab in toasted loaf, orange bread sandwiches, pecan rolls, brownies, and mushroom tarts, cheese, roast beef, short bread cookies and cinnamon buns.

DEVILED CRAB IN TOASTED LOAF
Melt 2 tbsp. butter over low heat. Remove from heat and add 4 tbsp. flour. Mix well; add 3 cups cold milk and cook over low heat, stirring constantly until mixture is thick. Add 1 tsp. salt, ½ tsp. white pepper, and 2 tbsp. hot seasoning sauce. Add 1 lb. crabmeat (or two 7½-ounce cans) and heat thoroughly. Remove top crust from loaf of unsliced bread. Scoop out center, leaving an inch-thick shell. Bake at 400° F.) 10 minutes or until golden brown. Fill with deviled crab mixture. Sprinkle with paprika. Garnish with watercress. Cut 4 tomatoes in half; scallop the edges. Top with mayonnaise and arrange on platter. Makes 12 small servings.

QUICK ORANGE BREAD
Remove colored rind from 2 oranges, avoiding white part. Cut half of one rind into thin strips. Put remaining orange rind through grinder. Add 4 cups boiling water to rind; let stand 10 minutes; drain off water. Add ¾ cup cool water and ¾ cup sugar and boil 5 minutes or until a thin syrup forms. Let cool. Add 1 beaten egg combined with 1 cup of milk. Sift 2½ cups sifted flour with 2½ tsp. baking powder and ¾ tsp. salt. Add liquid to dry ingredients slowly, beating until smooth. Turn into a greased loaf pan (8x4x3 inches); let stand 10 minutes. Bake in moderate oven (350° F) 50–60 minutes until golden brown. Let cool thoroughly. Slice thin, spread with butter and serve as sandwiches filled with cream cheese and marmalade.

CINNAMON BUNS
To one package of hot roll mix (or any standard yeast roll recipe calling for 3 cups of flour) add 2 tbsp. sugar. Let rise until double in bulk. Knead down and roll thinly. Place in buttered baking pans. Bake in moderate oven (350° F) about 20 minutes. Makes 1 dozen buns.
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My Mrs. Mike

(Continued from page 30) happy in a way I never believed I could be, and who has given me the kind of love that I believe few men ever experience.

I didn’t want to marry June. This I confess openly, now. I didn’t believe in marriage. Not at all. Even if I was willing to pay for a couple of months, said, “What are your intentions?” she threw me completely. She really did. And she really said just that. “Whit?” Have you had a couple of other offers?”

“Yess,” she said. Just like that. No more, no less, and no explanations.

That threw me too, and I pointed out that I wouldn’t have my divorce decree for another four months. Until I was where I could ask her to marry me, I said, I didn’t think I could think of marriage. And when, at the end of those four months, I would be free to wed, I wasn’t absolutely sure I wanted to.

“Please take me home now,” June said.

I did. We parted with dignity. I knew she was probably hanging around among whom principally there was some-one called Tommy.

Also, I knew, as I headed toward home that night, that I had been thinking about June and the time I knew her. Perhaps you’ve heard that story. I was in the audience and she was on stage, on Broadway, in “Best Foot Forward.” She had sung so sweetly, and when she sang so earnestly that the veins swelled in her neck with the effort. It tickled me. She was working so hard I thought she’d just pop open in front of the audience and die. But I knew her, in the cast, and when the curtain rang down, I went back stage to say “hello” and was introduced to June.

I decided to make a speech at a Community Chest luncheon. I sat up at the speaker’s table, between New York’s Mayor La Guardia and Rita Hayworth.

We had that typical banquet luncheon of a man’s voice saluting peas. My chicken must have had a long hard life before the axe got him. Saw as I wouldn’t, I couldn’t cut him. Finally, just as the knife hit, he skidded right across Rita, right across the table, right down into the room. I heard a laugh ring out, I looked up, and who was it?

Yes, of course, it was Miss Allyson laughing. Our eyes met and I began laugh- ing in return. I took the train West the next day, but I remembered that laugh. For I wasn’t finding life very funny that time. My capacity for enjoyment and my mirth was definitely cold.

Joan Blondell fried her divorce action shortly after that, and a month or two later, June Allyson came out to M-G-M. I called her up and asked her for a date. When I called for her, I discovered that she was much smaller and much cuter than I had realized. I thought she was about the daintiest girl I had ever seen. So then she ordered dinner and knocked the breath out of me by eating three times as much as I did. She still does. Her appetite is like her voice. When she talks, and when she sings, it’s pretty much all the time, I call her Barrel House Joe and I can’t for the life of me figure where that husky voice is stored in that little chart.

Anyway, after that first date, I saw her as regularly as her popularity would per-mit until that night she asked me what I was thinking about our future, if any.

Even when I didn’t see her, I called her every day and we always concluded our conversations with, “I’ll see you tonight.” I did.

Well, the morning after the evening I’d told her I wasn’t too full of wedding bells and diamond rings, I telephoned her. When June didn’t answer the phone, I left a message. “Good-bye, honey.” June said, “Good-bye.”

No “honey”? And I could hear the tears in her voice.

Still, I held out for another chance. This time I drove over to her house in my car and dashed toward her house. She opened the door and I pulled her into my arms.

“I love you, June, I love you,” I said. She didn’t say anything. I was almost in fear of being in a jumble. “Oh, I love you, too, Tommy,” she said. Tommy! I could have murdered her. Instead, I said, “June, we’ll get married as soon as my divorce is final.”

Then, last summer, when perfect wife in the world, she said, “We’ll share everything, darling, our work, our play. It will be heaven.”

I didn’t want that will,” I said, and it was a good six hours before I came back to reality. I thought of my boat and the trips June and I would take on it. I thought of my plane and the faraway places we’d fly to in it. For us we had enough money to cook meals she’d fix for me and the way she would manage our house.

So, we were married in August, 1945, and the first thing I discovered was that June gets seasick and hates boats. Then, I found that she was deadly afraid of small planes and that she wouldn’t go up in mine. She never has, either. Then, I learned she knew as much about running a house as a humming bird would.

I sold my boat. I reconciled myself to taking my flying alone. And I figured we’d have a lot of friends who’d offer to afford servants, so what did it matter if “my little idiot” as I mentally calling her, would never be a housekeeper.

That was a noble thought on my part, too, except that when Junie hired a cook, I’d soon discover what had won her was not the woman’s kitchen recommendations, but some hard-luck story about a dying mother or a want to work with what you have. What’s more, when she hired them she never could fire them, no matter what they did. Firing was my job.

There was the case of a secretary she hired, and June was listening to reviewing the girl, I came in and instantly recognized that she wasn’t right for the job. I called June outside and told her so. June would’ve fired her, so when some big sympathy angle being worked and June had already fallen for it.

“Okay,” I said, “but anything goes wrong, this time you do the firing.”

I learned she knew no tears in tears. “Get rid of that girl for me,” she said.

“She’s impossible.”

“No,” I said. “You do.”

June was, of course, the next day. Weeks went by. June was wretched. I said to her, “I’ll bet you a hundred dollars you’ll never get the guts to fire her.”

She did get the nerve, the next day, and when she tried to, I did. And when it came to me that thereby Junie had gotten $100 the better of me, I laughed.

Maybe that’s why we are so happy toget- her, we can laugh togeth- er over everything.

She was so hurt, when the first of the rumors about our separating began to circulate, that I nearly blew my top with laughter. When she began about Peter Lawford, she was stunned and I saw such red that I believe if I could have come across the perpetrator of them, I would have committed murder.

Let me tell you this: Peter Lawford, my friend, rather than June’s. He is still the same. He began dropping over to our house to discuss his career with me. He’s not nutty about planes as I am, and we would be deep in discussion about them when June would suddenly fall in a jumble. “Oh, I love you, too, Tommy,” she said. Tommy! I could have murdered her. Instead, I said, “June, we’ll get married as soon as my divorce is final.”

Since all this foolish gossip, which blew up last summer, when June took a $500 trip to New York, while I was finishing a picture, the only change in our relationship to Pete is that we don’t appear in public with him as often. But he is still a frequent guest at our home and we’re happy with that. Despite what it might have looked like, I never had any idea that Pete was anything but a very close friend.

One day June said, “Richard, let’s move. This was our honeymoon house and I loved it, but it isn’t big enough to have a space for Norma and Ellen to stay on long enough. It’s a big enough house for us to have that adopted baby one day.”

“Okay, are we adopting a baby?” I said. “Yes,” I thought she was in daughter by my former marriage and Norma is my son. Both of them live in part of every year. They are fine kids.

“Why, certainly,” said June. “And Richard, when we adopt a little girl there, you’ll have to take me along on. Let me name her something she can’t be nicked named for.”

“Id’ like to call her Allyson Powell, I said.

“No,” said my bride. “They’ll call me Alley, or something. Think how you nick name me. Heaven knows what you’ll do to her. I want a girl called Ann or Ruth, not something that will twist.”

I agreed. Yet, when the baby arrived and I referred to her as Ann, June was horrified.

“Richard, that’s a terrible name. We’ve simply got to name her Pamela. Just think, Pamela Powell. And we can call her Pam.”

What chance has a man got against such warm illogic—a man in love, I mean. “The other night we went to see ‘The Stratton Story.’ It was June’s first premiere, complete with lights, crowds, Mike phones. She was so excited she was nearly crying.”

“Just you try to have a career like this I said.

“Oh, exactly,” breathed June. “Only marriage.”

That wasn’t what I meant, and she knew it, but I was glad she said that. We went out, into the crowds applauding her, in the mobs hunting her autograph.

When we got home, she said, “I’m so excited, I can’t even think of sleep. Could we stay up all night long?”

We did. We prowled the night club which we seldom do, we danced and whis pered and laughed, and we put the chairs on the tables and headed toward home. The dawn was just beginning to break.

“See?” I said to June. “It’s tomorrow. This is what you wanted, isn’t it?”

She answered me with a peaceful smile, my Mrs. Mike, my little idiot, and small, wonderful Barrel House Joe. The End.
Amazing New Creme Shampoo

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to black, brown, auburn or blonde beauty

SO EASY TO USE—YET COLORS SO NATURALLY
Just brush on Tintz Creme Shampoo Hair Coloring and shampoo. Like magic, this one easy application cleans, reconditions and recolors your hair to thrillingly soft, natural-looking beauty. No muss or fuss! Caution: Use only as directed on label and perfect results are guaranteed.

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MEN LOOK YOUNGER, TOO
Men in all walks of life use Tintz because it leaves hair so natural appearing. Doesn't shout "dyed." Order now. Only $1.25 plus tax.

SEND NO MONEY ON THIS NO RISK OFFER
Just clip coupon, check your shade and mail today. On arrival deposit $1.25 plus tax and postage with your postman; then shampoo-tint easily, quickly, right in your home. You must be completely delighted with results or your money will be refunded.

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(Tintz)
"For a much MILDER smoke - I like Chesterfield
It's MY cigarette"

Alexis Smith

Co-starring in
"MONTANA"
A Warner Bros. Production

PROMINENT TOBACCO FARMERS
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"Chesterfield buys the best mild, mellow
tobacco that I can grow. I like Chesterfield
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Always buy CHESTERFIELD
...the Best Cigarette for YOU to smoke
First Pictures
in Full Color of
Ina Hayworth's
Honeymoon
Caressable Hands in just Seconds!

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

Prove It for Yourself with This 10-second Test!

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

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

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

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Remember!

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

LIPSTICK
Creamy, clinging... in 8 fashionable shades!

FACE POWDER
Smooth, velvety texture! 6 "Flower-Fresh" shades!

ALL-PURPOSE CREAM
For radiant, "date-time" loveliness—a bedtime beauty "must"!

TALCUM POWDER
A shower of spring flowers!
Take this Most Important Step to Save your Teeth!

“Most tooth loss comes from gum troubles,” say dentists. So guard your gums as well as your teeth—this dentist-approved Ipana way!*

Think of the pain, trouble and embarrassment it could cost you to lose just one tooth!
Then think of this: denial authorities say more than half of all tooth losses today come from gum troubles. And gum troubles can strike anyone, even healthy teen-agers, with little warning!
That’s why the most effective step you can take to save your teeth is to guard your gums. That’s why tooth brushing alone— with any dentifrice—is not enough. Your complete dental routine must provide effective care for your teeth and gums both!

Ipana dental care* does just that. No other paste or powder can clean your teeth better and brighter than Ipana. And Ipana is the only leading tooth paste specially designed to aid the health of your gums, too! Its unique formula actually stimulates circulation—promotes healthier gums.

DENTISTS WARN YOUTH: GUARD GUMS!
America’s top dental authorities issue this timely warning: you can’t have healthy teeth without healthy gums. They urge you to start fighting gum troubles and guarding your teeth while you are still young!
See your dentist regularly. Follow his advice. And remember—Ipana is the tooth paste more dentists recommend and personally use than any other!

PROTECTS HER DATE-WINNING SMILE THE IPANA WAY!

Pretty Barbara Ann March of Roselle, N.J., has a beau-catching smile and wants to keep it! As a successful (and popular) junior model, Babs knows the importance of firm, healthy gums to sound teeth and a sparkling smile. So she follows the Ipana way to healthier gums and brighter teeth both—because dentists say it works! Give yourself the benefits of this dentist-approved care. Get Ipana Tooth Paste today.

HEALTHIER GUMS, CLEANER TEETH—IPANA for Both!

P.S. For correct brushing use the DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush with the twist in the handle. 1000 dentists helped design it!
No messy fingers! You never touch Stopette...hardly know it touches you!

Just squeeze the flexible bottle...Stopette envelops underarm in cool deodorant mist, banishes odor and perspiration worries.

You have never used a deodorant so delicate, yet so effective. Stopette is invisible, dries the instant you spray it on, leaves no trace on skin or clothes. Composed of kind-to-your-skin ingredients...assures the firm yet gentle protection you must have. The squeezeable bottle is unbreakable—carry it anywhere. So economical, too—hundreds of sprays in each bottle.

Your favorite drug or cosmetic counter has Stopette. Try it once...you will never use another deodorant.
IT SPEAKS OF LOVE! IT SINGS IN Technicolor!

Worlds apart... yet their hearts are as close together as the hands of a clock at midnight!

M-G-M... producer of the screen's finest Technicolor musicals... presents another wonderful entertainment!

THAT MIDNIGHT KISS

STARRING
KATHRYN GRAYSON
JOSE ITURBI
WITH
ETHEL BARRYMORE
KEENAN WYNN

Screen Play by Bruce Manning and Tamara Hovey
Directed by NORMAN TAUROG
Produced by JOE PASTERNAK
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

MEET A NEW STAR!
He's the rugged, romantic type and the singing discovery of a lifetime!

NOTE! Something to watch for! The greatest picture since sound is M-G-M's "BATTLEGROUND"!
What Should I Do?
Claudette Colbert
star of "Love Is Big Business"

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED
BY CLAUDETTE COLLERT

DEAR Miss Colbert:
It has been over three months since I have been treated, and very successfully so far, for alcoholism. Of my own volition, I entered an excellent sanitarium and remained there until I was "cured."

Although my life has seemed to begin anew, with the unfolding of so many ambitions which were formerly blurred by the bottle, I have not been able to solve the problem of compatible friendships with people of my own age.

I have always been interested in sports, but the men with whom I used to engage in games or watch them, invariably carry liquor. My desire for drink has vanished, but I am far short of infallible.

I want friends, but I don't want to endanger my new and hard-won freedom from alcoholism. What can I do?

Edgar B.

It seems to me that the first thing for you to do would be to write to the sanitarium where you were treated and secure the address of the chapter of Alcoholics Anonymous which is nearest to you. Men of all ages and status of life belong to this excellent organization; the problem of each of them is your problem, so you would find sympathetic fellowship.

If such a goal is too far distant from the town in which you live, why don't you make a definite effort to affiliate with some church group men's club. Here in Los Angeles, there are some fine church groups of men who take an active part in athletics of all kinds; they are two-fisted, alert citizens with whom any right-thinking man would be glad to be friendly.

By attending church and associating with young people's organizations, you are almost certain to meet some nice girls. They will introduce you to their friends, and in no time you will find yourself in a group whose manner of living will be more satisfying to you, than trying to adjust yourself to the old group.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:
My husband and I have been married nine months, and this fall we started building our own home. Our lot is next to the home of my husband's family.

Frankly, for some unknown reason, I am jealous of my mother-in-law. She has done nothing to cause my dislike. She has given my husband and me countless things and wants to do everything for us, but somehow, in doing this, she has taken the joy out of planning our own home.

The first major item she purchased was a five-piece bedroom suite. It was nice, but not the kind I would have selected.

We will have a beautiful yard, due to her efforts in (Continued on page 82)

Have You Heard?

JOAN LANSING

Down on Radio Row there are tall tales about a certain master of uncerimony. Everyone I've talked to says he's a hazard to women's inhibitions. His name is Art Linkletter. This master of mirth runs a small daily riot called "House Party" on the American Broadcasting Company network but it's like no house party I ever attended. For Pillsbury's mid-day host is a genius at verbally creeping up on an unwary participant. His interviews are famous for revealing repartee. As a matter of fact, someone once said that Linkletter could find something gay and funny in a quilling bee at an old maid's home. If "House Party" is any indication of this talent, I agree completely. Linkletter perpetually skates on the censor's thin ice. The personal questions he asks the Mrs.'s at the mike are unbelievably funny. But that's not all of "House Party", there are stunts that could be conceived only by a master... games, quizzes and contests of the "est" variety—biggest feet, oldest old maid, longest married and so on. But the crowning glory of this noontime madness is Linkletter, the man who flies through his ad lib with the greatest of ease and makes "House Party" the best reason for staying out of the moon shine ever invented.

P.S. In case you don't know it's at 12:00 noon EST every weekday.

Anyone can put her foot into it, but you should hear the contestants on Peter Donald's show talk their way out of it! This is just about the most hilarious example of the ticklish situation I ever heard. For here is the proof that silence is NOT golden. Peter Donald sows his wild oats (Quaker, of course) by donning fantastic guises to go with each situation — "Scareface Stilletto" was my favorite with "unwashed Donald" a close second — and then the trapped participants talk their way out of it to the tune of cash prizes. Naturally Peter Donald's masterful dialects are the creme de la creme which makes me sorry "Talk Your Way Out Of It" — a mad melee of wit and nitwiticism — is only aired Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 3:00 PM EST on the ABC network.

Other Tips on Daytime Dialing
Modern Romances 11:00 AM EST Thrilling dramatizations of twentieth century love.
Galen Drake 4:00 PM EST Interesting facts and fiction told by a master entertainer.
Betty Crocker 10:25 AM EST Instructive household hints you'd never find elsewhere.

Joan Lansing

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ANNOUNCING A SENSATIONAL NEW KIND OF GIRDLE,
THE NEWEST OF THE FAMOUS PLAYTEX® GIRDLES:

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PLAYTEX proudly presents PINK-ICE— not as a color, but as a brand new kind of girdle that actually “breathes” —keeps you feeling fresh all day long.

Just touch it and you'll feel the difference. It's so shimmering smooth, so light, so cool. And it washes in a matter of seconds, pats dry with a towel.

PLAYTEX PINK-ICE is made of tree-grown latex, with an all-way stretch that power-moulds your figure along its natural lines and controls your figure when you are sitting, as well as when you're standing or walking.

Invisible under the sleekest dress, the slenderest clothes, PLAYTEX PINK-ICE becomes a living part of you, giving with every motion of your body.

See how PINK-ICE gives you back your own trim figure — inches slimmer and trimmer, in the most complete comfort!

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On sale in all modern corset and notions departments and better specialty shops everywhere!
Strange things keep happening to GARY COOPER

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ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S Under Capricorn

THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD WILL HAIL ITS GREATNESS!

Screen Play by JAMES BRIDIE • Adaptation by Hume Cronyn • Based on the play by John Colton and Margaret Linden • From the novel by Helen Simpson

Directed by ALFRED HITCHCOCK

A TRANSATLANTIC PICTURE
Larry Parks practises while wife Betty Garrett glamorizes for song-and-dance act for Wadsworth Veterans Hospital

Cheerful earful: Dotty Lamour, Betty Hutton, at charity auction for Mickey Finn Youth Foundation

Inside the Inside: While practically every columnist in town was definitely stating that Errol Flynn's friend, Princess Irene, was with him—either in Hollywood or waiting for him in New York—she was in Paris quietly divorcing her first husband in order to be free when Flynn returned to Paris. Could be that Princess Irene may nab the handsome Flynn on the rebound...

Old-timers feel Monty Clift's indifference to Hollywood may land him in the slightly forgotten category if he doesn't forget his allergy to movietown. His refusal to make "The Big Hangover" because, as he claimed, he couldn't get Elizabeth Taylor as leading lady makes little sense in that Elizabeth is very much in the picture at this writing, with Van Johnson replacing Clift. Elizabeth may face the problem of being a movie star or being the wife of Bill Pawley Jr. whose work...
Scoop — of ice cream, from Jane Wyman at fund-raising party in England where Jane made film "Stage Fright"

Pool pleasures: Kirk Douglas, Adele Jergens at Kurt Kreuger's party for stage star Jessie Royce Landis, right.

STUFF

keeps him from Hollywood, Cal feels movies will win . . . The simple life along Oregon's Rogue River has become Hollywood's get-away-from-it-all resort to Clark Gable, who is building a home there. He'll take it in preference to the Riviera any day.

People—Here and There: Despite the printed items that Paulette Goddard and director John Huston were enemies who loathed each other, the pair were a happy dinner duo at Mike Romanoff's. And Cal, who occupied the next booth, can testify they don't hate each other a bit. On the contrary! . . . Hollywood swains are moaning the blues because Valli has decided to stay married to her Italian husband . . . At the birthday party Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr. gave Cal, Ann Sothern told of the day she and Tisha spent at

Kay Williams and Ann Sothern at baby shower for Kay, given by Ann, Andrea Leeds and Mrs. Mike Romanoff
Hands across the tables: The Dana Andrewses, Ann Sheridan and escort Cesar Romero are guests at Lew Schreiber party at Mike Romanoff's

David Niven, at “Kiss Me Kate” opening, envies wife’s cool collar line

the Clark Gable ranch and how Clark had shown Tisha the orchards, the barns and the horses, and what friends the two became. Tisha is now four and blondely pretty like her mother . . .

Agnes Moorehead, told dinner guests at Emmy Burlingham’s of her visit to Tehachapi, the California prison for women, before playing a prison matron in “The Cage.”

Giggle of the Month: Jimmy Stewart and Joyce MacKenzie were rehearsing their lines on the “Broken Arrow” set before director Delmar Daves called “camera.” The lights blazed down and all was deadly still.

Joyce spoke. “Why are you drifting? From Mississippi boat-hand to gold miner to Indian Scout. What are you hoping to be?”

“A married man,” a voice from behind the camera called, which, of course, completely broke up the scene.

A Yank in Kent: On location for “The Black Rose” in Kent, England, Tyrone Power was invited by the local lads to participate in a croquet match, a much rougher, tougher game than American croquet.

Tyrone was reluctant but the lads, gleams in their eyes, insisted, naming unusually high stakes.

Tyrone took the English lads to the cleaners. “They didn’t know about those vicious matches put on by Darryl Zanuck in Palm Springs,” Ty grinned.

Incidentally, Tyrone has bought a light plane of his own and, with Linda, plans to tour the Scandinavian countries before returning to Hollywood.

(Continued on page 12)
When Greer left for England to make the sequel to “Mrs. Miniver,” Buddy went along, too.

RANCHER’S WIFE

They knew they were in love from the start.
But three things had to be considered before Greer could become Mrs. Buddy Fogelson.

When Greer Garson became Mrs. Buddy Fogelson, many commented upon the suddenness of the marriage. Actually, there was nothing sudden about it.

There never was any doubt in the minds of either Greer or Buddy that they were in love. There never was any doubt in Buddy’s mind when they should marry; always it was just as soon as Greer was willing. But, with her, it was different. She wanted to be sure of several things. That, irrespective of her feeling for Buddy, it was not her long loneliness that influenced her to marry again. That her mother would work out a good life for herself alone. That, and this above all, she would fully recover from the two minor operations her doctor recommended.

She married Buddy entirely satisfied on the first and last score. Unfortunately, her mother’s absence from the wedding leaves doubt about the second. Nina Garson insists it was under doctor’s orders that she did not attend the wedding. However, rumors persist that Nina was absent from the wedding because she did not wish it to take place.

However this may be, there could have been no doubt in Greer’s mind that she had done the right thing. There was the admiration in which the Fletcher A. Catrons of Sante Fe held Buddy. It was the Catrons who opened their home for the quiet wedding. There was, besides, the respect and affection Buddy received from the townspeople; the policemen and newsboys and the citizens on the streets. A reassuring thing, for a bride to see her husband held in such esteem! There was, besides, Buddy’s history to warm Greer’s heart; his war work on Dwight E. Eisenhower’s personal staff, and his efforts in behalf of the Reparations Committee Conference.

They spent their honeymoon at “Forked Lightning,” where their old Spanish ranch house sits high on historic ground. “Ranch life agrees with me,” says Greer happily. “I’m even a little reluctant to leave for England where I’ll make a sequel to ‘Mrs. Miniver.’” Not too reluctant, however. For Buddy—oil operator, rancher and lawyer—is declaring a holiday so he may be with her.
try the test below

Are you really Lovely to Love?

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

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

Test it. Write to Fresh, Chrysler Building, New York, for your free jar.

On the same evening that the newlyweds, Nora Eddington and Dick Haymes, celebrated their marriage at Mocambo . . .

(Continued from page 10)

Wedding Bells: Under a bower of flowers in the garden of their Beverly Hills home, Nora Flynn and Dick Haymes became man and wife.

Cal could see the happiness reflected on the faces of these two people who, curiously enough, look much alike. “Oh honey,” were Nora’s first words after the ceremony, as she threw her arms about Dick. In those words, all the anxiety and unpleasantness that had preceded their marriage seemed erased.

After the ceremony, Dick and Nora showed us their rings. Nora’s is a wide diamond circle with the names “Nora and Dick” outlined in diamonds. Dick’s is a wide platinum band with their names and date engraved inside.

Only Nora’s family and relatives, with a very few close friends, and Dick’s mother and his best man, Charles Farrell, and Nora’s two daughters by her ex-husband Errol Flynn, were present.

But in the living room was a wire from Errol wishing Nora happiness.

Dick’s three children by his former wife Joanne Dru, who soon after became the (Continued on page 14)

. . . Joanne Dru (the ex-Mrs. Haymes) and John Ireland dined at Nick Arden’s prior to their wedding in La Jolla
Oh, plenty of others would be at her first real grown-up party, but not Jim—not the one she wanted! Here was his note with its phony sounding "I am sorry...I know you will understand." But Ann didn't understand; no woman does, when, for no apparent reason, she sees a romance that started so sweetly end up so sour.

How About You?
Nothing turns a man away from you so quickly as halitosis (unpleasant breath). You're foolish ever to run such a risk; after all, you, yourself, may not know when your breath is off-color.

If you want to be your most charming self, never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic before any date.

Listerine Antiseptic is no make-shift of momentary effectiveness. It's a tried and true extra-careful precaution against offending. Simply swish it in the mouth and, lo, your breath is fresher and sweeter...stays that way, too, not for seconds...not for minutes...but for hours usually.

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

LAMBERT Pharmaceutical Co., St. Louis, Mo.

P.S. WOMEN TELL US THAT THEY MAKE LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC AND MASSAGE A REGULAR PART OF HAIR-WASHING AS A PRECAUTION AGAINST INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF
NOW! PROOF that brushing teeth right after eating is the safe, effective way to "HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY with Colgate Dental Cream"

**NOW** dental science offers proof that always using Colgate Dental Cream right after eating helps stop tooth decay before it starts!

Continuous research—hundreds of case histories—makes this the most important news in dental history!

Eminent dental authorities supervised 2 groups of college men and women for over a year. One group always brushed their teeth with Colgate Dental Cream right after eating. The other group followed their usual dental care.

The average of the group using Colgate’s was directed was a startling reduction in number of cavities—for less tooth decay! The other group developed new cavities at a much higher rate.

Colgate's has been proved to contain all the necessary ingredients, including an exclusive patented ingredient, for effective daily dental care. No claim is made that using Colgate's can stop all tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But brushing teeth right after eating is the proved way to help stop tooth decay with Colgate Dental Cream. The Colgate Dental Cream now at your dealer's is the same formula that was used in the tests.

Always Use Colgate's* to Clean Your Breath While You Clean Your Teeth
—and HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY!

*Right after eating

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**INSIDE STUFF**

(Continued from page 12) wife of actor John Ireland, were on a vacation at Catalina.

It Happened in Hollywood: Two writers dropped into Scandia for cheesecake and coffee after the preview of "You’re My Everything."

"Anne Baxter was wonderful," one writer observed. "No one could have done a better take-off of Clara Bow, the rowdy It girl of the twenties."

"Except," said the other writer, "the girl at the table in the far corner."

The writer turned. There sat Clara Bow herself, her husband Rex Bell and their eleven-year-old son with a candlelit cake before him.

With her heart in her eyes. Clara was singing, "Happy birthday."

Rush! Rush! Rush! One minute Jane Powell, who grows prettier by the day, was standing before the camera with Glenn Anders on the "Nancy Goes to Rio" set, and the next minute, Janie was lying prone at Glenn’s amazed feet.

Jane, it seems, had answered her studio’s polite urging to return to work after a few days’ illness, with the result she will now be away much longer. A day or two of recuperation would have meant all the difference to ailing Janie. And, in the long run, saved the studio considerable money.

"What’s the hurry, Hollywood?" could well be the title of a three-volume work. Jane Lockhart, for instance, who was the hit of Broadway in "For Love or Money," was literally yanked from her great success to make a Hollywood film that, a year later, hadn’t even been started. Cecyl Romero had a summer stock tour canceled for a picture that went before the camera four months later. Foreign stars are rushed to town at great expense only to return home before their visas expire with nothing behind them.

Health is ruined, hearts broken, opportunities lost, all because of this feverish rush into nowhere.

Certainly looks like bad management somewhere along the line.

Leo and Mario: Leo the Lion may as well roar with delight at Mario Lanza, its newest candidate for stardom, because everybody (Continued on page 16)

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**Nestle COLORINSE**

with **LURIUM**

**GIVES YOUR HAIR MORE COLOR**

- Absolutely harmless
- Washes out easily

Now, from the famous Nestle Hair Laboratories comes LURIUM—an amazing ingredient added to Nestle Colorinse to give your hair more glorious color-beauty sparkling highlights and silken lustre that ever before.

And—Nestle Colorinse with Luriun eliminates tangles—makes hair easier to comb, easier to manage.

Get a package of the new Nestle Colorinse today! Choose from the 10 flattering shades at all beauty counters

**So Economical to Use:**
- 2 rinses 10¢
- 6 rinses 25¢

---

Liz Taylor, unhappy because she won’t see Bill Pawley for months, still thrills in showing her diamond to Jane Powell...
The most admired patterns...

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INSIDE STUFF

Plain Language about Tampax

Bob Topping and Lana Turner, tanned, trim and terrific, were the center of attraction at Julie Wilson's Mocambo opening night.

(Continued from page 14) else does. The impish-eyed Mario may have a golden voice but what goes with it, you!

Uninhibited and unimpressed, Mario, who is of Italian parentage, was born on New York's lower east side and still maintains his east-side chatter. His remarks on the "Serenade to Suzette" set have the males in convulsions and the girls in confusion.

After his hit in "Midnight Kiss," certain executives packed off Mario to a dramatic coach to learn about acting. His first scene in "Serenade" after his lessons was awful.

"Honestly, Mariano," the director said, "where did you learn to act like that?"

"Oh, from some old gal the studio sent me to."

There was a deathly hush. The "old gal," as it turned out, was the producer's sister.

"Was Mario embarrassed when he found out?" we asked the actor who told us.

"Embarrassed?" he howled. "Mario probably knew all the time."

Birthday: Lana Turner and Bob Topping gave Lana's daughter, Cheryl Crane, a horse for her birthday. Not a pony, but a big beautiful horse for six-year-old Cheryl to ride.

A cowboy called "Lucky" rode the gift into the rodeo ring of the Beverly Hills Polo grounds where Cheryl's birthday party was held in true Western style.

All the guests, among them Dierdre and Rory Flynn, Lance Brisson, Tracy and Ned Wynn, Kathy Heffin and many other children of stars, gathered to view the private rodeo show put on for their benefit. Dressed in dungarees or cowboy costumes, the children gazed bug-eyed at the huge log-cabin-ranch cake with candy cowboys standing within. And each, of course, took turns riding the beautiful horses around the grounds.

The best birthday party ever, the children agreed when they bid their little hostess goodbye.

A Good Fight: At long last, you can see "The Outlaw." This picture, held up by the censors after it played only a few theaters, finally is being released. All of which is a feather in the much befeathered cap of (Continued on page 21)
Brief Reviews

(3) ADVENTURES OF ICHABOD AND MR. TOAD, THE—Disney-RKO: Comical and colorful all-cartoon feature employing the vocal talents of Bing Crosby and Basil Rathbone. It’s Disney in a madcap mood. (Sept.)

(3) AFRICA SCREAMS—Nassour-UA: There are chills and chucks in this Abbott Costello comedy describing the boys’ antics with wild beasts, canals and each other. (Aug.)

(3) AGAINST THE WIND—Rank-Eagle Lion: Somewhat confusing sabotage story set in occupied Belgium. Ably acted by all British cast featuring Simone Simon, Robert Hardy, Jack Warner. (Aug.)

(3) ANY NUMBER CAN PLAY—MGM: Clark Gable is convincing as a high-stakes gambler with the choice of living a short, merry life, or going off fishing with wife Alexis Smith and son Darryl Hickman. Andrew Toole, Wendell Corey, Frank Morgan help make this exciting. (Sept.)


(3) BEAUTIFUL BIRD FROM AFRICA, THE—Bend, this century: A lusty, gusty farce full of shooting and shouting with Betty Grable in her roughest role to date. With Cesare Danova, Olga San Juan, Rudy Vallee. (Aug.)

(3) BIG CAT, THE—Eagle Lion: It’s a boy versus beast in this chase film featuring Lon McCallister, Peggy Ann Garner, Preston Foster. (July)

(3) BIG STEAL, THE—RKO: This adventure yarn races along at a dizzy pace, taking you to Mexico in the company of Bob Mitchum, Jane Greer, Bill Bixby and Patric Knowles. (Sept.)

(3) BLACK MAGIC—Small UA: Orson Welles puts on a whopping show, hypnotizing nice Nancy Guild to the distress of her sweetheart, Frank Laแท. With Akim Tamiroff, Margaret Grahame. (July)

(3) BLUE LAGOON, THE—Rank-U-U: Jean Simmons and Donald Houston are a pair of castaways sharing an island paradise in this romantic shipwreck story. Long, but thrilling adventure. (Aug.)

(3) BROKEN JOURNEY—Eagle Lion: Death rides the airways in this interest-laden British drama. A fine cast includes Phyllis Calvert, Margaret Graham, James Donald, Francis L. Sullivan. (Sept.)

(3) CALAMITY JANE AND SAMPUR—Warners: Here’s a fast-paced action film with Howard Duff running from sheriff Willard Parker and seeing double from Yvonne De Carlo and Dorothy Hart. With Richard Widmark, Marc Lawrence. (Aug.)

(3) COLORADO TERRITORY—Warners: Joel McCrea is a big, bold bandit in this exciting thriller, fall of jail breaks and train robberies. With Virginia Mayo, Dorothy Malone, Henry Hull. (Aug.)

(3) COME TO THE STABLE—Eagle Lion: A heart-warming tale of two nuns determined to build a hospital despite all obstacles. Loretta Young and Celeste Holm hold an excellent cast. (Aug.)

(3) CROOKED WAY—Bogeaus-LIA: Grim gangland drama in which amnesia victim John Payne gets really pushed around by gangster Sonny Tufts, Ellen Drew is the femme fatale. (July)

(3) DEATH VALLEY GUNFIGHTER—Republic: Rowdy-readonly Western featuring Allan “Rocky” Lane, a troublesome fellow called in by sheriff William A. Talbot to scout bandits. (July)

(3) EDWARD, MY SON—M-G-M: This poignant domestic drama is beautifully acted by Spencer Tracy and Deborah Kerr with able support from Joel McCrea, Verna Les Hehn, John Qualen. (Aug.)


(3) GREAT GATSBY—Paramount: An arresting movie has been made from F. Scott Fitzgerald’s novel of the flappers and their fling, candle-carrying war bride Class of the Century. With William Holden, Richard Jeff. (Aug.)

(3) GREAT SINNER—M-G-M: Greg Peck and Ava Gardner are teamed in a highly romantic but never too romantically sterilized film about Crookeds. Supporting cast includes Nancy Olson, Walter Pidgeon, Joanne Dru, Shelley Winters. (Aug.)

(3) GUESS WHO PIG, THE—Pig Pen: Of the beaten path is this able British film about a schoolboy subjected toixx of his socially superior classmates. With Richard Attenborough, Cecil Trinder, Robert Flemyng. (Sept.)

(3) HOUSE OF STRANGERS—20th Century-Fox: A stirring story of an East Italian American family with Edward G. Robinson, Susan Hayward, Richard Conte and Luther Adler. (Sept.)

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Light-manner tests prove Prell leaves your hair more radiant!

Interference—RKO: In this pigskin drama, reining Victor Mature and Lizabeth Scott, romance is dashing more than footloose with Lucille Ball, Sonny Tufts and Lloyd Nolan. (July)

In the Good Old Summertime—M-G-M: Jack Carland and John Wayne romantically paired in fighting musical of yesterday. Judy never appeared to better advantage. With S. Z. Sakall, Spring Byington and Buster Keaton. (Sept.)

It Happens Every Spring—20th Century-Fox: Ballet, chemistry and love are the ingredients of this screenplay composed with Ray Milland, Jean Peters, Paul Douglas. (Aug.)

JOHNNY ALLUDDO—Columbia: Suspense is the keynote of this fast-paced thriller, with George Raft, Nina Foch, George Macready. (Sept.)

Judges' Steps Out of the RKO. Mildly entertaining tale of a Bostonian lady (a bender with Alexander Knox and Ann Sothern. (July)

(A) Lady Gambles, the—U-I: Strong, salon story of a girl obsessed with gambling fever, vividly played by Barbara Stanwyck, with Preston Foster, Stephen McNally, Ethel Barrymore. (Aug.)

Law of the Golden West—Republic: Buffalo Bill rides again in this slapstick Western featuring Monte Hale, John Holland, Paul Hurst, Roy Barcroft, Earl Davis. (Aug.)

(F) Look for the Silver Lining—Warners: Lavish musical of Apple Mary's life, full of memories and laughing tunes. With June Havner, Ray Bolger, Gordon MacRae. (July)

(F) Lust for Gold—Columbia: An exciting true-to-life tale taking you to Superstition Mountain with gold-digger Ida Lupino, Glenn Ford, Gig Young and William Prince. (July)

(F) Massacre River—Allied Artists: This tale of the Old West could do with less romance and more Indians. With Guy Madison, Rory Calhoun, Udo Kier, Mathews, Cathy Downs. (July)

(F) Mighty Joe Young, the—Ford-CoproRKO: A super-duper-tall figure about a girl (Terry Moore) and a gorilla brought to Hollywood from darkest Africa. Funny in a wacky way. (July)

(F) Neptune's Daughter—M-G-M: This full-filled musical has Ricardo Montalban wooing Esther Williams as Betty Garrett classes Red Skelton Keenan Wynn and "Curly" are also on hand. (Aug.)

(A) One Woman's Story—Rank-U-I: An amusing romantic story of hearts in conflict, with Ann Todd, Claude Rains, Trevor Howard. (July)

(F) Prejudice—New World Films: A sincere, worthwhile picture dealing with religious and racial bias. With David Bruce, Bruce Edwards. (July)

(F) Red Menace, the—Republic: This melodramatic expose of Communism in America points up the perils before the attempting to leave the party. It's timely but not too menacing. (Sept.)

(F) Red Million of the Rockies—Eagle Lion: Saga of a rodeo horse that roams the Rockies, stealing the farmer's mares. With Arthur Franz, Wallace Ford, Jean Heather. (Aug.)


(A) Rope of Sand—Paramount: Greed and violence abound in this action-packed desert drama starring Burt Lancaster, villainous Paul Henreid, crafty Claude Rains, French sirem Corinne Calvet, with Peter Lorre, Sam Jaffe. (Sept.)

(F) Roughshod—RKO: This run-of-the-ramp Western has a good cast but a weak plot. With Robert Sterling, Gloria Grahame, John Ireland, Jeff Corey, Claude Jarman Jr. (Aug.)

(F) Sand—20th Century-Fox: An entertaining yarn about a horse that escapes in the Colorado wilds and turns into a savage killer. With Mark Stevens, Glenn Gray, Rory Calhoun. (Aug.)

(F) Secret Garden, the—M-G-M: Margaret O'Brien is a little vixen in this unusual musical of Victorian days. With Herbert Marshall, Dean Stockwell, Brian Roper. (Aug.)

(F) Sorrows of the Jones—Paramount: Place your bets on this amusing remake of "Little Miss Marker." With Bert Holly, Lucille Ball, Marge Jean Sanders, William Demarest. (July)

(F) Stalipee—Allied Artists: Better-than-average Western with Red Cameron, Lee Storm, Don Castle and Johnny Mack Brown. (Aug.)

(F) Streets of Laredo—Paramount: A tycoon's Western with MacDonald Carey, William Holden, Bill Bendix, Mona Freeman. (July)

(F) Susanna Pass—Republic, Roy Rogers moves 'em down in this fast-moving Western. With Dale Evans and Donnisa Frawley. (Aug.)

(F) Take One False Step—U-I: Shiek crime story with William Powell smoothly portraying a professor whose mind catches up with him in the tempting form of Shelley Winters. Marsh Hal, Jame Gleason and Dorothy Hart are also involved. (Sept.)

(F) Weaker Sex, the—Rank-Eagle Lion: Ursula Jeans cuts a valiant figure as a hard-working housewife, keeping her family going in wartime Britain. A splendid cast includes Cecil Parker, Joan Hopkins, Derek Bond, Lena Morris. For your sentimental mood. (Sept.)

(F) You're My Everything—20th Century-Fox: Here's a diverting musical romance boasting the twin talents of three-loving Dan Dailey and lovely Anne Baxter with little Shari Roosen. (Sept.)
ENNY YOUNGMAN, the comic, came to Hollywood for a visit and later told a friend: "I passed Hedy Lamarr's dressing room. It was the first time I'd ever seen bleacher seats around a keyhole."

Robert Cummings's chicken ranch is yielding so many eggs he's put them on the market. The carton labels read: "These eggs are fresh. I know. I've laid plenty of 'em."

Joan Bennett, who is very nearsighted, was a visitor at the home of Barbara Stanwyck. She said to Barbara: "What a beautiful painting. I never saw that before." Replied Barbara: "Well, Joan dear, you never were on this side of the room before."

Overheard: "He's a character—without any."

Someone once asked John Barrymore the greatest disappointment of his life. He said: "I was taken to the circus when I was six. I came home completely crushed because I hadn't been born a freak."

A salad, bright, colorful and leafy, arrived at Carmen Miranda's table at the Brown Derby. Carmen gasped and said, "This I can't eat. This I must wear!"

Sylvia Fine's favorite story about her husband, Danny Kaye, is when he couldn't get a job as an entertainer and his father, who believed in his ability, let him sleep all day. When neighbors said, "How can you let that Danny sleep all day?" Papa Kaye would say: "I make believe he's going to college."

That temperamental actress has a new title, bestowed by the publicity boys who handled her last picture. They've voted her "Miss Gunny Sack of 1949—the girl we'd most like to tie up."

A friend asked Walter Pidgeon how he came to be an actor. "Well," said Walter, "First I wanted to be a minister. Then a lawyer. Finally I settled by being an actor. As you can see, I was hell-bent for an audience."

Jimmy Durante on inflation: "So I went into this fancy joint and asked for a $2.40 dinner and the waiter asks me do I want it on whole wheat or rye."

Overheard: "She constantly reacts as if everyone she meets is a movie camera."

At a performance of the horror play, "Silver Nails," Henry Hull was playing the role of a corpse at an Irish wake when the candles near the coffin accidentally ignited some straw flowers. Hull immediately raised up from the coffin, snuffed them out and ad libbed: "This isn't the first time a corpse got up and walked at an Irish wake."

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INSIDE STUFF

On a bicycle built for one, Bob Mitchum escorted Janet Leigh, his co-star in "Christmas Gift," on a tour through RKO (Continued from page 16) Howard Hughes, who produced "The Outlaw" and fought bitterly and tirelessly to bring it to the public without further cutting.

Married and Happy? Reggie Gardner carries with him, a picture of his baby son, but wife Nadia carries two, both in silver frames, Prouder parents you never saw . . . The Brian Aherne's commute between their home in Hollywood and their Indio ranch, where Brian raises prunes and Mrs. Aherne sews. They fly in Brian's private plane . . . After chatting with the Ronald Colman's at two parties in a row, we'd say Ronnie and Bonita, who gave up a career to be a wife and mother, are the happiest and most contented couple in town . . . Gloria De Haven, however, did not give up her career for John Payne even though they have been reunited for the second time. But then, John isn't Ronnie Colman, either . . . June Allyson has made a sacrifice for husband Dick Powell, however. June, who gets deathly ill on boats, consented to accompany Dick on a two week's cruise. If June doesn't get too ill, Dick will buy back the boat he sold after he married June.

Davis Determination: The voice of Bette Davis carried conviction, so Cal paused, just inside the "Beyond the Forest" set, to listen.

"Why is it?" she was demanding of director King Vidor, "that every move and word of a character on the screen has to be just so? Aren't these characters we play human beings prone to make all the little natural mistakes that we, as human beings, make every day? Why do they have to be so perfect?"

"Bravo, bravo," (Continued on page 116)

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NAYLON
(F) Top O' the Morning (Paramount)

BING CROSBY brings his special brand of charm to this chucklesome Irish fable. A mixture of fairytale, detective story and musical comedy, it will do until another "Going My Way" comes along.

Bing's role is that of an American insurance investigator, sent to the Emerald Isle when the Blarney Stone is missing. There he meets Ann Blyth, the darlin' daughter of Barry Fitzgerald, a kindly but not-too-bright police officer. Crosby's appearance puts a crimp in Fitzgerald's plans and a sparkler in Ann's eyes. Hume Cronyn is a simpleton and Knave rolled into one, Jimmy Hunt a fine broth of a lad. Besides the traditional Irish songs, Bing croons two new ones: "You're in Love with Someone," and "Top O' the Morning."

Your Reviewer Says: Pure blarney.

(F) Scene of the Crime (M-G-M)

HERE'S a murder mystery swarming with tough-talking shady characters called Sleeper, Turk, Hippo, and the like. Van Johnson is right at home among them as a sharp-witted sleuth. When an elderly colleague is killed while investigating a bookie racket, Van goes gunning for the murderer. His clues are scant, leading into one blind alley after another, but his persistence pays off in the end.

Van delivers a competent performance with luscious-looking Arlene Dahl as his worried spouse, Tom Drake as his admiring assistant, and Gloria De Haven as a burlesque queen who carries a torch for him.

Not an overly original whodunit, but it has its moments of suspense.

Your Reviewer Says: Rough stuff.

(F) Jolson Sings Again (Columbia)

L JOLSON has done it again. For the force of his dynamic personality, plus his singing voice, results in the second smash musical based on his life. And Larry Parks proves conclusively that his original triumph as the Mammy Singer was no flash-in-the-pan performance.

Sequel opens where "The Jolson Story" left off and reviews Jolson's return to Broadway, his remarriage, loss of self-confidence when he realizes he has become a "has been," and his eventual return to the top of the ladder.

Barbara Hale becomes a full-fledged star by her warm and sympathetic portrayal of Ellen Clark, the nurse who becomes Al's wife. And William Demarest, Bill Goodwin, Ludwig Donath and Tamara Shayne excel in their original roles.

Your Reviewer Says: Let Jolson chase your blues.

Shadow

By Elsa Branden

(Paramount)

Outstanding Very Good Good

F—for the whole family A—for adults
Naval epic: The aircraft-carrier sails away with the honors in this Jane Wyatt-Gary Cooper starrer

**\( \text{VF} \) Task Force (Warners)**

HISTORY comes alive in this impressively grim, nerve-shattering war story. An epic of superhuman courage and endeavor, it records the vital role played by the U.S. Navy in World War II. Gary Cooper effectively portrays a navy man who starts out as a young flier in 1921 and, after many setbacks, winds up as a rear admiral. He is stationed aboard the Enterprise when our woefully inadequate Pacific fleet is taken by surprise at Pearl Harbor. Jane Wyatt contributes a sincere performance as Gary's loyal, loving wife. Walter Brennan lends great conviction to the role of Coop's superior officer, who shares his knowledge of aircraft carriers and his devotion to the service. A classic of its kind, "Task Force" ranks among the most authentic war pictures ever made.

Your Reviewer Says: Magnificently moving.

**\( \text{VF} \) Under Capricorn (Transatlantic-Warners)**

NEVER has Ingrid Bergman looked lovelier than in this somber romance laid in Australia of the 1830's. Luckily, she has not one, but two shoulders to lean on—her husband's, Joseph Cotten, and that of Irish aristocrat, Michael Wilding.

Ingrid portrays a dipsomaniac. How she got that way is a long involved story full of frustration and talk. The question is, can Michael reform her without arousing her husband's jealousy?

Since Alfred Hitchcock directed the picture, it's long on atmosphere with occasional touches of horror. Margaret Leighton is a standout as a scheming housekeeper. Cecil Parker makes a capable governor. But it's Bergman who scores, lending credibility to a none-too-believable tale.

Your Reviewer Says: Saint Ingrid turns sinner.

**\( \text{VF} \) She Wore a Yellow Ribbon (Argosy-RKO)**

BLAZE with color and action, this spectacular big-scale Western is as exciting as they come. John Wayne, captain of an outpost of the U.S. Cavalry, is a weather-beaten old-timer about to be retired. Serving under him are lieutenants John Agar and Harry Carey Jr., also sergeants Ben Johnson and Victor McLaglen. Agar and Carey are rivals for the hand of lovely Joanne Dru, a major's daughter living at the post. Wayne and his men are meanwhile engaged in driving back a party of bloodthirsty Indians—a gruelling task entailing plenty of fast riding.

Mildred Natwick, George O'Brien and Arthur Shields round out the roster of players in this blue-ribbon winner.

Your Reviewer Says: A whopping Western.
Shadow Stage

WWW (F) The Heiress
(Paramount)

There is nothing worse for a woman than to feel unwanted. Such is Olivia de Havilland's pitiful plight in this absorbing drama of conflicting emotions. Set in nineteenth-century New York, it's inspired by the Broadway play of Henry James' novel, "Washington Square."

As the painfully shy daughter of a successful, overcritical father, Olivia gives a brilliant performance. Montgomery Clift, looking very dashing indeed, brings love into her barren life. Monty makes Olivia feel desirable and alive but her happiness is short-lived when her father objects to the marriage on the grounds that Clift is a common fortune-hunter. He threatens to disinherit Olivia and it's then that Monty's love is put to the test.

Ralph Richardson scores as Olivia's clever, distinguished father who considers her awkward and dull; Miriam Hopkins is fine as her match-making aunt.

Your Reviewer Says: A fascinating film.

WWW (F) Lost Boundaries
(Film Classics)

One of the season's finest films has been fashioned from W. L. White's eloquent story of anti-Negro prejudice. Producer Louis de Rochemont's documentary technique lends especial realism to the story.

Mel Ferrer excels as the light-skinned doctor torn between loyalty to his race and the pressing problem of earning a livelihood in his chosen profession. Beatrice Pearson makes him a most sympathetic wife. Passing themselves off as whites, they earn the respect and affec-
tion of the hidebound New England community. Until a crisis forces them to reveal the truth, even their children are unaware that they are part-Negro.

Newcomer Richard Hylton, as talented as he's handsome, poignantly portrays the son and Susan Douglas is moving as the teen-age daughter. The one flaw, in an otherwise splendid picture, is that the parents remain remarkably youthful after twenty years.

Your Reviewer Says: An attention-demanding drama. (Continued on page 26)
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NAME

STREET AND NO.

CITY

PH 10-49

(Continued from page 24)

(A) Madame Bovary
(M.G-M)

WHEN a gorgeous gay creature weds a quiet steady fellow, trouble is in the offing. Especially, when she is Jennie Jones and he is Van Hefflin, portraying characters from Gustave Flaubert's celebrated novel.

Jennifer successfully conveys the restless intensity of Emma Bovary, a woman of many moods and many loves. She looks so ravishing in her nineteenth-century costumes, it's no wonder that men adore her. For example, Van, who cuts a pathetique figure as a plodding village doctor. Yet keep wishing he would put his foot down instead of suffering under Jennie, his wife's misdeeds. There's her scandalous affair with Louis Jourdan, a cynical scoundrel who very understandably sets her heart on fire. Later, there's Christopher Kent, struggling law clerk with a marked appreciation for beauty.

The author Flaubert, portrayed by James Mason with dignified restraint, tells Emma's story as he defends his book before French court.

Your Reviewer Says: Fancy fireworks

(A) Anna Lucasta
(Columbia)

AT LAST, here's a picture that provides Paulette Goddard with a part she can sink her pretty teeth into—provides her, with a new leading man. He's Bill Bishop, a fine-looking lad who turns in commendable job as a college-traine farmer.

As Emma, a wicked gal with a heart of gold, Paulette is oh, so sultry. A tantalizing female full of spirit and spunk, she haunts the waterfront dives of Brooklyn. He roughneck brother-in-law, Broderick Crawford, with a greedy eye on Bill's substantial savings, plots to marry Paulette to Bishop. But her surly, unforgiving father, Oscar Homolka, broods on the idea of cheating his old friend's son. Paulette's sailor-sweetheart, John Ireland, is just as sure that she isn't cut out to be farmer's wife.

Philip Yordan's play has been made into a thoroughly absorbing movie with a first-rate cast. It's Paulette's best picture in long time.

Your Reviewer Says: Red-blooded romance

(F) Yes Sir, That's My Bab
(U-I)

FOOTBALL and fatherhood just won't mix. So Donald O'Connor discovers in this amusing comedy interspersed wit song and dance.

Wed to campus cutie Gloria De Haven and the doting dad of a baby boy, Donal vainly tries to combine college and family life. Four of his ex-GI buddies are in the same sad fix. Trouble is, their wives are students, too, and psychology prof Barta Brown convinces the girls that their respective mates should share all house hold chores. To the despair of coach Charles Coburn, that leaves no time for football practice. Everything looks hopeless on the day of the big game, but the old school spirit saves the day.

 Nimble as ever, Donald doesn't get t dance enough. Besides looking decorative, Gloria sings a bit, while dignified 'Charlie Coburn kicks up his heels. Joshua Shelle's ("City Across the River") cuts a comic figure in all the rumpus.

Your Reviewer Says: Collegiate capers.
Based on the popular radio program of the same title, this flighty farce depicts the antics of a dumb blonde (Marie Wilson), her permanently unemployed boyfriend (John Lund), and her long-suffering roommate (Diana Lynn). Diana is pleasingly pert as a secretary trying to sell herself on marrying her millionaire boss, Don DeFore. The picture introduces nightclub favorites Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, who start off their screen career with a bang. Martin certainly has a way with a song and his side-kick Lewis gives a Grade A imitation of a Grade C moron.

After much huffing and puffing by all concerned, everything turns out just fine. Anyway, Irma's many friends will think no.

Your Reviewer Says: A custard pie for Cupid.

F) Red Light
(Roy Del Ruth-UA)

With Virginia Mayo's help, George Raft learns that revenge isn't always sweet in this briskly paced murder meller.

The one person who means anything to Raft, his young chaplain-brother, is shot down by a hired thug. Spurning police assistance, Raft sets himself the task of wrappng the killer. A hotel Bible is the only clue, for his brother's dying words were that he would attend the trial there. The audience knows the murderer's identity, knows, too, that he will meet his come-uppance in the end.

Raft is stolid and relentless, and even Virginia can't distract him from his avowed purpose. Raymond Burr, Gene Lockhart, Barton MacLane and Henry Morgan complete a capable cast.

Your Reviewer Says: It gets the green light.

(F) Love Happy
(Pickford-UA)

Those Marx Brothers are up to their old tricks again. There's cigar-smoking Louie, bushy-haired Harpo, and the piano-playing Chico. They are out to steal laughs any way they can, neither sparing themselves nor the supporting cast to give you a good time.

It's the impish, curling Harpo who hogs the spotlight. A light-fingered fellow, he innocently lifts a can of sardines for his starving actor-friends. It turns out that he can contain the missing million-dollar Romanoff diamonds. What happens after that must be seen to be appreciated.

Of course, the boys surround themselves with a bevy of pretty girls. Iona Massey steals the list as a foreign adventuress. Talented Vera-Ellen executes a spirited dance and attractive Marion Hutton puts rip into her songs. Altogether, a laugh-happy shindig.

Your Reviewer Says: Mad and merry.

(F) Savage Splendor (RKO)

The strange sights and sounds of the African veldt are captured in color in this remarkable picture.

Armed with rope and camera, Armand Denis and Lewis Colnot journeyed some 22,000 miles by truck. They recorded weird tribal dances and customs including the coronation of a Congo king. The most exciting sequences, however, revolve around the jungle's wild beasts. Their party's invasion of the underwater hideout of the hippopotamus resulted in unusual pic-

What fun is a party—for the girl other guests ignore? If only she didn't risk offending. If someone could whisper: "Never trust your charm to anything but dependable Mum." Mum gives safe, long-lasting protection against underarm odor. Its unique modern formula contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Be a safety-first girl. Get Mum cream deodorant today!

Mum—safer for charm... Mum checks perspiration odor all day or evening. Protects against risk of future underarm odor after your bath washes away past perspiration.

Mum—safer for skin....Smooth, creamy Mum contains no harsh or irritating ingredients. Doesn't dry out in the jar to form scratchy crystals. Gentle Mum is harmless to skin.

Mum—safer for clothes....No damaging ingredients to rot or discolor fabrics. Quick, pleasant to use. Economical—no shrinkage, no waste.

For sanitary napkins—Mum is gentle, safe... dependable for this important use, too.

Product of Bristol-Myers keeps you nice to be near.
"try 'em both SALE!"

Heine Curtis Suave

Outsells all women's hair dressing

finest creme shampoo at any price

Helene Curtis

CREME SHAMPOO both for 89¢

Best Pictures of the Month

Anna Lucasta
The Heiress
Jolson Sings Again
Lost Boundaries
Madame Bovary
She Wore a Yellow Ribbon
Task Force

Best Performances of the Month

Paula Goddard in "Anna Lucasta"
Olivia de Havilland, Montgomery Clift, Ralph Richardson in "The Heiress"
Gary Grant, Ann Sheridan in "I Was a Male War Bride"
Larry Parks, Barbara Hale, Ludwig Donath in "Jolson Sings Again"
Mel Ferrer, Richard Hylton in "Lost Boundaries"
Jennifer Jones in "Madame Bovary"
Robert Montgomery in "Cnee More, My Darling"
Gary Cooper, Walter Brennan in "Task Force"
Ingrid Bergman, Margaret Leighton in "Under Capricorn"

Your Reviewer Says: Africa, here we come.

✓ (F) Cnee More, My Darling (U-I)

It takes a daffy debutante to catch eligible bachelor Robert Montgomery in this harum-scarum affair. Ann Blyth plays to the hilt, the starry-eyed chatterbox who accomplishes that notable feat. To his dismay, Bob is recalled by the army for a really startling assignment. He's to give Ann the whirl of her young life so that her missing swindler-suitor, wanted by the government for embezzling jewels in Occupied Germany, will put in an appearance. But before Bob can prove his prowess as a Don Juan, Ann pounces upon him, pursuing him shamelessly. Jane Cowl of stage renown, regally portrays Montgomery's attorney-mother; Taylor Holmes is Ann's eccentric father.

Completely giddy, this will probably set you snickering, depending upon your mood.

Your Reviewer Says: Frisky and frivolous.

✓ (F) Johnny Stool Pigeon (U-I)

Moving along at lightning speed, this movie meller holds you firmly in its grip.

Howard Duff, who specializes in being attractively sullen, makes a capable government agent. On the trail of a ring of dope peddlers, he enlists the reluctant aid of hard-boiled convict Dan Duryea. Dan puts him in touch with the mobsters, pretending Howard is one of them. It isn't easy, however, to fool such crafty gangsters as John McIntire and Barry Kelley. Nor is Duff at all certain he can trust Duryea to play square with him, considering his hatred for all coppers. To complicate matters further, Shelley Winters turns up, once again playing a brassy blonde pathetically seeking escape. Shelley goes

A hair-raising highlight of the expedition deals with an enraged rhino overturning their truck.

These are a few of the vicarious adventures awaiting you here. They will make your next visit to the zoo seem awfully tame.

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Your Reviewer Says: Africa, here we come.
for Howard because he’s “different,” little realizing he is a dick who refuses to be defectd from his duty.

What it stacks up to is seventy-six minutes of good fast entertainment.

Your Reviewer Says: Tough, taut thriller

✓ (F) It's a Great Feeling
   (Warner)

OLLYWOOD really kids itself in this one. Dennis Morgan and Jack Carson play themselves—a couple of actors working for the Brothers Warner. The studio’s famous directors bow out when they learn the unpopular Mister C. is to be starred. Producer Bill Goodwin decides to let Jack direct the picture whereupon Dennis prepares to make a fast exit.

It’s waitress Doris Day who changes Morgan’s mind. Doris longs to trade her tray for a make-up kit and the boys set about selling her to Goodwin, doing it the hard way, of course. Doris does a take-off of a French glamour gal that’s hilarious and her screen test with Jack, in which the sound track goes haywire, will have you howling. Carson is a great big overgrown kid with nary an inhibition, and Morgan is amiability itself.

What with a gag here, and a song there, plus guest appearances by Joan Crawford, Cary Cooper, Jane Wyman, Errol Flynn, Ronald Reagan and Edward G. Robinson, you’ll be well-entertained.

Your Reviewer Says: Sure-fire fun.

✓ (F) I Was a Male War Bride
   (20th Century-Fox)

CARY GRANT movie is always a reason for rejoicing. In this one, Cary and attractive Ann Sheridan are involved in a series of absurdly humorous situations.

A French captain stationed in Germany, Cary goes out of his way to insult Ann, a WAC lieutenant. She finds him equally repulsive, or so she tells him. Next thing you know, they are up to their ears in love.

It takes a bit of doing, however, to circumvent Army red tape and get Grant aboard an American-bound boat as Ann’s “war bride.”

Cary is, in turn, glum and romantic, while Ann is beautifully blunt. The chances are you’ll enjoy their antics.

Your Reviewer Says: Cary in a comedy of errors.

FILM NEVER LETS UP

Awake or asleep, film is forming on your teeth—Pepsodent removes it!

FILM'S DANGER KEEPS GROWING ALL THROUGH THE DAY. (1) FILM collects stains that make your teeth look dull. (2) FILM harbors germs that breed bad breath. (3) FILM glues acid to your teeth, often causing decay. And remember—film never lets up, it's forming day and night on everyone's teeth.

FILM SNEAKS UP EVEN FASTER ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT. During the long still hours while you’re asleep, mouth bacteria are multiplying in film’s dull coating... "bad breath" germs that ferment food particles... also acid-producing germs that frequently cause tooth decay. So use film-removing Pepsodent every morning and night. No other tooth paste can duplicate Pepsodent’s film-removing formula. No other tooth paste contains Irium—Pepsodent’s gentle polishing agents. Use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year.

Film on teeth forms night and day—PEPSODENT cleans film away!

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY

*Irium is Pepsodent's registered trade-mark for purified alkyl sulfates.
"I dress for the theater...at 8 o'clock in the morning!"

1. "For the business world—a chic black suit—its jacket sporting an unusual combination of brown on black—its skirt slim and straight. And, of course, I rely on gentler, more effective Odorono Cream. Because I know it protects me from perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!"

New Odorono Cream brings you an improved new formula. So creamy smooth too—even if you leave the cap off for weeks.

2. "For the Broadway whirl—I remove the jacket and add a gleaming satin waistcoat and feather. I'm confident of my charm all evening, too, thanks to new Odorono Cream. Because I find it gives me more effective protection than any deodorant I've ever known."

It never harms fine fabrics, and is so gentle you can use it right after shaving! You'll find it's the perfect deodorant.

New Odorono Cream safely stops perspiration and odor a full 24 hours! (Now in new 25¢ and 50¢ sizes, plus tax)

Cheers and Jeers:
I have just read the August issue of Photoplay and Cal York's gossip on Gene Kelly and Frank Sinatra got me angry. I really don't know how people could think that Frankie has stolen "Take Me Out to the Ball Game." Sinatra isn't hot stuff anymore. Why, if it wasn't for Gene Kelly's acting and dancing, the picture would have been a total flop.

June Winters
Perth Amboy, N. J.

I spent a very enjoyable hour discussing "Choose Your Star" with some of my friends between classes at Hunter College. We picked Jayne Meadows as the most promising actress, although Nina Foch ran a very close second. We could not reach an agreement as to who was the most promising actor. I could not pick one actor, but could only narrow the field down to five—Paul Douglas, Arthur Kennedy, Stephen McNally, Gar Moore and Richard Stapley.

Barbara Suzanne Gilbert
Brooklyn, N. Y.

We are a little surprised, in England, that Hollywood should see fit to produce such a film as "The Snake Pit." Admittedly, the acting is superb, particularly, Miss de Havilland, but the theme and the way in which it is treated leaves us wondering how such sordid, unpleasant depiction of what is, to say the least, a delicate subject, ever passed the censor. Rather a letdown from the other high-caliber American films we have seen recently, like "Easter Parade" and "Red River," which really gained our applause.

Ray Seaton
Leicester, England

Readers' Pets:
Where has Hollywood been keeping tiny Mary Jane Saunders? She really has wonderful acting ability, besides charm, beauty, and the ability to capture everybody's heart. Let's see more of a real actress, unspoiled in every way, and with more personality than six of Hollywood's most capable women.

Jeanne Martino
Buffalo, N. Y.

After seeing John Derek in "Knock on Any Door," I can honestly say that they didn't call him Pretty Boy Romano for nothing. As soon as he appeared on the screen, there came whistles from every direction. How handsome can you get? On top of that, he can really act.

Donna Kelemen
Detroit, Mich.

Casting:
Where did Twentieth ever find such a corny story as "The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend" for Betty Grable? Another picture such as that will just about finish her. To me she has always
been the epitome of glamour, but I couldn’t take “The Beautiful Blonde.” Give us more pictures like, “When My Baby Smiles at Me,” and Betty will remain at the top. Otherwise, she is likely to be superseded by a comparatively new darling, Susan Hayward, who has everything.

ARLINE HAYNES
Los Angeles, Cal.

**Question Box:**
In many pictures that I have seen Gene Kelly in, he had a scar on his face. Could you tell me how he got it?

(PAT KELLEY
Denver, Colo.

*(In a motorcycle accident many years ago.)*

I recently saw “Knock on Any Door” and enjoyed it immensely, but will you settle the question for me. Was Nick Romano really guilty of the murder for which he was convicted?

L. I. LANE
Natchez, Miss.

(Yes.)

I saw “Bad Boy” starring Audie Murphy. Could you tell me how old he is, how tall, and where he was born? Audie Murphy is the best actor I have seen in quite a while. Was that a double when the car crashed and ran over a hill?

DORIS DE LUCA
Brooklyn, N. Y.

*(Audie was born in Kingston, Texas, June 20, 1924. He is five-feet-eight. A double was used for the crash sequence.)*

I want to know if the music box June Allyson gave Margaret O’Brien in “Little Women” is the same as Shirley Temple had in “Kathleen.”

PEGGY STEWART
St. Louis, Mo.

*(No, it is not the same one.)*

I have just seen an . . . but delightful movie, “The Wizard of Oz.” How old was Judy Garland in this movie, also, in what year was it made?

AUDREY JACOBSON
Chicago, Ill.

*(The movie was made in 1939. Judy was sixteen at the time.)*

I have just seen “City Across the River” with Peter Fernandez and Anthony Curtis. Please state their ages. Are they married?

MARLENE BELLES
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

*(Peter Fernandez was born in New York City on January 29, 1927. He is five-feet-ten, has brown eyes and hair and is unmarried.)*

*(Anthony Curtis was born in New York City on June 3, 1925. He is six-feet tall, weighs 158 pounds, has blue eyes and black hair and is unmarried.)*

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

I dreamed
I went shopping in my

*maidenform bra*

Asleep . . . but it all seemed so real! Leafing through lettuce, browsing over broccoli . . . all eyes gave my figure a big “aye.” And all because of my Maidenform brassiere. No figure can ever get out of line with Maidenform at the controls. Uncanny the fit, wonderful the comfort! Maybe you’ve dreamed of a bra like this!

A.M. You want to look your best . . . accentuated, lifted . . . it’s Maidenform’s Alto-ette® for you! P.M. You’re wearing on—don’t you neckline . . . choose Dec-to-toy® Or for the no-strop-at-all look . . . Maidenette Strapless.*

Shown: Maidenform’s Alto-ette in white rayon satin . . . 32-42

Just one from a vast collection of styles and fabrics.

There is a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure

Each U.S. Pat. Off.
THE STORY BEHIND THE BIGGEST PICK-UP IN ENTERTAINMENT HISTORY!

"With 50,000,000 Frenchmen, she has to pick me!"

"She took me for a hay-ride in Heidelberg!"

"I was the best thing in a skirt in Bremerhaven!"

CARY GRANT

ANN SHERIDAN

I Was a MALE WAR BRIDE

Marion Marshall - Randy Stuart - William Neff

Directed by

HOWARD HAWKS

Produced by

SOL C. SIEGEL

Screen Play by Charles Lederer, Leonard Spigelgass and Hagar Wilde - From a Story by Henri Rochard

20th CENTURY-FOX

THE MOST HILARIOUS HIT IN MANY A HONEYMOON!
Announcing

THE WINNERS

"WIN a Present from a Star" we said in the June Photoplay. Little did we know what we were starting. During all the weeks this contest ran there was no end to the mailbags that bulged with last lines for our limerick about Leo, Metro's lion.

A special staff went to work . . . and worked and worked. Often enough, so many last lines were so clever and unusual, that we wished we had two or three prizes from the star in question. But, in presenting our list of winners, we want you to know that every entry received individual attention and, in every case, there was unanimity of opinion that the best line won.

THE WINNERS ARE:

1. Prism-Lite Diamond Ring and Gold Wedding Band from June Allyson: Mrs. Fred A. Mosser, Glenham, S. Dakota.
4. Guitar used in "Border Incident" from Ricardo Montalban: Daniel Mendonia, Fall River, Mass.
5. Purse carried in "The Forsyte Saga" from Greer Garson: Mavis Frissell, Middletown, Conn.
6. American Airlines Round Trip to Hollywood from Airport Nearest to Winner's Home from Robert Taylor: Miss Bette Roberts, Chadwicks, N. Y.
7. Saks-Fifth Avenue Sweater, Size 34, from Ava Gardner: Miss Peggy Doll, Frederick, Md.
13. Spalding Professional Uniform, Baseball Shoes and Pitcher's Glove from Jimmy Stewart: Mr. E. Jackson, Detroit, Mich.
15. Autographed Record Album from Jeanette MacDonald: Miss Hazel R. Saunders, Oakland, Cal.
16. Luggage from Peter Lawford: Edna Vest, San Francisco, Calif.
19. Original Painting from Frank Sinatra: Miss Bette Bishop, Tiffin, O.
20. Ronson Table Set from Deborah Kerr: Mary Carter, Indianapolis, Ind.
22. and 25. Black Suede Inger Purses from Kath-

(Continued on page 103)
"But I've waited all my life for the break I'm getting now," says Dan Dailey of "You're My Everything"
Sometimes love can find a way out of a problem for which reason has no solution. That is the way it was with Dan and Liz.

The Dan Daileys have reconciled, as all of us who knew them were sure they would. There never was a time when Dan or Elizabeth denied they were in love. They were separated for three months only because, as they said, they wanted no reconciliation until all of their problems were settled.

Dan’s announcement was so like him. “I’m very happy that we can keep our little home together,” he said. I’m happy, too, for his sake and Elizabeth’s sake and, above all, for the sake of Daniel III, aged two.

Elizabeth Hofert Dailey is slim, blonde, and prettier than most movie stars. In addition, she is a college girl from a well-to-do family. Her father, the Christmas tree king, sells trees all over the world. She went to school in California and she has a large circle of friends here. She rides beautifully, swims, skis, and is completely spirited and independent. No little Miss Mouse, this girl, flattered and agog over living in the background of her husband’s screen fame. (Continued on page 121)
Found: the silver lining

BY WYNN ROBERTS

This is the story of June Haver — who took a heart-breaking detour before she found the love she had once passed by

IN June Haver's heart, there'll always be a special place for the year 1949. Within its boundaries, June has established herself as a first-rate star, acquired a more mature personality, regained her peace of mind and, above all, recovered her Dr. John Duzik, whom she lost for a time, when she eloped and married Jimmy Zito.

She met Dr. John the way a girl so often meets the man who later turns out to be the most important thing in her life—as the result of an accident. She had come down hard on a piece of candy during a time-out on the set of "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling," and had broken a tooth.

Dick Haymes, her leading man, had volunteered the name of a "terrific dentist."

"What's his name?" June wanted to know.

(Continued on page 74)

Star bright: June Haver, who soon will be seen in "Oh, You Beautiful Doll"

Ennstad.
Built up to the skies when she was chosen for "Amber," Peggy Cummins should have collapsed like a punctured balloon when she lost the role.

Sheilah scratches below the glamorous surface to reveal the courage that lies hidden in Hollywood.

B pictures couldn't keep Robert Ryan out of Grade A

It needed more than wisdom for Gene Tierney to decide to give her marriage another chance

Dr. Lindstrom required something besides a steady head when he flew to Italy
T has been said that, within the same hour that anything happens in Hollywood, it makes the headlines. Frequently this is true. But, contradictorily, many of the greatest stories—the stories that occasion the most talk in the town itself—never see printers’ ink. So when I talk of the real heroes of Hollywood I don’t, necessarily, mean Humphrey Bogart or Errol Flynn. I mean those boys and girls who, in their daily lives, display more courage than any script writer ever asked them to show.

First of all, (Continued on page 99)
I MISSED the wedding after all, the wedding I'd godmothered. A sudden switch of dates had left me stuck in London with a shindig of my own. Aly had been more than kind. He had offered to arrange for the transportation, to the extent of sending his own plane for me. I had been forced to decline with thanks. I was still moping about it, unconsolated, a week later, when the telephone rang.

It was the hotel telephone operator. “The Princess Khan is on the wire,” she said, with that wonderfully respectful attitude of voice you find in England.

“Darling!” Rita exclaimed, cheerfully. “Surprised?”

“Surprised and delighted,” I said. “Where are you?”

“Here, in London. We've just arrived to attend the races, among other things. We're going to the Derby at Epsom Downs this afternoon. We want you with us.”

“I'd be happy to,” I said.

It had been six months since I'd last seen Rita. Much had happened to her during those six months, but one good glance at her and I could see that it had been for the good. She was slenderer, healthier and happier looking; fairly aglow.

“Aly's with his father, but he'll soon join us,” she said, brightly. “The Aga's horse Hindustan is entered in the Derby and they're conferring. There's more to winning a race than one might think!” Her eyes sparkled with enthusiasm. (Continued on page 42)

Color pictures by Saviatty

The story of Rita Hayworth, from the days of the dancing Cansinos to the honeymoon days of a princess

By Elsa Maxwell
A prince and princess at home: Aly presented entire horse farm to Rita as a marriage gift!

Fabulous Life

With Elsa Maxwell and Madame Vuillers. The latter, in charge of farm, knows more about horses than any other woman in France. Life at Marly is simple and informal. Rita spends most of her time outdoors, exploring her new estate.
The Fabulous Life

I perked up. “Are you really that interested in racing?” I asked.

“I’m mad about it,” she told me. “As you know, Aly gave me a stable of horses for a wedding present and I’ve already started racing them. A filly of mine has been entered in the Grand Prix at Longchamps, which you’ll also attend with us, we hope. We’ve engaged the celebrated jockey, Smirk, to ride her and with Smirk aboard, the handicappers are going to make my Double Rose one of the favorites. Aly’s thinking of putting a wager on her. So might you, Elsa.”

We were still talking about horses when Aly, as cordial and as dashing-looking as ever, joined us.

There is an appeal about Rita Hayworth that is instantly picked up by crowds. I have seen her (Continued on page 104)
Old publicity shot shows resemblance to Queen Nefertiti

Marriage to Edward Judson made her a star

Rita and Vic Mature—a romance that finally floundered

Marriage to Orson Welles made her a blonde

In “Gilda” with co-star Glenn Ford, she was flame on film

Marriage to Aly Khan made her a princess
HE'S BROAD of shoulder, slim of hip, and he moves with the lithe grace of a toreador. He's Ricardo Montalban, a good will gift from south of the border, whose caressing speech and quick smile remind us that even in this atomic age, love is still "muchachas" in bloom.

In Mexico, he was known as a dramatic star. Until he made "Fiesta," he never had danced a step professionally. But his grace instantly typed him for musicals. He had never attempted playing a piano, either, until that picture. Now, he's studying with Andrew Previn's father, wants to be a concert pianist. "I'd rather learn to play a piano than anything," he says, with customary enthusiasm. "But I'm not going to take any short-cut course—you know, that two-weeks-and-you'll-play-the-such-and-such-way. I'm going to learn the hard way—ta-da-da-da-da-da-de," he sings out, playing an imaginary scale up and down in mid-air with gusto.

When they were making "Neptune's Daughter," it was the same story. "I cannot really sing," he remonstrated. However, his rendition of "Baby, It's Cold Outside," has since broken records.

On the screen, he's a perfect Latin lover, dark, dashing and romantic. He's also something of a Puritan—this Ricardo Montalban who acts like the menace he isn't.

He's the perfect Latin lover, dark, dashing and romantic. He's also something of a Puritan—this Ricardo Montalban who acts like the menace he isn't.

With wife Georgianna, children Mark, Anita and Laura. He fell in love with his wife two years before he met her.
Photoplay sneak preview

"THE HEIRESS"

A picture already receiving advance notices for the performances of Olivia de Havilland and Montgomery Clift and the magnificence of its production, this is the first in a new Photoplay series of movies to come.
Olivia used studio library for research

AGAIN, in “The Heiress,” Olivia de Havilland erases her personal beauty to play an unattractive woman and to become a strong contender for this year’s Oscar. She’s seen as Catherine Sloper, the dominated daughter of a wealthy doctor of Washington Square. Ralph Richardson is the father, the role Basil Rathbone played so brilliantly on Broadway. Monty Clift plays—as only he could—the fortune hunter who charms the heiress. Miriam Hopkins, Mona Freeman and Vanessa Brown are among the others in the cast of this picture, which is said to have cost $3,000,000.

Edith Head worked from museum costumes and photographs of a century ago in designing Olivia’s clothes for the film

Olivia copied hair-do of the period from a portrait of her great-grandmother, made it more severe for plain-girl role.

Powder and rouge was discarded, special make-up used to give Olivia the severe spinster look needed for her part.
Olivia awakens her aunt, Miriam Hopkins, to tell her she is engaged. Bed is one of many antiques bought to furnish house in 1850 period

Dramatic scene between Olivia, Monty and Ralph Richardson, the popular British actor who came to Hollywood expressly to play the stern father

Fate and a handsome man change the a lawn party. Olivia and Monty danced
course of Olivia's life—when she meets Monty for the first time at to authentic tunes, learned the polka and gavotte of a bygone period

Now mistress of her fortune, the heiress awaits the return of her lover and her final chance to be mistress of her fate
With Dean Jagger in the Fox commissary. Paul doesn't mind the fame—but he does mind the diet of cottage cheese and tomatoes.

With model Mary Jane Barnes at a recent premiere. His shrewd eyes don't miss a trick—especially if it's small and blonde!

ON Broadway, where everyone is "a character," Paul Douglas was a "character's character." Now a resident of Hollywood for one very full year, Hollywood being, as you know, a colony where if you are not highly individualized you might as well exit quietly, Paul Douglas is as distinctive as a pine tree growing in a parlor.

"They are marveling at my overnight success out here in Hollywood," he says, grinning. "Yes, sir, they go around marveling at my clicking so fast. And so do I. It's taken me hardly a day over thirty years to make it."

He is completely himself. He calls himself a big ham. "If you made up a chart for what makes the perfect star," he says, "I'd be ruled off the course before starting. My nose is too big. So are my feet. I weigh too much and I'm forty-two years old. So here I am under contract to Twentieth Century-Fox. I say 'good morning' to big shots, I get a fortune every week and all I'm allowed to eat is cottage cheese and sliced tomatoes." He grins again, as he sits in the very crowded Twentieth commissary, his shrewd eyes not missing a trick, especially when the trick is small and blonde and passing by. "I couldn't be happier," he says.

If you were to meet him, you would know immediately that that's undoubtedly true. Such beaming contentment as his couldn't possibly be faked. Not since Gable was discovered has there been a (Continued on page 100)
He may be over the age limit for a matinee idol.

But with Paul Douglas, those thirty years of waiting add up to a personality punch that hasn’t been felt since Gable hit Hollywood!

"If you made up a chart for the perfect star, I’d be ruled off the course before starting!" Paul’s in “Everybody Does It”
Restless HEART

BY HYATT DOWNING

Today, at the peak of his career, Greg is facing an old Peck problem. It offers the challenge he lives by.

We were standing in the game room and bar of Greg Peck's new house in the Palisades. Below us lay west Los Angeles and Santa Monica, blurred to a faintly bluish patina by smog, and westward, the Pacific glinted in the last light of the late afternoon sun.

"Hilltops seem to be a weakness of mine!" Greg grinned. "My last place was high up, too.

"I suppose," he went on thoughtfully, after a moment, "that it might be said that I want a house on an eminence because I like to look down on others. But that wouldn't be true. I guess it would be more accurate to say that I simply want to get as near the top of things as possible."

It undoubtedly was this passion to get as near the top as possible which drove Greg from a comfortable, if unstimulating, home environment in San Diego; which forced him to abandon jobs promising safety for the future; which turned him at last toward New York. Always there's (Continued on page 96)
Betty Garrett and Larry Parks browse around the Actors' Hobby Mart. In the background are John Beal, creator of the store, and manager Ann Davenport, also a contributor. Store sells only articles made by people in show business.

Hollywood displays some unexpected talents—behind a showcase window!

Would you like to buy a painting by Lew Ayres, a sweater knitted by Joan Crawford? Wares like these intrigue visitors to the Actors' Hobby Mart on North Canon Drive in Beverly Hills. This shop, brain-child of actor John Beal, is the outlet for Hollywood hobbyists. John, himself, will sketch your portrait on the spot for $15.00. Or you can send him your photograph for his model. Strictly a business proposition, the store is a revelation to tourists who thought show people spent their spare time partying.

Marie Windsor with her hobby—ceramic book ends in the form of Comedy and Tragedy masks

Mrs. John Lund, who makes her own clothes, works on striped skirt and scarf for the shop
Harry Davenport, 83-year-old actor, shows Dean Jagger cigarette holders he makes—from chicken bones. Harry's daughter Ann is general manager.

Easy on little girls' knees! Mona Nierney, following her mother Mona Freeman's lead, decides that the prayer chair designed by actor Jerome Bakewell is just about her size!

John Beal and the Larry Parkses inspect model steamer by actor Richard Whorf. Carved wooden head above John is by character actor Stuart Holmes, once Theda Bara's leading man.

Clara Scott, Martha Scott's grandmother, crochets doilies and gloves for store. Carlton Alsop, Martha's son, hopes to sell his copper pictures soon.
Walter Resce
BY RUTH BRIGHAM
Liz Taylor counts this her jackpot year. For it has brought her the things she most wanted. And not the least of these is love!

Her mother hopes marriage will bring out some hidden domestic talents!

Walter Resce
"We can't plan definitely," Liz Taylor says, "because February may find me in Rome making 'Quo Vadis.' But I'm hoping instead for a church wedding in Beverly Hills."

They'll live in Miami, the young William Pawleys, stay in Hollywood only when Liz is working. Liz came to love Bill's home town while she and her mother were guests at the Pawleys' Sunset Island home. "In Hollywood," she explains, "I could never be anything but Elizabeth Taylor. In Miami I'll be Elizabeth Pawley—and I'll like that!" During the holiday, Liz and Bill—who is twenty-eight years old, tall, dark and handsome and had quite a record with the Air Force during wartime when he flew the Hump—spent most of their time enjoying water sports. Evenings, of course, there were dancing parties at the beautiful island estates. "What a year!" Elizabeth sighed. "It brought me my first adult role in 'Conspirator!' And it brought me Bill!"

"Conspirator" will give her public new views of Elizabeth

Coplan-Dirone
Study hour calls for Dad's help. Jimmy's bedroom meets present needs of a schoolboy with homework.

Upstairs playroom keeps the children occupied when Dennis has guests, has outside stairs that lead to garden below.

A House
WITH GROWING PLANS

Parents' playroom, in garden, will become "soda bar" for children later. Now, Dennis and Steffi entertain their friends here, use fireplace for barbecue cooking. Full-size refrigerator is behind service counter. Hidden closets hide dishes.
BY HANS DREIER
Supervising Art Director of Paramount Pictures, Inc.

There's plenty of room for everyone and everyone has a room in the O'Keefe family, where two plus two make four—with a fascinating future

Sitting-room side of their bedroom gives Dennis and Steffi a place to relax and dine in private

Television, a nightly occurrence, keeps the O'Keefes occupied in downstairs den. Dennis is in “The Great Dan Patch”

THE Dennis O'Keefe house represents such a fine plan for family development and enjoyable group living that, over and over, I find myself thinking of it as “a house with growing plans.”

Before I had so much as touched the doorbell of the O'Keefe's rambling white house, which sits, spic and span, on a quiet Beverly Hills street, the door swung open. A tall young gentleman of six, very much the modern cowboy in dress, greeted me. “Please come in, sir. Dad will be right down.”

He had to be, I knew, Jimmy O'Keefe. His face was a small edition of his father's and he had the same debonair, relaxed quality that his father has.

Mrs. O'Keefe, you'll remember, was Steffi Duna. Before she married Dennis, she was Mrs. (Continued on page 101)
Arlene doesn't believe in letting well enough alone. That's why everyone in Hollywood is saying . . .

**oh what a BEAUTIFUL DAHL**

by

Photoplay's beauty editor and adviser to the stars

anita colby

A RLENE DAHL—you hear it everywhere—is the most beautiful girl in Hollywood. Quite a reputation, that, to gain in a town where almost every girl is beautiful.

Arlene, however, is not, by nature, a rose born to blush unseen. She knows she's beautiful and doesn't pretend that she thinks this unimportant. On the contrary, she will tell you that she uses "the lucky accident" of her looks to the fullest extent.

The story of Arlene's three-ring, full-blown entry upon the Hollywood scene has never been told, and it's so typical of her.

With Sir Charles and Lady Mendl, who adopted her as their social protégé before she had been in Hollywood one week, Arlene went to a party. At this party was Hollywood's most attractive and popular bachelor. He saw Arlene before she was well inside the door. She saw him, too.


Everyone at the party, realizing what had happened, watched.

So many men surrounded Arlene that the bachelor, who had to give the girl he had brought to the party a little attention, was stymied. Finally, about an hour later, he and Arlene found themselves back-to-back on the dance floor.

"Hey, Beautiful," he whispered, "what's your (Continued on page 79)
In every community, there are those invitations more sought after than others. In Hollywood, Dana and Mary Andrews yachting parties are a pièce de résistance. For they're fun and relaxing. This isn't only because they mean a long day at sea. It's due, above all, to the relaxed program and attitude of the host and hostess.

The day we sailed with the Andrews, we started early in the morning, all bundled up, for a full day of fun. And on our way out to sea, before the sails were hoisted, we filled the air with music—cowboy songs accompanied by Dana's harmonica.

The Andrews bought “The Kathryn,” which sleeps eight in the bunk fashion, instead of either beach. (Continued on page 85)
When Skipper Andrews entertains aboard "The Kathryn," it's Mrs. Dana who rings the ship's bell with her sea-going recipes.

Eight bells! Four hungry people, Dana, Teresa, Michael, Ann, with sea-sharpened appetites, stow away Mary's menu.

Strictly nautical: Teresa and Ann take a lesson in navigation from Dana, who learned by experience and from books.

In the galley of "The Kathryn," named after daughter Kathy, Dana and Mary considered calling it "Mama's Mink."
Welcome

Encore! By popular demand old favorites are becoming today's screen attractions

"I'll never forget that movie. I would love to see it again!" Who hasn't said that?

Until recently, there was little chance of seeing a remembered movie again, unless it was a big production like "Gone with the Wind" or an old film, illustrative of some trend, such as now are being shown at art galleries and museums.

But today, Hollywood is reissuing those pictures which, for a decade and more, have remained dear to our hearts.


"The Pride of the Yankees" pays tribute to the late Lou Gehrig. Critics hailed simple, moving story, performances of Gary Cooper, Teresa Wright

"The Prisoner of Zenda" captured the romantic imagination, showed Ronald Colman in a dual role with Madeleine Carroll, David Niven, late Sir C. Aubrey Smith
No one who saw Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable in “It Happened One Night” has ever stopped talking about it or famous “Walls of Jericho” scene.

Harold Lloyd (shown here with Kenneth Thomson) returns in “Movie Crazy,” proves some actors can’t be replaced. There will be more Lloyd reissues.

“Casablanca,” with Ingrid Bergman and Humphrey Bogart unforgettable as the lovers for whom Dooley Wilson played “As Time Goes By,” hit tune of film.
Ann Sheridan, of "I Was a Male War Bride," in black faille coat-dress with draped skirt, designed by Travilla of Twentieth Century-Fox to show off Ann's Parisian white lace petticoat.

Jeanne Crain, of "Pinky," in her Sophie of Saks Fifth Ave. suit of lavender gabardine. With it Jeanne wears brown gloves and shoes, lavender hat with brown veil.

season with spice
Deborah Kerr, of “Please Believe Me,” liked this men’s-wear suit of thin gray tweed designed by Irene for a film, bought it for her own wardrobe. Deborah softens the suit’s tailored lines with lovely lace blouses.

Such goings-on this month! Picnics and parties—openings and auctions. Joan Fontaine and Bill Dozier, who throw a lot of parties, found a new old bit of entertainment to spring on their guests, who seemed to enjoy it. Nothing more or less than a table-tipping, table-thumping session, and a couple of Ouija boards thrown in! (It’s been a long, long time, but who knows, maybe the craze will start all over again.) Anyway, the “spirits” refused to come through with any messages, which didn’t surprise Gary Cooper. He was the most skeptical of all, to begin with. Johnny Green, the songwriter, and Frank Ross, who certainly doesn’t seem to be torching for Jean Arthur who just divorced him, formed something new in the way of a piano team, while Gail Patrick, Charles Brackett, Jane Greer, Connie Moore and Patricia Medina (leaving to join Richard Greene in London) listened. Patricia has just about the smallest feet in Hollywood and she isn’t one to mess them up in those ugly closed-toe-and-heel shoes, either. Nothing as flattering to any foot as a simple sandal, or a pump with lines that shorten your dogs!

Joan Fontaine was saying she saved her studio, where she’s making “Bed of Roses,” a lot of money by shopping for her own movie wardrobe while she was in New York. She sent the sketches back to Hollywood for studio okay, then bought the clothes she was mad about. Her clothes...
for this picture are many and lavish, and she says if they're not worn out by the
time the film is finished, she'll buy back most of them for her personal use. Lots
of stars do this, and save money that way, too. One of the dresses she brought back
has a "new look" inasmuch as the skirt is neither full nor straight, but completely
draped. It's of a vivid navy blue crepe, clinging to the figure all the way, and even
the neckline and bodice are draped, giving a slinky effect. Joan Bennett reports find-
ing something "new" in Italy, too, and she's bringing back lots of it. We mean a whole
bunch of sheer woolens in hand-blocked prints as well as plain colors. She will
have them made up into separate blouses and skirts to be mixed at will. She also
picked up a wonderful old Florentine belt of silver with a diamond dagger for a clasp.

Just before Betty Newling Bloomingdale had her baby, four of her chums got to-
gether and staged the most lavish and sensational baby shower Hollywood has ever
seen, we'll betcha. It was a colossal luncheon at the home of Mrs. Tom May, wife of
the department store magnate. Two of the hostesses were Joan Fontaine and Joan
Crawford. There were about sixty gals present, among them Jane Greer, waiting
for Sir Stork herself. Also gasping at the gifts as they were unwrapped in the pa-
vilion (sort of a conservatory), were Esther Williams, Kay (Continued on page 99)
Deep within you is a Very Special Self
... that can create a New You

Don't stay fenced in behind the thought that you are not the way you'd like to be.
Within you, is a wonderful power that can make lovely changes happen to you.
This power grows out of the interrelation of your Inner Self and Outer Self and the power of each to change the other. It quickens the happiness you radiate when you know you look charming. But—when you haven't lived up to your best, it depresses you with discontent. It is the reason you should never skip those pleasant daily rites that do so much to make you look lovelier, feel happier.

"Outside-Inside" Face Treatment

Keep your face always a delightful picture of you. This Pond's "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment has a way of bringing special help to faces. Always at bedtime (for day cleansings, too) cream your face, like this:
Hot Stimulation—splash face with hot water.
Cream Cleanse—swirl Pond's Cold Cream all over your face. This fluffy, light cream will soften and sweep dirt, make-up from pore openings. Tissue off well.
Cream Rinse—swirl on a second soft Pond's creaming. This rinses off last traces of dirt, leaves skin immaculate. Tissue off again.
Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.

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

It is not vanity to develop the beauty of your face. When you look lovely you give out a magic spark. It kindles a glow of pleasure in everyone you meet, it brings the Inner You closer to others.

Her face comes out to meet you like a lovely flower. It is only natural she is delighting both New York and Paris society.

Agnès de Saint-Phalle
—captivating young daughter of
The Count and Countess André de Saint-Phalle

The minute you see her you are drawn by her magnetism. For her face sends you a fascinating preview of the Inner Magic that is herself. This young French-American has an individuality that is tremendously appealing. Ask her how she keeps her skin looking so perfect, she'll tell you—"I use Pond's. It is the very best cream I know to get your skin really clean and soft."
Beneath his man-about-town surface, Clark Gable, star of "Any Number Can Play," carries the heart of a mechanic. Much of his leisure time, in fact, is spent with his head under the hood of a car. No one knows better than Clark what makes Henry's Ford run.

He loves to cruise along in this car and, when streamlined cars attempt to pass, shoot ahead with a burst of speed, leaving the drivers gasping

He has his choice of the world's finest cars. But it's his old whitewashed Model T, in which he installed a racing motor, that brings a light to his eyes.
One Sunday afternoon, Clark was giving his Model T an overhauling when a car stopped. A couple got out and the man nudged Clark to come out from under

"Can you tell us where Clark Gable lives?" Clark, grease-stained and overalled, grinned. "Right here! This is his car."

"That fresh mechanic," said the woman as they walked away, "trying to rib us. I might have believed that was Mr. Gable's house if he hadn't said that was Gable's jalopy."
Natalie Wood and sister Lana wonder how mothers can bear to be so practical.

Frances Klamt, who used to teach Shirley Temple, now has Shari Robinson as her star pupil.

The studio school has no basketball field, so Claude Jarman takes off for practice at nearby Hamilton High.

When the school bell rings on the M-G-M lot, Dean Stockwell hops a studio tram.

Alan Ladd took six-year-old Alana to Westlake School, where she proudly entered the first grade.
Claudette Colbert as she plays opposite Robert Young in RKO Radio Pictures' "Love Is Big Business"

"I'm a Lux Girl"
says Claudette Colbert

Here's a gentle beauty care that really works. In recent tests by skin specialists, 3 out of 4 complexions became lovelier in a short time.

"It's wonderful the way Lux Soap facials leave skin softer, smoother," says Claudette Colbert. "I smooth the fragrant lather well in, rinse, and pat with a towel to dry."

Try the generous new bath size, too—so fragrant, so luxurious!

You want the charm of fresh, appealing skin. Try this beauty care screen stars recommend. Lux Girls win romancel!
HELENA CARTER
Soon to be seen in
"TOMAHAWK", a Universal-
International release.
Color by Technicolor.

I thought "dates"
were something to eat!

Love was a dream I saw in the movies
... until these words of Helena Carter
tipped me off: "Romance and rough,
red hands don't go together. I keep
my hands perfectly smooth, soft and
feminine with Jergens Lotion."

It was Jergens Lotion for me, pronto!

I noticed the difference right away... my
hands looked silky soft. Then the men
around the office noticed too! Now "dates"
mean dancing and dining... and Paul thinks
hands like mine need a diamond!

No other hand care keeps your hands so
smooth, so lovely. Being a liquid, Jergens
Lotion furnishes the softening
moisture thirsty skin needs.
Never oily or sticky. Still 10¢
to $1.00 plus tax, for today's
finer Jergens Lotion.

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

Used by more Women than any other Hand Care in the World!

Found: The Silver Lining
(Continued from page 36) "Dr. Jol
Duzik," Haymes replied. "And he's a keg
guy as well as a terrific dentist. He was
quite an athlete at USC before he went
off to medical school, and he's still mu
about sports, golf, especially.

"Maybe the rest of his personal histo-
can wait until you've phoned him or
asked how soon he can see me," June said.

Dr. Duzik had agreed, in spite of
jammed schedule, to see June at two. Let
before two o'clock, June was in his office.
She was, in fact, halfway through an
article called, "Tibet: Land That Tin
Forgot," in an old issue of the Nation
Geographic, when his secretary informed
her that she could see him.

One quick glimpse of him, standing
beside his chair, tall, bronzed, broad
shouldered and smiling, and June wants
to say, "Oh, no!" Dentists didn't look
like that!

"He's a little old for me," she told her
self, as he peered down into her mouth.
"But, he's got definite possibilities."

IN A moment, the doctor was informir
her that her tooth could be capped so r
one ever would notice it.

"He's got an interesting voice," she told
herself as he went on with his work.

He'd been working for almost an hour,
when he asked, if by any chance, s
played golf. She told him she did and h
eyes brightened.

"You're fond of golf, I take it," she said.
"Fond of it?" Dr. Duzik exclaimed.
"Two things I do every Sunday. I go t
early Mass and I play eighteen holes of
golf. Perhaps we could play together some
Sunday?"

"Perhaps we could," June turned on
Mona Lisa smile.

She felt strangely gay and perky goin
down the elevator, walked as lightly as
she was treading on lemon meringue.
Then it dawned on her that Dr. Duzik ha
forgotten to set up any golf date.

"He got busy and it slipped his mind
she explained to herself. "He'll get aroun
to it the next time."

But Dr. Duzik didn't get around to
the next time—or the time after that. All
all of a sudden, June's tooth had bee
capped and here he was, shaking her han
wishing her good luck, and congratulatin
her on being such a model patient.
She felt chagrined going down in th
elevator this time. And the feeling lasts.
Her pride was hurt, her vanity crushed.
She, June Haver, a girl whose compan
was sought after by the most sensation
swains, had just been rebuffed by her
dentist.

Ordinarily, two dates a week was abo
par for June. But the week following, sh
d had four dates, and the week after th
she had five. Then she stopped playin
characters and admitted that Dr. Jol
Duzik had gotten under her skin and sh
would have to do something about it.

"I could break another tooth," she con
fessed to her seventeen-year-old siste
Evie, who doubled as her confidante.

"It would be a little obvious," Evie sa
June nodded. "I'll think up something,
just you wait and see."

The following Saturday evening, she as
tonished the entire Haver household b
announcing, shortly after dinner, that un
less anyone had any serious objection, sh
was going to bed.

"I'm going to bed early," she volunteere
anticipating the inevitable question, "fo
the simple reason that I'm going to eat
Mass."

At seven sharp, the following mornin
she arrived at the small Beverly Hills
parish church.
Great News! A Complete Hair Beauty Routine...yet All you do is use New Drene Shampoo!

- NO SPECIAL RINSES—yet your hair is naturally shining and soft!
- NO SPECIAL LOTIONS—yet hair is so easy to set!
- NO SPECIAL POMADES—yet waves stay put—hair beauty lasts and lasts!

Just treat yourself to one shampoo with wonderful New Drene! See how wonderfully simple hair beauty can be.

With New Drene, all you do is shampoo...and your hair has glorious natural sheen and softness. You don't have to use a special rinse because New Drene leaves no dulling film. Your hair takes the set like a charm...and holds it. And you don't have to mess with waving lotions or pomades. Just use New Drene—that's the whole routine.

What's the secret? There's beauty magic in New Drene...an exclusive cleansing agent found in no other shampoo—cream or liquid. That's the reason why New Drene cleans your hair so thoroughly, so gently...rinses out so completely. That's why New Drene leaves your hair so springy, curls last and last. Try this wonderful New Drene Shampoo today!

For Complete Hair Beauty...

Get NEW Drene Shampoo

A Procter & Gamble Exclusive
Richard Hudnut

enriched creme

SHAMPOO

contains egg!

Gives your hair new beauty...makes it more manageable...easier to set! Home Permanents take better!

It's the egg that does it! By actual scientific test, the real egg contained in powdered form in Richard Hudnut Enriched Creme Shampoo makes your hair easier to comb, easier to set.

You'll make pin curls...so much smoother, they're bound to last longer! And see how much better your Richard Hudnut Home Permanent "takes" after this shampoo! Gentler, kinder, too!

No wonder your hair is left shimmering with "lovelights"!

Richard Hudnut Shampoo is better because:

1. Contains egg (powder, 1%)—proved to make hair more manageable.

2. Not a wax or paste—but a smooth liquid creme!

3. Easy to apply; rinses out readily.

4. Removes loose dandruff.

5. Same shampoo Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue Salon uses for luxury treatments!

(Continued from page 74) took a seat well in back. And at eight, devotions over, who should tap her on the shoulder but Dr. John Duzik.

"Why, Dr. Duzik, of all people!" she said starting. "How nice to see you! Do you attend early Mass often?"

"Why, yes," he replied. "Every Sunday And then I head for the golf course."

"Directly after Mass?" June wanted to know.

"Well, first I stop at a favorite restaurant for a Southern-style breakfast and..."

He paused. "If you haven't already had breakfast, how about joining me."

It was a delightful breakfast. Dr. Duzik looked on with obvious enjoyment and admiration, did not even dream it was her second breakfast that morning. They were having a second cup of coffee, when he wondered aloud, how it would be if they had dinner together, Wednesday night say, at the Somerset House. "They'd be foursome, if she didn't mind digging up a friend. An old college chum, whom he hadn't seen since they'd played football together at good old USC, would be with him."

"I think it would be terrific." June said, "I'd be delighted to dig up a girl friend for your friend. In fact, I know just the girl."

She could invite one of the cute little starlets from the studio, of course. She knew half a dozen who would be delighted with a dinner invitation of this kind. But she promptly decided against any such big-hearted procedure. It just didn't make sense. She knew how begging any one of those starlets could be. Why should she after all, expose her doctor to the blandishments of any potential rival. It would be cutting her own throat, she told herself.

So she played it safe and brought along her little sister, Evie.

Dr. Duzik looked a trifle surprised. So did his friend. Evie, had a very cute blind date.

(Continued on page 78)

they're back

on the air at CBS!

★ JACK BENNY
★ BING CROSBY
★ ARTHUR GODFREY
★ EDGAR BERGEN
★ RED SKELTON
★ GROUCHO MARX
★ BURNS & ALLEN
★ MARIE WILSON
★ EVE ARDEN
★ LUCILLE BALL
★ MOLLY GOLDBERG

Check your local paper for time and local station.

exclusive big feature!

107 Pages On All CBS Stars
Interviews—Color Portraits with 37 great radio stars in RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR for October
Now On the Newsstands.
DALLAS! "My doctor suggested Noxzema for my dry skin," says attractive Mrs. Marjory Ryan! "Now Noxzema is the only beauty cream I ever use—I couldn't do without it. I always use it as a powder base to help keep my skin soft and supple."

KANSAS CITY! "I used to have occasional blemishes," says popular Judy Hadas, "but since using Noxzema as my regular night cream, my skin is soft and smooth. Now it seems as though I'm always getting compliments on my complexion."

WHO ELSE WANTS A LOVELIER-LOOKING COMPLEXION?

Doctor's new home beauty treatment helps 4 out of 5 women in clinical tests

- Pictured here are six women who solved one important skin problem almost every woman occasionally faces. At one time each was bothered with minor skin troubles like blemishes from external causes, rough dry skin or similar skin disorders. But they found a way to softer, smoother, lovelier-looking skin.

New Beauty Routine
For now a noted skin specialist has developed a home beauty routine for just such skin problems. It really gets results. You need only one cream—medicated Noxzema. There are only 4 simple steps. Here's all you do:

1. Morning—bathe face with warm water and apply Noxzema to it several times.
2. Apply Noxzema as a powder base.
3. Evening—repeat morning cleansing with Noxzema.
4. Massage cream lightly into face. Pat on extra Noxzema over any blemishes.

Follow this routine faithfully for only two weeks. See the results! Note how refreshed your face feels—how Noxzema's medicated formula helps heal blemishes that come from dust and dirt. And if your skin gets rough and dry, smooth on Noxzema and watch for amazingly quick improvement.

You'll enjoy using Noxzema, too. This snow-white greaseless cream doesn't stain bed linen... never looks messy. Use it every night before retiring... every morning as a base for make-up. See if your complexion doesn't look softer, smoother, lovelier.

Helped 4 out of 5 Women Tested
Noxzema's new 4-Step Beauty Routine has been thoroughly tested under careful supervision of skin specialists. Scores of women tried it—and 4 out of 5 showed softer, smoother, lovelier-looking skin in only two weeks. Try it yourself—see if you aren't amazed at the difference in your skin. At all drug and cosmetic counters. 40¢, 60¢, $1.00 plus tax.

NEW YORK! Charming Arlene Anderson first used Noxzema for an annoying rash. "It helped improve my skin so much," she says, "it's now my regular powder base and night cream as well. I'm never without Noxzema."

CHICAGO! Vivacious Marion McEvy had a dry skin condition. "Then I started using Noxzema every night," she says. "I soon noticed my complexion was smoother... and I've used it ever since."

BOSTON! Mrs. Suzanne Lipsett likes to hunt and fish with her husband. "Noxzema keeps my skin soft and smooth in spite of long exposure. I also use it on the children for minor skin irritations."

Baltimore! "A skin irritation almost ruined a Company party," says Mrs. Erma Boone. "But I used Noxzema in time... and the party was a complete success. Now it's my night cream and powder base, too."

77
Smoke all you want, but...

why take Tobacco Mouth with you?

(Continued from page 76) In a moment, introductions over, they were on their way to the Somerset House and a big evening.

The evening didn’t turn out to be as big as they hoped it would. It was pretty much of a shambles as far as the Haver girls were concerned. All during dinner, practically, the old college chums reminisced about football, football players and football coaches. And halfway through dessert, Dr. Duzik sprang his little surprise! He’d gotten tickets for that night’s game between the Los Angeles Dons and the San Franciscans. Dr. Duzik and his college friend cheered themselves hoarse and took it for granted, the way enthusiasts will, that the girls had enjoyed themselves, too. Consequently, they looked a little flabbergasted when the girls declined with thanks (and an excuse about a headache) and Evie had suddenly acquired, his suggestion that they stop off somewhere for a little music and dancing.

June didn’t hear from her doctor for a long time after that, and she began to wonder and then worry. When he finally called, the first thing he did was apologize for having thoughtlessly ruined a whole evening for her and her sister. And the second, was to invite her to dinner again, this time without any college chum.

N ow June’s dating life had been confined, pretty much, to people in show business (musicians, when she was a vocalist touring with a band, and later, after she was signed by Twentieth Century-Fox, actors). They were all of them charming, but thorough-going ex-protectors whose conversation at dinner was confined to three subjects: Themselves, shop-talk, and the latest gossip. Dr. Duzik’s conversation tended toward ideas and an exchange of opinions on a hundred phases of life in the vast world existing outside of themselves and Hollywood. She couldn’t get over it.

Soon, her dates with Dr. John had become as frequent as twice a week. Columnists were falling all over themselves predicting orange blossoms and Mendelssohn music for little June Haver, when something happened that set the town back on its heels—June’s friends and family included. Abruptly, she eloped to Las Vegas with Jimmy Zito, a musician. And June had never, in six years previously, when she was an impressionable kid of fifteen, and a singer touring with Ted Fio Rito and his orchestra.

This marriage, conceived out of such thin stuff as yearning, impulse, and glittering illusion, was doomed from the start. Within a matter of twelve months, June and her chagrin, and dearly-handsome Jimmy had separated, been reconciled, and separated for the second time. And, within the space of the following year, they had become reconciled and parted again, this time for good.

June had tried so desperately to make a go of things, that the failure of this marriage all but wrecked her health and her peace of mind. And when it was finally over, dinner over, dreams for grounds of mental cruelty, she moved her personal possessions, her squashed little dreams, and her heartache into a little apartment of her own and started all over again.

The heart can endure only so much, so that in time, the ache subsided. Then the loneliness set in.

It wasn’t that she lacked admirers. Immediately after the final decree, and even a little before, the phone began ringing. And before too long, all the old gang was calling. But somehow, she discovered, the old familiar line had lost its luster. She found herself inventing excuses, begging off. And her loneliness got worse, not better.

This was playing gin rummy with her sister one evening, and finding it hard to concentrate on the game, when Evie laid down her cards and said:

"I’m callin’, if I was you."

"Could you be born to know."

"Dr. John," Evie said. "Who else?"

J une drew herself up stiffly. "I’m quite capable of managing my own social life, thank you."

Evie shrugged. "That’s one way of lookin’ at it, I guess. Pretend I never doubled for Dorothy Dix and we’ll go on playing."

Prior to this, Dr. John had been in the back of June’s mind, and she had been struggling to keep him confined there. But now, in the forefront of her thinking, he became more important by the moment. And then he called and asked her to dinner.

They met as friends and she saw the same quick kindling smile, and felt the same old warmth and understanding. Only this time, she put a proper value on all the nice, quiet things about Dr. John Duzik.

The following week, June heard, for the first time, the story of John’s life. Of Slovak stock, he’d been born in Rock Springs, Wyoming, where his father, Nick Duzik, ran a combination grocery-meat market, as well as a cattle ranch on the Wyoming-COLORADO border.

He had attended first, the local grade schools and high school, then the University of Southern California from which he had been graduated as a dental surgeon, and, finally, Harvard Medical School, where he had taken special courses.

Studies completed, he had returned to Rock Springs and opened a dental office, to the eternal pride of his immigrant parents who had made such enormous sacrifices in order to see him through college and medical school. But, until the day he'd left Rock Springs to open a prac-tice in Los Angeles, he had never been so proud, jaw high, to dote his dentist's tunic, hurry across the street to his father's store, don a butcher's apron, and start waiting on the customers.

It was this rough sketch of his life, amplified gradually, that gave June her real insight into the kind of man John Duzik really was—a man with love of home and parents, and strong loyalties and a heart big enough to give her everything she ever wanted. And she came back to Los Angeles, completely in love, only this time with her eyes open, her mind clear, and her heart singing.

A girl like the revised June Haver deserves everything 1949 can give her, including a lasting marriage with the man she loves.

The End

MOVIES

Fine entertainment at low cost
Oh, What a Beautiful Dahl
(Continued from page 61) name? What's your phone number? Arlene was in a spot over which a dozen Hollywood girls would have rejoiced. But, she likes a subtle approach, the soft music and candlelight technique. This brisk-to-the-point beginning was not for her. So she smiled sweetly, if archly, danced away, and became the talk of this town in which the man-shortage is acute.
She's been in Hollywood three years now, and at luncheon and tea parties, you still hear of the night that she, true to her instincts, turned her back on Wonderboy.
Before Arlene came to Hollywood, she had a highly profitable modeling career in New York at thirty-dollars-an-hour. It was strictly for her beauty, then, that she was signed to a contract by Warners. So what happened? They put her in a co-starring role opposite Dennis Morgan and promptly decided she looked too young.
"Add ten pounds," they ordered. "It will age you."
Arlene went on a weight-increasing spree. Malted milks three times a day, three-layer cake whenever she felt like it—sheer Heaven. They over-rouged her mouth, too. And they gave her a hair-do that would have aged her sufficiently, if the malted milks hadn't. She didn't look too frightful. She probably couldn't. But the way she looked didn't stop the crowd. After this picture was completed, Warners dropped her.
It was then she was glad of her marvelous exercise for getting waistline and hips down and keeping them slim. It's an exercise every girl should know—as simple as it is effective:
1. Sit flat upon the floor. Hold the trunk of your body erect.
2. Pull up your knees as close to your chest as possible.
3. Extend your arms in front of your body, keeping your hands close together.
4. Now, holding your knees together and close to the body, slap your legs on the floor. Do this first by moving to the right. Make sure that with each swing, your thighs hit the floor. Your arms should swing to the left when your body swings to the right and vice versa. Ten times to the right. Ten times to the left.
Arlene had slimmed down, Metro signed her. A trifle older and infinitely wiser, she decided to fight, if necessary, to be herself. Metro, however, didn't want to change her. Not even an iota. They allowed her eyebrows to grow back in, listened to her ideas about make-up and worked with her on a new hair-do.
"After all," Arlene says, "I've lived with my face longer than anyone so if anyone understands it, I should." A good thing to remember!
Arlene's perfect features tingle with life, her eyes sparkle and her hair shines with vitality.
"My mother, now forty-eight, has the loveliest skin I've ever seen," she says. Her mother is a Norwegian and Arlene was born and raised in Minnesota where so many Norwegians settled. "The summers are hot, hot, and the winters are cold, cold," she explains, "Such a climate is marvelous for the skin."
Arlene's mother taught her beauty habits while she was very young. From the time she was about twelve, she has cold-creamed her face lavishly every night, just before her bath. This allows the steam from her bath water, and as hot as she can stand it, to seep up through the cream and cleanse her face thoroughly. "Nothing works so well," she says. "It's like a

THE NEW
'Gold' Rush of '49

Maybe you've noticed it already—the way women are hurrying to buy Golden Fels-Naptha Soap and Soap Chips.
And no wonder! This 1949 Fels-Naptha brings them a brand-new washing experience. Every process in the Fels-Naptha formula has been tested and checked with the washing demands of today's smart, young housekeeper.
If you haven't tried the 1949 Fels-Naptha Soap or Soap Chips get some today. Get a big red and green box of Fels-Naptha Soap Chips for your washing machine or automatic washer. You'll really get a thrill at the way this grand, golden soap gets things fragrantly clean and sweet and a bigger thrill when your dazzling white washes are hung on the line.
Join the 1949 Gold Rush today—
to the Golden Fels-Naptha Soap shelves in any grocery store.

Fels-Naptha Soap
MILD, GOLDEN SOAP AND ACTIVE NAPTHA

FOR EXTRA CLEANING ACTION USE

Made in Phila. by Fels & Co.
Tonight!...Show him how much lovelier your hair can look ... after a

Lustre-Creme Shampoo

No other shampoo gives you the same magical secret-blend lather plus kindly LANOLIN ... for true hair beauty.

Tonight he can see new sheen in your hair, FEEL its caressable softness, THRILL to its glorious natural beauty. Yes, tonight, if you use Lustre-Creme Shampoo today!

Only Lustre-Creme has Kay Daimit's magic blend of secret ingredients plus gentle lanolin. This glamorizing shampoo lathers in hardest water. Leaves hair fragrantly clean, shining, free of loose dandruff and so soft, so manageable!

Famous hairdressers use and recommend it for shimmering beauty in all "hair-dos" and permanents. Beauty-wise women made it America's favorite cream shampoo. Try Lustre-Creme! The man in your life—and you—will love the loveliness results in your hair.

facial—home-administered."

She washes her face once a day only; at night, then, covering her face lightly, with a thin coating of all-purpose cream—with just a dab more under the eyes to keep that tender skin soft and smooth—she sleeps with this cream on her face. I must say I don't approve of this technique but it certainly seems to work for Arlene. In the morning, she sprinkles her eyes with water and she's ready to apply her make-up.

Arlene's make-up may seem elaborate for a girl as lovely as she is. But she applies it so skillfully, that the total effect is one of naturalness and freshness.

HER color is high. So she rarely needs rouge or powder. However, on any day that she is pale, she takes a bit of rouge from her lips on the tips of her fingers and applies this to her cheeks. Subtly. When a young Minneapolis cousin was visiting her recently, she asked, "But how do you get your lipstick and rouge to match so perfectly?" Now she knows. They're one and the same.

Arlene's eyes are expressive and straightforward. But her lashes are short and thin. And her eyebrows, unfortunately, are those of the true redhead; light. It is here, therefore, that Arlene puts in her neatest touches, so neat, in fact, that she doesn't require false eyelashes even for the screen. She powders her lashes and lids first to prepare them for make-up. Then, she dips her mascara brush in hot water and applies the mascara to her lashes. With this procedure, she curls her lashes as well as darkens them. For her brows, she uses no pencil, but dips a separate brush, this time soaked in cold water, into the mascara. The result is a natural finish. On her lids, she uses the least touch of shadow.

Perhaps the most important thing of all in Arlene's beauty routine is the fact that she is faithful to it. She never goes to bed with her face unwashed, allowing stale make-up to stay on overnight. And, despite the fact that she lives in Southern California, she flies from the sun. Her skin texture can't take it and she knows it.

"Once, just once, I decided to get a tan, like all the other people in the world," she says. "I loaded up on creams and suntan lotion and I baked. What I got was first-degree burns. I had to be under a doctor's care."

Another practise, to which Arlene is faithful, is a daily rest or nap. For at least half-an-hour every day, she lies down, closes her eyes and rests, even if she doesn't fall asleep. She's been doing this ever since adolescence, when her mother advised it. No beauty routine, she feels, is quite so valuable.

As for diet, she eats sensibly, but well "I don't overeat," she explains. "Neither do I stuff. But I drink a full quart of milk every day of my life and eat eggs at least three times a week."

The Dahl formula is worth following You may not emerge looking just like Arlene, but you'll likely look and feel better for the try.

THE END

second marriage

Don't Elsa Maxwell's unusual story about the unusual Jennifer Jones and David O. Selznick.

IN NOVEMBER PHOTOPLAY
NOT SO CRAZY

Richard Basehart was smart enough to take the "twisted" road to success.

ANY minute, Richard Basehart expects a knock on his door. He'll answer, open wide. Then come the words, "Hello, Mr. Basehart, what's on the agenda?"

"I've got a movie for you," says the agent. The agent, of course, is the little man in the white coat who carries off the man who is starting out on his road to success.

Richard Basehart, in a madman's white strait-jacket, is ready to go. He's been waiting for this all his life. He's been waiting for the moment when he can get away with it, he wonders. He's started off his movie career as Barbara Stanwyck's looney brother in "Cry Wolf," became the mad poet in "Repeat Performance," the neurotic killer in "He Walked by Night," and finally, the zany hillbilly in "Roseanna McCoy." Hollywood's crazy about him. Crazy.

When Richard joined a stock company in his hometown of Zanesville, Ohio, at the age of twelve, the local paper, The Zanesville Times Signal, gave him a swell review. The editor, himself, was delighted. No wonder. The boy was his son. Richard's father had been an actor himself before he became a newspaper man. Richard joined the Hedgerow Theatre group near Philadelphia. After five years, he knew a great deal about every phase of the theater and was ready for Broadway. He auditioned for Margaret Webster, a leading Broadway director, who saw in him the part of "Othello." He went from that success to several flops and several hits, among them, "Othello" and "Ramshackle Inn." Then he was ready for his big chance as the Scotsman in "The Hasty Heart." Warners signed him and, a year later, let him go. He subsequently signed with Eagle Lion for "Ring of Terror."

He met and married costume designer Stephanie Klein while they both were at Hedgerow. Together, they shared in the co-operative profits of the theater which amounted to about six dollars monthly. With thirty members of the group, he shared a room in a dwelling that housed them all and ate whatever was cheapest at the local market. After eight years, he and Stephanie are still married, live in a comfortable Hollywood apartment, have no children, and see the friends they made in New York.

His hair is red, his eyes dark blue, his manner mild. Off screen, that is. But giving off an eerie quality, as he does in "Roseanna McCoy," well, that's something else again.

THE END

With a flick of your finger... the Dial-a-Wave ends guesswork in your home permanent

Her Rayve Wave Number is

2. Find yours on the Dial-a-Wave... easy as setting a clock! It's the sure way to the kind of wave you want... for your kind of hair.

Only Rayve—
the new HOME PERMANENT
has the Dial-a-Wave
that personalizes your wave!

AND RAYVE IS FAST—YET GENTLER, EASIER
QUICK AS A WINK your Rayve Wave Number on the Dial-a-Wave assures you of the one right wave for your kind of hair—in the shortest possible waving time. Everything about Rayve is easier, better. Picture-booklet directions... no turban to wear. FAST—BUT SURE! No home permanent gives you the right wave for your hair in less time. For only Rayve has the Dial-a-Wave to show you the minimum time in which you can be sure of the kind of wave you want—plus an improved creme formula that's noticeably gentler.

LONG-LASTING—YET SOFTER, MORE NATURAL—A Rayve cold wave is satin-soft—like natural curls from the first day. No frizz, ever! And if you have any kind of plastic curlers, all you need is a Refill Kit for your personalized Rayve wave.

RAYVE REFILL KIT $1
COMPLETE RAYVE KIT $2
Both kits contain the Dial-a-Wave

FROM THE FAMOUS PEPSODENT LABORATORIES

81
Wrapped, it looks like a box of...

...or bath salts

...note paper

...or facial tissues

Actually, it's Modess in the wonderful new-shape box!

- So discreet... helps keep your secret so nicely:
- So new... it may not yet be in stock at your favorite store. Until it is, ask for Modess in the standard box. Because...
  - Both boxes contain the same number of Modess napkins, so soft, so safe, so luxuriously comfortable.
  - Both boxes are priced the same.
  - In Regular, Junior, and Super Modess sizes.

What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 4) planting before my husband and I met. I feel that the lot belongs to her and I shouldn't interfere.

How can I rid myself of this very annoying feeling of inferiority and jealousy?

Lorene R.

It is more than usually difficult for a complete outsider to understand your situation. So much depends upon the true character of your mother-in-law. Your description would give the casual observer the idea that the woman is generous and lovable. Yet, she may be deliberately placing you under enormous obligation, to insure her son's lasting devotion.

Here is one way for you to regard her generosity: Nearly every gift we receive throughout life turns out to be slightly different from what we would have chosen. Even the gift of our personal appearance isn't quite what most of us would have selected if allowed a choice!

Yet, we're stuck with ourselves, and we're stuck with the hand-crocheted skillet which Aunt Mary sends us for Christmas. In your case, you are stuck with a set of bedroom furniture and a beautiful back yard. Smile about it.

In a way, you are to be envied. You don't have to fight for anything. You know that your husband loves you, and that you are building a future together.

I think you can afford to be generous and humorous. It will take forbearance, and when the children begin to arrive, you may have quite a problem; yet, you may—by refusing to feel inferior or put upon—come to love your mother-in-law.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am sixteen years old and a junior in high school. My problem is my father. He will not allow me to attend school activities, or dances, I am not allowed out with my girl friends after dark, and I may never talk to a boy. I manage to have a few afternoon sneak dates, but I would much rather have the boys and girls come to my house, the way they go to the homes of my friends.

Another problem is that I keep up a ten-room house, doing all housework and cooking, because my mother is working to get enough money to put me through college. I get a certain amount of pleasure out of keeping the house nice, but my father constantly picks on me. He slaps me if he finds a hairpin on the floor, and I hear about it for hours if I don't dust to please him.

Sometimes I'd like to walk out and never return, but I don't want to give up my education. In another way, I think my father is willing for me to be educated because he plans to quit his job as soon as I go to work so that I can take care of the family from then on.

My father says a girl who goes out with boys is no good, and that when a girl marries, her troubles really begin. You know, at first I disliked my father only when he was disagreeable, but nowadays I hate him so that I am pleased only when I see him leaving.

I haven't said much about my mother because she's wonderful, young, and more like a sister. If she says anything to my father, he slaps her down.

What can a girl do in a case like this?

Olivia E.

Actually, there is very little that you can do until you are twenty-one. In the state in which you live, your father is head of the household until you come of age. He may, if he wishes, even collect
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ARE OLD WIVES' TALES

Wrecking your Married Life?

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am engaged, and our wedding date is set for October.

After we are married, my fiancé wants to live with his dad and sister, as he does now. My fiancé is well over twenty-one, earns fifty dollars a week and hands all but ten dollars per week over to his father. As I understand it, that would continue to be the situation. The father would pay all living expenses, and we would have ten dollars a week for personal expenditures, including clothing.

It would be different if my fiancé's dad needed money, but he has a good income.

My family is opposed to this marriage because they say the father would make life miserable for me. He has a reputation for being miserly and selfish.

That may be true, but it doesn't change the fact that I love my fiancé.

Georgia S.

In some life situations, love, alone, is not enough to assure happiness.

I believe that any sensible person would agree that this marriage would not have a good chance of permanency.

If you marry this boy, your resentment at having to obey orders from his father and sister may well cause trouble between you and your husband. It seems to me that you should wait to marry until this man proves that he is a man, and not a child clinging to his father's suspenders.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

My husband and I have been married only a short time. Because we are living at some distance from home town, I have never met his family, but that is an ordeal facing me shortly.

I say "ordual" for this reason. My husband was married before to a perfectly beautiful girl who was very popular with my in-laws. They were furious with my husband for divorcing her, even though any real man would have done what he did under similar circumstances. Naturally, he couldn't tell his family the full story. Not only was this first wife beautiful, but she was gay, witty, charming.

To be frank, I am not at all attractive, nor have I the slightest part of the charm and poise which the first wife possessed. I am frightened sick when I think of meeting my in-laws, knowing they will compare us. I need some good advice.

Lynette S.

You underestimate yourself. It is fairly clear to an outsider that your husband married you because you had all the wonderful qualities his first wife lacked. There is a good deal of humble sweetness in your letter, of anxiety to please and

If only every woman would learn these

INTIMATE PHYSICAL FACTS before she marries...

Too many married women still don't have proper, scientific knowledge they can trust about intimate feminine hygiene.

They follow ignorant misinformation passed on down through the years. And all too often this is the cause of marital unhappiness.

If only women would realize how important vaginal douching two or three times weekly often is to intimate cleanliness, health, married happiness, and to combat unpardonable vaginal odor. And certainly once they learn the truth about ZONITE, they'll always want to use it in the douche.

No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested is SO POWERFUL yet SO HARMLESS

Scientists tested every known germicide they could find on sale for the douche. And NO OTHER type proved

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So why be old-fashioned and continue to use weak or dangerous products?

ZONITE is POSITIVELY non-poisonous, non-irritating. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as desired without the slightest risk of injury to the most delicate tissues.

ZONITE'S Miracle-Action

ZONITE eliminates odor, removes waste substances and discharge. You feel so dainty and refreshed after your ZONITE douche. Helps guard against infection. It kills every germ it touches. It's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but you can be sure ZONITE does kill every reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying. Buy ZONITE at any drug counter.

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feminine hygiene

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NAME

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83
to make your husband proud of you.

Remember this: Everyone is more interested in himself than he is in anything else on earth. If you, as a person, will take a deep interest in others, forgetting yourself and your problems, you will find that you have beauty in the opinion of those who come to love you.

Be proud to be your husband's wife, and be proud to belong to his family, and the family will be pleased with you.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty-three years old and have a beautiful little daughter, five. I have been divorced for three years now; I have a bad past, but I want to live a good, clean life from now on so that I can be a good mother to my daughter.

Last November I met the nicest guy I have ever known and he treats me with respect, although he knows about my past.

He has been married and has three children to support until they are of age. He has warned me that he will never marry again because he doesn't want to do anything that would hurt his first wife. He says she is a fine woman and, because of him, she had a nervous breakdown and was hospitalized for six months. She will now have nothing to do with him, but he says she should show her respect enough not to marry again.

I inherited a little money from an aunt, and I am a good worker. He has saved a little money, and knows something about the restaurant business. He wants us to invest equally in a business in a nearby town; both of us could work in the restaurant and build a good future for ourselves.

Do you think that he will change his mind about marriage in the future? And do you think I should go into business with him, and let the emotional side of our relationship take care of itself?

Emma Lou S.

Why set up further misery for yourself? I think you should believe this man when he assures you that he does not intend to marry again. His statement may not be absolutely accurate. He may mean that he does not intend to marry you, but he is trying to be tactful by including all of womankind in the rejection.

Neither do I think, for an instant, that you should invest your inheritance with him. He is quite willing for you to hazard your capital and to invest your energies and capabilities, but he promises nothing but a share of the profits if there are any.

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 will consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.

The H. W. GOSSARD CO., 111 N. Canal St., Chicago 6, Illinois
Buffet by the Sea

(Continued from page 62) house or swimming pools. With four children, Dana and Mary decided a sailboat would provide all-round family fun.

The Andrews go without many other luxuries to have it, in fact, they strongly considered "Mama's Mint" before they agreed upon "The Kathryn."

In our party, which celebrated Dana's completion of "Sword in the Desert," there were Niven Busch, Teresa Wright Busch, Lew Ayres, Michael Kirby, and Ann Blyth, who had just finished "Top O' the Morning." Dana and Mary learned navigation, incidentally, by themselves, from books and experience, the trial-and-error method.

Mary told us all about it, amusingly, while she served lunch. And what a lunch! Scalloped Zucchini and Clam Casserole and Macaroni Neapolitan. Both casseroles had been prepared at home and kept fairly hot in a portable casserole carrier. At the last minute, all she had to do was poke them in the galley oven.

No vigorous games were played, of course, space on board being limited. But charades are fun at any party. Some of the suggestions were hilarious: "One Night of Love," "Gone with the Wind," "Lost Horizon" and "Temptation," among others.

We had the loveliest, laziest day. No one cared that we were becalmed for over an hour. We all dove over the side and had a long, cool swim. Coming home in the semi-tropical moonlight was dreamy. So, of course, romantic songs were in order. And as we neared the mainland, Mary gave each of us a comb wrapped in tissue paper and we played all the popular square dance tunes.

Here are Mary's recipes. Each serves ten hungry people.

**SCALLOPED ZUCCHINI AND CLAM CASSEROLE**

Cook 3 lbs. of zucchini squash in 2 qts. boiling water with 1 tbsp. salt until just tender. Drain and rinse. Sauté 2 medium onions, sliced thin, and 2 medium green peppers, cut into thin strips, in 4 tbsp. oil. Remove from fat and drain. Brown 6 slices precooked ham, cut in fine strips, and remove from fat. Beat 6 eggs slightly and scramble. Mix all cooked ingredients lightly and turn into a buttered casserole. Slice 1 lb. processed American cheese over top. Pour 2 cans condensed tomato soup over all. Cover with 2 cups cornflakes tossed in 1/2 cup melted butter or margarine. Bake uncovered in moderate oven (350° F.) 25 minutes.

**MACARONI NEAPOLITAN**

Cook 2 cups elbow macaroni in boiling salted water until tender. Drain and rinse. Sauté 2 medium onions, sliced thin, and 2 medium green peppers, cut into thin strips, in 4 tbsp. oil. Remove from fat and drain. Brown 6 slices precooked ham, cut in fine strips, and remove from fat. Beat 6 eggs slightly and scramble. Mix all cooked ingredients lightly and turn into a buttered casserole. Slice 1 lb. processed American cheese over top. Pour 2 cans canned tomato soup over all. Cover with 2 cups cornflakes tossed in 1/2 cup melted butter or margarine. Bake uncovered in moderate oven (375° F.) 20 minutes.

**OLD-FASHIONED OATMEAL COOKIES**

Mix 1/2 cup shortening with 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed, using pastry blender. Mix and sift 1 1/2 cups sifted flour, 3/4 tsp. baking soda, 1/2 tsp. salt and 1 tsp. cinnamon. Blend into shortening and sugar. Stir in 1% cups uncooked oatmeal. Drop on greased cookie sheet and bake 10 to 15 minutes in a moderate oven (350° F.). Makes 4 to 5 dozen cookies.

The End
Is there Adventure in your hand?

The Adventurous Hand
One of a series... watch for your hand

Is the space between your ring and little fingers wide when your hand is relaxed?
You love freedom, you're active, pay little heed to criticism

Are the knuckles of your index finger straight? You're quick, impulsive. Your first impressions are usually right

Can your hand be read like a book? Whether you believe it can be or not, your well-groomed fingertips reveal your smart fashion sense.
When you use Dura-Gloss, they show you're practical, too. For Dura-Gloss means exciting shades, quick application, long lasting beauty... all yours for 10¢.

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non-smear remover 10¢ and 25¢... lipstick 25¢

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Marta Toren and Howard Duff
in scene from "Illegal Entry," in which Marta wears original coat

Opposite, Marta Toren, in the Sherbrooke reproduction of the raincoat Yvonne Wood designed for her to wear in Universal's "Illegal Entry." When the skies are clear it can be worn with the neckline open to form wide revers. Detachable belt can be removed for smart, boxy look. In rayon gabardine, crepe knit throughout, it comes in gray, navy, copper. Sizes 8-18, $29.95. Matching beret costs only $3.00

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 93
ON THE FASHION GOAL-LINE

A SUIT AND COAT THAT WILL SCORE ON ANY OCCASION

Slim sorcery: Black stripes accentuate the fitted lines of worsted jacket with gabardine collar and cuffs to match the slim gabardine skirt. By Lou Schneider in sizes 9-15. It comes in green, wine or copper, about $50.00, at Gimbels, New York, N. Y.

Changeable charm: A dream of a coat in all wool fleece, its full, swinging back can be curbed with a self-belt. Of added interest are the deep, pointed cuffs, double-pointed collar and slashed pockets. By Judy Nell, in winter natural, sizes 10-16, about $35.00, at Bloomingdale's, New York, N. Y.

Handle the new fabrics with loving care—for they’re worth investigating. They’re at once rough in appearance, soft to the touch and exciting to look at. This autumn, color is as important as fabric, with simplicity the keynote of today’s styles. Pockets make their appearance in unexpected fashion. Cuffs are deep, collars intriguingly different. For every-day wear, it’s the polished calf look in your shoes, bag and belt. Fashion note this fall is light-colored gloves—and you’ll be in the cheering section if you appear in string gloves with your tweeds!

Marilyn Monroe, blonde and lovely foil for the Marx Brothers in United Artists’ “Love Happy”
For store nearest, you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 93.
PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS
Enclosed find thirty-five cents (5.35) for which please send me the Photoplay Pattern of the Lucille Ball "Interference" suit in size 12—14—16—18—20.

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

Lucille Ball's suit was designed by Edward Stevenson for RKO's "Interference".

Tailored for town or travel, this smartly simple suit has the new narrow look so flattering to most women. The enchanting leaf collar motif is repeated with interest in the slit pocket at the right hip. Make it in Anglo's novel checkerboard worsted in the color of your choice.
Carpet Slipper Romeo

(Continued from page 45) Laura, four; his son, Mark, two; and Anita, aged seven months.

An ardent believer in that old Spanish proverb, "Every man in his own house and God in everybody's," he's embarrassed by the flattery and audible admiration of feminine fans. And he's never been able to understand the necessity of posing for publicity pictures with feminine co-stars. "After all, I am a married man," he protests, seriously.

In spite of the fact that he personifies sex on the screen, he's almost a puritan at heart. He dislikes vulgar jokes, deplores any moral laxity and finds far more allure in clothes "with a more covered look," covering his shoulders as, with typical dramatic gestures, he zippers up an imaginary neckline.

He is sad that too many novels and plays and movies fail to portray, "love that's built on really important things—understanding, appreciation and respect." Of today's short-lived marriages, he says, "we marry, not for better—but for better or worse—until death do us part. It is a contract we make with God. I have the most wonderful marriage a man ever had," he goes on, more happily.

TRUE, no screen writer could devise a more romantic story than that of Ricardo and Georgianna Montalban. "I was the kind of fellow who didn't plan to get married until I was thirty-five, and I was going to see the world first," he says. "But, I'm so happy it happened this way. After I saw Georgie that first day in church, I knew all the time I might have spent seeing the world would have been wasted."

He was at Mass at the Good Shepherd Church in Beverly Hills, when he noticed a beautiful girl sitting in front of him. She was with her sister, Loretta Young.

It was definitely love at first sight. And he carried the memory of her for two years before they met. In the interim, he made a picture in Mexico with her brother-in-law, director Norman Foster. Invited to a party at the Foster's, he saw her photograph. "And the old flame was still there." At this time, Georgianna was modeling in New York, so Ricardo bought dozens upon dozens of magazines and cut out pictures of her. Sally Foster did a little sisterly matchmaking on the side, too. She wrote Georgianna, "I've got just the boy, for you. Wait till you meet Ricardo."

They met, eventually, at a cocktail party, while Ricardo vacationed in Los Angeles. She remembers, a little teasingly, how he studiedly turned his back on her when she entered the living room, then suddenly turned when she reached him and "flashed his big smile."

Two weeks later, driving home from a dance, Ricardo told her how he had felt about her for two long years. "I'm very glad you're in love with me," she said simply. They eloped to Tia Juana. He was returning to Mexico immediately for a film commitment and there was no time for the banns to be published. Then, after five months of a secret marriage, they had a religious ceremony with all the family present.

"God has been very good to me. Everything has happened for me," Ricardo says happily, now. "My marriage, my pictures . . . But he's a conscientious, hard worker, he's lent a helping hand."

Born in Mexico City, the son of Jenaro and Ereditia Montalban, he spent his early boyhood in Toreon, Mexico. His father was a successful wholesale grocery merchant there, until the Mexican revolutionaries walked in. (Continued on page 94)

For the curves you crave, wear a dainty "Perma-lift"* Bra—the magic bra preferred by smart women everywhere. Guaranteed to give you lasting healthful support, there's no straining pull on your shoulder straps. The magic cushion insets gently support your breasts from below, never lose that support through countless washings and wear. Deftly fashioned of satin, broadcloth or nylon, there's a new "Perma-lift" Bra style just perfect for you. Be expertly fitted today. For sports and dress—$1.25 to $4. For a slim trim figure, enjoy the exclusive comfort of a "Perma-lift" Girdle—"No Bones About It—Stays Up Without Stays."

"Perma-lift" and "Hickory" are trade marks of A. Stein & Company (Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.) Chicago, New York
PRETTY BASIC

A versatile dress—featuring the new one-piece look in jerseys—in which you can go casual or dress-up, depending upon your accessories. By McKettrick, it has a cardigan neck, knife-pleated skirt. Under $20.00 in gray and beige, sizes 12-20 at Stern Bros., New York, N. Y.; and Bullocks, Los Angeles, Cal.

Ann Blyth, dark and delightful, appears in Universal's "Once More My Darling"

PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 93
Edward Stevenson, Hollywood designer, paints the autumn fashion season in bright, glowing colors

Edward Stevenson is known for the freshness of his ideas. Always, his clothes are young, simple and wearable. This is especially true of the suit on our pattern page, which he designed for Lucille Ball. It has, to a degree, the smart simplicity that is so important this fall.

Straight, pencil-slim skirts, says Mr. Stevenson, will be a feature of the new suits. Jackets will be either straight or have back fullness. Also in the fashion picture are short, fitted jackets ending at the waist.

It is color and fabrics, however, that gives this autumn its fashion excitement, according to Mr. Stevenson. Striped woolens, worsted, broadcloth, tweeds will go dramatic in suits in a variety of colors.

While fashion favors the natural shoulder line for dresses, with little or no padding, Mr. Stevenson believes it is up to the individual figure whether it is best to pad—or not to pad.

Wherever you live you can buy

PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

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

Gray raincoat
Sherman Brothers, 205 West 39 Street, New York, N. Y.

Worsted suit
Lou Schneider, 512 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Fleece coat
Julius Nelson, 247 West 38 Street, New York, N. Y.

Jersey dress
McKettrick-Williams, 1350 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
leading lady...

by Sherbrooke.

Slated for stardom with its stitched collar, cuffs, pockets and belt.

Of exciting Celaglo*, an iridescent rayon by Celanese*, Cravenette* treated. Two way helmet hood. Aqua, copper. Sizes 8 to 18, $25.00.

Sherbrooke rainwear

Such a lovely way to be caught in the rain!

Mail to store nearest you or
(clip this coupon)
Sherman Bros., 205 West 39th Street, New York 18, N. Y.
Please send me the Sherbrooke raincoat(s) advertised in September Photoplay at $25.00 each. Enclosed is check or money order for $25.

Sherbrooke Raincoat Size 1st color choice 2nd color choice Quantity

Name
Address
City Zone State

Include amount for city and/or state tax if you live in taxable area.

(Continued from page 91) his store, one day, and gave him twenty-four hours to move.

Ricardo joined his brother Carlos, who had been dancing professionally with Rita Cansino (Hayworth) in Los Angeles. At the Fairfax High School he took public speaking, "to learn the language better." His teacher encouraged him in the dramatic field. But his family thought it unbecoming for him to become an actor, a comic.

In New York, where he went for experience, he pounded the pavements, worked in a 16 mm movie and finally played a small part in summer stock in "Her Cardboard Lover," starring Tallulah Bankhead.

It was his mother's illness that took him back to Mexico, where he continued his career in Mexican movies, won the equivalent of the Mexican Academy Award and was signed by M-G-M.

He philosophizes about Americans hurrying through life. "They never take enough time out for anything," he says. "There's something to the mundane business." He doesn't practice what he preaches, however. He can wait for nothing. Always, he must act immediately.

An excellent athlete, he excels in horsemanship, handball, tennis and jai alai, one of the world's fastest games. Under pressure, he will admit he once fought a couple of bulls, "the smaller ones," for the benefit of the Red Cross.

A small blue notebook is his most faithful friend. Always, he carries this book with him. In it are recorded all appointments, birthdays and his studio calls. When does he go to work? "Wait just a minute," he says, and whips out the book.

He loves spirited discussions, and his favorite indoor sport is drawing-room debates. "Don't ask Ricardo his opinion on anything, unless you want it, and can take it," his friends warn.

Anniversaries and birthdays find him sentimental. He picks out his own gifts. On Georgia's last birthday, he surprised her with a solid gold manicuring set. She accepted it gratefully, while she wondered how to break it to him that she would like to exchange it for a fur coat and a nail file.

His favorite lunch is a "Cannibal Sandwich," consisting of raw hamburger and chopped onions with anchovies and raw egg on top. "You get all the vitamins that way."

He likes "comfortable clothes," but admits he is not very clothesminded so that "Georgia has to keep after me." But he is flatteringly observant, Georgia will tell you, of what she wears; quick to comment, "You look very charming, Ricardo!"

Devoutly religious, he zealously follows his own rule for attainment. "If you want something badly, give up something else, and you'll get it." For him, this usually means giving up cigarettes. Until it's a standard query among his friends, "Smoking this month, Ricardo?"

In his next picture, "Battleground," he plays a dramatic role, a sensitive Mexican GI who's delighted by the simple things in life. When, on the battlefield, he sees snow for the first time, he delights and revels in it, makes snowballs, plays an imaginary baseball game. And a little later, ironically enough, he lies wounded and gasping to death in that snow.

After viewing this scene director William Wellman, never one extravagant with praise, was so stirred, he commented aloud, "Punch with pathos!"

That's Ricardo! The End

Don't Miss the New Pictures
look slimmer
in ten seconds with
*Kleinerts
*Slimderella Girdle...

Have excess inches been
robbing you of fun, freedom, fascination?
Then don’t waste another minute
... start on Kleinert’s glamour program
today! First ... slip into Kleinert’s
Slimderella Girdle. Pure rubber
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for coolness. Fleece lined bottom
edges, smooth flat seams, flannel
backed garters assure you
perfect freedom from rubbing. Washes and dries in no time!
Every inch sizes ... 24 to 36. Step-in Slimderella ... $3.50.
Easy-on slide-fastened Slimderella ... $4.50.

Free! Helena Rubinstein Reducing Diet and Beauty Plan
... an exciting part of Kleinert’s glamour program! No dreary “rabbit food” routine ...
you get appetizing, satisfying meals, yet you can lose as much as seven pounds
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With your Slimderella girdle, you get a free sample of Kleinert’s *Mirelle powder.
A delightful deodorant ... helps you slip into your girdle, helps prolong its life.

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Really smooth
protection for
troublesome days!
Dainty, knit panties
with waterproof
panel. Tabs for pins.
White and flesh
in rayon, $1.25.
All nylon, $2.50.

*Nano Elastic
Sanitary Belt
Can’t twist, curl or
curl. Adjusts to
any size. Anchored
safety pins or
pinless fasteners.
In rayon—50¢; nylon
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*Braforms
The uplift bra
gives you
wonderful lines—
the attached
shields protect
your clothes.
Nylon/marquisette,
32-42. $2.

Prices slightly higher on the West Coast
Divide one pin and you have two clips...all in a beautiful jewel wardrobe.

Nearly real rubies or sapphires, sparkled with rhinestones in golden settings. Duette pin-clips about $12.00, earrings about $6.00. At most stores or write Coro, Inc., New York 1, N. Y.

The San Diego where Greg Peck grew up was a quiet little city, asleep in the sun, stirring to wakefulness only when the fleet came to anchor. Greg roamed the streets, dove for abalones in the quiet coves near La Jolla, and wandered alone through the sandy beaches. Something nagged at him, kept worrying at his thoughts. He didn't know what it was but he was always trying to find out. He spent his energy building schools and venturing farther out into the harbor than was considered safe; he dove off the highest ledges of rock into deep pools and roared around town in what must have been the earliest version of the modern hot-rod. But nothing helped much. His father, sensing the boy's restlessness, urged him to enroll at the San Diego State College. Greg complied, and within a year in futile reaching for something always just beyond his grasp.

At the end of that time he quit and found a job working for the Union Oil Company. There, for a time, he was content because he had his eye fixed on something could be a big, ten-wheel gas truck which, he was told, could be desired only by older heads in the service. Greg began working overtime, hanging around the company garage after the other employees had gone home. He practiced the intricate gearshifts on the mighty trucks until he could go through them with the smoothness of an expert. One proud day, he found himself in the seat of a gazelle at the New York Juggernaut, a fully accredited driver.

The feeling of fulfillment lasted for a while. There was a little blonde elf who lived on the outskirts of San Diego who touched her head and cut her great legs, she him dismally when they met on the street. The first time Greg drove past her house, proud in his bellowing chariot, she capitated. He took her to a sweetshop for a mated. Odd that her eyes didn't seem so beautiful on closer inspection and that her complexion seemed a little muddy. Well, anyway, there was that truly beautiful girl who lived on the Heights. But driving the huge truck was sheer delight and he got over his route quickly and well.

But one day this job didn't offer any challenge any more. He saw, at this point in his life that Gregory Peck took an objective look at himself and asked a question—What do you want to make of yourself? He didn't know; but he thought a self-education might help him make up his mind. So he went back to college. There, the astonished professors saw a solemn-faced kid tearing into his books as though his life depended on it. It wasn't easy. Metaphysics was a wilderness where he wandered lost and alone. It was also the highest hurdle he had encountered thus far in his short life and he went after it with a kind of concentrated fury.

The next fall, he passed his examinations for entrance to the University of California and started for Berkeley. To the long-legged kid with the shock of unruly black hair, it was all wildly exciting. Like most freshmen, he thought he ought to go out for something. Too light for football, he decided to try for the crew, and to his complete surprise, made it, eventually rowing in the Hudson River Regatta in New York. Not long after returning to Berkeley from this trip, however, he gave up his training which ended his career as an oarsman.

Disconsolate, he was wandering across the campus one afternoon when he was stopped by Everett Glass, director of the Little Theater at Berkeley. He needed a tall, black-haired youth for a play he was putting on. Outwardly, at least, Peck met every requirement, so he agreed to try for the part in what was to become an adaptation of Herman Melville's great story, "Moby Dick."

There followed a period of the most exquisite torture. Peck was such a poor actor that the director, himself, laughed. Peck offered to barely walk across the stage with-out falling on my face," Peck says.

The important moments of our lives are never labeled. Greg didn't know it, but the instant he stepped on the stage at Berkeley, the whole pattern of his life was set, once and for all. Never again would there be any floundering or indecision. And, here at last, was a challenge which, if Greg held it, would either break his heart or lift him to unimaginable heights. He accepted it with a kind of bitter determination, and by the time he was back in southern California, Gregory Peck was known as a young actor with "interesting" possibilities.

"That was just the beginning of the hurdle I had to get over," Greg says now. "I reckoned that I might as well live out of my chosen profession, still remained to be answered. They told me I'd never find out till I got to New York. So I went there."

Something very much happened to Peck during the next four years, unless you consider starving to be important. Being young and in a dream, he didn't. Finally, when hope seemed gone, he won the part of the surgeon in a living broadcast of "Herge-Mottey, Director, he often went to his home in Cold Water on his own, Peck said, laughed at his desperately eager efforts. She made his trials the award period of torture. He bent his head and took it, but kept trying always doggedly trying.

And then one day, when he knew he had failed, word came that he had won the scholarship.

"Half the fun of winning was gone by that time," he says, "but there was one great solace, I knew that eventually I'd get over my hurdle. I would prove that I could make a living out of the business of acting. The rest of the journey would be just a challenge to my staying power. It was there, though, still a challenge."

When Peck had completed his training at the Neighborhood Theater he began looking for a job, finally landing one in the studio. "It was a big break," he says. In 1950 he married Katharine Cornell. She was the woman who lit the lamp that burns in his mind to this day. She taught him to hate mediocrity, and never to compromise with excellence. In the end, she made an actor out of the lanky, slat-bodied kid from San Diego.

Following his long engagement with Miss Cornell, "The Dilemma of a Dilettante, " Peck was launched upon a series of distinguished flops, too dreary to enumerate. Before he was finished with them, a rather sinister word was being whispered in production offices—\"duffle,\" Peck. Any play in which he is cast.
And drove soon I was hurried chewLights going I'll this kept wire-tight.

But Greg was neither tired nor merry. He was looking black despair in the face, twisting one way and then the other, seeking escape. "It took all the faith and stamina I could muster," he says. "And I've got to admit that most of the time I thought I was licked."

His break came suddenly and dramatically when he was offered the opportunity to do a picture called "Days of Glory" for RKO in Hollywood. In the space of hours, he was in California, his troubles over, or, at least, exchanged for new ones.

TODAY, at the peak of his motion picture career, Gregory Peck is again becoming conscious of the old restlessness which bedeviled him in his youth and hounded him through the tough years in New York. His latest challenge, the formation of the Actors Company, is a case in point. In this endeavor, a group of players are banding themselves with the avowed purpose of establishing, in Beverly Hills, a theater which will be the equal of anything to be found in New York. In this group are such sterling actors and producers as Jerry Wald, Dorothy McGuire, John Garfield, Ingrid Bergman, Deborah Kerr, Roz Russell, William N. Pereira, and the former president of RKO, William N. Peter. It is the intention of the Actors Company to erect their own theater, a project which will cost approximately $1,500,000 and will be launched in about two years.

Peck's eyes shine when he talks about the Actors Company. He paints glowing pictures of the Montgomery Clifts, Richard Basehearts and Richard Widmarks who will be developed there. Here, indeed, is a brand new mountain to climb.

"The trouble with me is that acting and the theater are my hobbies," Greg went on. "And this doesn't always make for pleasant domestic relations. I bring my job home, with me at night, and don't think the successful establishment of this new theater isn't going to be a job, and I chew on it when I should be playing with my kids or talking to my wife. It's a little hard on Greta. For instance, not long ago, just as I'd finished work on "The Great Sinner" at M-G-M, Greta and I ran into some little misunderstandings which, normally, are laughed off in a few minutes. But, this time, my nerves were on edge. I was wire-tight. I'd been getting only about four hours' sleep a night for weeks and I was just plain hard to get along with. When this little explosion came, I couldn't let it drop, and, suddenly, I realized that if I kept on I'd say something that I'd regret the rest of my life. So I jumped in my car and drove to Mexico. I didn't stay long because soon I got my thinking straightened out. Then I hurried home to repair the damage I'd done. From now on there's going to be less temperament at home. I'll save that for my work."

A few minutes later, I drove away. Lights were springing up all over the house on the hill. So long, nice guy, I thought. I hope you get over this hurdle. But, somehow, I had the feeling it might be higher than the others.

The END

Defy the years with
"THAT FORMFIT LOOK"

Fresh, young figure charm is no longer for the very young alone. Not if you wear the right Formfit Foundation! It is the only foundation which combines the magic lift of Life Bra and the comfortable control of Life Girdle...all in one piece! Gives you "that Formfit look" from bustline to thighline. You get all the control you need, plus the comfort and freedom you want. The secret is in the exclusive way it's tailored to LIFT-MOLD-CORRECT-HOLD, all at one time. Be fitted and see, at any of the better stores. Then you'll know why more women wear Formfit than any other make!

Style illustrated $15.00
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THE FORMFIT COMPANY
CHICAGO, NEW YORK
(Continued from page 3) I'm naming Mrs. Robert Mitchum. It's my experience that most wives will forgive their husbands for everything except another woman, especially when other people know about the other woman. And newspaper headlines all over the land, certainly, proclaimed Bob's date with Lilla Leeds. Still, Dorothy Mitchum forgave Bob and thus gave him, her sons and herself another chance for happiness together. But her attitude, my friends, took a very special brand of courage.

And you can say that again for Lilli Palmer. Someone I knew was on the plane that flew Lilli back to Hollywood after the Carole Landis suicide splashed the name of Rex Harrison all over the front pages.

"Lilli had obviously been crying," I was told. "But she said nothing. She sat in the seat of the plane, and when we came down in Chicago, she went quietly to the ladies' room. She stayed there until we took off again and it was only when she was surrounded by reporters at the Los Angeles airport that we all realized who she was." And then there was that brave, pathetic photograph of Lilli standing by the side of Rex during the funeral of Miss Landis.

I CRIED a little when I learned that Susan Peters was flying East for summer stock in “The Glass Menagerie.” She played the traditionally Haydn role of Laura. Susan's character is in the sublime class.

It took courage, too—a patient day-by-day kind of courage for stars like Robert Ryan and Kirk Douglas to stick to their careers when years went by and nothing happened—except another mediocre role in another B picture.

Bob Ryan thought his years as a B barker were over when he landed with Fred Astaire in “The Sky’s the Limit.” The sky dropped for Robert with the war. Afterward he co-starred with Ginger Rogers in “Silver Screen Comrade.” Bing dropped on that one. But then came “Crossfire” and the heartbreaks and disappointments dropped into the past tense.

The first time I met Kirk Douglas was on the set of his first picture, “The Strange Love of Martha Ivers.” He smiled all during our talk. He continued to smile, during the following two years, when his roles diminished with each picture. But, finally, the supposedly B producer Stanley Kramer wanted a man who looked like a fighter for “Champion,” Kirk literally went down on his knees with Warner's, to say in what we all thought would be a very unimportant production. You know what happened. A new star was born.

People say Kirk has changed with his good fortune. We all believed in himself. Otherwise he wouldn't have had the courage to stick it out when all around were whispering, "He's a failure!"

I admire the courage of Ingrid Bergman’s husband, Doctor Peter Lindstrom. While all the world smiled that awful smile given to husbands whose wives are in the spotlight, Peter Ambrosie, his case is even more desperate. He had to go to Italy to see Ingrid, then gave out a dignified statement about “indissoluble affection” binding him to Ingrid. I know very few men as brave as his Doctor friend.

You know who I think has a lot of courage? Jess Barker, the husband of Susan Hayward. Jess is now going through the dark period suffered by Ryan, Douglas, et al, in the past. Fingers case is no more desperate because there is always the day-by-day contact with his successful wife. But Jess won’t give up or in. I’m going to make good as an actor,” he tells me always, when I see him. Attta boy!

The first time I lunched with Jane Greer, she told me that when she was fifteen or sixteen, she woke up one day with one side of her face completely paralyzed. To a sensitive teen-ager, who had already decided to be a singer, this was just about the end of her career. She almost gave up. It would have finished even the thought of a career for most girls. But Jane went to work to re-educate the dead muscles of her face. It took her two years before she looked normal again. She did it because she has everything, a wealthy husband who loves her, a great future in pictures and two beautiful children.

I ALMOST did a handspring for joy, when Pat Morison knocked the New York critics for a loop in Cole Porter’s “Kiss Me Kate.” If ever a girl was dead, buried, with her head in the sand, it was Pat Morris- son. It was not her fault, either. Her glands were the “heavy” in the case, and I’m speaking very literally. After a good picture start at Paramount, Pat put on fat. She didn’t eat, she wasn’t worried to eat. But her figure grew to a rounded two hundred pounds. Several doctors, years, and sanatoriums later, Pat was back to her old slim self. But Hollywood yawned in her agent’s face when he suggested another chance for his client.

Pat wept-not, neither did she complain. She spent eighteen hours a day improving her possibilities. Now, Hollywood is scrambling for the privilege of employing Pat. Success, it’s wonderful.

Orson Welles has always been a gal with courage. After the kicking around she received at the beginning of her Hollywood career, I wasn’t too surprised when she also survived the kicking around of her marriage with Oleg Cassini. When Gene was expecting their second baby, Oleg was reported running around New York with a beautiful blonde. Previously, Gene and Oleg were the pinnacle of glamour for a while. Then there was supposedly a female maggot in the woodpile, too. Gene courageously took stock of her marital investment, decided it would be worth more in the long run to stay with it. To date she has been proved right.

Olivia de Havilland and Joan Leslie are two gals I will always admire. They say, “We don’t have to take on a fight with a major studio. Both Livvy and Joan took on Warner Brothers. Livvy won, but it was a Pyrrhic victory. Joan lost, but she lost her money and her health. Joan didn’t have the satisfaction of the final legal verdict. But she fought to a standstill, and it takes great courage to fight a studio. She was right or wrong.

No story of Hollywood courage is complete without including Peggy Cummins. Peggy is a girl who, in the ten years that I have covered the Hollywood scene, has anyone crucified so mercilessly as little Peggy. If only they had softpedalled the fanfare when she was chosen to play Ida Lupino’s role in “Gun Crazy.” But the poor kid was ballyhooed to the limit. So, when they took her out of the picture, she should have collapsed like a punctured balloon.

But Peggy’s heart that will never be quite healed of the humiliation that tore her apart; very, very privately, at that awful period in her life. But then there was no sign of the sadness that she managed to make another movie. Now, Peggy has a nice career, and maybe it was just as well that she didn’t play Amber. I seem to have been the only critic who could sit through it!

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THE END
Broadway personally play radio knew a Berlin clause. He had "Born Yesterday" behind him on Broadway when he came to the screen in "A Man to the Woman," but a Broadway hit may not mean as much to some movie audiences. Apparently, they didn't know him from Adam, but after one excited look, they responded in a big, wild rush to the solid sock of that quality which instantly told them he certainly wasn't Eve.

In a perfectly nice way, and a very wonderful way, he does as he pleases. For instance, that bold curiosity in the Hollywood Leading Men column he didn't tell his age. His studio biography merely says, "Born April 11," but Paul isn't shy about the number of years that have flown from his face. (Incidentally, he doesn't look anywhere near forty. But there's a reason for that which will come later.) His studio biography also says, with considerable coyness, "is not married," which is true as far as it goes, which is nowhere.

Paul will blandly tell you, with that iridescent twinkle in his dark brown eyes, that he has been married—unhappily—four times. The most recent Mrs. D. was beautiful Virginia Field. They have a small daughter, Maggie Douglas, aged five, of whom he is very proud. "We have a hopping, that kid," he says. "A very wise apple."

Maggie lives with her mother in New York and the thought of visiting her is one of the things that Paul likes best about his life, which used to be too busy to make "Quartered City." "Maggie inherited her mother's face, praise be," Paul says, "but she's got my shoulders already and she might be an actress. Regardless, she has to have to be an actress. The ham in her, inherited from the two of us, sticks out all over her already."

The studio gets nowhere trying to get Paul's name into columns, as "out with this charmer or that," where the spotlight blazes. He is out with this charmer or that, very definitely, but you'll have to hunt to find him. His tidy, two-room house, merely a big living room, a bedroom, a kitchenette and bath, is on such a quiet residential street, you'd never expect a star to live there. He doesn't give parties and he rarely goes to parties. Between jobs, he seldom sits around the set and talks. He has a trailer on the set and he goes in there and studies his lines for the next day. "That way, I have my evenings free for better things," he says, giving you a look that would bother the Johnson office.

He doesn't expect to get married again. "I was only a child," he says, "and I've been an orphan for years. In fact, I have no living relative. A background like that gives you the habit of acting for yourself and thinking for yourself. The lone wolf stuff, you know. Maybe that's why I haven't been able to go long in double harness."

That could be, but I personally think it's probably more that the real love of his life is his work. He's not kidding when he says it has taken him thirty years to become an actor. That's actually true.

The weird and wonderful part of it is he has been in just three shows, and now, four full, all that time. That's just twelve years. In the past-twelve he was Shylock, no less, in his Philadelphia grammar school's production of "The Merchant of Venice." That's when the theater bug really gnawed that day on, he kept trying to get on the stage, but he actually didn't make it for seventeen years, and then only for a couple of weeks.

The part of "Double Dummy" and it actually did play on Broadway. It was a double-jointed turkey of the most flopping variety, and his part was so unimportant, that one day, when he didn't manage to get to the theater for a performance, nobody in the cast or the audience even missed him. Amazingly enough, he was portraying a radio announcer, which was exactly what he was in real life, and the reason he didn't make the show that particular afternoon was that he had got up holding a real broadcast of a football game.

However, even if "Double Dummy" did fold so quickly, and he went by so completely unnoticed, he felt he was now set as an actor. He knew everybody who was anybody on Broadway, and at 21, Too Tower's, Shor's, Lindy's and all the spots where the Broadway mob held out, was one of them, and why not? After all, he had been one of the best-known sports announcers on the air since 1930. He did the first "man in the street" radio interviews. He also announced such shows as Easy Aces and Fred Waring's.

"Yes, I knew all the right people and I went to all the right spots and I dressed in a manner intended to attract the right attention," Paul says, "and that was exactly the trouble. It was the old routine of being unable to believe your neighbor is a genius. I never thought I was any genius. I don't know I could act. Yet, the only two people I could persuade into that belief were Tallulah Bankhead and Eddie Goulding, the director.

Tallulah tried desperately to get him roles, and seventeen years ago Goulding went so far as to make a test of Paul for Warner Brothers. Jack Warner, personally one of Paul's best friends, took one look and his silence was terrifying.

So there he was, with all the entree in the world, completely locked out from the thing he most wanted until, in 1946, Garson Kanin, the Hollywood director-turned-Broadway-writer, became so desperate looking for a "type like Paul Douglas" to play in "Born Yesterday," that he finally took Paul Douglas, himself.

The sound of the click that Paul registered reverberated around the theatrical world. Hollywood talent scouts came a-running. This time our hero took his time. He insisted upon seeing the scripts. He demanded a clause written into any contract headed his way that would say he could come back to Broadway, once a year if he desired, to do a play.

As you read this, he will have been in Hollywood thirteen months, and have completed five pictures. Two pictures a year are considered tops for big stars these days, but Paul wouldn't care if he played in twenty a year, provided the screen were good. As for that clause about going back to Broadway, they can take that out for all he cares now, because has become a confirmed Californian.

He said he knew the days of stooping and scraping as something that came at the end of night. He loved rich food and expensive wines, but now he gets up with the dukes conscientiously, is improving his game around the golf links, to buy a new yacht. "That's the probably is the Bogart influence on him. Bogie and Betty Bacall is his closest friends in the film colony, he married his sister, and he's been one of the Pacific yacht race this past spring, but working schedule prevented it. However, than disappointing his pal too much for he flew over for a weekend so that he could actually meet on the Walkie talkie is young.

He has the greatest respect for the technical skill of Hollywood, straight from production office down to the lowliest man. He had finished "A Letter to Three Wives," "It Happens Every Spring," "Everybody Does It," in which, incidentally, he sings, long before he ever met studio boss, Darryl Zanuck, and the song was very casually in the commissary. He thinks that compared to Broadway or anywhere else, Hollywood is the most friendly and least snobbish place on earth.

He thinks that business of his looking so young.

"I think it's boredom that ages you," he says, "When you live in a creative community, you are so stimulated that you can't even think about ages, yours or the old guy's. Then, if you are involved in creative business you are so on the horns that you have to keep yourself busy. "He grinned again, that warm, mocking humor that has quickly established him. "Of course, depends quite a bit what you're hussin' after," he said.

He's a wise apple, as he says of his only daughter. A very wise apple, indeed, much more sensitive than he likes to tend. He proves this latter by clamping up about his private life. He does like to talk about his boyhood, or his marriages, or actually about the things that are closest to him.

You can be certain his success is going to get to him. "I'm not making any more," he has been asked the character of the years, too, a great life. I couldn't be happier."

The movie audiences thank him. The much happier since he came along.

**The End**
A House with Growing Plans

Continued from page 59) John Carroll, whom she had a daughter, Julianna, and almost thirteen. Julianna, at the time of my visit, was spending her part-of-the-year with her father, which was one reason that her pretty pink and white room was so empty of personal touches. Even so, it was evident, looking at Julianna's room, that, before too long, she is going to arrange the O'Keefe house considerably, and that will be a good thing, in some ways, for reasons I shall tell you presently.

But I'm getting ahead of my story. The O'Keefes bought this house in 1944 when it was about fifteen years old. This meant, you may be sure, that it was well-situated, with spacious bedrooms, sizable baths and windows not quite as large as we could install today.

The entrance hall at the O'Keefes', with its wide-open glances into all the other rooms, is like a hand held out in greeting. It even affords a distant glimpse into the stair gallery and the four bedrooms which open upon it. In such a house, you know at once, you never would be a guest. You'd be "family."

The living room, large, square and sunny, is furnished with an engaging casualness. The wall that faces the hall is dominated by a big fireplace, flanked by broad modern couches. Following the new modern principle, these couches actually are composed of individual seats set side by side. As the family grows up and their entertaining problem necessarily expands, it will be a simple matter to add more seats here, yet not change the decorative scheme.

The couches are covered in tangerine red. There are two side chairs. The walls are deep green, the woodwork white. Across the room from the fireplace there's a permanently set-up card table with four matching chairs, a delightful set-up in any house where formality is abolished. And opposite the card table stands a grand piano. You feel, somehow, that it is always open. Steffi now is the musician of the family, but the children are expected to inherit her shortly.

An open archway leads to a small chic room. Glass bricks form the wall that backs against the garden. And the set-in bar, with its mirrored backing and glass shelves, is artfully hidden lighting.

Also on this floor—besides a dining room—is a small cozy den. It has an open fireplace, too. And it's here the television set and radio are enjoyed. The house meets all entertaining demands, as you can see, either it's a large party or, an intimate, big group and a crowd of children simultaneously. Moreover, easily, it can be expanded to serve future plans.

However, excellent as the first floor is, the upper-floor plan is better. For it is clear that the "growing plans" are most sightfully evident.

In a family of four vivid individuals, it was important that each person have one spot to which they can retire, to think, read or indulge some personal interest. Bedrooms large enough for a bed, dresser and chair do not offer this privacy with any degree of comfort. The O'Keefe bedrooms, however, are large enough to be used as individual sittingrooms.

The master bedroom has a huge so-called "Hollywood" bed (and why they are called this I never shall know) with a dark green padded headboard and a matching ruffle under the bedspread of quilted white, washable cotton. The floor rug is white, cotton and washable. And, rest of all, in this room there's a table

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thinks the other person if they aren’t thinking about themselves. Mr. O’Keefe is very beautiful and amusing as a European birth, Mr. O’Keefe is very handsome, as you well know, and Ameri-
can. I’d like to see a little of his color contrast revealed in their home and a few more expressions of their individual ho-

arge. And Dennis plan to make this into a “soda” where Julianna can entertain her frien

There’s something wrong to be found every home, of course. At the O’Keefes, in the wall light fixtures. These side w

There’s nothing they can harm. On the other side of the wall, the path of the formal garden leads to outdoor adult playroom. Later, Steffi plans to make this into a “soda” where Julianna can entertain her friends.

An electrician can take out such fixtures and tape up the wires so they can cause damage. Plastering or papering is the bet-
er way to cover the scars left by the removal. But where fire laws make it impossible, pictures are a solution.

Now for the changes. I believe Julian will bring to this house and my reasons for thinking they will be good. Her miniatures collection, and even the brush and comb set in her room, showed a sharp individu-
ality. Individuality, I believe, is important in any house—so long as it is within the boundaries of good taste. And the O’Keefe house doesn’t have as much individuality as it could have. Everyone in this house thinks so much of the other person that they aren’t thinking about themselves. Mr. O’Keefe is very beautiful and amusing as a European birth. Mr. O’Keefe is very handsome, as you well know, and Ameri-
can. I’d like to see a little of his color contrast revealed in their home and a few more expressions of their individual hobies and preoccupations spread about.

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Continued from page 33) ryn Grayson: Margaret Ward, Austin, Tex; Mrs. Roy Stoddard, Chicago, Ill.
7. Kenneth Hopkins Hat by Cyd Charisse: Miss Mary Margaret Emery, Indianapolis, Ind.
8. Lou Foster Burlton Gab Sport Jacket from Errol Flynn: Jay Knoxville, Knoxville, Tenn.
10. Sterling Silver Adonis Lighter from Keenan Wynn: Mrs. Ramie York, Binghamton, N. Y.

2. Lou Foster Traveler Outdoor Coat from Red Skeleton: Oliver Shean, Portland, Me.
4. “Little Women” Dress by Saba of California from Mary Astor: Joan Wilson, St. Louis, Mo.
6. A Puppy from Lassie: Jack Melamed, Houston, Tex.
7. Two Gantner Sweaters, Size 34, from Katharine Hepburn: Anita Taylor, Burbank, Cal.
9. Max Factor’s Hollywood Vanity Makeup Set from Beverly Tyler: Mrs. Grady Peery, Corinth, Miss.
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(103)
The Fabulous Life

Continued from page 2

Rita had been called a sweet nothing, but I didn't think she was as sweet as her Charlie Boyer. She had accepted the trust of her heart and had done her best to avoid anything that might have hurt her. But I had learned that even the most careful precautions can sometimes backfire. It was a fact that, when a woman is in love, she is willing to take chances that she would never consider if she were not in love. And if she is truly in love, she will do anything to make her beloved happy. Even if it means giving up everything else in the world.

I knew that Rita had been hurt by the way things had turned out with her Charlie Boyer. But I also knew that she was a strong and independent woman, and I was sure that she would recover from this heartache and find happiness again.

And so, I decided to write her a letter, telling her that I still loved her and that I would wait for her as long as she wished. I wanted her to know that I was there for her, no matter what she chose to do. And I hoped that she would accept my love, even if it meant giving up her dreams of a career in Hollywood.

I placed the letter in the mailbox outside her house and then went back to New York. I didn't know what would happen next, but I was determined to make her happy again. And I was sure that, with time and patience, I would succeed.
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which some kind soul had given me as a bon voyage gift just before I sailed for Europe. So, propping myself up in bed, I opened the book at random and began reading.

Suddenly the words leaped up at me: "Never was born a Spanish girl but that she was made to dance." I mulled it over for a moment. Then I shook my head.

Cervantes was right, and Rita Hayworth, daughter of Eduardo Cansino, born in Seville and himself a dancer and the son of a dancer, was a case in point.

Eduardo Cansino was sixteen when he arrived in the United States just before World War I, accompanied by his sister Elisa, to join seven brothers and a sister who had preceded them to New York. The socially prominent Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish having extended her patronage, Eduardo and Elisa had no particular trouble getting started in the dance business.

By the end of the first year, they were known as a dance team, specializing in the more showy Spanish dances. And, by the end of the second year, they had joined with their brothers and sister to organize The Dancing Cansinos, which promptly offered itself for vaudeville bookings and was soon making a respectable circuit with the regularity of clockwork.

Eduardo was twenty when he met Volga Haworth, of Washington, D. C. She was a tall, striking, dramatic-looking beauty and a member of an English acting family with a history reaching all the way back to the Merrie England of Shakespeare's time. She had come to New York two seasons before, bent on becoming a great actress, but had gotten detoured by way of Ziegfeld's Follies. Eduardo lost no time in wooing her, and finally marrying her. A year later, on October 17, 1918, Rita was born.

Eduardo Cansino was playing an engagement in third Street theater in New York, when the excited conductor caught his eye from the pit to tell him the news. "It's a girl!" he shouted over the footlights. "Congratulations!"

Eduardo wound up a fandango that he and Elisa had been doing, bowed mechanically and hurried off stage.

Years later, he was to explain his strange action to an interviewer who called on him for some background material on Rita: "I was disappointed," he remarked, wistfully. "It was our first child and I had wanted a boy. What could I do with a girl?"

Eduardo Cansino's disappointment in his attraction by Nature was short-lived. Soon enough, he would hurry directly from the theater to the new apartment in suburban Jackson Heights, whither he had moved the family's goods from their previous quarters on Central Park West.

A YEAR later, there was another baby, a boy this time. When he got the news, the jubilant father immediately improvised a magnificent seguidilla on stage. The man child, named Eduardo, was followed three years later by another male, this one named Vernon.

An emphatic individual like Eduardo Cansino would be expected to have some pretty emphatic ideas on the subject of bringing up children. And he did. As soon as Rita was able to walk, he began taking her with him for short trips on tour.

She took to the nomadic life like the born little trouble she was. Cautioned at the outset to be careful not to get underfoot, Rita would watch from the wings, and tap out the complicated beats with her little pink shoe.

"She's a true Cansino," Aunt Elisa remarked one night, during an engagement in Baltimore, shortly after Rita's sixth birthday. "She's got perfect rhythm, that one. She's going to do big things one day."

"Who knows?" Papa Cansino replied.

The next afternoon, almost as if to make her unoficial debut, Papa and Aunt Elisa were winding up an especially exerting malagueña when Rita dodged on stage. Ignoring the perspiring dancer, she walked gravely out to the center of the square, faced the audience and bowed. She stopped the show, brought down the house—also the wrath of her parents. Consequently, her glory was brief, not mention costly. When they got back, Jackson Heights, Rita was immediately enrolled in P. S. #69. And there she stayed until the family went west.

For the next four years, the fortunes of the Cansinos prospered. Early in 1928, the cloud, "no bigger than a man's hand," appeared—a picture called "The Jazz Singer" starring Al Jolson, and equipped with sound track that synchronized the spoken word with the action on the screen.

Properly interpreting the significance of the success of talking movies as doom of vaudeville, Eduardo Cansino gathered up his wife and brood and departed for Los Angeles to investiagte the possibilities of making a go of a fine dance school there. And promptly, he opened the Cansino School of the Dance, in the heart of downtown Los Angeles.

Rita was ten when the family moved to Los Angeles, and all but totally immersion of the fine art of dancing. However, not that Papa was embroiled in the more- less trolly mission of teaching wild Ande nios the gentle refinements of the dance; it occurred to him that it was high time was giving his little heiros the pro telesschorean instruction.

"I wasn't too interested in dancing," R said, not very long ago. "However, I did have the courage to tell him, so I beg taking the lessons."

The school did well for a little over the years, Papa, and whatever stray Cansin
happened to be in town, teaching Angelenos everything from soft shoe to ballet, and Mama helping with the office work. Then
abruptly, the cold winds of the depression swept down over Los Angeles. And Eduar-
doa Cansino wrestled with the dilemma of
how to continue providing groceries for his
family on an income that had dwindled
away to almost nothing.
He had been mulling over his dilemma
when Rita happened to mention, casually,
that she and Aunt Elisa's son, Gabriel, like
herself just turned fourteen, were doing
a Spanish routine, for ten dollars apiece,
as a curtain-raiser to the premiere of the
movie "Back Street," at the Cathay Circle
that evening and was he interested in com-
ing.
"What?" he exploded. "You're asking if
I'd be interested in coming to see my little
baby's first professional performance?"
He was sitting relaxed out front, scan-
ning the audience, when all of a sudden
the curtain went up and there she was, on
stage and burning up the boards in a
scorching Spanish number, more pure-
Hollywood than pure-Castile.
"Suddenly, I noticed that Rita didn't look
like a baby anymore," he recalls. "That's
when I decided that it was time to start
her off, and that the way to do it would be
for us to do a routine together."
Beginning the following morning, Can-
sino père gave the matter considerable
thought, and in a few days he had come
up with a plan: Their best bet would be to
try to line up something in one of the
gilded south-of-the-border places. The
Cansinos left Los Angeles bound for the
drowsy border town of Chula Vista, a rifle-
shot distance north of Tia Juana. And a
day or two after their arrival in Chula
Vista, father and daughter were beguiling
the clients of the rococo Tia Juana's For-
eign Club, billed as a brother-sister dance
team, possibly as a sop to Papa Cansino's
vanity, possibly as an act of astute show-
manship.
Tia Juana in 1932 was a blasé, wicked,
ripsnorting spa catering to tourists who
could pick up a padded tab without win-
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swift disillusionment of a sweet and inex-

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You know the dress cleaner didn’t drench you on purpose. Why brow-beat the poor guy? Or make like a banzhee all evening? Grin... say the dress can be easily cleaned, then forget it. That’s good sportsmanship. And it jet-propels your rating. Your confidence, too, hits the stratosphere—when you hurdle “certain” handicaps with Kotex. Because those special, flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines, you can forget you were ever self-conscious. And for extra protection, there’s an exclusive safety center.

Which suit should the lofty lassie wear?

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Feel as though you’re built on stilts? Be wiser than the tall teen here. Avoid vertical stripes. The suit on the right with contrasting jacket, brings you down a peg! There’s a difference in different girls’ needs; on problem days, as well. For which Kotex gives you a choice of 3 absorbencies. Try Regular, Junior, Super. Likewise, try the new Kotex Wonderform Belt that won’t twist, won’t curl, won’t cut! Made of duPont nylon elastic. Quick drying; light weight!

To be the picture of poise, try—

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You may be a walking posture lesson, but how do you fare with a chair? Plop down? Recline on the tip of your spine? Lady, be seated gracefully, with your weight on the foot nearest the chair. “Sit tall”; keeping soles of feet on floor. Correct posture’s a pose-magnet. Also helps avoid “that day” discomfort—and you’ll feel so at ease when you’ve chosen Kotex. For this new softness holds its shape. After all, isn’t Kotex made to stay soft while you wear it?

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

experienced jeune fille. However, Papa Casinos had no intention of exposing his little darling to even the slightest unnecessary unpleasantness. A hard-headed realist, he escorted her to work and escorted her home after the last show, grim as Pinkerton. And between shows, he kept her in the dressing room.

The Casinos did well enough at the Foreign Club, but after six weeks, their engagement ran out and they were at liberty again. Papa Casinos finally came up with an engagement at the fabulous combination, caravan, and gaming palace located at Agua Caliente.

This was it—the big strike. Hired for four weeks, they might have been there to this day, if it hadn’t been for a chance visit of the then boss of Fox Studios, Winfield Sheehan.

Impressed by Rita’s dancing, Mr. Sheehan offered her a dancing bit in a production called “Dante’s Inferno,” with Spencer Tracy. Rita told Mr. Sheehan she’d ask her father and let him know.

“Of course you’ll take it!” her father said. “Dante’s Inferno” turned out to be a dog, Spencer Tracy notwithstanding. But Rita’s tiny bit as a fire-proof nymph, Spanish type, who wandered languid among the hot flames of Hades won her a “contract” for $50 a week, subject to renewal or cancellation every six months.

For almost a year, she did valiant service for Fox, appearing without a murmur in such trashy and tedious whimsies as “The Pampas Moon,” “Charlie Chan in Egypt,” “Paddy O’Day,” “Human Car-go,” and the like, mostly as the inevitable Spanish type. Then, something quite unexpected happened, a sudden change of administration removed Winfield Sheehan from the helm and put in Darryl Zanuck.

The first thing Zanuck did was to change the name of the studio to Twentieth Century-Fox. The second, apparently, was to drop Rita’s option.

She was heartbroken. But, eventually, she got over it. There were plenty of other lots in Hollywood, she reminded herself, with a mental flounce of her skirts in the direction of Beverly Hills. And most of them specialized in three-day Westerns, in which a lady-menace, Spanish type, was practically a stock in trade and, consequently, right down Rita’s alley. It was weary and dreary employment, but it kept her in cakes and in high hopes. She had rounded out a year of horse operas when the call finally came. It was from the casting office over at Columbia. Could she possibly come over at two for a talk with the casting director?

She arrived, breathlessly, at one-thirty, and, a few minutes after three, somebody showed her into the casting office.

“I was about to ask what you might be interested in,” the casting director said, coming straight to the point. “It’s the part of a Spanish dancer appearing in a Central American cafe, one of our Spanish-language numbers.”

Rita’s heart stopped fizzing.

“As I was saying,” the casting director went on, “the part has definite possibilities for the right girl. Not too many lines, to be sure, but beyond, a script calls for three sizzling Spanish dances.”

“I’ll take it,” Rita said.

“Good, you can have four days to work up the routines. We’ll shoot them Friday at two o’clock on Stage Four.”

She was determined to do a terrific job. She put in ten hours the following day, setting up some crackling routines. And for the next two days, she rehearsed them furiously. And, at two o’clock Friday, she reported to Stage Four, ready for action.

She opened with a searing flamenco, moved on to a torrid, taunting boleó, and wound up with an ardent Anadíusian
betrothal dance. And by the time she'd finished, practically every male studio employee, who could sneak away from his duties, was over on Stage Four.

She completed the final take, and then delivered a half-dozen lines of pure Castillian. She was headed for the dressing room when she heard the voice of a big Columbia pooh-bah whom she knew by sight, directly behind her.

"Pity the girl doesn't speak English."

Rita wheeled. "But I do."

The Columbia pooh-bah took Rita over to the legal department. That same afternoon, she was signed to a term contract, $75 a week to start, with the usual options.

As of this writing, four men have figured importantly in the life of Rita Hayworth. The fourth made her a Princess, but the first made her a star. The latter was Edward Judson.

It was an unorthodox meeting, to put it mildly. The telephone had rung, a day or two after she'd been signed by Columbia, and Rita had answered it.

The caller came straight to the point. His name, he volunteered matter-of-factly, was Edward Judson. A producer chum had given him her telephone number, along with the comment, "very pretty, also very proper," and, being at loose ends for the evening, he was wondering if, perhaps, they couldn't have dinner together.

Rita was flabbergasted. "I couldn't think of it, Mr. Judson," she replied, with frigid dignity. "I never accept an engagement with a man my family hasn't met. Thank you for thinking of me. Good night."

Conveniently omitted, if you'll notice, was any mention of the fact that Rita had yet to have her first date with a male.

A brush-off of such artless intensity would have chilled, instantly and forever, all warm yearnings and longings harbored in the bosom of the average man. But it didn't faze Judson. A veteran of two marriages (one of them to former Ziegfeld beauty Hazel Forbes) and currently a man-about-Hollywood, he was actually intrigued by the novelty of it all. Six calls later, her resistance worn thin, Rita informed him he could drop by the following evening.

NOW at a new time
Tune in
TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES
Every Sunday Afternoon on
490 Mutual Stations

A dangerous criminal is on the loose! Listen, as police track him down. You are there for every exciting moment of the chase—when you tune in True Detective Mysteries. Every broadcast is based on actual cases taken from police files, by the editors of True Detective Magazine. Your favorite mystery program is still on every Sunday afternoon... but it is now one hour later. Beginning September 4th, True Detective Mysteries will be broadcast at:

5:30 P.M., EDT 3:30 P.M., MDT
4:30 P.M., CDT 2:30 P.M., PDT

Remember, $1,000 is offered every Sunday afternoon for information leading to the capture of a fugitive criminal.

$1,000 EVERY SUNDAY
Get the details Listen to
TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

"Something Wonderful in New Woodbury Powder makes my Skin look Satin Smooth!"

says GLORIA DE HAVEN
co-starring in
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
"SCENE OF THE CRIME"

There is something wonderful in New Woodbury Powder—a new ingredient that gives your skin a smooth-as-Satin look.

And Woodbury shades are just a glow of Satiny color on your skin—richer, warmer, they give none of that obvious "powdered" look. New Woodbury Powder is finer-blended than was ever before possible. And the subtle, exciting fragrance clings as long as the powder.

See for yourself why women from Coast to Coast voted New Woodbury the four-to-one favorite over all leading face powders!

7 glow-of-color shades, 15¢, 30¢ and $1.00 plus tax.
His first date with Rita was something out of a book. Mr. Judson was to recall later. Arriving at the modest Cansino menage, a small bungalow with the usual red-tile roof, he was met at the door by Eduardo Cansino, his expression a trifle forbidding-looking. In the living room, he was presented to Mrs. Cansino. An hour later, after he'd completed his life story, prompted at intervals by questions from Cansino père, Rita was summoned and the formalities exchanged. Then they sat down and had a long chat, all four of them.

They were still chatting, two hours later, when Papa Cansino got up, glanced at his watch and announced that it was 10:30. Rita's admirer departed.

Precisely what it was about seventeen-year-old Rita Cansino that had so captured the forty-two-year-old Edward Judson, I have no way of knowing. But in a couple of weeks, he called again, took her out to dinner, delivered her home safely at 9:45, chatted with the Cansinos for a while and departed. A week later, he took her dancing at one of the nicer clubs, brought her home at 11:30. After that, he began calling on her regularly.

Too shy, sheltered and impressionable, Rita Cansino, Edward Judson must have appeared something of a Prince Charming. Handsome, well-turned-out and well-established in business, he was an excellent dancer, an amusing conversationalist and a doting escort, in addition to which he drove a handsome convertible, hobnobbed with important people and radiated savoir-faire. Above all else, he knew how to make a young girl feel like a queen.

She had been seeing each other for almost a year, when a business matter necessitated Judson's departure for New York. Rita accompanied him to the station and just before the train pulled out he told her he wanted to marry her, but she could be thinking about it while he was gone.

One afternoon, shortly after he returned, they eloped to Yuma, Arizona, and were married.

As of this date, May 29, 1937, Rita was bound nowhere in particular as a movie actress. And on the basis of her three brief parts at Columbia, only a hopeless optimist could have predicted anything but eventual oblivion. But Edward Judson had his own idea on the subject. Given the proper selling job, he felt certain Rita could become a star. And ex-salesman Edward Judson (who had been a wealthy car salesman at $20,000 a motor) was going to see that she got it. Within a month after their honeymoon, the campaign was under way.

Judson went about it scientifically. First, in the interests of avoiding type-casting in the future, he recommended the immediate jet-lhousing of everything Latin about her appearance—the color of her hair (jet black), the way she wore it (parted in the middle), her make-up (over-emphasized brows and lashes), even her Latin name. Finally, he supervised the creation and assembling of an entire new wardrobe, clothes that were sophisticated and eye-catching. And he taught her how to wear them with effect.

Now, it is an axiom in successful selling that a product must be properly advertised, and Judson decided to begin with publicity. He began cultivating the various important columnists and feeding them "news items" and coajoling or charming them into mentioning her in their columns. After that, one by one, he made the acquaintance of the photographers around town, especially the staff photographers for the magazines, informed them that Rita was an actress who was going places and also extremely photogenic and invited them out to the house
to meet the subject any time that suited their convenience—on Sunday if they couldn’t make it during the week.

His publicity campaign was a success. He nursed it along until it was in high gear and then directed his attention to the one remaining matter on the agenda, the matter of the proper display of his product.

This last, he had a hunch, would be most effectively accomplished by appearing regularly with Rita under full sail at the night spots most frequented by the nabobs of the film industry. He put $500 on his hunch in the form of a gift to Rita of a magnificent slinky, gray evening dress. And he and Rita began making the Clover Club, twice a week. Eight or nine Saturdays later, his hunch paid off.

They were just walking off the floor after a fast rhumba, when who should flag them down but Rita’s employer, Mr. Harry Cohn, president of Columbia Pictures! One of his guests, Mr. Cohn explained, a director by the name of Howard Hawks, had seen Rita on the dance floor and was anxious to meet her.

Rita was duly presented to Mr. Hawks. And the following week, she was given the first real acting part of her career in “Only Angels Have Wings,” which Howard Hawks directed.

“Only Angels Have Wings” gave Rita her big chance. After it, the issue was never in doubt. Three years and a half dozen pictures later, including “Susan and God,” “Blood and Sand,” and “Strawberry Blonde,” Rita was a star—a star among stars, just as Edward Judson had predicted.

And then, all of a sudden, Rita called on her lawyer and told him a long story, the details of which were duly and gravely noted.

“I married him for love, but he married me for an investment,” she told him in part, “From the beginning he took charge, and for five years he treated me as if I had no mind or soul of my own.

“That’s why I can’t go on any longer. That’s why I want you to file suit for divorce as soon as possible. Without any publicity, if possible.”

The Rita who instructed her lawyers to proceed with action for divorce was a considerably more mature and poised girl than she had been when she had married Judson.

Those five years had wrought marked changes, in other ways than professionally.

---

do you have a heart of gold?

Or, do you KNOW someone whose good works and unselfishness deserve recognition? You can tell about it AND win a valuable prize on “ladies be seated”

Monday—Friday ABC Stations

TOM MOORE, M.C.

For details of the “Heart Of Gold” contest, read the current issue of TRUE ROMANCE magazine now at newsstands!
Your Hair Can Be MUCH MORE Colorful and Glamorous

Millions of beauty-wise women now use

NOREEN SUPER COLOR RINSE

If your hair is gray, drab, drab, drab, or discolored, try NOREEN -the Color Rinse. The rinse that really blends in gray, beautifies and glorifies all shades of hair with abundant temporary COLOR... Color that looks so natural.

We sincerely believe NOREEN will really do what you have always wanted a color rinse to do. So... try NOREEN today. You'll find at least one of NOOREN'S 14 shades perfect for your hair. Packed in dainty capsules for convenient use at home... 25c and 50c sizes. At leading cosmetic counters... Everywhere.

Applie NOREEN in 3 minutes

with the NEW NOREEN APPLICATOR

The Color Applicator gives a much more even and more colorful result than you have ever before achieved, and with so little trouble! Until this applicator is available in every store, we will accommodate by direct mail, Sand 50c to Noeren Distributors, 448 Lincoln St., Denver 9, Colo. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Try Noreen's Perfect Companion Product
NOREEN SUPER SATIN CREME SHAMPOO

A New, Different, Better Creme Shampoo that gives your hair longer lasting lustre... Especially designed to prepare the hair for ideal results with NOOREN Super Color Rinse. You'll agree your hair was never lovelier. Price only 50c a jar.

WANTED: JEWELRY!

High scrap paid for old, broken jewelry. Mail gold teeth, watches, rings, silverware, diamonds, etc., FREETC. Information. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Get's Licensed.

ROSE SMELTING CO., 266 NW Est Madison, Chicago

CUSTOM TAILORING FOR WOMEN

Learn At Home This Easy Way

It's easy, fun, to train at home for this thrilling career. Tailor your own suits and coats and save money—amaze friends, tantalize your clothes. Actually earn while you learn. Prepare yourself for future security with this professional course. No working experience necessary. Low fee includes duplicate patterns, Mail coupon Today!

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Please rush free booklet and sample pages.

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High School Course at Home. Many Finish in 2 Years

The quickest way to get a high school degree. Designed for adults who are unable to attend school. Full subjects are covered including English, history, science, etc. Correspondence School, 149 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

Constituted?

Starts Intestinal Tract Moving Again

Now you can get the relief you want from constipation, with Petro-Syllium. Throw away your laxatives and try the comfortable lubricating action of Petro-Syllium. It's gentle, but oh so thorough you'll wonder why you haven't tried it before. Taken as directed, it's the way many doctors recommend to start bowels moving comfortably again. Used for easy action by many piles sufferers. Take this to your drug store so you will be sure to get genuine Petro-Syllium today.

Overtired?

There's a quick refreshing lift in Crown Lavender Smelling Salts to guard against fatigue... faintness... heat prostration. Carry them with you always. Order the handy purse size now.

Crown Lavender Smelling Salts at your druggist or send 35c (coins or stamps) to Dept. 40-J, Scheinfeld Co., 20 Cooper Square, New York 3, N. Y. Established 1794.

HOLD-a-PAK

CIGARETTE CASE

SNAPS OPEN to serve your perfect cigarettes. No more tobacco crumbs in pocket or purse--no more crushed cigarettes. America's largest selling cigarette case. Sold by Drug, Tobacco and Chain Stores Everywhere.

Manufactured by THE J. E. MERTGOTT CO., NEWARK, N. J.
They were practically all set to go when Mr. Cotten, who was to serve as master of ceremonies, had an inspiration.

"We'd better get a glamour girl—preferably a movie somebody with a name, if we expect to have any kind of audience," Cotten said with only a few hours leave aren't going to be especially interested in seeing a rabbit being dragged out of a top hat—even out of yours."

"You've got a point," Orson admitted.

"Anybody in mind?"

"Yeah. How about Hayworth?"

"Terrific, if she's available. I'll call her up and see."

---

BILL STERN'S

"SPORTS NEWSREEL"

Every Friday NBC
10:30 p.m. Eastern Time

Read BILL STERN'S "SPORT SURPRISE" feature in the current issue of SPORT magazine now on newsstands.
He called her up, explained what it was all about, and asked her if she'd help.

"I'd be delighted to," she said. "But what could I do in a magic show?"

"You could be sawed in half every night, couldn't you?" Welles came right back.

"Well, if you're sure I'd do it...."

The Wonder Show cost Orson Welles $25,000. It lasted only a few weeks. But what he saw of Rita Hayworth in those few weeks must have intrigued him. At any rate, shortly after it closed, he began calling on her, first in the guise of a magician in search of a sympathetic audience, his pockets bulging with magic gadgets for Rita's amusement, then later as an out-and-out admirer.

Strangely enough, they attracted each other from the very start, these two opposites. He was attracted by her sweetness, directness, and simplicity. And she, in turn, was drawn to him by his brilliant mind, his wide range of interests and talents, and by his inner fire. In a matter of weeks, on September 8, 1943, they were married. A year after the following December, Rebecca was born.

The marriage didn't take. It endured four hectic, bittersweet years, interspersed with separations and reconciliations, and ended up in the divorce court.

"I just couldn't take his genius any more," she explained at the time. "I was always last with Orson. His writing, his radio show, and his own personal interests came first. Sometimes, I would even forget I existed. Then he would remember suddenly that he had a wife and child and come home to them. But mostly, night after night, I was alone with the books he'd bought me to read."

IRONICALLY enough, it was at this juncture, an ebb tide in her private life, that Rita's career, already at full-tide by dint of her enormous appeal at the box office, was to surge to a rip tide almost without precedent in Hollywood. It was set in motion with the announcement, by her agents, of the incorporation of the Reckworth Pictures Company, for whom Rita contracted to make ten pictures, the stock of this company to be held jointly by Rita and Columbia.

This set-up guaranteed Rita a salary which began at $250,000 per annum and rose to $350,000 by the end of the third year. More importantly, there's the matter of her fifty-five-share in the profits. So far, in the year and a half that the company has been in operation, she has made only one picture, "The Loves of Carmen." This will net her $2,000,000, or an average income of $1,250,000 for the past two years.

"A million-dollar income, income of unbelievable wonders, most of them pleasant. But it offers no succor for loneliness. And in the wake of her ruined marriage to the man who had fathered her child, Rita, who had progressed from the uniformed junior miss that she was when she had married Judson, to a stimulating, provocative woman of ideas—was desperately lonely.

For a while, she tried fighting it out alone at home: But it didn't work and, soon, columnists began reporting her romances from David Niven to Jimmy Stewart to Tony Martin and finally to Ted Stafoff. Then, as it dawned on her that romance was only the counterfeit of love, she stopped flinging roses and departed for Europe.

When Rita arrived at the Riviera, I had only recently returned, after a long absence, to my little farmhouse on the outskirts of Cannes. Prince Aly Khan, whom I had known for many years, was already in residence there, orchestrating the social scene as only he can do it.

I planned a dinner at the Cannes Casino.
There is no magic at all about The Common Sense Way to a beautiful figure. But if you follow the suggestions Sylvia of Hollywood has for you in her book No More Alibis you may, perhaps, challenge the beauty of the loveliest movie star!

In No More Alibis the author tells you how she helped many of Hollywood's brightest stars with their figure problems. She names names—tells you how she developed this star's legs—how she reduced this star's waistline—how she helped another star to achieve a beautiful youthful figure.

NOW ONLY 50c

This marvelous 128-page book containing over 40 illustrations formerly sold for $1.00 in a stiff-back binding. Almost 100,000 persons gladly paid this price. Now published in an economical paper cover you get the identical information for only 50c—and we pay the postage. Order now while our supply of this special edition lasts.

Bartholomew House, Inc., Dept. P-1049
205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Send me postpaid a copy of No More Alibis by Sylvia of Hollywood. I enclose 50c.

Name
Address
City
State

Reduce! It's Fun This Common Sense Way

And as I was going through the ordeal of trying to select the perfect guest list, it suddenly occurred to me—for the glamour which is an asset to any party—to invite Rita and Aly. Not in my most wishful thinking did I anticipate the incredible denouement. By the end of a fortnight, the rumors were flying all over the Riviera that Aly had been mortally smitten by Rita's charms. Then, staring at me from the front page of the daily paper, was the news that Rita had arrived in London, Prince Aly Khan in hot pursuit.

That was the first mention of the affair in the papers, but by no means the last. From them on, in common with newspaper readers all over the world, I followed the course of true love in the headlines. Aly's courtship was pursued in defiance of geography, and, before long, in defiance of a mounting swell of misguided public opinion. This already thrice-told-tale needs no retelling here. However, I would like to set the record right on one item of general misinformation; namely Aly's marital status.

What the public didn't know was that while, technically, a marriage still existed between Aly and his wife, Joan, it had, in reality, long since disintegrated. Aly and Joan had been separated two or three years with the understanding that if and when the occasion arose, divorce proceedings would be instituted immediately.

That was how it happened, too. When Aly informed Joan, who lives in England, that he wanted to marry, she lost no time in calling on her solicitors and requesting them to take the necessary steps. And as soon as the decree was granted, Aly and Rita were married.

Which is approximately where I came in and which is very definitely where I depart, after wishing Prince and Princess Aly Khan long bliss and a short wait for a male heir.

This I must say, in all my years and experiences and travels I never have known two more devoted. Every time I see Rita and Aly together, in fact, I rejoice that it was my good fortune to pull the strings in this great modern love story.

I wish the Prince and Princess Aly Khan long bliss and hope they will have the big happy family they dream about—beginning with the baby who will arrive soon after the New Year.

The End

WOMAN'S FIRST RIGHT . . .

"the right to happiness"

Listen to Carolyn Kramer's courageous struggle for security and peace of mind on "The Right To Happiness," one woman's search for a richer, more meaningful life.

TUNE IN every afternoon Monday to Friday (3:35 EDT) on NBC stations.

If you have overcome obstacles to your own happiness, write Carolyn Kramer about it and you may win $50. For details see the current issue of TRUE EXPERIENCES magazine. Now at newsstands.
Love just "happens" to the girl who Kares

You're embraceable—always, when new, wonderful KARE keeps you bath-sweet. A lotion deodorant—satin-smooth, fragrant. So nice to use. So different from creams and liquids—not greasy or messy. Safe to use after shaving. KARE, an amazing new improvement in underarm deodorants, is the one that:

Soothes tender underarm skin
Stops odor... Dries instantly
Stops perspiration safely
Will not harm even fine fabrics
Economical! A few drops are effective.
35¢ & 60¢ (plus tax), at drug and department stores.

The Grove Laboratories, Inc., St. Louis, Mo.

Linda Darnell received first choice of originals from designer Kay Nelson at the opening of Kay's Lido Isle salon

(Continued from page 21) we breathed to ourselves, silently agreeing that a certain warmth always is lost with the perfection of our screen characters.

This particular argument resulted when Bette made a few missteps in a square dance routine and the director felt it should be done over.

"This girl I'm playing, this Rose Malone, is the type of girl who would make a few missteps in this kind of dance," Bette went on. "How could she be better perfect in a dance new to her?"

Any way, they redid the scene but Miss Davis didn't show up at the studio for several days. Tick fever was the reason given. Aggravation fever would be more like it, we thought.

Incidentally, Davis in a shoulder-length bob wig is a sight so startling, we wonder if fans won't be startled out of their seats. Frankly, we feel it could detract from the role.

Jottings: Tony Martin and his wife Cyd Charisse at a Mocambo ringside table, listening to Desi Arnaz, won Cal's nomination as one of the handsomest couples in Hollywood. And so for one of the happiest... With the official announcement that Mark Stevens is out, at Twentieth Century-Fox, because of his objections to his roles, Cal recalls the first time we ever met Mark, who was then known as Steve Richards. "I'm in this game only to make money," he said. "I'm not worried about what they put me in if only I make money." No comment... Yvonne De Carlo is secretly planning to leave Hollywood for good. For the past two years, Yvonne has stolen away the minute a picture was finished, often not informing her studio of her whereabouts. Now, since her engagement (they come and they go), to singer Jerome Hines, Yvonne hopes to give up movies for an operatic career. Even with singing lessons, it isn't that easy, is it?

Panic—Pint-sized: Steve McNally tells of taking his three-year-old son Stephen to a nearby parochial kindergarten with a view to enrolling him.

"Well now this is nice," little Steve announced, completely at home. Walking
INSIDE STUFF

up and down the room, he took in everything, while the two Sister teachers politely hid their smiles.

When Stephen Sr. suggested they look around outside, little Steve turned to pupils and teachers and with upraised hand said, "Now don't go away, Everybody wait right here. I'll be back."

Stephen Sr. showed his son the rest rooms. Opening one door, little Steve exclaimed, "One beautiful bathroom." Pulling open another door, he cried, "Another beautiful bathroom. Very nice, everything very nice."

The Sisters accepted little Steve as a future pupil, but Steve Sr. says they looked rather dubious about it all.

Thank You, Mr. and Mrs. Public: That you do read Cal York was proven to us recently on a jaunt to the midwest.

About this time last year, we printed the item that wonderful ice cream sodas were served at Dee's pharmacy in the little town of Lees Summit, Missouri.

Dropping by recently, we were told the results of that one little item. From all over the country, Mr. Dee told us, the clipped item was sent in. Graduates from the nearby Unity Religious School sent in the item from every state in the Union and even strangers stopped by to inquire if this was where those good ice cream sodas were served.

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

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

The minute she hit stardom, Lauren went to her boss Jack Warner about her friend Issy, for a lot of things had happened to Issy. For one thing, he'd changed his name to Kirk Douglas, gone from soda jerk to waiter, to St. Lawrence

Blondes

New Home Shampoo with "ANDIUM"

Specially Made for Blondes

To help every blonde hair from growing dark or faded use BLONDEX, the home shampoo that contains ANDIUM for extra lightness and SHINE. Instantly removes dinging film that makes hair dark. Washed hair shine brighter, given it lovely luster. Taken only 11 minutes at home, Safe for children.

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James Stewart was "adopted" by Mexican boys Franklin Avarado and Aludo Nunez during production on "Broken Arrow"
Gordon and Sheila MacRae joined the festivities celebrating sixth wedding anniversary of Gertrude Niesen and Al Greenfield and "Annie Get Your Gun" opening University, to cathedral wrestling champ, and finally to actor. After the lead in "Kiss and Tell" on Broadway, he enlisted in the Navy and then hit Hollywood with his wife Diana and sons Michael and Joel. After several movies, "A Letter to Three Wives" among them, the chance to play the heel in "The Champion" presented itself. "Don't do it," his agent cautioned, "that type of role can finish you." It only made him the hottest property in town and gave his friend Lauren that much coveted last laugh, for the actor Warners could have had a few years ago for a few hundred a week, now cost them a neat million for his contract duration.

Break-ups: Ingrid Bergman's announcement last month that she was divorcing Dr. Peter Lindstrom created no furor in Hollywood. The Swedish star's colleagues never believed she would return to her husband, despite his efforts to hold their marriage together. However, Ingrid's statement regarding her intention to retire from the screen created a great furor and much skepticism. Many will not believe that Ingrid will renounce the career that has meant so much to her. The Bergman statement made no reference to Roberto Rossellini but she has subsequently admitted her love for Rossellini and those close to them believe they will marry. However, Hollywood was really stunned at Joan Fontaine's announcement that she and Bill Dozier were separating. Only a few days before, friends, glimpsing the couple dining out, had remarked again on their happiness. And a week before Joan's announcement, dinner guests, enjoying the good food and gracious hospitality of the Doziers, had remarked that here indeed was a successful marriage. Before Joan left for Rome, she confided her deep unhappiness to a close business associate. The trouble began, it seems, when Joan and Bill formed their Rampart Picture Company, Business and love just didn't mix.

Toubles, Lady? A friend driving down Bristol Avenue in Brentwood, caught...
INSIDE STUFF

glimpse of a sight that slowed him down. With shears in hand were Joan Crawford thinning the ivy along one wall of the house. And when he returned, an hour and a half later, she was still at it. Joan claims, what with taxes and children, she has to cut corners. And trimming her own ivy is a corner well cut. Only, as so often happens, a penny saved is a penny that has to be spent tomorrow. All of which Joan discovered when the roots of the trees in her front yard wrapped themselves around her plumbing and had to be unwrapped at her own expense. The year before it happened in her back yard.

Of all our stars, Joan, for all her glamorous appearance in public, is one of our most home-minded stars, not above refrigerator cleaning, washing, mending, or performing any of the chores housewives all over the country perform every day.

Water Baby: If there is a pair of prouder parents in town than Esther Williams and Ben Gage, I have yet to see them. Esther has been looking lovelier than ever since the birth of Benjamin Stanton Gage Jr. last August. And the way the sturdy blond youngster makes with his tiny arms and legs has Cal wondering if he’s not going to follow in his famous mother’s aquatic-steps.

Hat Stuff: When director Al Hall called for action on the Turned up Toen” set, he got it. But not the sort indicated. Keenan Wynn suddenly discovered he couldn’t find his hat. “I gotta have it for this scene,” he kept saying. “It matches the other scene.”

Make-up men, the stage door cop, even the electricians, searched for the elusive hat as the precious minutes dragged by. “I’ll never get that plane tomorrow for Berlin.” Paul Douglas moaned. “For Pete’s sake, somebody find the boy’s hat.”

Five minutes later, when the set had reached a frenzy Joan Davis rose from her chair to aid in the search that ended suddenly. There on the chair where Joan had sat, was Keenan’s wrinkled hat.

The look on Joan’s face and the expressions on the dumbstruck faces of Paul and Keenan made a much funnier scene than any their script called for.

Joan Crawford isn’t discussing romance these days, even with Louella Parsons, who stopped by in hopes of an exclusive...
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Smooth, suave and sen-
sational: José Ferrer, next in "Whirlpool"

ONE day soon, movie-goers will sit up in
their seats with a start and realize a
brand-new spice with a peppery new

tang has been added to Hollywood’s soup
toilet. What’s more, the little Puerto Rican,
he’s about five-feet-seven, who will ex-
cite our somewhat jaded palate has a name
that actually suggests the hot condiments
of a Latin bouillabaisse. It’s José Ferrer.

Joe to his friends.

One of the most versatile actors on the
New York stage, Ferrer won an Academy
nomination in his first movie role, that of
the Deaf-Mute in “Joan of Arc.” He plays a
villain in “Whirlpool,” so smooth, so suave
a villain, fellow actors should go off in
corners and sulk for weeks.

It’s his voice, the thing. And his
grace. Realizing these are an actor’s great-
est attributes, he takes a singing and
ballet lesson every day.

Broadway can’t keep up with him. One
season he stepped into the Danny Kaye
role in “Let’s Face it,” singing all the
snappy numbers, and a season or two later,
was a smash hit as Iago in Shakespeare’s
“Othello.” With equal agility, he went from
a heartbreaking Cyano de Bergerac to a
rowdy hobo in “Silver Whistle.”

The son of a distinguished Puerto Rican
lawyer, Rafael Ferrer, José, with his two
sisters, was brought to this country by his
parents who became naturalized citizens.
At fourteen, José was ready for Princeton.
But Princeton wasn’t ready for José.

Too young, they decided. So José was packed
off to a boys’ school in Switzerland to latch
onto a few years.

Once in Princeton, he organized a four-
teen-piece band, “José Ferrer and His
Fied Pipers.” If you can hear it, and joined
the famous Triangle Club that boasted
such fellow students as Jimmy Stewart and
Josh Logan, now a famous stage director.

But the stage bug didn’t really get into its
work until after José had taken a post-
graduate course in Romance languages at
Columbia. He began in summer stock,
went to Broadway and now, movies.

In Hollywood, José goes in for plaid
sport shirts. With his wife Phyllis Hill,
whom he married after his divorce from
actress Uta Hagen, he delights in giving
small intimate parties.

He cries when he laughs. Literally. Tears
stream over his cheeks, ruining his make-
up on sets. He has a way with a piano,
joins a good game of tennis and, in-
cidentally, makes the best loaf of bread in
town.

THE END
Second Chance

(Continued from page 35) In fact, I hadn’t talked with her a half hour before I realized that consciously, or subconsciously, she believed that Dan’s sudden fame was the cause of all their troubles. “I love Dan and he loves me,” this poised twenty-five-year-old girl told me just before the reconciliation. “And we both love our wonderful son. But, we will not resume our life together if there is the slightest doubt in our minds that our happiness will again be marred by misunderstandings and quarrels or indifference.”

“Neither of us can stand any more of that. We are not the type of people who thrive on bickering. Dan cannot do justice to his screen roles if there is unhappiness at home. And I cannot be the wife and mother I want to be.”

Suddenly, the words rushed from her lips. “He works so hard, works all the time, since he got his break. And when he isn’t actually in a picture, he’s on personal appearance tours for the studio, posing for photographs, being interviewed, making tests, or a dozen other things connected with his career.

“Naturally, I couldn’t stay at home alone all the time, so I took up interests of my own. I have many girl friends here, with whom I went to the University of California. I got in the habit of going on weekends with them—skiing in the mountains or riding at Palm Springs. Dan couldn’t go. He was never free. Naturally, he was hurt. And I was, when night after night I was left alone. Almost without realizing it, we were drifting farther and farther apart in our interests.”

“But, Elizabeth,” I protested, “many other Hollywood wives work out happy marriages with actors just as rushed and busy as Dan. Their marriages do not break up because of their husbands’ successful careers. She looked at me with that direct and honest gaze of hers. “That is very true,” she said, “and don’t think I haven’t thought of it. But remember this, none of us can help our individual temperament. I am very interested in and proud of Dan’s career, but I can never be like some wives, content to talk, eat, sleep nothing but ‘shop talk’ about pictures or doings at the studio. I just can’t!”

I didn’t interrupt her, and she went on, almost as though she were arguing the point with herself. “I keep remembering all the fun we used to have together.”

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"Oh, she has interests of her own," Dan replied. "She rides and trains jumpers. She is a magnificent horsewoman; and the best woman trainer of jumpers in California, in fact." "Liz was an eighteen-year-old college girl when we married," he went on. "She had the face of an angel. I haven't before, or since, seen a girl as pretty. After seven years of marriage, I still feel the same way about her. She'll always be exciting and interesting to me as a sweetheart. And she's a wonderful mother, too.

"But, I have worked too hard for my career to give it up! Don't think I don't know how different my theatrical world is from anything Liz has ever known."

His voice had softened from that almost explosive statement about his work. "But, I like all the things she's interested in. Is it too much to expect the same?"

"No, Dan," I replied, quickly. "I do not think that is too much to expect and I know Elizabeth does not feel indifferent to your career. She's very proud of what you have accomplished. It's just that you've made so many films in such a short time. Isn't it possible for you to plan a little vacation after you finish this picture?"

"Not right away," he said. "When I finish 'Front and Center'—and I'm plenty excited about working with a fine director like John Ford because I'm learning so much—I go immediately into a comedy, 'A Ticket to Tomahawk'."

I sighed. And he did a very cute thing. He reached over, patted my hand and smiled that charming smile of his.

"Things aren't really that bad," he said with sweetness. "We're really beginning to work things out. We're really coming to an intelligent compromise and understanding. Since we've separated, we've spent every weekend together! And during the week, we've been 'sneaking' out to little quiet, out of the way places to dine, just as we did when we were a 'courtin'. This may be the only way we can reconcile. Others seem to be able to fall into each other's arms and get it over with in a hurry. The trouble is, they seem to fall out of each other's arms again, too."

"You can bank on it," he said, just before I got up to go, "when Liz and I make it, it will be for always!"

And I'm betting that's the way it will be. **The End**

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SCENE OF THE CRIME—M-G-M: Mike Conovan, John Johnson; Gloria Connovan, Arlene Dahl; Lily, Gloria De Haven; C. C. Tom Drake; Capt. A. C. Forster, Leon Ames; Ted Fisher, John McIntire; Herkimer, Donald Woods; Sleeper, Norman Lloyd; Wigan, Jerome Cowan; Empire Macon, Tom Powers; Turk Kingby, Richard Benedict; Tony Tura, Anthony Caruso; Fortunato, Robert Gary; Hippo, Romo Vincent; Norrie Lorrfald, John Helmont.

SHE WORE A YELLOW RIBBON—Argosy-RKO: Capt. Brittle, John Wayne; Olivia, Joanne Dru; Lt. Col. John Aze, Tony John; Jr., Frank Pritchard; Harry Carey Jr.; Nat. Quinlan, Victor McLaglen; Mrs. Altshul, Mildred Natwick; Maj. Altshul, Geraldine Farrar; Dr. O’Laughlin, Arthur Shields; Toney Rynolds, Harry Woods; Posh-That-Walks, Chief Big Tree; Red Shirt, Nabil Johnson; Teeny-Cliffs, Clf. Lyons; Quayle, Tom Tyler; Hotham, Michael Dugan; Wagner, Mickey Simpson; BYler, Frank B. Gara; Jenkins, Mara Shore; Ray, Fred LaBey; Soupy, Jack Pennick; Colenso, Billy Jones; N. C. O., Bill Goettinger; Hunch, Fred Graham; Badger, Fred Kennedy; Pvt. Smith, Rudy Bowman; McCarthy, Ray Hye.

TASK FORCE—Warners: Jonathan L. Scott, Gary Cooper; Letitia Dean, Margaret McNicoll; Wayne Morris; Pete Richard, Walter Brennan; Barbara McGowan, Julie London; McCloskey, Bruce Bennett; Reeves, Jack Holt; Bentely, Stanley Rodgeres; Dixie Runson, John Ridgely; Jay Souther, Richard Robin; Senator Vincent, Art Baker; Ace, Morgan Olsen; Pilot, Ray Montgomery; Timmy, Harlan Warde; Tom Cooper, James Holden; Jerry Morgan, Rory Mallison; Jennings, John Gallaudet.

TOP O’ THE MORNING—Paramount: Joe Mugg, Bing Crosby; Coon McNaughton, Ann Blyth; Off, Livvy McNaughton, Barry Fitzgerald; Huggin’, Hone Croynt, Biddy O’Dellin, Eileen Crowe; Lazy, Fallon, John McIntire; Carson Gillespie; Toddy, Robert Smith; Sunburn, Ed. win Livey, Morgan Farley; E. L. Larkin, John Eldredge; Dowder, John Schna’ Miller; Magpie Gasp, John Costello; Clark O’Kain, Dick Ryan; Boys, Bernard Cauley, Paul Connely, John O’Brien.

UNDER CAPRICORN—Transatlantic-Warner: Lita, Maria Pflwwee; Bergman, Sam Fleckly, Joseph Coton; Hon, Charles adare, Michael Warren; Milly, Margaret Lindsay; E. C. The Governor, Cecil Parker; Mr. Corigan, Denis O’Dee; Winter, Jack Watling; Coachman, Harcourt Williams; Miss Larkin, John Roebuck; Gini, Bill Shine; Rev, Smiley, Victor Lucas; Mr. Rigs, Ronald Adams; Alice, Mae Clarke; Mrs. Woolf, Dr. McCullough, G. H. Mulecaster; Sal, Olive Shore; Flo, Maura delaney; Susan, Julia Lang.

YES SIR, THAT’S MY BABY—U.S.: William Waldo Wrigley, Donald O’Connor, Paul Lockery, Lena Hay- ley, Charles Coburn; Sarah Jane Whig, Gloria De Haven; Arnold Schultz, Joshua Shelly; Prof. Lack, Karla Cartner; Joe Zaccaria, Peter Gracies; Osvaldo, Tony Cressonish; James Brown; Eddie Konstjolov, Michael Dugan; Podge Pliszfeldorff, Mal Fiebeding.

Maureen Reagan makes her screen bow as she and her mother, Jane Wyman, appear with other guest stars in "It's a Great Feeling" (with Jacqueline De Witt)
IS IT A SIN TO MARRY A MAN WHO OFFERS

Everything Except Love!

The dramatic story of a young woman who accepted marriage...knowing she would be no more than her husband's mistress, his housekeeper, the bearer of his children!

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PHOTOPLAY

November 15c

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Contents for November, 1949

HIGHLIGHTS

The Winners! .......................................................... 31
New Horizons (Jennifer Jones) ................................. Elsa Maxwell 32
Judy's Singing Again ................................................. Carleton Alsp 34
How Lucky Can You Be? (Tyron Power) .................... Linda Christian 36
These Are the Clothes They Love .............................. Edith Gwynn 38
I Call Him the Katzenjammer Kid (Alan Ladd) ........ Betty Hutton 42
I'm Thankful For ..................................................... Sheilah Graham 44
The Bob Walker Story .............................................. Pauline Swanson 46
“That Forsyte Woman”—Photoplay Sneak Previews .... 48
Mr. Soft Touch (Howard Duff) ..................................... Mike Mleshkow 50
Hollywood Straw Hat .............................................. 52
Photoplay Roundup ................................................. Herb House 54
She's Younger Than Springtime (Janet Leigh) .......... Anita Colby 58
Sadie Hawkins Hijinks ............................................. Kay Mulvey 60
The House That Dreams Built .................................. Jackie Neben 62
Make Yourself at Home ........................................... Hans Dreier 64
Ode to Ichabod ....................................................... Rena Firth 66
Your Photoplay Photo-Plays ................................... 68
(A June Haver Adventure Told in Comics) ............... 
Photoplay Fashions ................................................ 85

FEATURES IN COLOR

Judy Garland .......................................................... 35 Roy Rogers and Dale Evans ........................................ 54
Rhonda Fleming ..................................................... 38 Bill Boyd ............................................................... 55
Linda Darnell ......................................................... 38 Rod Cameron ....................................................... 55
June Allyson ........................................................... 38 Tim Holt ............................................................. 55
Elizabeth Taylor ...................................................... 38 John Wayne .......................................................... 55
Jeanne Crain .......................................................... 39 Gene Autry ........................................................... 55
Anne Baxter ........................................................... 39 Dick Foran .......................................................... 55
Alan Ladd ............................................................... 42 Janet Leigh ........................................................... 58
Howard Duff ........................................................... 51 Joan Caulfield ...................................................... 85
Marta Toren ........................................................... 88

SPECIAL EVENTS

Brief Reviews .......................................................... 6 Readers Inc .......................................................... 4
Casts of Current Pictures ......................................... 10 Shadow Stage ..................................................... 20
Inside Stuff—Cal York ............................................. 12 What Should I Do .................................................. 8
Laughing Stock ........................................................ 83 Winters Forecast .................................................. 18

Cover: June Haver, star of “Look for the Silver Lining”
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Design by Otto Storeh

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NOVEMBER, 1949


850 W. 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

VOL. 36, NO. 6

Member of The True Story Women's Group
Beautiful Maria...
the four lives
that touched
here were never the
same again!

WALTER PIDGEON
ETHEL BARRYMORE
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JANET LEIGH

with LOUIS CALHERN • FRANCIS L. SULLIVAN

Screen Play by GINA KAUS AND ARTHUR WIMPERIS
Based on a Novel by BRUCE MARSHALL
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Eminent dental authorities supervised 2 groups of college men and women for over a year. One group always brushed their teeth with Colgate Dental Cream right after eating. The other group followed their usual dental care.

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Always Use Colgate’s* to
Clean Your Breath While You Clean Your Teeth
—and HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY!

*Right after eating

COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

NO CHANGE IN FLAVOR,
FOAM, OR CLEANSING ACTION!

Cheer and Jeers:

In September Photoplay, Sheila Graham names twelve great ladies, but she left out the greatest—Ingrid Bergman. Despite the unpleasant publicity, in my opinion, Miss Bergman is still Hollywood’s greatest lady.

ANN WHITE
Chatham, N. B.

“Listen to Me, Kid,” by Humphrey Bogart in the September issue was, by far, the best story I have read in the longest time, in any magazine. Here’s hoping John Derek follows his advice and doesn’t become too much of a glamour boy, via Hollywood, but stays a normal individual like the author of this fine story.

BARBARA BRENAN
New York, N. Y.

I thoroughly enjoyed Anita Colby’s article in the September issue. I think she is one-hundred-percent right. If more of the movie stars would leave off some of that make-up, the public would go more for them.

GEORGE BOYINGTON
Terryville, Conn.

Readers Pets:

After seeing “Song of India,” I cannot understand why we do not see more of Sabu. He is a swell actor and beats Monty Clift and Farley Granger as far as looks is concerned.

MARVA JEAN MILLER
Cheyenne, Wyo.

I think David Brian is the dreamiest, most exciting personality I’ve seen in a long time, and I shall picket Photoplay’s offices if there isn’t a nice long story about him in one of your forthcoming issues. I’d much prefer reading about him than Montgomery Clift, who has been played up so hard, he’s boring.

JUNE ROSE
Los Angeles, Cal.

Screen lovers may come and go, but there’s one gentleman who’ll always cause feminine hearts to flutter and throb. His name? John Garfield!

PAT MALONE KELLY
Pineville, Ky.

Wrong Channel:

We read every day about people swimming the English Channel. If Esther Williams is as good as she is supposed to be, why doesn’t she try?

HERMAN FLEMING
Careetta, W. Va.

Casting:

Recently, I’ve been reading about all the movies being made about Negroes, but all of them, such as “Pinkie,” have white people as the stars (except James Edwards in “Home of the Brave”). Why don’t they make a movie with Lena Horne as the star? She hasn’t made any pictures in which she has an acting part. I think she is a beautiful person and she can act.

ANITA ORLEGARD
Appleton, Wis.

“Pride’s Castle,” by Frank Yerby. Made into a motion picture with Clark Gable as Pride Dawson, it would be equal, or better than many of this year’s motion pictures.

JEANNE MERRYWEATHER
Sacramento, Cal.

Question Box:

Besides Anthony Curtis and Peter Fernandez, who were the boys who played the Dukes in “City Across the River?”

JANICE WOOD
Willow Grove, Pa.
(Mickey Knox, Jesse Shelley, Al Ramsey and Richard Jaeckel.)

Could you tell me if the original title for the film, “It’s a Great Feeling,” was “Two Guys and a Gal?”

VIVIAN NELSON
Smithtown Branch, L. I.

(Yes.)

To settle a misunderstanding between a friend and I, would you please tell me how to pronounce Janet Leigh’s last name.

LOIS PRIME
Syracuse, N. Y.
(Pronounce as in Lee.)

I saw Michael Steele in “Command Decision” and think he has looks and talent. Would you please tell me how old he is and where his home town is?

JANE K. LOGAN
Bloomburg, Pa.

(Michael Steele was born in Beroia, Pa., on October 6, 1921. He is six feet tall, has blue eyes, blonde hair and is unmarried.)

In Photoplay’s “Choose Your Star” poll last year, Donald Buka came in last; however, he had made the picture “Vendetta.” Was this picture ever released? If one were to write a fan letter to him, where would he send it?

VIRGINIA SCHWENDEMAN
Cleveland, O.
(The release date of the film has not been decided yet. Don is now in New York City and mail can be sent to Actors’ Equity, 43 West 47th Street, New York, N. Y.)

Would you please give me some information about that wonderful Sally Forrest, who played in “Not Wanted.”

TONI CONVETTINI
Detroit, Mich.

(Sally Forrest was born in San Diego, Cal., May 28, 1928. She is five-feet-two, weighs 106 pounds, has ash-blonde and is unmarried. Next picture, “Never Fear.”)

Address letters to this department to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. However, our space is limited. We cannot therefore promise to publish, return or reply to all letters received.
Only Your Heart
Can Grasp The Full Greatness Of These Stars...This Story!

Paramount presents
Olivia de Havilland • Montgomery Clift
Ralph Richardson
in
WILLIAM WYLER'S
"The Heiress"

with
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YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED
BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT

What should I do?

DEAR Miss Colbert:

About two years ago, I found that I was expecting a baby. The father of the child refused to marry me, but Johnny, who was in love with me, offered to marry me to give the baby a name.

I didn’t love him, but I had no choice. We lived in a very small town at first, and people found out we were newlyweds. When our baby came seven months later, people began to talk. Ladies would not speak to me on the street, and a man working with my husband made nasty cracks. We moved to the city. Then Johnny began to go out every evening. When I cried and asked him to stay at home with me, he knocked me down.

During the time we have been married, I have fallen in love with Johnny and I don’t want to lose him, but I don’t know what to do. If I could buy some pretty clothes with the money, I think I could get him to pay attention to me, but this is hard to do when a person has a baby to care for.

Eileen T.

There is no need to despair of your marriage, but you must face a number of hard facts. First of all, being glamorous and going out on dates has very little to do with your situation.

You must realize your husband did a noble and a self-sacrificing thing when he undertook the responsibility of a young wife and a baby. Did you know how to cook really good meals? Did you budget so that you could start building a bank account for future needs? Did you keep a neat, clean, pleasant house?

I believe that, if you still settle down and work seriously to prove to your husband that you appreciate him and that you are determined to be the best wife he could ever find, you will be able to save your marriage. Go to some older woman in your church, or a neighborhood center and ask for help with menus and household hints. A man who feels he is truly loved is ready to forgive a great deal.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am in my early teens and the youngest of ten children. My father died when I was ten, so I can’t remember him very much, but I can remember when we used to have good times together, picnics, singing around the piano, arguing who would go down the steps first on Christmas.

Then Daddy died. It seemed as if the bottom of our life fell out. Mother used to be cheerful and sing and play the piano. She doesn’t anymore. She still tries to be cheerful, but then I can see deep thoughts coming into her eyes. She tries to keep joking but it just isn’t the same.

Five of my brothers and sisters are married, but I want to change things in the way we live. I am not the kind to take things in the upset way they are. I want things so we can laugh together without anybody looking into anybody’s eyes and seeing the past. How can I do this?

Piqua L.

If I could supply an instant, accurate answer to your problem, I would have solved one of the world’s sorrowful mysteries; to some individuals the changes come early, to others, late.

I think your mother should be encouraged to play the piano and sing. At first it will be difficult, but as the weeks go by I believe your mother will find herself, through the music, closer to your father than she has been since his loss.

See, too, if you cannot bring your father’s memory into the family circle again by talking about him, by laughing about the funny things that have happened in the family. Aid your mother in finding new interests and friends. Time will help and your concern plus the help of your brothers and sisters will aid in your mother’s readjustment.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I wish you would tell me whether I should divorce my husband or not.

I am thirty-one and he is forty-three, but he looks at least fifty. I am so unhappy because so many people have said “Is that your husband? I thought he was your father!” This has embarrassed me so that I dread going anywhere with him.

People think me a perfect fool for having married a man of his age.

I have no other complaints against him. He is affectionate, a hard-worker, sober, honest and true. If he didn’t look so worn-out, my whole life would seem different.

L. R. C.

One of the greatest mistakes that any human being can make is to try to live his life in accordance with the idle comment of friends.

What possible difference can it make if your husband looks older than you do? Friends who use derogatory remarks to you about a superficial thing as your husband’s facial appearance are guilty of the most inexcusable rudeness. The first time this happened, you should have said pleasantly, “But isn’t his face interesting? His good life shows in every line.” Loyalty, devotion and simple common sense should be used to solve your problem, not divorce.

Claudette Colbert

(Continued on page 104)
Nothing ever like it!
Nothing you ever liked more!

Now

TASK FORCE
sails into your heart!

Gary

COOPER

as "the big guy"—the big performance of his lifetime!

The biggest Warner hits of all are coming to you this fall!

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GARY COOPER

FROM WARNER BROS.

with JANE WYATT · WAYNE MORRIS · WALTER BRENNAN

WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY

DELMER DAVES · JERRY WALD

Original Music by Franz Waxman

Produced by

Delmer Daves · Jerry Wald

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Abandoned—U—J: Mark Siko, Dennis O'Keefe; Pauline Considine, Gale Storm; Chief McRae, Jeff Chandler; Dottie Jean, Meg Randall; Kerrie, Raymond Burr; Marie, Raquel Welch; Ross, Jeanette Nolan; Hope, Mike Mazurki; DeCola, Patti供图; Willi Tutugou, Harry, David Clark; Styan, William Panger; Mrs. Holmes, Helen Twelvetrees; James, Don DeForrest; Trevor, Bruce; Dardell, Edie; Lilian; Chilton Young; Mrs. Spece, Ruthw, Earl Heavener; George, Phyllis Palma.

Brimstone—Republic: Johnny Tremain, Rod Cameron; Mally Bauman, Adrian Booth; Pop Courteney, Walter Brennan; Sheriff Henry McIntyre, Forrest Tucker; Perkins; Marshal Walter Greenwald, Jack Holt; Miss Courteney, Jim Davis; Bad Courteney, James Braddock; Risty, Betty Williams; Luke Courteney, Jack Lamb; Martin Treadwell, Will Wright; Todd Bootman, David Williams; Cal; Willis, Harry, Charles T. Hallstedl; Storekeeper, Herbert Rawlinson; Mr. Winston, Stanley Andrews; Chiquita, Charlotte.

Chicago Deadline—Paramount: Ed Adams, Alan Ladd; Rosita, Joan Davis; Curley, William Bendix; Miss Adams, Virginia Field; Miss Davis, Miliza Brovarski; Bendix, William; Ladd, Alan; Davis, Joan; Field, Virginia; Brovarski, Miliza; William; Alan; Joan; Virginia; William;
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LILLY DACHE, noted American designer: “I’ve always said every dress looks better with PLAYTEX; for PLAYTEX slims inches off—and it’s invisible!”
Berlin youngsters crowd around Monty Clift and his new leading lady, Cornell Borchers, while they rehearse their lines for "Two Corridors East," filmed in U. S. Sector of Berlin. American personnel from famed Berlin Airlift are in film.
Here and There: The envy of Hollywood is Clark Gable whose new Ariel Square Four motorcycle just arrived from England. Could it be Clark will ride it down Mexico way to see Paulette Goddard? . . . The instant “Woman of Distinction” was finished, Rosalind Russell took off for Nassau and her co-star, Ray Milland, for his beach house at Balboa where he’ll teach his young daughter to swim. Teaching children and even small babies to swim is Hollywood’s latest endeavor. James Mason’s little Portland was an expert at the back stroke at eight months, long before she could toddle . . . Shedding old romances has made Joan Crawford and Ann Sheridan two of the gayest gals in town, out with a different beau each night and always having fun. Wonder how discarded suitors Greg Bautzer (as of now) and Steve Hannegan feel about it? . . . All of a sudden, and all at once, Paramount stars seemed to scatter everywhere. Alan Ladd to Chicago for “Postal Inspector,” Macdonald Carey to Universal to make “East of Java,” John Lund to La Jolla for “Command Decision” in Greg Peck’s Little Theater (see page 55), Joan Caulfield to Columbia for “The Petty Girl,” Bill Holden and his wife to British Columbia for a vacation, Wanda Hendrix to Universal to star with husband Audie Murphy in “High Sierra,” and Betty Hutton to M-G-M for “Annie Get Your Gun.”

Happy Birthday-Happy Man: David Brian who came to notice in “Flamingo Road” is a happy man. It showed all over him at the birthday party given him by his bride, Adrian Booth, who cooked most of the food for the forty guests.

“We’re living our own lives out here in the Valley,” Adrian said, and looking about at the guests, neighbors and friends, one could believe it. There wasn’t a Hollywood name present.

Every hour, on the hour, throughout the evening, Adrian presented David with a gift—a monogrammed script case, a wallet, a tie-clasp, etc. And as an extra surprise, David presented Adrian with a huge box of copper cooking utensils, the kind she prefers in whipping up those excellent meals for her husband. So, no wonder David Brian looks so happy. Wouldn’t you be, too?

(Continued on page 15)
Going steady and going places are Frank Ross and Joan Caulfield, also at opening performance of Martin and Lewis. Audrey Totter, who once preferred Brian Donlevy, dines at Mocambo with Paul Douglas, who always prefers blondes!

It's a tricky landing for Barbara Hale, with husband Bill Williams on vacation at Lake Mead.
Hollywood Likes: Gordon MacRae, who is never too busy to grant interviews, no matter how hard he’s worked, or how far out of his way it takes him. After the interview, he drops the writer a note of thanks for seeing him. Instead of the usual feeling of doing the writer a favor, Gordon is grateful they thought of him. He sees good in everything, as near-ly as possible. His Christian Science faith stands him in good stead at all times. He doesn’t talk about it. He practises it. Only twenty-nine, he’s already established on the radio and screen, is happily married and the father of three children. Funny thing is, he thinks everyone else is as happy as he is. If they thought like Gordon, they would be, too.

Young Love: True love never runs smooth, they say, but young love in Hollywood, at least, runs a bumpy road, indeed.

Jane Powell announced her coming marriage to Geary Steffen, and looked so happy, no one doubted her love. And Geary looked just as happy. And then, suddenly, excuses were made for delaying the wedding. Geary wasn’t well enough established. Janie was too young. Geary thought it best they wait. And as time passed, some of the happiness went out of Janie’s young face. Then, rumors as to the real reason began floating about. It was the same old thing. Janie’s parents didn’t want her to marry—yet. Although twenty-one, and earning her own money, ’tis rumored their dis-approval has overruled Janie’s heart. For the time being, at least.

Audie Murphy was deeply in debt, had no home and no job. Wanda Hendrix was already on her way to stardom. Wanda’s mother disapproved of the marriage and said so. They married anyway. Audie wrote a book which only helped pay off the debt incurred when the soldier hero bought a home for his family in Texas. He finally got a (Continued on page 16)
Are you really lovely to love?

try the test below

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

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

Test it. Write to FRESH, Chrysler Building, New York, for your free jar.

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 15) job in movies and was all set to wed, when Wanda went to Rome to make “The Black Rose.” They took flight on their honeymoon and both lost weight. They weathered disapproval, but ill luck still dogs. Wanda fell and tore a ligament in her leg and Audie took ill again. It’s far from moonlight and roses with Hollywood’s young lovers.

So, if that’s any comfort to you young people in love out there, you are most welcome.

How They Live: In the town of La Canada, pronounced Ca-naw-da, the Dennis Morgans are active, civic-minded citizens. On the far side of the valley where no picture people live, the Morgans reside in one of the old type California homes, roomy and comfortable and surrounded by pool, orchids and gardens.

Dennis is honorary mayor of the town and Mrs. Morgan active in club work. On Sundays, they drive thirty miles to the Hollywood Presbyterian church where Dennis sings in the choir and travels from suburb to suburb in a church tableau that also boasts Virginia Mayo and her husband, Michael O’Shea, as members. To Dennis, Hollywood, or rather Burbank, is only a place to work and the long drives each morning to the studio are well worth the price of privacy.

Out on the Pacific Palisades, near the Pacific Ocean, Linda Darnell, her husband Pev Marley and daughter Lola live in quiet seclusion, giving no parties and attending few. It’s understood among their friends that on Sundays, their one day together, they prefer no droppers-in.

Every spare moment is spent by Linda and Pev inspecting their new home now being built in West Bel-Air, far from Hollywood. A two-story house of stone and wood, it features a nursery large enough for the babies they plan to adopt.

Not members of the so-called cafe society smart set, they are seldom, if ever, seen in night clubs. They seem happy alone. They hope the town will leave them that way.

Farewell to Bette: She stood before a suspended micro- (Continued on page 26)
Tonight!..Show him how much lovelier
your hair can look...after a Lustre-Creme Shampoo

No other shampoo gives you the same magical secret-blend lather plus kindly LANOLIN...for true hair beauty.

Tonight he can SEE new sheen in your hair, FEEL its caressable softness, THRILL to its glorious natural beauty. Yes, tonight...if you use Lustre-Creme Shampoo today! It's Kay Daumit's exclusive blend of secret ingredients plus gentle lanolin.

This glamorizing shampoo lathers in hardest water. Leaves hair fragrantly clean, shining, free of loose dandruff and so soft, so manageable!

Famous hairdressers use and recommend it for shimmering beauty in all "hair-dos" and permanents. Beauty-wise women made it America's favorite cream shampoo. Try Lustre-Creme! The man in your life—and you—will love the loveliness results in your hair.
New!
Woodbury De Luxe Cold Cream with Penaten... penetrates deeper into pore openings.

cleanses skin cleaner
softens, beautifies

Magic...lovely magic! A wonder cream that cleanses your skin cleaner, brighter as never before! It's the NEW Woodbury DeLuxe Cold Cream...with the miracle cleansing aid, PENATEN. It penetrates... cleanses deeper into pore openings. Seeps down to free hard-to-remove make-up and clinging soil. Your cleansing tissue proves it! And PENATEN carries Woodbury's rich skin softeners deeper...gives a smoother skin! Just one deep smoothing cleansing, one jar of Woodbury DeLuxe Cold Cream shows PENATEN's miracle. Your skin is radiantly alive.

From trial size jars at 20¢ to largest luxury size jars at $1.39. Plus tax.
OPERATION: Murder!

Organized ruthlessness that stops at nothing—branding forever the lives of two beautiful women — both fighting for the love of a man who is desperately trying to escape his own shameful past!

Drama that dares strip people down to their raw emotions!

I MARRIED a Communist

starring

LARAIN DAY • ROBERT RYAN • JOHN AGAR

with THOMAS GOMEZ • JANIS CARTER

Executive Producer SID ROGELL
Produced by JACK J. GROSS • Directed by ROBERT STEVENSON
Screen Play by CHARLES GRAYSON and ROBERT HARDY ANDREWS
(F) That Midnight Kiss (M-G-M)

JOT down the name of Mario Lanza, a lad who is definitely going places. Mario has a million-dollar voice, and there's nothing wrong with his personality, either. He makes his screen bow as Kathryn Grayson's leading man in Metro's big, beautiful Technicolor musical.

As the talented granddaughter of wealthy music-loving Ethel Barrymore, Kathryn looks and sings like an angel.

The story is liberally sprinkled with songs and comedy sequences. As a fat tenor full of Italian temperament, Thomas Gomez demonstrates a gift for comedy; Iturbi performs at the keyboard brilliantly; Miss Barrymore is a dignified dowager. Keenan Wynn, J. Carrol Naish, Jules Munshin and Marjorie Reynolds contribute effective performances.

Your Reviewer Says: Gay song-filled romance.

(A) Chicago Deadline (Paramount)

The role of reckless reporter suits Alan Ladd admirably in this pulse-quickening mystery based on a story by Tiffany Thayer.

A guy with a nose for news, Ladd decides to dig into the background of a young girl found dead in a dingy rooming house. It's the girl's address book, listing a wide assortment of names, which piques Alan's curiosity. His research yields some strangely sinister facts. It also results in a few beatings, threats to his life and some heavy gunplay. Although the trail grows confusing at times, it's exciting from start to finish.

Donna Reed lends great sincerity to her portrait of a girl whose beauty exceeds her luck. A strong supporting cast includes June Havoc, Irene Hervey, Arthur Kennedy and Shepperd Strudwick.

Your Reviewer Says: It keeps you guessing.

(F) Everybody Does It (Twentieth Century-Fox)

This side-splitting comedy provides Paul Douglas—the screen's most natural actor—with his best role.

A diamond-in-the-rough, Paul is wed to would-be concert singer Celeste Holm. Douglas and his understanding father-in-law, Charles Coburn, are well aware that Celeste is more ambitious than talented. Prima donna Linda Darnell suggests a way out for Douglas. To reveal the details would spoil it for you, but we guarantee you'll laugh long and loud.

Celeste is just right as Paul's career-conscious wife; Linda is amusingly wicked; Milland Mitchell, Lucille Watson, John Hoyt and George Tobias share in the fun. It's especially Douglas, however, who rings the bell with his hilarious antics.

Your Reviewer Says: Loaded with laughs.
**(F) Prince of Foxes**
*(Twentieth Century-Fox)*

An eye-filling, sumptuous spectacle has been fashioned from Samuel Shellenbarger's popular novel. As a soldier of fortune, serving the notorious Cesare Borgia, handsome Tyrone Power loves and fights with Latin fervor. Ty is a cunning scoundrel until childlike Wanda Hendrix makes him see the error of his ways. An adorable little girl playing make-believe, Wanda's youthfulness is accentuated by the fact that she is married to elderly Felix Aylmer. Orson Welles vividly portrays Cesare Borgia; Everett Sloane stands out as a thoroughgoing rogue; Katina Paxinou is excellent as Power's mother; Aylmer is as wise as he is kindly. Abounding with romance, it's a breathtaking picture of an age when flowery speech cloaked evil design.

*Your Reviewer Says:* Colorful costume drama.

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**(F) The Gal Who Took the West** *(U-I)*

In the days of the Old West when a man fought, bled, even died for the woman he loved, Yvonne De Carlo amusingly plays a sharp-tongued, level-headed female from the East with a rustle to her bustle. Summoned by doughty old General Charles Coburn to sing in the town's new opera house, Yvonne becomes enmeshed in a deadly feud between his two grandsons, Scott Brady and John Russell. Seems these fabulously wealthy, fighting O'Haras have been itching for the chance to plug each other. Shocked over their strife, Yvonne nevertheless declines Coburn's request to leave. With two such suitors, both loaded with land, cattle and good looks, who can blame her? A snappy script, deftly directed and acted, turns this into highly diverting film fare.

*Your Reviewer Says:* A fun-filled Western.

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**(A) White Heat** *(Warners)*

How tough can a guy get? If you really want to know, go see Jimmy Cagney in this grim gangster yarn. Yes, Cagney is back in one of those bad boy roles that brought him fame and fortune. This time he has a dazzling but deceitful Virginia Mayo as his wife, and Treasury agent Edmond O'Brien as his pursuer.

Cagney and his henchman, Steve Cochran, have just staged a daring mail car robbery, killing several men in the process. Devising the scheme of pleading guilty to a hotel stick-up far removed from the scene of the crime, Cagney draws a comparatively light prison sentence. O'Brien arranges to become the cellmate of this cold-blooded killer, whose one spark of human feeling is for his mother, Margaret Wycherly. The story is an involved one, cramming with vicious characters.

*Your Reviewer Says:* Cagney goes gun crazy.

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**Stage**

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 10
For Best Pictures of the Month
and Best Performances See Page 24
For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 6
**Date tonight?**

**✓ (A) Thieves’ Highway**  
(Twentieth Century-Fox)

**HERE’S** a robust, hard-hitting movie about trucking and the produce business. Heading a topnotch cast, Richard Conte adds another pungent performance to his growing list. When Conte sets out to avenge an “accident” to his trucker-father, Morris Carnovsky, he is really pushed around but he doesn’t take it lying down. Italian actress Valentina Cortese is very colorful as a shifty lady who first tricks Richard into trouble, then, woman-like, tries to rescue him. Barbara Lawrence has the unsympathetic part of Conte’s sweetheart; Lee J. Cobb is splendid as an unscrupulous brute; Millard Mitchell rates applause as Richard’s tough trucking partner. See this by all means, but leave Junior at home.

Your Reviewer Says: A truckload of thrills.

**✓ (C) The Doctor and the Girl**  
(M-G-M)

**O’LENN FORD** is the doctor and Janet Leigh is the girl in one of the season’s most moving dramas.

As the son of surgeon Charles Coburn, Ford’s future looks bright. But his father disapproves of his marrying a little nobody, just as he frowns on a career for his headstrong daughter, Gloria De Haven. It’s a tug of war between Coburn and his children. Torn between conflicting loyalties, Glenn is a sorely troubled man. Janet is physically frail but morally strong, Gloria too reckless for her own good.

All three are featured in Her performances, receiving substantial support from Coburn, Basil Ruysdael, Bruce Bennett, Warner Anderson and Nancy Davis.

Your Reviewer Says: Plenty of heart appeal.

**✓ (F) Sword in the Desert**  
(U-I)

**THE Palestine underground of 1947, when British troops occupied the Holy Land, is dramatically depicted in this controversial fact-fiction story. It’s primarily an action picture rather than a significant social document.**

The part of an American skipper, indifferent to the problems of the refugees but willing enough to smuggle them into the country for cold cash, Dana Andrews scores. And, unlike Vedette Toren, attractive in dungarees, earnestly portrays a Jewish girl whose nightly radio broadcasts are a thorn in the side of the British. Stephen McNally smashes the strongest role—that of a courageous Jewish fighter to whom no risk is too great. Jeff Chandler capably portrays the respected leader of the secret resistance force.

Effective in lesser roles are Liam Redmond, Philip Friend, Hugh French and Lowell Gilmore.

Your Reviewer Says: It has a sharp edge.

**✓ (F) Christopher Columbus**  
(Gainsborough-U-I)

**EVERY school book knows what happened in 1492. Today, through the miracle of motion pictures, the story of Christopher Columbus leaps to life.**

American players Fredric March and Flora Eldridge head a London cast. March, whose blond locks are none too becoming, effectively portrays Columbus and Eldridge is graciously regal as Queen Isabella. Columbus, as depicted here, is no starry-eyed young sailor, but a weary middle-aged man engaged in the heart-breaking struggle of enlisting financial backing for his great voyage.

All told, this is a richly rewarding drama of impressive magnitude.

Your Reviewer Says: History on a grand scale.

**✓ (F) Abandoned**  
(U-I)

**TAKEN from a real-life case, this deal with the black market babies racket. Denverstroyer a live wire reporter who stumbles onto a startling story when he meets pretty Gale Storn. Seems Gale’s sister has disappeared, after writing of the birth of a baby. Suspect in foul play, Gale forces her former-father O’Keefe. Persistent probing reveals the existence of an illegal syndicate headed by Marjorie Rambeau. Ray Milland Bum is mixed up in all this too, as a mobster who outsprints himself. Jeff Chandler makes a satisfactory dis trict attorney and Meg Randall is syn pathetic as an unwed mother. What it adds up to is a brisk, generally interesting movie meller.**

Your Reviewer Says: Good underworld yarn.

**✓ (F) Father Was a Fullback**  
(Twentieth Century-Fox)

**HERE’S** an innocuous domestic comedy which Fred MacMurray is as a college football coach in danger of losing his job. Maureen O’Hara is Fred’s loving wife but Betty Lynn and Natalie Wood are their hard-to-live-with youngsters. Betty is growing pains, has the family in the doldrums. Natalie enjoys being misunderstood but once young Richard Tyler comes along she stages a speedily romantic c cious kid sister Natalie is given he share of wisecracks. Thelma Ritter click as an outspoken maid. Rudy Vallee draws the routine role of a stuffed shirt. One and all are pitchin, but the odds are pretty much against them.

Your Reviewer Says: Minor-league comedy.

**✓ (F) Slattery’s Hurricane**  
(Twentieth Century-Fox)

**IF you think Richard Widmark has hedged his ways, take another look here, he’s a heel again—and a ver convincin one—seesawing in between gorgeous Linda Darnell and wistful Veronica Lake. Linda is wed to Widmark’s warthrupt. But when John Ruthven broker is found happy about it until Dick pops up to complicate matters. Poor Veronica eat her heart out, watching Widmark make play for his friend’s wife. Along will Dick, Vedette works for a Miami millionnaire, presumably in the candy business, but actually peddling dope. It takes a slashing hurricane to blow some sense into Widmark.

The U.S. Navy’s Aerological Service cooperated on the technical end, adding considerable realism to a sally affair.

Your Reviewer Says: Stormy weather.

**✓ (F) The Girl in the Painting**  
(Prestige-U-I)

**HUMAN interest abounds in this British film with a displaced persons camp for its background. Mai (pronounced My) Zetterling touchingly plays a wide-eyed waif who invites your deepest sympathy. Arne Mattson is a London art gallery which intrigues Major Guy Rolfe (“Broken Journey”) on leave from Germany. When an elderly Austrian refugee also visiting the galaxy, declares Mai to be his long-lost daughter, Rolfe embarks upon a search to find her. The first step is to (Continued on page 24)
NEW MUSIC!  NEW MAGIC!  NEW TIMES... OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST ENTERTAINER!

JOLSON SINGS AGAIN

A SIDNEY BUCHMAN PRODUCTION

starring LARRY PARKS and BARBARA HALE

with William Demarest, Donath, Goodwin, McCormick, Shayne

Directed by Henry Levin  Written and Produced by Sidney Buchman - A COLUMBIA PICTURE

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR
(Continued from page 22) interview the artist who painted the picture. He is Robert Beatty, a dying man, drowning his sorrows in drink. The clues Beatty gives Rolfe are all too meagre, but that doesn't discourage the gallant major.

Your Reviewer Says: A distinctive British drama.

✓ (F) Brimstone (Republic)  
IT'S hide-and-seek on the range with smoking six-shooters blazing away like mad. Walter Brennan, the old rascal, steals this movie from Rod Cameron. A cattleman turned bandit, Brennan and his sons, Jim Davis and Jack Lambert, terrorize the countryside. In defiance of his father's wishes, the youngest son, James Brown, is in love with Adrian Booth. Cameron enters the picture when he gets sheriff Forrest Tucker to appoint him deputy.

Your Reviewer Says: Crime on the prairie.

(F) South of Rio (Republic)  
BROTHER is against brother in this two-fisted hoops western.
Monte Hale capably plays a Ranger while Douglas Kennedy is his outlaw brother, working for badman Roy Barcroft. Barcroft and his gang have been stirring up a mess of trouble in Rio Blanco, culminating in the murder of the town's newspaper publisher. Hale teams up with reporter Paul Hurst to break up the gang.

Your Reviewer Says: Rough-and-tumble Western.

✓ (F) Song of Surrender (Paramount)  
THIS turn-of-the-century tale has a December-May marriage for its theme. As the slim-'n'-prim young wife of scholarly, stern Claude Rains, Wanda Hendrix is very winsome. Politician MacDonald Carey thinks so, but then he's fed up with the sophisticates in his set, including his fiancée, Andrea King. Wanda and Mac are brought together by a phonograph (regarded as the devil's instrument by the townsfolk), and as they listen to the voice of Caruso, they fall in love.

Your Reviewer Says: Cinderella in New England.

Best Pictures of the Month  
Christopher Columbus  
Everybody Does It  
The Gal Who Took the West  
Prince of Foxes  
That Midnight Kiss  
Thieves' Highway

Best Performances of the Month  
Alan Ladd, Donna Reed in "Chicago Deadline"  
Glenn Ford, Janet Leigh in "The Doctor and the Girl"  
Paul Douglas, Linda Darnell, Celeste Holm in "Everybody Does It"  
Yvonne DeCarlo, Charles Coburn in "The Gal Who Took the West"  
Mai Zetterling in "The Girl in the Painting"  
Richard Widmark in "Slattery's Hurricane"  
Mario Lanza in "That Midnight Kiss"  
Richard Conte, Lee J. Cobb in "Thieves' Highway"
She'd Love To Say "YES"
To a Man With a
MILLION!

It's lighthearted, carefree, gay... in a riotous sort of way... when a lovely husband hunter, with matrimoney on her mind, discovers that her heart's not an adding machine!

CREST PRODUCTIONS, INC. presents
CLAUDETTE COLBERT • ROBERT YOUNG • GEORGE BRENT
in
BRIDE FOR SALE

with MAX BAER • GUS SCHILLING • CHARLES ARNT
Produced by JACK H. SKIRBALL • Directed by WILLIAM D. RUSSELL
Screen Play by BRUCE MANNING and ISLAM JUSTER
Inside Stuff

(Continued from page 16) phone dubbing in lines to match scenes on the screen for "Beyond the Forest." It was Bette Davis's last day on the Warner lot as a contract star.

As the last line was recorded, a certain director and executive stepped up to say goodbye. They had had their differences with Bette and neither felt too warm nor friendly.

"We'll miss you on the lot," they said, rather ambiguously.

"I'll be making many more pictures for Warner Brothers," Bette replied. "Mr. Warner and I are friends."

Their faces fell just a little. And then Bette was gone.

And that, after eighteen years of distinguished service that reaped untold millions for her studio, was her farewell. There was no party, no luncheon, no expression of gratitude, no gathering in her bungalow. It could have been the most insignificant bit player on her way out, instead of Hollywood's number one actress.

No wonder Bette once advised Jane Bryan, a coming star, to give up a career for love before it became too important to her. She knew what she was talking about.

Eligible Bachelor: He's dark, handsome and Hollywood's most eligible bachelor. His name is Farley Granger and his heart belongs to no one, in particular.

He lives alone in Hollywood, in a spacious apartment consisting of living room, bedroom, dinette, bath, kitchen and a private sun deck. He furnished it himself in simple modern style. He makes his own coffee in the morning and occasionally his dinner. A maid comes in to clean, once a week.

Records, books and autographed pictures of friends are all over. He has both phonograph and radio but no television set. He prefers good food in good restaurants to night clubs.

Once a week, or oftener, when he isn't working, he drives out to the Valley to see his parents. His mother knits all his socks, forty-five pairs to date, and always has ready a package of homemade jam or pickles for Parley to take home.

He's Hollywood's star of tomorrow with "Roseanna McCoy," "They Live by Night," and (Continued on page 28).

What's new in Feminine Hygiene?

New improved NORFORMS make feminine hygiene easier

Never before has an antiseptic and deodorant preparation for inner cleanliness been so pleasant and easy to use.

The New NORFORMS are small, dainty suppositories that form an antiseptic and protective film. Powerful, yet non-irritating new agents destroy germ life and eliminate (not mask) objectionable odors for hours.

Nothing to mix or measure—no worry about too much or too little. The New NORFORMS are safe to use on delicate tissues. They melt at internal body temperature without greasiness or odor.

The new formula and a new method of packing—individually sealed in foil—prevents spoilage—makes the New NORFORMS usable in any climate.

Get new, improved NORFORMS and discover how simple feminine hygiene can be. At all drug stores.


NORFORMS are simply wonderful.
Gargle **Listerine Antiseptic**—Quick!—When you reach home

Prompt germ killing action can head off trouble or lessen its severity.

When you sit through one of those cold, late-season football games, you may be letting yourself in for a nasty sore throat, a troublesome cold—or worse.

You see, excitement, fatigue, icy temperatures and cold feet may often lower body resistance so that threatening germs called the "secondary invaders" can stage a mass invasion of the tissue. They can set up an infection, or aggravate one that is already started.

**Nature Can Use Help**

Then, if ever, Nature can use a helping hand to go after such threatening germs . . . to help prevent such a mass invasion . . . to head off a cold before it gets started. That is why, when you get home, it is wise to gargle with full-strength Listerine Antiseptic repeatedly.

**Attacks "Secondary Invaders"**

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs, including the "secondary invaders" that many doctors hold responsible for so much of a cold's misery.

**Actual tests have shown that the Listerine Antiseptic gargle reduced germs on mouth and throat surfaces as much as 96.7% fifteen minutes after gargling, and up to 80% one hour after.**

**Always at the First Sniffle**

Whenever you have sniffles, your throat is raw, or you feel chilly or under par, start the Listerine Antiseptic gargle. You may thus spare yourself a nasty siege of a cold or sore throat due to a cold.

**LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY**
**St. Louis, Missouri**

**Germs Reduced up to 96.7% in Tests**

Fifteen minutes after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle, tests showed bacterial reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7%, and up to 80% one hour after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

**WOMEN TELL US** That they make Listerine Antiseptic and massage a regular part of hair-washing as a precaution against INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF
How wonderful for YOU!
Stopette Deodorant sprays away underarm odor

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 26) "Side Street." Intense on screen, relaxed off, he's Hollywood's biggest catch. But, just how you could catch him, we wouldn't know.

Incidentally, he gets his mail at Samuel Goldwyn's Studio in Hollywood.

The Bogarts: "He's wonderful, wonderful, wonderful," Lauren Bacall told us on "The Young Man with a Horn" set, and, of course, she meant her young son Stephen. Humphrey Bogart, a visitor on her wife's set, passed by at this moment and Lauren's eyes echoed her words, "he's wonderful, wonderful, wonderful."

A happy woman, Lauren Bacall, and looking it. Even the black and blue marks sustained when Kirk Douglas threw her around for a scene, seemed to her good omens of a bright new career ahead.

"Kirk's on a spot," she told us, as we stood behind the camera watching the scene. "After such a hit in 'Champion,' critics will be watching his every move. I know how he feels. I went through it myself."

From where we stood, he played the scene perfectly. Something tells us Douglas needn't worry. And the way the entire crew applauded Lauren's scene, we'd say she has no worries, either.

Round-up: "Business," say Ginger Rogers and Greg Bautzer at their numerous dates. If mere business can bring that kind of glow to Ginger's face, the gal should make a career of it. Meanwhile, her estranged husband, not so glowy, is being Am Miller about and planning to take up the threads of his acting career that were severed when he married Ginger. . . The Kellys (Gene, Betsy and daughter Kerry) celebrating Betsy's return from Europe with dinner at Romanoff's. Her acting job with Orson Welles didn't turn out. But whose does? . . . No one seems to know the reason for the cooling off of that warm friendship between Frank Sinatra and Gene Kelly. It's been hinted Frankie prefers Gene as a co-star rather than his director. . . . Homesick for Hollywood and movies, say returning travelers from Europe of Rita Hayworth. She'll return after the birth of her baby. . . Judy Garland, with her added poundage (Continued on page 101)

Have You Heard?

Some men are better heard than seen but as the French say, there's an exception to every rule, and Don McNeill happens to be my favorite exception. Perhaps you'll say I can't go wrong when a man is 6', dark and handsome. But, Don McNeill, the man who makes the Breakfast Club radio program my dish every morning at 9 AM, is an odd-pated adonis but a genuinely nice guy as I've found out from personal experience. For sixteen sensationally successful years he has worked on the theory that one man's corn is another man's candy, and his round-up of fun and foolishness (applauded by Swift, Philco and General Mills) turns me into a modern Minnie-Ha-Ha five times a week. But as far as I am concerned, variety probably accounts for the 250,000 fan letters he gets a year and to put it mildly the Breakfast Club is vivid with variety. There's spontaneous comic combination, sentiment, nostalgia and a time for prayer and hymns, many of which McNeill writes himself. To use an old vaudeville billing, the Breakfast Club is 60 beautiful minutes 60, generated by the gentleman who's made America realize coffee and comedy go well together — Don McNeill. Just a reminder — Don and the gang get together over ABC every morning at 9 o'clock EST.

* * *

Unless my eyes and ears deceive me where there's a grouch there's a bride but — what's even more intriguing — there's often a tale of a romance that's riotous enough to pin your ears back. Since marriage is a public affair every day on "Bride and Groom" at 2:30 PM EST I've heard some startling stories of "how they met." Think the story that should win a place in the Hall of Fame is the one about the shortstop who missed a fly ball that soared through the air with the greatest of wizz and hit the future Mrs. Shortstop on the heart! It's just such miraculous meetings and a delightful aura of hope, happiness and humor that make "Bride and Groom" the sterling (Sterling Drug that is) marital marvel that it is! Remember you can join the fun at 2:30 PM EST every weekday by tuning in your local American Broadcasting Company station.

* * *

Other Tips on ABC Daytime Dialing

Betty Crocker 10:25 AM EST Helpful hints to your menu's heart.

My True Story 10:00 AM EST The true vivid drama of life itself.

Victor H. Lindlahr 10:45 AM EST Diet tips from a food expert.

Socially speaking: The Tony Martins and Van Johnson at the Henie party

JANUARY 24, 1948
"You bet the Ayds Way figures for me," says Maureen O'Sullivan, motion picture star and wife of famous director John Farrow. "Every woman wants to keep her figure looking lovely. I know that Ayds will help me lose weight the way Nature intended me to. I look better and feel better while I'm taking Ayds."

"It Figures"
says
Maureen O'Sullivan

How to Lose Weight and Look Lovelier

Now! Reduce—and look lovelier while you are doing it! Lose weight the way Nature intended you to! A quick, natural way with no risk to health. If you follow the Ayds Plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—and have a lovelier figure!

This is because the Ayds way to reduce is a natural way. When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat what you want...all you want. Ayds contains no harmful drugs. It calls for no strenuous diet...no massage...no exercise.

Ayds is a specially made candy containing health giving vitamins and minerals. It acts by reducing your desire for those extra fattening calories...works almost like magic. Easily and naturally you should begin to look slimmer, more beautiful day by day, when you follow the Ayds Plan.

Women all over America now have lovelier figures with the help of Ayds. Clinical tests conducted by eminent physicians on over 100 persons proved quick, safe weight losses averaging 14 to 15 pounds.

Users report losses up to 10 pounds with the very first box. In fact, you lose weight with the first box or your money back. Get Ayds from your druggist or department store, today!

The Loveliest Women in the World take AYDS
There's a new girl on Thieves' Highway...

VALENTINA CORTESA
— wait 'til you meet her!...
Photoplay’s invitation to “Choose Your Star” resulted in an avalanche of votes as surprising as the personalities you prefer to.

I T'S John Derek by a landslide! He was your enthusiastic choice for stardom out of a list of forty-five male candidates in the “Choose Your Star” contest in August Photoplay. This, in spite of the fact that, except for bit parts in “Since You Went Away” and “I'll Be Seeing You” (made before John went into service), he has been seen in only one picture, “Knock on Any Door.”

But from the day the votes started pouring in (and pouring in is an understatement, since the ballots received this year nearly tripled the huge amount sent in for the 1948 competition), John had more than four times as many points as Johnny Sands, the nearest contender. Sands, however, held fast to the number two spot from the first count.

In a less spectacular way, Allene Roberts, Derek's appealing young wife in “Knock on Any Door,” established and kept an undisputed first place among the women, with nearly twice as many points as runner-up Cyd Charisse. Cyd, too, never waivered from second place. It is interesting to note that two-thirds of Allene's points came in on the same ballots as Derek's, proving that here is a team you want to see reunited.

Barbara Lawrence held a convincing lead as third choice among the girls, but the male competition for “show” was an exciting race. For, from the moment “Look for the Silver Lining” was released, Gordon MacRae—a popular radio star whose only other screen appearance in “The Big Punch” did little for him—began pushing up from seventh, and on the very last day of the contest stole third place from Douglas Dick, by a close margin of twenty points.

Photoplay writers have been assigned to stories on the “Choose Your Star” winners and runners-up and staff photographers are arranging to photograph them in color and in black-and-white. In the December Photoplay there will be full-page color portraits and stories on both Allene and John.

And at the studios—where your opinion counts the most—there should be big plans brewing for the girls and boys you are turning into stars.
For Jennifer Jones and David O. Selznick, marriage waited—until that moment when they could face each other without fear of the future.
O BE with some people is a happy experience. Even after you leave them, cynicism dulled, you go on believing in the constancy of love, in artistic integrity, in idealism—all the good and shining things. That's the way it is when you're with the David O. Selznicks these days.

For now, Jennifer and David are married, at last—in spite of all the predictions to the contrary, and the doubts and fears they, themselves, sometimes must have harbored.

Not even the Hollywood gossip mill denied the strong attachment there has, for so long, been between them. But marriage is something else again and Jennifer and David waited, I think, until they were sure they could make it work—against the odds of David's restlessness, ego and tempestuousness; Jennifer's intense sensitivity and emotionalism and the seventeen years' difference in their ages.

As David (Continued on page 80)
Judy’s singing again

BY CARLETON ALSOP

She’s over the rainbow,

facing a bright new future—

but only the friend who was

with her knows the story of the
weeks that changed her life

LET’S start with a few days before last May 26th. Rumors were sweeping Hollywood like a tropical hurricane. Gossip in homes of the great and humble, gossip in newspapers, gossip over the radio. All the people in the “know”—and all who wanted to be—were saying that Judy Garland’s health was broken, Judy’s voice was gone, Judy’s career was finished.

Gossip unchecked is constantly fed by jealous and malicious minds. As Al Smith used to say, “Let’s look at the record. Let’s examine the facts. Let’s get at the truth.”

Judy had been replaced in “The Barkleys of Broadway” by Ginger Rogers. Why? Because she was ill on the starting date of that picture. The studio had a heavy investment and many commitments which could not be put aside, and so, purely for financial reasons, the movie that was written for Judy and Fred Astaire had to go on, with or without Judy. As we all know, it went on without her.

No artist is happy at being replaced, and Judy, like any normal human being, resented it. Mr. Louis B. Mayer, boss of M-G-M, came to see her and gave her another viewpoint.

“No picture is so important that it should be allowed to destroy your health,” Mr. Mayer told her. “Spend this time in getting well. There are many pictures for you to do.” Judy tried, (Continued on page 112)
THE London evening was chilly. Tyrone and I, having finished packing for our return to California, were sitting on the floor, propped up against the couch, watching the logs blaze in the fireplace. And I kept thinking how surprising and wonderful it was that, even though Tyrone and I have been married only a few months, I am so completely accustomed to my life with him.

It's because of our mutual experiences during these past few months, I think. They have brought us closer together than we might have become in years of a more average existence. Take last April—that night when my plane, ready for the landing, swept low over Casablanca. Below I could see the rooftops of the ancient Moroccan city bathed in moonlight and above the sky was filled with millions of stars. And next to me—an empty seat. For the first time since our marriage, Tyrone and I had been separated.

I could still see him in Rome, saying goodbye (Continued on page 93)
It was the same world she had always known—but somehow it was different. Perhaps it was because she was seeing it for the first time—as Mrs. Tyrone Power

Soon they'll be sharing another interest

In French Morocco, where Ty's picture, "The Black Rose," was filmed, Linda learned a lot about desert housekeeping when Ty flew to Morocco ahead of Linda.
Rhonda Fleming, when she entertains at home, wears these hostess pajamas of her own design. One-piece, they have gold sequins embroidered at top.

Linda Darnell appreciates the subtle compliment of blue mink against her dark coloring. This cape-stole from Teitelbaum, with extra wide skins, is her favorite dress-up fur.

For dinner at home, June Allyson chooses this hostess gown of eyelet embroidered organdy, over a pale blue taffeta slip. It's Dick Powell's favorite.

Liz Taylor adores her pink flannel coat by Marcelle des Viges, worn over black tulle — so sophisticated.

Rose satin for an entrance . . . soft wool for travel . . . pink lace for dancing . . . creating a magic mood that makes them star favorites.

Now comes the party season; intimate dinners at homes and grand soirées at hotels and cafes. The ladies are bedecked in the most exciting furs and dresses, suits and wraps we've seen in many a day. A funny thing; no matter how lavish their wardrobes, the stars we've noticed, will wear one costume more often than any other. Feel dreamiest in it, no doubt. And this month Ann MacNamara has photographed the gals in their favorite clothes. Gaze while your eyes turn green.

The first big dressy soiree of the month was the huge party given by the Twentieth Century-Fox executive Lew Schreiber and his wife. And was that cute Anne Baxter taking the deserved bows! She was not only "the belle of the ball," but the belle.
Jeanne Crain plays up her chestnut hair with a dress of palest pink lace from Bullock's Wilshire. Waistband is tight, of matching pink satin. Jean's capelet is pastel mink.

Cherished choice of Anne Baxter is her slipper satin evening coat by Genia, with dolman sleeves, high Tudor collar. John Hodiak designed muff.

By EDITH GWYNN
with fashion first pictures
By ANN MAC NAMARA
For evenings at home, Ann Miller prefers her Traina Norell housecoat in gold and white brocade, its huge collar a lovely frame for her face of Hollywood, with everyone raving over her recent performance with Dan Dailey in “You’re My Everything,” especially the hilarious sequence where she does a “Clara Bow” and imitates the typical flapper of yesteryear. A scream! The party was at Romanoff’s and there was much late dining and dancing until the wee hours. The Baxter gal was photographed over and over again, dancing with Dan, dancing with Cesar Romero, Zachary Scott, Dana Andrews—and just about every male around except her own John Hodiak, who was away in Arizona on location.

Too bad he wasn’t there to watch that dreamy dress Anne was wearing, under her sensational rosesatin wrap. It went swoosh almost to the walls when she twirled. Howard Shoup designed it. It was a low-cut, off-the-shoulder bouffante gown of white marquisette, the skirt being about thirty yards in circumference around the bottom! It was tight-bodiced, and across the neckline and around the arms (also all around the bottom of the skirt), were rather large, starched pleated “wheels” of the white marquisette, which gave a winged effect from every angle. Around Anne’s waist was a cherry red, rather narrow sash of velvet, tied in a bow with streamers down the back.

Gene Tierney, in a gray lace and white crepe combination, was with Otto Preminger, but almost on her way to meet Oleg Cassini in Manhattan for their trip to Europe.

Arlene Dahl, wearing her divine ermine stole, came with Phil Reed to the Connie Moore Maschio party for Milton (Continued on page 91)
Suited to Gloria De Haven's taste is fall design by Harry Cooper. The jacket is of thin beige wool, buttoned up the front, with huge patch pockets trimmed with leopard fur. Skirt is plain black wool.

Arlene Dahl prefers stoles as a fur, wears her white ermine by Willard George from Rex in many different ways.

When Tony Martin, husband of Cyd Charisse, orders a suit, his tailor makes her one, too. This has tubular skirt.
With Sue at a picnic. He'll give you the shirt off his back—or another one just like it! Alan will be seen in "Chicago Deadline".

Fink and Smith
He could open tomorrow at Minsky's—
she says. And that's only the begin-
ning—of what life is like around Ladd

I call him

the katzenjammer kid

by Betty Hutton

Star of "Red, Hot and Blue"

The Ladds and the Briskins: When Alan and Ted start planning, Sue and Betty just shake their heads and laugh

It's seven years since I first met Alan Ladd—
over a shampoo. Because his wife, Sue, and I
have the same hairdresser at Paramount. I
liked him right off. He has the same warmth that
comes across the screen, so that when you watch
him shoot somebody, you feel sorrier for him than
for the guy he's just dropped.

Off the screen, too, he's a dead shot. But he
won't shoot at anything that's alive. The only
time he ever contributed to killing an animal
was an accident. He hit a deer that ran into the
road and almost wrecked his car. Because the
poor little thing was wounded he went home
immediately for his gun—and for the hired hand,
Joe, to use it.

He's a man's man. He and my husband, Teddy,
are great friends. When they get together they
talk the biggest business. They settle television,
coming world events—and what's coming some-
day from Mars. They're big oil tycoons, they spin
fabulous tales, they're going to be millionaires.
Sue and I just shake our heads and laugh.

When Alan and I get together we talk shop.
And all the time we talk he keeps pulling on his
right eyebrow. We talk about the pictures we've
done and those we (Continued on page 110)
Bob Hope and Bing Crosby: Both give generously to charity—but it’s those little extras that swing the balance in Bob’s favor.

Shelley Winters: She changed her tune when she read those reviews.

Sheilah, in Thanksgiving mood, beats her drum-stick for some stars—but gives others the bird.

Bette Davis: Letting off steam can be harmless—if it doesn’t happen in a crowded studio.
I'M THANKFUL FOR...

With Thanksgiving Day almost upon us, I've been looking over the Hollywood scene, considering the stars for whom I sing paeans of praise, as well as those who deserve no checks or stars or bells for the performances they give as human beings.

First, I'm very thankful for Joan Crawford. She looks and acts like a big star is supposed to look and act. When she walks into a room, she stops the show. And it isn't only her sensational diamond necklace or set of aquamarines. It is the way she wears her clothes, the way she walks, the way she talks. She does quite a job as a human being, too, and I'm not talking about the four kids she's adopted. It was fine, for instance, the way Joan came to the rescue of former movie star Gertrude Michael, who, when she was in trouble, said, “All I want is a chance.” Joan gave it to her—a part in her picture “Flamingo Road.” And now Miss Michael is working steadily.

On the other hand, I'm not thankful for Greta Garbo. A great actress, yes, but has she ever made an appearance for charity? No.

And I'm definitely not thankful for Shelley Winters. What's the matter with the girl anyway? She jumps to attention in one picture, “A Double Life” with Ronald Colman. Until the reviews, she's all sweet cooperation. Then whammy. She screams on the set all the time. She tells Bruce Humberstone how to (Continued on page 99)
In dramatic headlines the papers told about his downfall. This is the no less dramatic story of his painful progress back to health.

A YEAR ago, Bob Walker was a sick, frightened and desperately unhappy man, apparently bent on his own destruction.

Driven and tortured by a sense of guilt that he didn't understand and by an anger that he refused to admit, he sought escape in drinking, only to find himself in deeper trouble. He was off the deep end, doomed, it seemed, to the living death of an alcoholic; as he himself says, "really off my rocker."

That Bob today is healthy and happy, ready to face the realities, both good and bad, of his life is a modern miracle. And the story of Bob's experiences is a story of hope for driven, unhappy, failing people everywhere.

Bob's deliverance came about through the newest, and undoubtedly most misunderstood, of the healing arts, psychiatry. For he spent six-and-a-half months as a patient at the famous Menninger Clinic in Topeka, Kansas. And during the last four of those months, he underwent deep level psychoanalysis.

His treatment laid bare the roots of his illness, the forgotten fears and hurts and angers of his earliest childhood.

It would be im- (Continued on page 70)
Back on the lot for "Please Believe Me"
with sons Robert Jr. left (at the age where he likes to mug), and Michael
At a Forsyte party, Janet Leigh introduces the man she loves, Bob Young, to Errol Flynn's wife, Greer Garson. Bob's infatuation for Greer is obvious.

Greer was not in love with Errol, had married him only because of his insistence and fears of the future planted by her landlady, Evelyn Beresford.

At the gallery where Errol, an avid art collector, goes to buy a painting, Greer meets Walter Pidgeon, another Forsyte who becomes important to her.

In a film as lavish as the elegant Eighties, M-G-M presents—in Technicolor—John Galsworthy's classic story of a great English family.
with jealousy, accuses Greer of encouraging Bob Young. For the first time what she believes about her, sees unhappiness Greer suffers as Errol’s wife

that Forsyte Woman

In this movie, Greer Garson plays one of the most emotional characters that ever lived between book covers. To those who feel it a pity that the original title, “The Forsyte Saga,” was changed, we pass along the word that this was done in an effort to throw importance to Greer who, as Irene, is the storm center of the film. You’ll see a different Errol Flynn as Soames, her husband. And the entire production has a splendor we haven’t seen since the war.
Mr. soft

BY MIKE MESHIKOW

Cats, kids and birdseed weren’t in the lease but he got these and more when he tossed in his lot—and his laundry—with Howard Duff

HOWARD DUFF is a subject to whom I’ve been very close for the past eight years. “Close,” regarding my relationship to Mr. Duff, is something of an inadequate word. I have been allied with him respectively as (a) service buddy; (b) wailing wall (and this functions in reverse); (c) best friend (and for me, it couldn’t happen to a luckier guy); (d) agent; (e) business manager; and (f) (for the past three years) housemate.

The guy with whom I share a laundry bag, split my utilities bills, divide liquor chits, and share roof and board has little in common with the rugged and noble cin-e-mah star, the fast talking Sam Spade (plug) of Sunday night radio, or the “lover boy” of the Hollywood columnists.

He’s a fairly average, nice guy, with a better than average mind (though he doesn’t beat you over the head with it), and the staying power of a six-day bike racer. He has appetites that should have been heard about by Jack-and-the-Beanstalk’s giant! Prodigious! Whatever he concentrates on—for the moment, that’s it! Whether it’s food, liquor, exercise (oh, my aching back!), reading, conversation, women—or even work!

The first day our paths (to cliché an old twist) crossed, was in March 1941. This date is not unforgettable simply because it was our first meeting. It was also the day I received my well-known “Greetings” from Uncle Sam. This was eight months before the war broke out (Continued on page 78)
touch

Rugged realist: Howard Duff of "Fugitive from Terror"
Rehearsing for the big moment when they face a "live" audience: John Hoyt, Gregory Peck, John Hubbard, Fred Clark, Jean Parker, Tom Powers, Benay Venuta and Florence Bates in "Light up the Sky," one of hit shows of the La Jolla season

hollywood STRAW HAT

Mel Ferrer, Jane Wyatt and Hurd Hatfield read their lines for "The Importance of Being Earnest," with Greg as an interested audience

Scenic artist Mary Lou Carroll doesn't mind Greg's ad libs—he, too, once painted scenery
No box office blues here—customers flock to every performance.

All set for the opening performance: Ollie Carey (widow of Harry Carey), Greta Peck and Dorothy McGuire. Plays are given in the auditorium of La Jolla High School.

John Lund’s turn came later—as the lead in “Command Decision”

Joan Caulfield, who came with the Lunds, goes backstage to congratulate Benay Venuta.

The Pecks read the reviews next morning—critics were enthusiastic.

The play’s the thing at La Jolla where stage-struck stars give their all for little or nothing.

The La Jolla Theater was born back in April, 1947. Jennifer Jones, Joseph Cotten, Gregory Peck, Dorothy McGuire and Mel Ferrer, meeting in a New York hotel, decided Hollywood, too, should have its straw hat theater for summer stock shows. David O. Selznick lent financial support. And top-notch actors, eager to return to the stage, jumped at the chance to work at La Jolla for a minimum salary. So this theater was able to present current plays with such casts as Broadway producers dream about. Now, after three successful seasons, there are plans to build a two-million-dollar theater in Beverly Hills to house winter activities.

It was a great day for Hollywood when the stars decided to go straw hat.
**PHOTOPLAY**

**Roundup**

By Herb Howe

The sheriff was about to foreclose on the old swimming pool. But Hollywood returned to the saddle and found gold in the box office tills
Hopalong Cassidy Bill Boyd, who once pursued women, is now chasing bandits with happier results.

Tim Holt, raised on the Hollywood range, is the strongest contender for top Western honors.

Gene Autry has parlayed a horse and guitar into enterprises that net him a million dollars a year.

Rod Cameron sometimes strays into Technicolor dramas, but he's happier in the wide open spaces.

John Wayne films revived Western trend. But now "the Duke" lets the others do all the singing.

Dick Foran switched from light opera to horse opera and has become one of the best in the field.
Because they were active, not talkative, Westerns were winners from the start. The first was made forty-one years ago in three days and ran twenty-two minutes. It was silent and fast.

The first great cowpoke was a boy from New York’s East Side named Broncho Billy Anderson. The pushcart came before the horse with Billy, but he really rode ‘em.

Westerns were the greatest profit-takers until sound threw them in 1929. They didn’t know how to co-ordinate sound with action. If they turned up the mike for dialogue, a gun shot blew it. But it wasn’t long before they caught on to the trick of dubbing.

John Wayne was the first singing cowboy.

“The first singing cowboy who couldn’t sing,” the Duke corrects.

His ditties were dubbed in by Bill Bradbury, who quit dubbing for doctoring, became eminent in Holly-

Cowboy life began at forty-five for Gabby Hayes, who was down to his last dime

After appearing with Mae West, Johnny Mack Brown was glad to settle for the safety of cactus and Cherokee

A childhood accident caused the gravel voice that put Andy Devine among the top ten cowpoke favorites
William Elliott, who got nowhere as a playboy in a tux, clinched his career playing *Wild Bill Hickok* wood and delivered Shirley Temple's baby.

Following the surge of "Red River," every star in Hollywood has been yearning to do Westerns. Not a few have made it. Even Betty Grable, though terrified of guns, managed to close her eyes and squeeze the smoking pole for "The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend." She says she missed the song-and-dance routines and the beautiful goop of her musical shows. That's not half the public missed. When Betty puts on chaps, she cheats the customers.

The trend got some good spoofing satire from Bob Hope in "Paleface." He was admirably assisted by Jane Russell—the most outstanding frontier girl—men's favorite whistle stop.

The climax was reached when the classic Hollywood Bowl replaced symphonies under the stars with square dancin' and hog callin'.

There (Continued on page 95)

Charles Starrett, who inherited millions and has a B.S. degree, would rather be known as *The Durango Kid*

Smiley Burnette plays fifty-two instruments, lends comic relief when going gets rough
The sunniest girl in town!
Janet Leigh of "The Doctor and the Girl"
Fink and Smith

A drugstore hair brush,
a speck of oil and some
bright ideas keep Janet
Leigh looking as if . . .

she's
JANET LEIGH looks as if she were delicate porcelain, but she's one of the most hard-headed practical girls in town. She lives with her folks in a two-bedroom apartment in Beverly Hills. Janet's bedroom is maple, with baby blue curtains and a blue satin spread. She's meticulously neat. Her closets and drawers always are in perfect order. She has no maid. Her mother launders her lingerie.

You find only one picture of Janet in the apartment, a scene from "The Red Danube," in which she is seen as a nun. This hangs on her bedroom wall. The top of her chest-of-drawers is covered with photographs, however, of Arthur Loew, her steady boy friend, and his sister's three children. Other unidentified snapshots (all men) are stuck in the mirror of her dressing table. An amateur painter friend, appalled at the total lack of art in the living room, painted a water color of her milking a cow, for which she gave up half an hour of time to pose for the head; the rest of the painting was (Continued on page 108)
SADIE HAWKINS Day, as everyone who reads Li'l Abner knows, is November 12. Then, unmarried girls—more frankly than usually—pursue bachelor boys. **Sadie Hawkins**’s penalty for capture is marriage. But boys caught at Sadie Hawkins parties are committed only to an after-party date—for which the girl pays the bill!

Betty Lynn, this year, gave a premature Sadie Hawkins party. She couldn’t wait to celebrate her role in “Father Was a Fullback” and, to boot, the completion of the barbecue house she just had built in her large back yard.

Betty called together a “passel” of maidens and eligible young men, inviting each separately and not revealing the names of the other guests to any one of them. There were no regrets. They all came: Kathleen Hughes, Marion Marshall and Joy Lansing in *Daisy Mae* costumes; Johnny Sands, Darryl Hickman, Bill Shirley, (Continued on page 103)
Hijinks

by Kay Mulvey

A party that kept the boys on the run, the girls giggling and the hostess puffing—on her corncob pipe

Who's Schmoo? That was the question that had Kathleen Hughes, Joy Lansing and Marion Marshall in a Dogpatch dither. Only Betty knew the answer

After the games were over—a special hillbilly treat for the hungry guests

Johnny Sands, Bill Shirley, Bob Arthur were left holding the bags—as girls raced to fill them. Winner had her choice of boys as escort for the evening
A day that began with smiles. Marilyn Monroe, Donald Buka, Lon McCallister and Don DeFore at Grand Central Station

A dream on location: Virginia MacAllister and Rusty in front of Photoplay's Dream House

the house that dreams

THE Photoplay Dream House has been built and Virginia MacAllister, the lucky winner, has moved in following a gala, star-studded housewarming.

Early on the morning of the housewarming, a special car attached to the New York Central's crack Empire State Express left New York with a party of very special people to help make the party a success.

Many of them were people you'd know—whether you saw them in Hollywood, your own home town, or in Warrentsburg, New York, the site of the Dream House. They were movie stars Don DeFore, Lon McCallister, Donald Buka and Marilyn Monroe. Others included Photoplay's editor Adele Fletcher; Managing editor Ruby Boyd; Cotton Northrup, executive vice-president of the National Retail Lumber Dealers Association (The nationwide organization (Continued on page 105)

Dirlyte flatware is admired by the two Dons, Marilyn, Virginia

Even Rusty was intrigued by Thor Automagic Clothes Washer Marilyn and Mom showed him Virginia opened her Lane Cedar Chest to give Marilyn, Donald inside look
While Marilyn and Donald look on, Photoplay's Adele Fletcher presents key to Virginia, who's busy looking for Rusty.

built

BY JACKIE NEBEN

Did you ever see stars shine in the daytime? Virginia MacAllister did. It was part of the magic that began when she took a chance on a dream.

Framed—for his autograph, Don DeFore signs on the dotted line for some of Warrensburg's movie fans.

Rusty, Donald try to Don and Marilyn, Kleinert show Nu-Tone Chimes—curtain suggested nifty sarong.

Marilyn and Donald go to work—with Bissell carpet sweeper.

Don, Marilyn and Virginia are dazzled by Norge Refrigerator.

Did you ever see stars shine in the daytime? Virginia MacAllister did. It was part of the magic that began when she took a chance on a dream.
Gail Russell converted a scrap of space into a handy service bar, gave portraits an expensive look with dime-store frames painted lacquer red.

Chinese chintz, prints, help transform bed into daytime lounging spot, with former bedroom table cut down to coffee-table height.
make yourself at home

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

Whether you have “everything in one room” or “room for everything,” you’ll get a new lease on living from these apartment adventures.

NOW that Gail Russell is, at long last, Mrs. Guy Madison, she and Guy are sharing the one-room apartment she decorated as a background for her life as a bachelor girl. And they are not changing anything. That Guy definitely likes Gail’s taste is attested to by the fact that over a year ago, she did his one-room bachelor apartment for him. It was in the same building, a similar single-room unit with bath, dressing room and kitchen attached. The cost—without garage—$115 a month.

I mention that price here, because it crystallizes the problem that is more and more constantly arising in this country. That is, whether or not it is possible to live gracefully in small apartments, particularly where the decoration budget is as limited as the floor space.

I contend that it is and I use the Madisons’ apartment, on which Gail spent only $300, to prove my point. I am also going to tell you about Patricia Neal’s apartment. It is a very nice apartment indeed, and Miss Neal a very nice girl, also, but (Continued on page 97)
Into a sleepy old village,  
So the old legend goes,  
Strode an odd-looking figure  
With a book to his nose.

The news spread like fire,  
Nay, even much faster—  
"Tis Ichabod Crane, the new  
Village schoolmaster!"

His clothes, though quite foppish,  
Were not nearly as swanky  
As the manners displayed by  
This pedagogue Yankee;

Who paid for his board with  
Gallant attentions  
And favored fat lunch pails  
With honorable mentions.

Now in all Sleepy Hollow  
Not one could compare  
With Katrina Van Tassel,  
So buxom and fair.

Her father, a farmer, was  
Rich beyond measure.  
A fact which gave Ichabod  
Very great pleasure.

So he courted Katrina and she,  
Pert coquette,  
Encouraged his ardor, though  
Her fancy was set

On husky Brom Bones, a  
Muscular lad  
Who rightly considered the  
Teacher a cad!

Then came that dark night of  
Katrina's big dance  
When during the feasting Brom  
Bones saw his chance.

The guests were all talking  
Of goblins and ghosts  
And Ichabod's face was much  
Whiter than most!

But no story they told was  
More horrible than  
Brom's hair-raising tale of  
The "Headless Horseman."

Who rode Sleepy Hollow's dark  
Byways at night  
In search of a headpiece to  
Fit him just right!

Poor Ichabod's scalp crept as  
Homeward he rode  
Through the deep forest,  
The specter's abode.

Suddenly he heard it and with  
Horror fled  
From a demon that shrieked  
Though it hadn't a head!

Just when it seemed he would swoon  
From sheer fright,  
His thundering steed, as if aware  
Of his plight

Plunged headlong across the old  
bridge  
Which they said  
Would stay the dread horseman's  
Search for a head.

They found Ichabod's hat  
Beside a smashed pumpkin face—  
But never again  
Was he seen in that place.

The romantic adventures  
of "Ichabod" from Walt  
Disney's "Ichabod  
and Mr. Toad"  

Verse by  
Rena Firth

Ode to Ichabod
Mrs. George Whitney, Jr.

Her face is lighted by the bright charm of her Inner Self

Mrs. Whitney's face sends you a tingle of pure pleasure—it is so lovely to look at. It has a warm way of sharing with you her Inner enthusiasms for people and places and things.

Every day you are facing new adventures, new people. And, the way your face expresses you is the way others think of you. Help it, then, to show you with beauty and spirit and charm.

Mrs. Whitney's complexion looks smooth, glowing. "I'm never without Pond's Cold Cream. No woman could ask for a finer quality face cream," she says.

Come out of the dimness
That is hiding the inner you

So many women never show the world how delightful they can be! Instead—they are negative, full of inferiority. Yet, every woman has within herself the power to become lovelier, happier.

You have it within you—a wonderful force that grows out of the close inter-relation of your Inner Self and your Outer Self, and the power of each to change the other.

This force lights you with confidence when you know you are charming to see. But—it can dim you like a cloud if you miss looking right. It is the reason those little habits that make you look lovelier mean so much to your daily happiness.

"Outside-Inside" Face Treatment

Your face, especially, is your passport to friendship. Do help it to have the beckoning charm of really lovely skin. Pond's "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment brings wonderfully satisfying results. Always at bedtime (for day cleansings, too) cleanse and soften your face with Pond's Cold Cream this rewarding way:

Hot Stimulation—splash face with hot water.
Cream Cleanse—swirl Pond's Cold Cream over your face. This light, fluffy cream will soften and sweep dirt and make-up from pore openings. Tissue off well.
Cream Rinse—swirl on a second Pond's creaming. This rinses off last traces of dirt, leaves skin immaculate. Tissue off again.
Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.

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

Beautiful Mrs. Whitney says, "After I do this Pond's treatment my face seems re-made—so fresh and clean, so soft."

It is not vanity to develop the beauty of your face. When you look lovely, you flower into new happiness. This happier glow in You quickens an answering glow in all who see you—helps to bring the real Inner You closer to others.
Hollywood's famed "Oscar" hasn't found his way into June Haver's home yet—but the girl whose dancing feet and bright young charm will be seen again in "Oh, You Beautiful Doll," has one trophy of which she has good reason to be proud. And thereby lies our story.

Until June met Dr. John Duzik, golf was a mystery she hadn't bothered to solve. But he liked to play and June liked him. So she decided to learn

Secretly, she took lessons and in between rehearsals, she'd practise shots on the set.
Weekends, John smiled when she teed off with the green! For June purposely made mistakes. Taking lessons was only part of her secret.

But she hadn’t counted on sister Evie, who planned a bigger surprise—for June—by letting John in on the secret!

If June’s friends had been at the monthly golf tournament at the Country Club they’d have rubbed their eyes with amazement. For there she was, competing with the best of them!

When June won the tournament, she could hardly wait to show John the trophy. But she didn’t have to—for there he was, beaming in the crowd. He’d been in on her game, from start to victorious finish!
The Bob Walker Story

(Continued from page 46) possible—except in a medical journal—to record the actual early experiences unrecorded in Bob's psychoanalysis. That would be true of any psychoanalysis.

The medical terminology necessary to give such an account, Bob believes, would only further confuse people already frightened by the "mysteries" of psychiatric treatment.

"And besides," he says, "as much as I would like to help others who may be as desperately unhappy as I was, I cannot do so. What I have learned of myself is a highly personal and private knowledge and could not be communicated. Not only would I have trouble verbalizing it, but few people outside the professionals would understand.

"So I can't here plead the cause for psychiatry for the other fellow—for who am I to say that psychiatry will help the other fellow? That, he will have to discover in a personal and private introspection of his own.

"But I do plead for an understanding of emotional disturbances as mental illness.

"If people would only realize—and I certainly didn't before I went to the clinic—that mental illness is an illness, and that treatment is available, a lot of other men and women, as sick and desperate as I was, could find help before it is too late.

"Bob, of course, rode out his torment to the bitter end, made his headlines, endured his self-contempt. For, like so many other people, he was afraid of psychiatry.

"It was, finally, those headlines that made him quit deceiving himself and realize he must have help.

"I went into that clinic a beaten guy," he says.

But he was released a whole man, able to work, eager to live. Above all, he wants to spend more time than he ever did before at being a buddy to Bob and Michael. His nine and eight-year-old sons are living with him, presently, in his new home in Pacific Palisades, which they have fondly named "Rancho de Tres Haricots" (the "Ranch of the Three String Beans").

The boys have spent summers with Bob since his divorce from their mother, Jennifer Jones, and this year, they will stay on with him during the fall and winter, since Jennifer will be in Europe.

Ultimately—and there is a certain wistfulness in the way Bob says this—he wants to "find the right girl, and have a real and healthy marriage."

But there is lots of time for that. In the meantime, he is devoting his newly abundant energies to examining the world around him. He's looking forward to becoming active in Actors' Guild and in the problems of his community.

The "bad little boy" he was—as early an age as five—is only a fading memory.

Bob, born in Salt Lake City, where he went to school sometimes, was the youngest of four sons in an average, middle-class, middling prosperous family. His father was a newspaper man.

"I hated school from the start," he says. He was kicked out of kindergarten for teasing the little girls, when he got into grade school he just got by, and then only on the basis of threats and punishment.

"I was an aggressive little character," he says, "but what nobody knew but me was that my 'badness' was only a cover up for a basic lack of self-confidence, that I really was more afraid than frightening."

By the time Bob reached junior high, he was admittedly a "problem child."

He wouldn't go to school on the days report cards were to be issued, because he knew what his (Continued on page 72)
From the fun-tipped pen of F. HUGH HERBERT, who created “Kiss and Tell,” “Sitting Pretty” and “Margie,” comes his greatest rock-and-roar story.

The girl who KISSED and TOLD... has a deep dark secret. now

JAMES NASSER presents

SHIRLEY TEMPLE • DAVID NIVEN (as Corliss Archer)

“a Kiss for Corliss”

The kiss that’s heard ’round the world!

TOM TULLY

VIRGINIA WELLES • DARRYL HICKMAN

Screenplay by HOWARD DIMSDALE • RICHARD WALLACE • COLIN MILLER

Produced by United Artists
DON'T LET YOUR DAUGHTER DOWN WHEN SHE ASKS ABOUT THESE Intimate Facts of Life!

Here's Up-To-Date Scientific Information You and She CAN TRUST...

What a comfort that the age of hypocrisy and prudery has passed and that helpful scientific facts can now be made available to women today. Vaginal douching 2 or 3 times weekly for intimate feminine cleanliness is so widely recommended and taken for granted that the real question is what to use in your douche.

So make sure your daughter knows this! No other type liquid antiseptic-germicidal of all those tested for the douche is so powerful yet so safe to tissues as ZONITE. (If you have the slightest doubt about this scientific fact—send for PROOF in free booklet offered below.)

Warms Against Weak or Dangerous Products
If you are following old-fashioned advice passed on and are using kitchen make-shifts such as salt, soda or vinegar in your douche—let us warn you now that these do NOT exert germicidal action in the douche.

On the other hand, you certainly don't want to resort to dangerous products—overstrong solutions of which may burn, harden tissues and in time even impair functional activity of the mucous glands.

That's why you should be so grateful for ZONITE. It has such a powerful germ-killing action yet is absolutely safe to tissues. ZONITE is non-poisonous, non-irritating. Use it as directed as often as you wish.

ZONITE'S Miracle-Action
ZONITE eliminates odor, removes waste substances and discharge. You feel so dainty and refreshed. Helps guard against infection. It kills every germ it touches. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But you can be sure ZONITE does kill every reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying. Buy ZONITE at any drug counter.

(Continued from page 70) marks were going to be, and when the report cards were sent home anyway, he refused to go home.

Help came to his frantic parents in the guise of an offer from Bob's wealthy aunt, Mrs. Hortense Odlum, to send Bob away to military school, to the Army and Navy Academy in San Diego, California.

He would get discipline there.

What he got there was something a lot better than discipline. He won the friendship of Mrs. Virginia Atkinson, a warm and understanding woman who was the dramatics teacher at the Academy.

She sensed the sensitivity which lay under the rebellion of this high-strung boy, and used his tremendous interest in dramatics to bring it out into the open.

In his first part in a school play, Bob— who was fifteen then—played the role of a rebellious adolescent and, playing it for all it was worth, acted out all of his own pent-up rage and indignation.

It was a magic release for him.

His grades, which had previously been all D's—falling—suddenly were all A's.

BOB worked like a demon at his dramatics and everything else. When the school sent a group to participate in the Pasadena Playhouse annual high school dramatics competition, he won the best actor's award. The next year, he won it again, and the offer of a scholarship at the Playhouse School of the Theatre.

At this point, Mrs. Odlum entered the picture again, with an offer to send her talented nephew to the Academy of Dramatic Art in New York.

New York sounded more glamorous than Pasadena to Bob, and he hurried east, took up bachelor quarters with two of his brothers and a friend in Forest Hills, and plunged into his studies at the Academy.

It was there, of course, that he met a young actress named Phylis Isley, since grown famous under the name of Jennifer Jones.

"We were both in love with acting," Bob recalls, "and we were mutually attracted."

So the next fall, they married and proceeded to build a family.

"We were happy," Bob says. "And then he adds, with his new realism, "or at least I thought we were."

They came to Hollywood, as everyone knows, Phylis to become the brightest star on the roster of Producer David O. Selznick. Phylis also knows, ultimately his wife), and Bob to reach comparative eminence on his own, first as the star of "See Here Private Hargrove," and a long list of later pictures, at another studio, M-G-M.

It was when their "perfect" marriage crashed with a resounding thud that Bob, reeling from the suddenness of the blow, found himself torn by old emotional conflicts which he had happily forgotten in the years since he had begun to "act them out" as a boy actor.

He was angry, but he couldn't be angry. It was "bad" to be angry, "bad" to hate.

He knew it was all his fault. He was insufficient. He was not good. He couldn't hold her.

Angry and hurt and afraid; he escaped in the only way he knew how to escape then, with results that became evident to every newspaper reader.

Bob thought then that his erratic behavior was only one more sign that he was fundamentally "bad, no good." He didn't know that he was torn by fierce inner struggles which found expression through these outbursts.

Bob would "escape" and get in a jam, hate himself when he faced up to himself in the sober (Continued on page 74)
"You're adorable!"

SHIRLEY TEMPLE and LON McCALLISTER in Warner Bros'. Technicolor picture "THE STORY OF SEABISCUIT"

"I'm a Lux Girl!"
says SHIRLEY TEMPLE

Hollywood's own beauty care really makes skin lovelier. In recent Lux Toilet Soap tests by skin specialists, actually three out of four complexions improved in a short time.

"Smooth the rich, fragrant lather well in. Rinse, then pat with a soft towel to dry. These facials give skin quick new beauty!" says Shirley Temple.

Try the generous new bath size cake, too—so fragrant, so luxurious!

YOU want the loveliness men adore. For fresh, appealing skin that's irresistible, try the gentle Lux Toilet Soap care screen stars use.

Another fine product of Lever Brothers Company

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap — Lux Girls are Lovelier!
She guessed wrong!

What's your guess?

We asked a smart young model . . .

"What's in this wrapped box?"

"It's facial tissues," she said.

But she guessed wrong.

The wrapped box in the picture above looks as if it might contain stationery . . . or bath salts . . . candy . . . facial tissues . . . a dozen different things. But . . .

It's Modess in a new-shape box. So discreet . . . keeps your secret so nicely. Still the same number of the same fine Modess napkins, at the same price. In Regular, Junior, and Super Modess sizes.

Now...Modess in a wonderful new-shape box!

(Continued from page 72) light of morn-

ing, "escape" again to wipe out the self-

hated.

"I was always aware of the stupidity, the waste of living like that," he says.

He tried to "straighten out."

He would settle down, he told himself, get married and live a decent family life.

He tried, but it was too late.

His abortive two-day marriage to Bar-

bara Ford, his last tragic plunge downhill, is something Bob would rather not talk about. Other people are involved, people he wants not to be hurt.

He went on working, or tried to.

Oh, he would come late to work, and some days not show up at all and the director would have to shoot around him.

He did his last picture, the light, gay "One Touch of Venus," in that stage of
desperation.

It was soon after the finish of "One Touch of Venus" that Bob went, as he says, "completely off the rocker."

He landed in jail, booked as a common drunk. "Were you drunk?" the reporters asked him.

"Sure," he cried out from the bottom of his rebellious heart, "I've been drunk all my life."

At this point—or there would be a vastly different ending to the Bob Walker story—a helping hand was extended, the friendly hand of Dore Schary, the produc-
tion head of Bob's studio.

Schary told him about the Menninger Clinic, suggested that Bob should commit himself there, at least for a week of ex-
aminations and observation.

Bob had heard about psychiatry before, but he had all the usual misconceptions about the science.

And now—with this word "commit"—there was another ugly connotation to the word "psychiatry." To accept psychiatry's help, Bob had to admit, at last, that he was a mentally sick man.

If there had been any fight left in him he would have fought. But he was a beaten guy. He went to Topeka with his father, was "signed in" as a patient.

He submitted to observation and exam-

inations with a sort of rebellious contemp. There was nothing wrong with him. "It was the doctors who were crazy, not me."

He finagled permission to go into town
to buy books and records, and wound up in a bar.

This time, he had only a drink or two, but blanked out completely. By the time he was safely back (Continued on page 76)

$1,000 every Sunday!

Get The Details

Listen to

TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

Every Sunday Afternoon on

490 Mutual Stations

The weekly radio program that is currently

offering $1,000 for information leading to the arrest of wanted criminals.

A dangerous criminal is on the loose! Listen, as police track him down. You are there for every exciting moment when you tune in True Detective Mysteries. Every broadcast is based on actual cases taken from police files, by the editors of True Detective Magazine.

Tune in Sunday afternoon for this week's exciting story and listen carefully at the end of the program. You may cash in on the $1,000.

CHECK YOUR LOCAL PAPER FOR TIME
NOW! Spring Garden has its own magnificent tea set and service pieces.

Spring Garden! This season's gayest, loveliest silverplate design, first captured for you in exquisite flatware, is now yours in the loveliest holloware imaginable.

There is a breathtakingly beautiful tea set . . . its wealth of detail, weight, richness of ornamentation, rivaling in appearance the finest examples of hand-worked silver. There are service pieces for your every dining need . . . each a triumph of designers' art and silversmiths' craft.

And here is the most delightful news of all. You will find these Spring Garden pieces priced within the reach of even the most modest budget.

Have you seen Spring Garden flatware? This latest and loveliest pattern in famous Sterling Inlaid silverplate, comes in a 52 piece service for 8 at only $68.50 with chest. There are three other enchanting Holmes & Edwards patterns, Youth, Danish Princess, Lovely Lady. All are made in the U. S. A.
Does your hand express your personality? Whether you think it does or doesn’t, carefully groomed fingertips tell everyone you’re fashion-wise. When you use Dura-Gloss, your fingertips say you’re practical, too. For Dura-Gloss means exciting shades, quick application, long lasting beauty...all yours for only 10¢

DURA-GLOSS NAIL POLISH
non-smear remover 10¢ and 25¢...lipstick 25¢

(C)ONTINUED FROM PAGE 74) AT THE CLINIC, he had taken pokes at a couple of policemen—landed—for the last time—in jail. He didn’t remember any of this at the clinic carefully kept newspaper radio reports of the incidents away from him. A week later, however, he read about his escapade in a news magazin.

He realized he wasn’t crazy, but would be, if he stuck around. He went to his father to come and sign him out.

He was told that the clinic was ready to assign him to an analyst.

"Don’t bother," he said. "I’m leaving."

The analyst came to visit with him. He liked the doctor immediately, but he couldn’t weaken. The analyst listened sympathetically. But since Bob was "going out," he didn’t come back.

Only then did Bob realize he was throwing away the thing he wanted most—last chance for a healthy, happy life.

He made excuses to see the analyst and told him that he had decided to stay.

FOR four and a half months, Bob spent one hour a day, six days a week, working in deepest concentration, living through past life with the analyst’s guidance.

It all came out, all the old wounds, all the anger for the wounds, and the guilt for the anger. For the first few arduous weeks, he found the process exhausting.

He grew thin, and felt shaken. He thought he was making no progress at all until of course, when he was progressing fast.

He was beginning to know his deep self, and the understanding of self that comes out of that kind of deep introspection, he says, brought such freedom as relief as he had never known before.

Now he has been restored to his place society, where the day-to-day problem he meets are no longer threats but interesting challenges.

With his sons, a houseboy, and the big nurse, he is living in a nearly empty house near the Pacific. He and the boy are having the fun of furnishing it, piece by piece.

For his treatment in a psychiatric clinic and to the science of psychiatry itself, Bob will be eternally grateful.

He has no desire to dwell on the miseries of the past, and backs away from an opportunity to put himself on the bar with a "Look at me now" satisfaction.

He had the breaks, he figures. He could have taken the time, he could scrape up the money, he could get treatment in one of the really great psychiatric clinics.

He is taking no bows. And he is concerned for the guy as sick as he was. He has to a job on a small salary. To that kind of guy, he would like to say, "Take easy."

"We should stop setting up impossible goals. We accept other people’s faults. Let’s be a little more forgiving of our own.

"You can’t psychoanalyze yourself. It much better to talk to an understandable friend. Don’t be ashamed to put your feet into words. Spill it."

Bob Walker knows he is not the only person in America, liberated through psychoanalysis, who wants to tell the world that help exists for emotional illnesses.

But if his being a movie star didn’t move more people than usual to listen to his story, he’ll be glad.

"People are beginning to accept psychiatry," he says. "And look what happened to medicine in the early days. The man who discovered the stomach was looked upon as tampering with God’s work!"

"And medicine persevered and survived. A psychiatrist will survive, and do it work."

"And then what a people we will be."

The End
"Skin Blemishes were a real problem," says glamorous Cover Girl Carmen Lister. "Then a friend recommended Noxzema. I used it as my powder base and in no time my skin looked soft and smooth once more. Now it's my regular beauty aid."

"I had dry skin before I started using Noxzema," says pretty Doris Moore of Houston, Texas. "Now my skin feels so smooth. I always use Noxzema to help keep my complexion looking soft and lovely. It's a wonderfully soothing hand cream, too."

LOOK LOVELIER IN 10 DAYS ...OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Doctor develops new home beauty routine!
Helps 4 out of 5 Women in Clinical Tests!

- Practically every woman has some little thing wrong with her skin. If you've ever suffered from dry, rough skin or externally-caused blemishes, or similar problems ... here's good news!

Recently a famous skin doctor found that a greaseless skin cream — medicated Noxzema — apparently works right with nature as a beauty aid. Now, to bring you the full effectiveness of Noxzema's greaseless, medicated formula, this Doctor has developed a New Home Beauty Routine. It's not a cure-all. But in clinical tests, it has helped 4 out of 5 women. Here are the Doctor's 4 simple steps!

4 Simple Steps

Step one — in the morning, apply Noxzema generously all over your face — and with a damp cloth actually "creamwash" your face. You need just water and this wonderful medicated cream. Your face feels so clean!

Step two — now dry your face, and smooth on a protective film of Noxzema. Remember, it's greaseless. That's important! Let it help protect your complexion all day long. You'll love the way it holds make-up perfectly.

Step three — before retiring, again "creamwash" your face with Noxzema. After thoroughly "creamwashing" your face, gently dry.

Step four — now massage dainty snow-white Noxzema into your face as a night cream. Pat a little extra over any blemishes. See how quickly it helps heal them. An ideal night cream — it's greaseless — no messy pillow smears.

These are the 4 simple steps. It's a new kind of home "beauty facial." Women who've tried it say it's wonderful. And so sure are we that results will delight you that we make this sincere money-back offer. Try this Doctor's New Home Beauty Routine for 10 days. If you're not completely satisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. Simply send the jar with unused contents to Noxzema Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md. Try it. Get Noxzema while this big money-saving offer is on.

MONEY-SAVING OFFER
BIG 85¢ JAR
NOW ONLY 59¢

You get 43% more for your money than in the smaller size. Limited offer — stock up now!
We both wound up in the group of in-
ductees who were being shipped to Fort
Loydts, in the Philippines. It seems that the sad-faced character, née Howard
Duff, and I, became friendly going north
on the train.

Primarily, Howard is a man’s man. (A
number of local lovelies immediately
take issue with this statement.) He has
a live-and-let-live philosophy, a “peace
on earth, good will toward men” feeling.
From the first, he minded his own busi-
ness. His word didn’t need a signed con-
tact to bind it. He could give a good ar-
argument, had read a book, played a rare
game of chess, and was just naturally one
of those rare cases you run into in a life-
time.

I learned through tavern conversations
and various bull sessions, that he was from
Washington, that he was an outdoor en-
thusiast (enthusiast—that’s an understa-
tement), that he had just been getting a
foothold in Hollywood radio leads.

He had come south from San Francisco
with a radio serial, “Phantom Pilot,” whose
ranks boasted such other fine actors as
Berry Kroeger. Between “Phantom Pilot”
stints, radio writer Arch Obler had spotted
Howard in several good, meaty parts. But
this rising career had been interrupted by
the “Greetings” we had coincidentally re-
ceived the same day.

We spent the next eight months, infantry
privates, in the 163rd regiment, combating
each other, and crying in each other’s ale.
Then, suddenly, they separated us. I was
sent down to Western Defense Command
Headquarters. Howard got a chore with the
91st Infantry Division in Salina, Kan-
sas. We’d gotten to be a habit with us,
and we didn’t quite like the way the Army
had cut up our cake.

Finally, Howard came to the Armed
Forces Radio Services out here in Holly-
wood, and by some miraculous shuffling, he
managed to transfer to the same outfit.
Two years in that division, and he went
overseas to Saipan. When peace came, we
both, free, broke and jobless, hit Hillywood
about the same time.

Now, Howard has a distinct weak-
ness for the feline species. The four-
legged kind. He was living at a place where
animals and children were verboten. But
he simply couldn’t resist picking up stray
cats, mostly of the Mehitabel ilk, and
bringing them home.

“Home” means to my folks place, where
I was staying at the time. We had great
herds of nondescript cats, all donated by
Howard. Finally, my mother simply laid
down the law. No more cats. However,
by this time, Howard and I decided we
should have a place of our own. Bunching
had a number of good reasons in its favor.
The main one was to split expenses.
We found a wonderful place about ten
miles beyond Malibu at Escondido Beach,
and we moved in. We were right on the beach.

(Taken from page 50) and, somehow,
“Greetings” then were far more bitter when
there was no apparent reason for them.

There is something about standing in a
long line of undressed males that makes
man feel his level worst. I was tremen-
ously sorry for me, Dog-tag #39231630.
The service queue in which I was posed
at the moment was lined with others who
were not outstrolled you with failures.
Six places behind me stood a tall, some-
what lean, dark-haired, sad-faced charac-
ter. The face was probably the most de-
jected-looking I’ve ever seen in my life.
I got my first warn of the day out of his tortured phizog.

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ductees who were being shipped to Fort
Loyds, in the Philippines. It seems that the sad-faced character, née Howard
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Forces Radio Services out here in Holly-
wood, and by some miraculous shuffling, he
managed to transfer to the same outfit.
Two years in that division, and he went
overseas to Saipan. When peace came, we
both, free, broke and jobless, hit Hillywood
about the same time.

Now, Howard has a distinct weak-
ness for the feline species. The four-
legged kind. He was living at a place where
animals and children were verboten. But
he simply couldn’t resist picking up stray
cats, mostly of the Mehitabel ilk, and
bringing them home.

“Home” means to my folks place, where
I was staying at the time. We had great
herds of nondescript cats, all donated by
Howard. Finally, my mother simply laid
down the law. No more cats. However,
by this time, Howard and I decided we
should have a place of our own. Bunching
had a number of good reasons in its favor.
The main one was to split expenses.
We found a wonderful place about ten
miles beyond Malibu at Escondido Beach,
and we moved in. We were right on the beach.

Mr. Soft Touch

We were still in the process of
our luggages when Joe showed up
and turned out to be a female of our
favorite species. Cats smell a
touch! Highly pleased, we watched
move leisurely through the house, loo
over carefully, examine all the closest
and marvelling over their
and take a seat in
was left. We were seated
We had been found wanting. Not even
dish of fish we had rushed out to
apparently had pleased her.

But we were mistaken. Within the a
Jumped over with a small paw of
eight. With a gentle
and
the train. Apparently she had
her brood out under a sand dune
the proper home for them.

The same with sailing, fishing, sun
shipping in every form. But, combing
with this physical lasting power, was
kind of tricky brain that made an op
ent watch sharp in a chess game, and
out his best logic in a discussion of
world’s imponderables.

After four months of sharing the
summer place, we found we were a couple
people who could live under the same
without getting into each other’s life.
So we began looking for a place in
in the front room. There undoubtedly
never has been such demented decor-
fore or since.

The wallpaper was bright red a
white giraffes. The agent said, “Of cou
you can have this changed…” And
said, of course. Planning that the
free minute we had, an interior deco
would be called to the rescue. Too, it
was a four-poster feminine-style bed
in which neither of us could stand to think of
sleeping. When we moved in, we flip
coins to see which one would draw it
we got around to replacing it. As us
I lost. However, we have an arrangement
now whereby we change off every so of
Because, now, after three years, neit
of us has managed to find the free time
go shopping for a bed or bring in a de
rater to have the wallpaper changed.

Now that we live alone and have ple
room, we have no cats. Joe and a
brood refused to move when we left
house. And we’ve been too busy to pick up a cat or two, though
keep meaning to all the time.

In their stead, we have litters of bi
Howard likes birds, too, and we have l
hundreds all over the place, and hundreds
of twittering fowl of various types. B
baths and bird seed have replaced
kaned fish and cream in our budget.

Our habit of Postponing Things To
Done reaped us quite a load of unha
experiences with hired help—and wo
out it. At length, however, we discover
a gem of a gentleman named Robert, w
takes care of everything, and is an excel
cook. So be it, both of us had
have the time out to come home and

SQUIBB ANGLE
TOOTHBRUSH
reaches hard to
get at places

BENT like a dentists
mirror to reach
more places
getting more than Sunday breakfast, before Robert, it was a matter of each thing for the other to interview some- to work. We wound up with nobody everybody piled up to the ceiling. Fellers hid the windows. Ashes filled fireplace. And we were forced to flee. And Robert.

would not call Howard the domestic of male. He likes comfort and order, it isn't a prerequisite of his happiness. As a prospective Mrs. H. D., I don't say he'd care whether she could make boil or boil an egg. As he says—"you're working, you can hire somebody to do these things. They're unimportant details. Fortunately, both of us respect for other's ideas, points of view, and lives. The guy has a deep understand- of people and problems, and, incidentally, himself. Very often our disagreements in our little bull sessions over the morning brandy, will lead to long dissertations of how wrong we are about our- selves, and what we've done with them, wherever we're going.

But our "disagreements" never end up as sour note. We both love conversation its own sake. Not necessarily for our old-shaking problems it might conceiv- ingly settle.

In his sardonic facial expression, a gone sentimentalist in many a He has definite ideals and illusions. Inards in which he believes—regarding men and marriage. He has said a dozens of his mother brought up his two broth- himself to be good husbands. And lay odds he'll be one.

lives beautiful women. But he doesn't want just a showpiece, doesn't like loyance in a woman in dress, action, make-up, in fact, one of his fetishes is ed taste. The women who intrigue him minds and ideas of their own. Is this? Sure, he's made them. By the mean. But he has the invaluable ability to avoid dwelling on something he did the first time—and to go ahead and it right the next time.

One of the few things I've ever seen to grow really ister about, is the some- universal habit people have adopted calling him by his last name, "Duff." If want to alienate him completely, just him that. As for me, I call him How- er, on occasion, "Stinley" or a number other choice pet names.

Our routine of daily living varies. Gen- rally, when he's working, he's up and out before I'm even awake. The Holly- wood agencies don't get started as soon as sound stages. Usually, we get together dinner at night, unless one of us has to. Sometimes we double date, and sometimes we stage—usually depending on the current status of our respective love lives. When we are sans femmes, we drop one of our favorite little joints for a pile of beakers and a dinner where talk doesn't interfere with our involved occasionally heated discussions.

After returning home, we usually discuss thing that happens to hit us as a good idea. Finally one (usually I) will say, "I'm going to bed."

But I haven't finished," the other pro- "I have many more words of wis- to expound."

And if the victim doesn't remain until end of the dissertation, he'll find himself followed to bed and bombarded with longer discussion than if he'd re- mained and listened.

It has been suggested that Howard bea to be a great many things to a person many. But with me, it's more ble, he's just the best friend a guy ever hope to find.

THE END

Your washing machine needs this help!

You may be satisfied with your washing machine or automatic washer. But many other women have learned—even without our advice—that their washers turn out cleaner, sweeter-smelling clothes with the help of Fels-Naptha Soap.

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2. Doesn't dry hair or split ends.
3. Fast and easier, too! Special Hudnut pre-shaving softening makes winding easier; ends less difficult.
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6. Includes Richard Hudnut Creme Rinse, wonderful for making hair lustrous, soft, more "easy to do."
7. More manageable—greater coiffure variety.

*As expressed by a cross section of Hudnut Home Permanent users recently surveyed by an independent research organization.

New Improved! Richard Hudnut Home Permanent

New Horizons

(Continued from page 33) says, "When I was seventeen, Jennifer was not bad. When I was thirty, she was thirty. Then, turning Jennifer to her, "Jennifer, were you doing at thirteen?"

She looked at him admiringly. "I was hoping to play the princess in a fairy story on the stage," she said shyly.

We were Darryl Zanuck's guests at Cannes Casino, at a party he had given...so the Selznicks' friends might gather and wish them luck and happiness. Jennifer was the most beautiful and I've ever known her to be. Her hair, cut short like a boy's, was softly curled. She wore a strapless evening gown of blue-gray. All about her long throat was encircled by three strands of pearls that were D avid's wedding gift.

HER HAND, I noticed, was bare except for her wedding ring. I asked about the large jeweled ring she had always worn. She smiled. "I have put it away. I don't want it to blur the brightness of this." She held out her slender hand adorned only by a shining gold band.

We talked, of course, of their wedding. Leland Hayward, producer of Broadway hit "South Pacific," who once was married to Margaret Sullivan, was then on a European honeymoon with "Slim" Haw. He chartered the yacht and ordered a crew to await Jennifer and David at C.' d'Antibes and sail them to Italy. They were married at the American Consulate in Genoa in the shortest of ceremonies, two and one-half minutes exactly.

Their's has been a dramatic story. Whid David met Jennifer, then Mrs. Rob Walker, and the mother of two you sons, he was a bitter and unsatisfied man. He had tried repeatedly to get into the war effort and failed.

He had many valuable stars under contract at this time, but he realized Jenni not only had great talent, but took directions better than the others. It seems curious that he instantly leased her Twentieth Century-Fox instead of putting her in one of his productions. However, he turned out all right, for, with her film picture, "The Song of Bernadette," she became a star overnight and won the Academy Oscar. David explained, at the time, that he did this because he did not wish to dominate his young star. He was not in love with her nor with him, was not until after she finished "Bernadette" that she sued for divorce. However, I have always thought that had David been of a happier frame of mind at the time he would have seen to it that Jenn fer's first picture was under his aegis.

Soon enough, I noticed a strong attraction springing up between them. When ever they dined with me, I could feel physically, the mesmeric attraction between them. So I was not surprised when David asked his wife, Irene, a clew woman and the daughter of Louis Mayer, for a divorce.

Following all this, David's critics—reporting trouble between him and Jennifer doubting a marriage ever would take place—insisted David was a sort of sadist. I gave Jennifer a bad time, they said, plays up her ego as an actress while he destroys her ego as a woman, sometimes treating her so rudely that she would leave parties in tears. I do not believe this. For Jennifer has very little ego, almost to much humility, especially where David concerned. Secondly, David, in spite of his somewhat difficult nature, is a thoughtful and generous friend.

Jennifer appears to have wondered they could make a go of a marriage until the last minute. That, undoubtedly,
why she left David alone in Hollywood months previous to their reunion on Riviera. He told me, himself, that he didn't want to be alone and had gone off Ireland on a bicycle tour. In her quiet, reticent way, she knew, I think, that only by that mesmeric attraction of hers, could she possibly consider their chances of happiness.

David, however, being a great romantic and with a poet's imagination, wanted the manner of marriage they had. No Hollywood fanfare; that he avoided nicely by having the ceremony performed only a few minutes after they landed from his private yacht.

We talked another day. Jennifer, David, of the picture she will make in England. "Gone to Earth" is the story of an English fox-hunting world and of a young woman (Jennifer), who so loves animals, is sofontsize=normal it, loses herself to, spiritual beauty, to stop this old British custom. She marries a squire, a brutal man, who ends hunting her and the fox, both having a strangely mingled symbol of resistance in his mind.

"What a pity, Jennifer," I said, "that you have to go immediately to London and to work."

She turned to David for a moment, with one of those blinding looks she gives him, and replied, "But I'm looking forward to it eagerly. The story is so good. David has written such a wonderful script."

"Besides," David said, "I have to be in New York for several weeks, a law-suit."

And you'll be glad to know your bride, in harness, at work," I countered.

David laughed and looked at Jennifer. "We're now can be uninhibited in their section for each other, he seems much younger. But she does, too. She'll never see her emotions as naturally as she does; by the tube of her voice, the expression in her eyes. She no longer almost sinks from ordinary human contact as she did in earlier Hollywood days. However, she is still shy and retiring—always all be, I'd guess. And she still has none of the exhibitionistic tricks most stars acquire too early in their careers.

We talked about parties, people, the ever-changing life of the theater. "Do you think, Elsa," Jennifer asked, "that artists should be somewhat apart, not juggle much with the rest of the world, yet a great deal alone? I always have. It's new to me, David, who loves people, the excitement of coming in contact with active minds."

"Jennifer," I said, "stay in your ivory tower, play your wonderful parts and trust your husband's judgment in your future career. You have wonderful things ahead of you."

She told me the famous theatrical producer, Charles Frohman. "In his day, more movies were discovered, the great Aladdin Adams and his other stars never

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P-4015
were allowed to be seen in public. If went out, in the daytime, they had heavily veiled. Any supper party attended had to be quite private.

Her eyes shone. "That created mystery the same effect Garbo has had for long."

She turned to David. "You can go to parties and I'll stay and talk with Elsa,"

David laughed. "Elsa is the parties anyway, darling, you go to bed now going to take Elsa to the Casino and her a million francs."

So Jennifer retired, and David as went to the Casino where we won a thousand francs and had as much fun we had won a million.

It was good to have the Selznicks close to my farm at Auribeau and I much of them.

AGAIN, and again, Jennifer would talk A Italy. "I had never been there before she explained, "and I want to go back especially want to see Venice."

"Don't go to Venice without me," I explored. "Venice is my stamping ground, and I would like to show it to you properly."

David nodded. "Darling," he said Jennifer, "when you get a few days from the picture, would you like me to fly you down there?" Then, like a young man in love, he added, "I do think Jennifer and I should go to Venice together."

While the Selznicks were honeymooning at Cannes, the Duke and Duchess Windsor were in residence there, at the chateau. So the talk turned to them as it always does if they are anywhere about, and even when they are not.

"There," Jennifer said wistfully, "is a woman I would like to meet, more than any other in the world. Not because she married a King. But because she symbolizes to me, the greatest love story of all time."

"Let me ask the Duchess if she won't like to meet you," I suggested. And she set six o'clock on Sunday for to bring the Selznicks to see the Duke her alone. When Sunday turned out to be very hot, I telephoned the Selznicks to on their own. Jennifer demurred. Wouldn't like to go without you wouldn't quite know how to behave if you have briefed me about it."

"My dear girl," I told her, "the Windsors are the most simple and charming people."

"Just the same," Jennifer said, "I think we had better telephone and say that are not coming without you."

"As you think best," I agreed.

David phoned the Duchess's secretary and asked if the Windsors would come there once I could not be present. When the Duchess picked up the phone I said, "Oh, but Mr. Selznick, we would like to see you."

"Elsa," Jennifer told me the next day, "I never curtseyed to the Duke. I didn't remember. What will he think of me?"

"He will understand, Jennifer," I said.

"He always does."

"He is very charming," David interjected. "And there was not a subject we touched upon that he did not know about."

I turned to Jennifer. "And the Duke? Did you like her?"

"She is the most beautiful woman in the world," she said ecstatically. "She's so rect. She has such charm. Her eyes are blue. And she knew all about us!"

"Do you know the real reason Duchess wanted to meet you?" I asked. She shook her head.

"To her," I said, "yours is a great love story!"
LAUGHING STOCK

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON

MICKEY ROONEY spent several weeks learning to be an amateur magician, then gave it up in disgust. He explained: "I've got the skill all right, but the rabbit was always pulling me into the hat."

Robert Taylor and the late Irvin S. Cobb went horseback riding one day and Taylor asked him if he preferred a western or English saddle. Cobb replied: "English or western—it doesn't make any difference. To me a saddle is just a chafing dish."

Groucho Marx spent a couple of days at the Palm Springs Biltmore and as he was about to check out noticed a sign on the door. It read: "Stop, have you left anything?" Groucho scribbled on the sign: "Nothing but the dresser and I couldn't get that into my suitcase."

During a personal appearance Montgomery Clift signed an autograph for a little old lady who said: "My, I wish I had a son just like you."

"Haven't you?" asked Clift.

"No," said the lady, sadly. "I guess I've always been a bit too tired."

Observing Lana Turner in a backless evening gown at a party, John Lund said: "She's what I'd call the center of distraction."

Overheard: "He pursued her until she caught him."

Bud Abbott was telling Betty Garrett how he once was surrounded by Indians. "They tortured me for hours," he said.

"What happened?" asked Betty.

"Oh," replied Bud, "I finally gave in and bought the blanket."

Adolphe Menjou is such a fancy dresser that Hollywood hears he even wears cuff links on his pajamas.

Sign on the windshield of one of those midget cars: "For Me and My Gallon."

An attractive young ingenue appeared on a film set in a tight-bodiced gown with a super plunging neckline. The film's hero, a front runner in the wolf line, became very atttive and asked: "Isn't that dress choking you, my dear?"

"No," she snapped back, "is it choking you?"

Overheard: "Her conversation is nothing but a long monologue."

One of those lah-de-dah chorus girls was filling out a publicity department questionnaire, made out for both male and female. When she came to the question, "Military experience?" she chewed her pencil for a moment and then wrote: "I go with an ensign in the Navy."
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PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

Jacqueline Dempsey Fashion Editor
Jacqueline Neben Promotion Director
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Below, Joan Caulfield in
original dress from "Dear Wife"

Opposite. Joan Caulfield in the Lenburry
reproduction of the princess style dress
Mary Kay Dodson designed for her to wear
in Paramount's "Dear Wife." It has a
twelve-gored skirt and spaghetti cord ties
of self-material at neck and sleeves. In
tissue gabardine, it comes in green, rust,
blue. sizes 12-20. $14.95 at Oppenheim-
Collins, New York, N. Y.; Carson, Pirie,
Scott, Chicago, Ill.

Photographed at the Walter Wurdeman house

CREATED BY PROCTER & GAMBLE
PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS
Lizabeth Scott in "Too Late for Tears," a Hunt Stromberg production, filmed at Republic for United Artists' release

Add sparkle to your date life with this double-duty dress, its fitted jacket buttoned down front with gleaming jet and rhinestones. Bare-top dress underneath has cuffed bodice, stand-away pleats at waist and self belt. By Nan Scott in Verney's brocaded taffeta, it comes in gray with pink, wine or green jacquard weave. Sizes 7-15. $17.95 at Stern Brothers, New York, N. Y.

After-five fancies: Velvet and satin ascots, trimmed with mink or ermine tails; glacé or doeskin gloves in the palest of colors; little fur neck pieces with barrel muffs; clips attracting attention on necklines, hats or bags; lacy bib necklaces, adding a light and airy touch to the base of your throat; purses small and intriguing, of velvet, satin or brocade; mink-tones for drama in your dress-up accessories; and for dancing evenings, an ankle-length dress to reveal shoes of contrasting color.

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 92.
PUT YOUR BEST FROCKS FORWARD

Dance in a swirl of lace with the apron on or unsnap it and reveal the basic smartness of the Debutante dress in Stonecutter's tissue faille, with its high v-neck, tiny turn-down collar. In black only, sizes 9-15. $22.95 at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. For added smartness, the Mel Ton velvet clutch bag, left.
Marta Toren, photographed on the set of Universal-International's "Illegal Entry," in the simulated coat dress that Yvonne Wood designed for her to wear in this film. With its soft swinging skirt, flaring cuffs, it is an easy-to-wear outfit that will go well under your winter coat. Make it in Botany's new de luxe worsted dress crepe. And for variety, fashion detachable collar and cuffs in contrasting color and fabric.
Wonderful V-ette*, the original continuous Whirlpool* stitch bra, inspired the new Strapless Plunging V-ette* and the Plunging Neckline V-ette*. In each you'll find the same unexcelled support, the same alluring uplift, the same caressing comfort, the same sculptured separation and unending wearability that's made the original V-ette* the most imitated— but never equalled—bra in America! Available in your choice of fine fabrics and colors, your cup size A, B, or C... from $2.50 to $5. at your favorite store.

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Denise Darcel, photographed at New York's Paris Theater, is in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Battleground"

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Made to be worn and worn.
In plush with soft
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of merchandise which you have seen featured
in these Fashion Pages ... it will be easier for them
to know exactly the item you wish to buy,
if you mention you saw it in Photoplay.

These Are the Clothes They Love

(Continued from page 40) Berle on television after dinner and had laffs.
We had dinner out at Clark Gable's house one night and that feller has dropped
more than twenty pounds. He said he had
to, after eating all that rich French food in
Europe. He looks but marvelous, not the
least bit peaked like he got from dieting a
couple of years ago. S'matter of fact,
Gable hasn't been really "dieting" this time
at all, but how he lost the weight is a big
secret and we can't tell. Promised.

At the Desi Arnaz opening at Mocambo,
everyone was so dressed up. His wife,
Lucille Ball, had a table for twenty and
what a hit Desi made. Lucy says she just
bought a new, light blue convertible, "to
go with my red hair." And she was wear-
ing pale blue, draped satin that night, too.

OLLY, there were so many parties, show-
erers and galas this month. But the one
shower to be remembered, is the one that
Ann Sothern and Andrea Leeds gave for
Kay Williams Spreckles, again at Roman-
offs. The gals had all the tables covered
with pink or blue crepe paper; hundreds of
pink and blue balloons festooning the
ceiling, and even the waiters and busboys
were done up with blue and pink ribbons
hanging around their necks, with little
baby-rattles dangling from them. Also,
from high on the walls, bubble-machines
tossed forth thousands of soap-bubbles of
all sizes that floated through the air all
afternoon. Ran into Dotty Lamour who
will be a Momma herself just about the
time you read this. She was tanned to a
fantastic shade of brown. Pockets—tiny
watch pockets, huge patch pockets, flap
pockets, every kind you can think of—are
showing up on fall clothes. Dotty was
taking advantage of this trend to camou-
flage herself with foot-square black velvet
pockets sewed forward from the hips of
her gray wool jersey dress.

One of the most gorgeous evening gowns
we ever hope to see was on Joan Crawford
the night of Cobina Wright's dinner dance.
Adrian made it, and, at first glance, you'd
swear it was fine black lace over white
organandy. But it turned out to be a lacy
black pattern printed onto starched white
nylon, and it's very décolleté bodice was
tightly draped into an almost heart-shape in
front. And news! It had tiny shoulder
straps, instead of being "propped up" by
those bones or wirings. (Oh boy! The
boys have always loathed these things—
and now the gals are "seeing the light.")
Lana Turner and Bob Topping arrived,
Lana looking her luscious slim self again.
Her hair is blonder than ever and, so far,
no short hair-do. She was in simple black,
a straight lined, floor-length gown, very
low-necked, and long-sleeved. Elizabeth
Taylor was there, too. Her hair is really
chipped to almost nothing, and she was
wearing her stunning short, flared pink
flannel jacket. She was the most beautiful
gal at the party. But that's not news.

The stars illustrated in this feature will
be seen in the following pictures:
Rhonda Fleming: "The Great Lover"
Linda Darnell: "Everybody Does It"
June Allyson: "The Reformer and the
Redhead"
Elizabeth Taylor: "Conspirator"
Jeanne Crain: "Pinky"
Anne Baxter: "A Ticket to Tomahawk"
Ann Miller: "On the Town"
Gloria DeHaven: "The Doctor and the
Girl"
Arlene Dahl: "The Scene of the Crime"
Cyd Charisse: "Tension"
The End
FALL FIGURE FLATTERY

Yvonne Wood, designer at Universal-International, has a magic touch with clothes that gives her a distinctive place in the designing world. She believes the natural figure is still what men like best. In creating the modern wardrobe for Marta Toren in Universal-International’s “Illegal Entry,” Miss Wood felt that a lovely figure such as Marta’s needed little in the way of ornamentation and so confined her designs to fine detail and clean, simple lines.

According to Miss Wood, full skirts will be more restrained this fall. She prefers skirts that flow from the waistline in an easy, lovely flare. Bulked fullness around the waist, she says, is only for the figure with the minute waistline. Skirt lengths, she insists, should be governed by the individual figure.

Wherever you live you can buy

PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

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

Green gabardine dress
Smoler Brothers, 1350 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

Brocaded taffeta dress
Nan Scott, 1400 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

Tissue faille dress
Debutante Frockes, 498 Seventh Avenue, New York, N.Y.

Tweed coat
Goldberg-Weissman, 530 Seventh Avenue, New York, N.Y.

Hat
Colby, 1 West 39 Street, New York, N.Y.

Bag
Mel-Ton, 10 East 33 Street, New York, N.Y.
How Lucky Can You Be?

(Continued from page 36) to me. "It won't be long, Linda," he said. "A couple of weeks at the most."

After being married to Tyrone for three months, a two weeks' separation seemed a lifetime. But Tyrone's picture, "The Black Rose," was starting in Meknes, French Morocco. He had to get there the fastest way possible—by plane via Marseille and Casablanca.

Since I was still travelling with a Mexican passport, I had to get permission to enter French Morocco; and special permissions take time. So what would have been our first Easter together, turned out to be the two loneliest weeks I've ever spent.

To make matters worse, gossip columnists were quickly proclaiming that Tyrone and I were separating because our marriage had gone on the rocks.

My plane swept lower, made a beautiful landing and—I was in Tyrone's arms! Tyrone whispered into my ear, "We'll never be separated again."

"Never," I cried.

Before driving to Meknes, we stopped at a small, French restaurant. On the table stood candles. A native hand played strange, fascinating music. To give some relief from the early summer heat, big fans twirled constantly.

Tyrone selected our dinner like a connoisseur. He knows food. He's been halfway around the world. And he travels with his eyes wide open, enthusiastic about each new discovery.

It was this boyish enthusiasm that first attracted me to Tyrone, his eagerness to learn about people and their customs, their habits and history. I, too, have seen a good part of the world. My father, a Dutch engineer, took me to most parts of Europe, the Near East and Central and South America. Actually, before I married I had a good life, the travel I love and many advantages which do not fall to everyone's lot. It never occurred to me then that life could be any better. But now that I'm married to Tyrone, everything has taken on a new value. I'm happier than I dreamed anyone could be. As the saying goes, "I never had it so good."

Never before, for instance, did I see any country the way I've seen countries with Tyrone; not even the places I've visited first, like Spain and Italy where I should have been the guide. Now, in two weeks in Casablanca, Tyrone had learned more about the Moroccan way of preparing food than most women learn about home cooking in a six-week Red Cross nutrition course.

After dinner, we drove to Meknes, our home for the next couple of months. At that time of the year, Meknes is one of the most delightful places in the Sahara Desert. The heat and sandstorms keep the tourists away from early spring till late fall. The climate is supposed to be unbearable for anyone but the natives. Yet we were looking forward to our stay.

The first three months of our marriage had been hectic. Our wedding in Rome turned out to be a public affair. Our honeymoon had been no less publicized. At Meknes, we would be alone.

Tyrone told me to expect no luxuries. "Life in Meknes is primitive," he said.

When we pulled up in front of an adobe hut, our home-to-be, I thought "primitive" is an understatement. This seemed strictly prehistoric.

The one and only hotel was closed for the summer. All persuasion by Twentieth Century-Fox to keep it open for the "Black Rose" company had ended in failure. Instead, they'd gotten the next best
place for us—an adobe hut. It certainly gave me an opportunity to prove that I could make a home for my husband—under any circumstances.

We had no servants. I did all our cooking, washing and ironing. I bought canned foods, mostly, but some it was easier to prepare. I enjoy cooking. But we had no modern refrigerator—as a matter of fact, no refrigerator! In the African heat, fresh food would have spoiled too quickly. But my Tyrone, connoisseur of food, didn't complain once—I guess he really loves me.

Once in a while we had a special celebration, with fresh meat and all. One such occasion was Tyrone's birthday. May 5. I even managed to get some French champagne from Casablanca. And the portable radio I had ordered from the United States arrived the day before.

AFTER about eight weeks in Meknes, we moved to Ouarzazat and our trip which took us across North Africa's highest mountains, the Atlas range, proved almost fatal.

As Tyrone and I approached the rugged Atlas range, it began to rain. The higher we drove, the harder the rain came down. And that, I knew it would rain, living in the Sahara! But I also knew Tyrone, unable to rid myself of the feeling of impending disaster.

The rain turned to hail. Then snow. Already, in weak places, the road was washed over the road.

Then it happened! The road in front of us was cut off. Quickly, Tyrone turned the car around and headed back. Fifteen minutes later, we came to another break where the road was washed away. We were trapped!

For three days we drove back and forth between the washed-out points. On foot, we waded through the flooded areas. But we reached only another one and another. Everywhere telephone poles were down, with wires lying across the road to create yet another hazard. Our plight seemed hopeless.

However, we were lucky at least in one respect—we found a deserted hut close to the road where we could spend the nights. Inside it was freezing cold. We had no woollen blankets. Later, Tyrone told me that he, too, never had been that cold before, not even during his service in the Marine Corps.

Finally, after three days, the storm subsided. Immediately the rescue work began. Luckily it was known that we were trapped on the Atlas road. This was one time we were glad about publicity. It saved our lives.

To fly a plane into the wild, mountainous country was impossible. Instead, hundreds of natives went to work mending the road. No modern equipment was available. By hand, stone after stone had to be picked up and placed in the washed-out sections. After ten hours of feverish work, a rescue car got within five miles of us. Tyrone and I waded through the mud to the waiting car and were taken back to Marrakech where we took off again, by plane, for Ouarzazat. Then we went on to England to finish the picture.

But in spite of the hardships, and although I am happy to know that we were saved, we do not feel that California again, I am grateful for our African sojourn. When two people live as primitives as Tyrone and I did, when they are so dependent on each other at all times, they learn to know if they are right for each other. We are.

Like any other married couple, we have had our ups and downs. But not often. And never for long. When Tyrone gets angry with me, he'll take his book and slouch down in a chair, seemingly oblivious of the rest of the world—including me.

To make up, I usually play coy. Then we both have a good laugh, and it's over. But sometimes, Tyrone and I have changed since our marriage. My worst habit has always been my careless spending money.

On one such extravagance occurred in Rome, shortly before we left for Africa. I came home with half-a-dozen evening dresses.

Tyrone ventured, "Are you going to wear them in the Sahara Desert?"

I hesitated. "I didn't really think . . . " I said. And the following day, I returned all six dresses. Since then, I have carefully considered beforehand what and how much to buy.

MY appearance is changing, too. I used to wear my hair in long, loose curls, wavy, Italian-made. Then I tried my face. Tyrone suggested that I emphasize my cheekbones. Now I comb my hair away from the face, straight toward the back of my head.

Going stockinged used to be another habit. As a child, I had lived in the tropical countries. Tyrone prefers to see me in stockings. Consequently, the only time I don't wear them is when I'm in a bathing suit.

My punctuality presented Tyrone with another problem. No excuse could possibly justify the many times I've let him wait for me. He's been angry, I know, but he never scolded me. However, he taught me lessons in punctuality—in his own way. It happened in England, while he was finishing "The Black Rose." Having finished work early one day, he promised me up in front of the sissy's beauty parlor.

Over the phone, he said, "I'll meet you outside." "Please be on time, Tyrone," I told him. "My hair will be up in curls. I wouldn't like to be seen like that on the street."

Tyrone knew. He knew so well that he was one hour and twenty minutes late! Next time I wasn't going to be five minutes early for an appointment, whether I am meeting Tyrone or anyone else.

Tyrone has changed in some ways, too. I haven't consciously tried to change him. I don't believe wives should. But I'll admit that I'm happy that Tyrone smokes considerably less than he used to. Probably, because he doesn't smoke at all.

We have many things in common, like our love of travel. To us, going to a new country means more than just buying a ticket, getting there by the fastest possible way, seeing the sights recommended in the official tourist guide—and heading for the next place. Before we go anywhere, we make detailed plans of what we want to see. Then we study the country's history, geography, customs and languages.

Having lived in so many different countries, I've managed to learn seven languages—more or less fluently. I'm teaching Tyrone Spanish. An enthusiastic pupil, he already knows it so well that when he wrote a Spanish letter to my mother in Mexico, he didn't make a single mistake.

We have other interests in common too. Books and music. The theater and sports. But soon, we'll add another—the most important one of all—our baby. The End.
Photoplay Roundup
(Continued from page 37) was a lot of squealing under the stars from the kids of the Gene Autry and Roy Rogers set, appropriately doped in levis, plaid shirts, kerchiefs and rodeo hats, as Tex Williams appeared with his Western Caravan followed by Hopalong Bill Boyd and hoss.
Anti-climax: Frankie Sinatra announced he, too, would do a rodeo show. Steve Allen asked if he was going to rope and bog-tie a mouse.

WESTERN stars are the richest and steadiest in popularity because they have the most worshipped and loyal following—the kids. So the stars must live up to Eagle Scout ideals. It's an unwritten law: They must not smoke or drink or cuss bad words. They don't kiss women, they say "Howdy, ma'm." In public, that is. In private the kissless knights have kids.

The wide-eyed worship of a kid for a man makes a man worshipped. No other love matches it; it amounts to a religion.

Because of this and because of the call on their time apart from picture work, the cowpokes are a glamour set apart from Hollywood society.

Rooty-tooty but not smooty, they also have their exclusive box-office rating. The top ten are: Roy Rogers, Gene Autry, William Elliott, George "Gabby" Hayes, William Boyd, Andy Devine, Smiley Burnette, John Mack Brown, Tim Holt, Charles Starrett.

Leaders of the equally popular horse set are Gene's Champion and Roy's golden palomino Trigger.

Fans wear locks of Trigger's tail in their lockets. After a personal appearance tour, Trigger had so little tail left, he had to wear a fall.

Champion is the first flying horse. He flew with Autry in his twin-engined Beechcraft to Madison Square Garden where records were smashed.

Handsome troubadours, trailing the top ten, are: Jimmy Wakely, Monte Hale, Allan "Rocky" Lane, Rod Cameron, Noah Beery Jr., Forrest Tucker, Rex Allen, Duncan Renaldo, Dick Foran.

John Wayne is not rated as an exclusive Western star. With theaters everywhere serving him up, even in double portions, he appears to be in a top class by himself right now.

Randolph Scott and Howard Duff likewise straddle both categories (horses and hussies).

Cowpokes are the Croesusse of Hollywood, their incomes from pictures vastly augmented by subsidiary businesses such as rodeos, radio, records, music publishing, comic books, endorsements.

Gene Autry is many times a millionaire. Over a million is tossed into his kitty each year from his various enterprises, including $6700 for himself for his radio show, fifty per cent of the profits on his six productions a year for Columbia, returns from his music publishing business that occupies an entire top floor in a building in Hollywood, percentage on sales from comic books and seventy-two licenses for Gene Autry hats, guns, scarves, suits.

Gene abandoned riches during the war to fly a transport plane to the Far East, South Pacific and Europe. He came back more mature, a finer and wiser man, dedicated, along with his horse Champion, not only to his work but to child welfare in all its ramifications. He is an indefatigable do-gooder for kids, as is Mrs. Autry.

Likewise dedicated is Roy Rogers with his wife Dale Evans. Good deeds are not limited to welfare organizations.

In Los Angeles a small boy with tuberculosis mourned because he could not leave his bed to see Rogers on the screen.
Word reached Roy in San Fernando Valley. That noon he jumped in his car and drove across the vast city to sit by the kid. Thenceforth, every other day at lunchtime he was at the boy’s bedside until he died, a picture of Roy in his hand.

After ten years of Hollywood where duplicity, as elsewhere, makes cynics of men, Roy still has the wide-eyed naiveté that goes with the soul of goodness.

His wife, Dale Evans, is like him. Kids, with their intuitive wisdom, saw she was regular and though they have small use for dames and don’t like to see their cowpokes heroes going soft for them, they yelled Dale back from her retirement of a year ago.

Dale Evans composes songs as well as sings them. She sang her “Under a Blanket of Blue” while gazing soulfully at Roy. When the studio fathers saw the rushes they shook their heads. The scene was re-taken with Dale singing the song to Trigger. Trigger took it like sugar. He says, “Talk about the life of Riley, someone should do the life of a horse in horse opera.” A horse gets all the kisses and corn.

There is likeness in the early lives of the two top vaqueros, Autry and Rogers. Both were poor farm boys who took to the guitar while boys and got their big chance singing hillbilly ballads.

Oklahoma and Texas share honors in producing Autry. He was born Sept. 29, 1907, on a ranch near Tioga in Texas, moved as a small ‘poke to a farm near Ravia on the Oklahoma side of the Red River, then on to the wilds of the Land of the Longhorn, where his musical talents were first born. He taught himself the guitar and sang in the choir. His father became a cattle buyer, Gene helped round them up, brand and dip.

Not ranching, but railroad, was Gene’s ambition as a boy. He became a telegraph operator at eighteen. By then he had paid up on his guitar, purchased at age eleven for a dollar down and fifty cents a month. He was playing it in the telegraph office at Chelsea, Oklahoma, when that great roping Okie, Will Rogers, came in to send a wire.

Will was visiting his sister in Chelsea. He asked Gene to sing him a song, told him he should quit clicking the telegraph key and get on the air in person. Gene didn’t recognize Will until he saw the signature within the telegram after the great humorist had departed. The humorist wasn’t joking and Autry acted on his tip.

Roy Rogers, born in Cincinnati, moved when seven to a village thirteen miles from Portsmouth, Ohio. His father worked in a shoe factory in Portsmouth. Roy helped his mother and three sisters with farm chores until he was old enough to take a job beside his dad. His dramatic debut was as Santa Claus in a school play; Roy still plays it in real life.

He took correspondence lessons in guitar playing. Soon he was a hillbilly entertainer and square dance caller. While working in the factory, Roy saved money to educate himself in dentistry. A visit to a horse breeding farm put him in the saddle and from then on he had the cowpoke vantage.

Roy went to California during the hungry depression to work with the Okie migratory fruit pickers. He picked their guitar for the migrants and for road gangs. They joined in the choruses of the sentimental ballads, stomping it out with their hobnails.

In 1933 Roy got into radio as one of Uncle Tom Murray’s Hollywood Hillbillies. Soon he formed his own gang of itinerant musicians, variously known as Internation Cowboys, The Rocky Mountainers and the Sons of the Pioneers. He applied to Republic Studios when he heard they wanted a new cowpoke lead.

ROGERS and Autry have been far in the lead of Western stars, but the breath of rugged Bill Elliott is hot on their necks. He arrived on the screen in a tax in society dramas, via Rockingham College and Pasadena Playhouse, which sure must have made him look sissie to the cattle men who taught him, as a boy, to ride and rope and bulldog at the Kansas City stockyards where his dad was a commission man. Bill put away that tax a long time ago. He’s a genuine player, a very rare artist in a public where Roy Rogers also shines. Bill hit the bull’s eye with “Wild Bill Hickok” and wants to do the life story of William S. Hart, the Handsomest Man in the Western Arena.

Cantankerous old Gabby Hayes has a lurid past. He was in burlesque for twelve years. He didn’t strip (he always wore a beard). Gabby was forty-five when first he saw another cowpoke, Bill Elliott, then. He was busted then. At sixty-five he is loaded, drives a Cad convertible, lounges in tweeds and rings for the butcher in his little ol’ Palm Springs hole-up.

Another well-stuffed comic of Westerners is Master Andy Devine who owns flocks of planes for shuttling passengers around California from the Devine airport. This three-hundred-pound bundle from heaven wanted to be a priest but fell on his face at age of five with a stick in his mouth. It scarred his palate and gave him a voice for horse opera and radio.

Gunning up kissing girls must have been the supreme sacrifice for Hopalong Bill Boyd cause he always favored women over horses, being a natural romantic lead, starred in Cecil De Mille’s “The Vine Boatman.” Women favor Hoppy too. Several married him ’fore he could get settled down with Grace Bradley for life. With silver hair, dressed all in black, astride of silver horse, he is a knight in shining armor, the true gentlewoman of the last days.

“Hopalong Cassidy” was the only late-late vintage film released to television. This did for Bill what “The Jolson Story” did for Al Jolson. Songs, personal appearances and commercial tie-ups.

Lester Alvin Burnette had no sooner been christened than he smiled and got the nickname. He was ordained minister of the gospel. Smiley learned to be a good scout early.

He also learned to play fifty-two musical instruments, borrowed from friends. Not much is heard of his school band in Austin, Texas, or his singing in church. He learned the fortunes of many young men of talent.

A genuine humorist, as well as musician, Smiley spouts gags and songs as he goes along playing as Charles Starrett is in "The Durango Kid."

Starrett, handsome as an Arrow collar ad when he came to Hollywood from Dartmouth, was well fortified for the town with a B.S. degree and he had majored in philosophy. A millionaire by inheritance from his grandfather, he is the Durango Kid by choice, and he rides his horse Raider for pleasure and work.

Starrett holds a record for riding the brand of the same studio, Columbia, for thirteen years.

And singingest of the cowpokes is Jimmy Wakely. He was the first cowboy to have his own type radio show. Now he has his own publishing company, a contract with Decca Records, and a series of flash films, pictures and four kids. Jimmy’s one-sixteenth Cherokee Indian, like Will Rogers. The son of a major from Arkansas, he has everything—and lives next door to Doris Day besides.

Oh for a sixteenth shot of Indian blood! The first cowpoke to the Hollywood manor born is Tim Holt, son of veteran Buntlewood and descendant of the first families of old Virginia.

A briar-smoking young gentleman and scholar out of Culver Military and UCLA, Tim is heavy with decorations from the war and Japanese japs. He is likely to become first of Westerners in the authoritative opinion of John Wayne and John Ford.

A dark-eyed Southern man of soft-spoken charm, Johnny Mack Brown dropped into the Rose Bowl to play football for Alabama and next thing he knew he was playing in the arms of Garbo, Shearer, Joan Crawford, Marge Millions and the Big Bands. He is likely to become first of Westerners in the authoritative opinion of John Wayne and John Ford.

Johnny was taking a breather when Mac West spied him. That unquestioned authority on male and horsefeathers invited him right up to be her leading man. When Mac finished with him, Johnny lit out for the tall cacti and fast horses.

Jennifer Jones’s dad, Phil Isley, heard Monte Hale at a Texas bond show play his little old guitar. Monte picked cotton as a kid to earn $8.50 a day. It. Jennifer’s pa sent him hitching for Hollywood with a letter to the chief of Republic Herbert J. Yates.

They were opera sure do have diamond horseshoes like the Met, all right. Dowagers are attending in plaid skirts. A man used to be he if he had a tax but now he is not in unless he has Champion engraved on two spade clubs and Trigger on his necktie ring.

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The End
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Make Yourself at Home

(Continued from page 65) I do not think, graceful as her design for living is, that it is as attractive or as comfortable as Gail’s.

There are only two approaches to apartment living: Whether to rent an apartment furnished or unfurnished. Miss Neal did the former; Gail the latter. Miss Neal’s apartment is a duplex with a living room, a minute dining room and kitchen downstairs and two small bedrooms upstairs. Before it, it has a scrap of a garden. Nevertheless, and solely because of its furnishings, I think—for one or two people—it offers less comfort than the Madisons’ single room.

Miss Neal’s living room has an open fireplace, wood-paneled walls—which are actually oyster white—a light yellow couch and chair and white lamps with white shades. Not bad!

NO, IT’S not. But it isn’t very good, either. For it has no personality, whatsoever. Except for the distinguished painting over the fireplace and several nearby sketches, this apartment fails to reflect the vivid, alert personality of Miss Neal. The paintings reflect her because they belong to her. The rest of the room does not because it is what all “furnished to rent” places must be—completely neutral. I want to talk more about Miss Neal’s minute dining room and also her upstairs bedrooms—but first I want to go back to Gail’s “everything-in-one-room” plan.

Even a glance tells you that personality dwells in her apartment, and that here is a room in which people not only enjoy life, but think about life. The room reflects both culture and pleasure, as well as comfort. I feel it is a tribute to Gail that she did every bit of this decoration herself, even to painting the walls personally, and papering the dressing room. When she moved in, the walls were merely white plaster. The room was just a big empty rectangle with an “L” off it, leading to the kitchen. She did own a set of bedroom furniture—that is, a bed, a table and two clothes cupboards from her home in Westwood. But that is all. Every bit of the balance of the furnishings and hangings, she acquired through smart buying for that previously mentioned $300.

Gail started by painting the walls a dark green, and as her overall theme for the decor, decided upon Chinese modern. This was very smart of her, since this style is not only eminently suited to California living, but it has simplicity, sophistication, beauty and practicality.

In Gail’s case, having painted her walls dark, she used bamboo curtains at the windows and Chinese grass-squares made into a mat for the floor. Both of these are very inexpensive, demand almost no upkeep. I am sure you can find them in your local shops, and for any girl doing her own housework, they are ideal. The grass squares can be purchased one at a time, if economy demands that, and you can make a rug of them any size you desire.

Gail’s next step was to center her room around her bed, turning it into a daytime lounging spot by the simple trick of putting it lengthwise along the wall and covering it with an excellent tailored spread made of a distinctive Chinese chintz. Her chifforobs, in beige wood, were modern enough to blend readily into the Chinese decor, so she put them at either side of the bed, topped them with lamps that had Chinese figurines as their bases. Then to strike a properly formal note, which is quite necessary to a single room apartment so that it will never degenerate into a bedroom atmosphere, she hung two fine Chinese prints on the wall.
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behind the bed. Her former bedroom table, she cut down in height, covered the top with a piece of the Chinese chintz she had used for the bedspread, placing it under glass, and thus changed a bed table into a very useful coffee table.

Occasional chairs, of woven reed, she placed near the entrance door, with one very good bamboo side chair and table against the wall to the right of the bed. So much for the focal point of the room. There is more to come, but again I can best reveal its virtues by contrasting it to Miss Neal’s commercial apartment. Let me emphasize that Miss Neal, in taking this apartment, was thinking only of temporary living. Since the furnishings are not her own, they are definitely no reflection upon her natural fine taste, and in this instance, they are not bad, anyway.

The Neal dining room is attractive to look at. Papered amusingly in red-steepled paper, with tiny dutch curtains at the window, with a round table and four matching chairs, it is superficially charming. But the actual space is so small that it must be impossibly crowded when, if ever, four people do sit there.

I feel it is infinitely smarter to do as Gail has done by converting a scrap of space into a serving bar. Cleverly, Gail had this bar put at an angle to the door of the kitchen, so that service could come in direct and water be easily attained. By leaving the one end of the half-bar open (and in this case it isn’t even a half-bar but rather a quarter-bar), the tight feeling that exists in Miss Neal’s minute dining room is entirely avoided. Gail has bar stools before her bar-corner, so that two may drink or dine there, easily, or a buffet for several can be gracefully served and eaten in other corners of the room.

ON THE other hand, sometimes deliberately “boxed-in” space is highly effective, and I have never seen it better illustrated than in the more interesting of the two upstairs bedrooms at Miss Neal’s. Actually, the room is only seven-feet wide by seven-long. However, by cutting a niche in the wall (actually the space over the stairwell of the duplex) six-feet-long by two-and-a-half-feet-wide, a most comfortable sleeping space was created with steps leading up to it. In the corner beneath the bed, there is one big, comfortable chair, next to the window. On the opposite wall, there is room for a small, compact dressing table. The effect is really very charming. But, I still insist, it is better to take one larger room and give it change of pace, as Gail has done, by use of the quarter-bar, which indicates an eating spot, or even opposite the bar, placing a lamp, a clear, a sturdy table, beside a collection of books and records. Here, again, Gail showed her ingenuity by getting dime-store frames for the portraits of her friends, and painting the framing red to make them appear more expensive.

The reason these types of rooms are better is not alone a matter of appearance. Creative emotion, once generated, creates a mood—in the case of Interior Design, the mood of living more than on the surface—the mood of experiencing and sharing and wishing to make life more pleasant. This is an atmosphere worth striving for. I’ve no doubt that Miss Neal, too, will seek such an atmosphere when she is more settled in Hollywood. She is a newcomer and her plan of life out here is not yet entirely focused. But Gail and Guy Daisson’s plan is now clear and they prove—as other young people can prove for themselves, too—that imagination, good taste and wise shopping can make everyday existence into a very real kind of adventure.

The End
I'm Thankful For...

(Continued from page 45) direct her picture, "East of Java." When a still cameraman waits around all day until 7:30 to take her picture, she brushes him off with, "Are you kidding? I'm too tired." If Shelley keeps this up, she won't have much for which to be thankful.

I'm grateful for Dan Dailey. One of the chief reasons for Dan's bust-up with his wife, Liz, all over now, thanks goodness, was because he spent so much time helping a pal, he had no time for important matters like dinner and taking Elizabeth to the movies. A friend of Dan's, John Scott, composed the song, "Maybe It's Because." To write a song is one thing, to make it a hit is another. I can't get anyone to plug it," John told Dan. So Mr. Dailey spent hours and days, and weeks, working on top singers and band leaders. The song became a big hit. Dapper Dan became a big heel, in his wife's opinion. Then he had to start a big campaign to win her back. Never let him go again, Elizabeth, he's a wonderful guy.

I'm NOT too thankful for Tyrone Power. He complains too much when items not one-hundred-percent complimentary to him appear in print. He forgets the praise given him by the same columnists.

I'm thankful for Greer Garson's great sense of humor. Barbara Stanwyck was using Greer's favorite cameraman, Joe Ruttenberg, in "B. F.'s Daughter." I wondered, in my column, if this would start a feud between the girls, as Greer was due to start a picture of her own. Greer sent Barbara a kidding telegram. Barbara and her director "Pop" Leonard, called me to the set, hid me in a room in the rafters, and then invited Greer to a tea party. In the middle of the party, I gave out with a mock radio broadcast featuring a murderous account of the so-called feud. Greer laughed harder than anyone there.

I'm not at all grateful for Humphrey Bogart. I've never cared for exhibitionists. You can always be sure that when Bogey is holding forth on any one of his hundred and one peeves, a big crowd is around. But if you have a louder voice and can shout him down, he collapses rather meekly.

I'm grateful to Bob Hope for a million reasons. He doesn't rate himself so important that he doesn't have time for important things like day-by-day friendships and big-time benefits and the same laugh-making wit and gags in the commissary, for instance, with which he delights us on the air and on the screen. Bob gives more than money. He gives himself.

But I'm puzzled by Bing Crosby. He donates thousands of dollars to charity, but he won't part with a few minutes of his time if he isn't in the mood, and most of the time, he isn't. Recently, the Heart Association asked Bing to pose for a dollar-raising short to be shown in theaters all over the country. Bing agreed to do it. The camera crew called at the popular crooner's home. "He's playing golf," the butler told them. They dashed to the golf course and waited for Bing by the eighteenth hole. One hour later, someone told them Bing had gone to his home after playing the ninth hole. They dashed back to the house, saw his car with the golf clubs still warm. But—"Mr. Crosby is not at home," the butler told them blandly. The Heart Association informed Bing they were out $300 because of the wasted day. Bing sent them the $300, but how much more could have been raised if Bing would have raised his "mood" embargo and done what comes naturally to most people.

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I'm thankful for Claude Jarman. He's a boy who never forgets a pal. When Donn Gift, who played Doderer in "The Yearling," with Claude, was so ill at the Motion Picture Relief Home, Claude visited him nearly every day. That was mighty nice friendliness.

I'm not too grateful for Spencer Tracy. He's too moody. You never know whether he will kiss or kick. I'm a girl who likes to know.

I'm not only grateful for Susan Peters, but she makes me feel ashamed when I grumble over everyday trifles. There must be dark moments when Susan's burden is very heavy for her to carry. Those, she keeps to herself. But that pale little face in public has a radiance that reaches to heaven itself. I have never heard her complain. I have only heard her discuss her plans, present and future.

LOU COSTELLO is high on my list of "Thank You's." When Lou lost his only son in a tragic swimming pool accident, he didn't waste precious energy feeling sorry for himself. He channeled his grief in the building of the Lou Costello Youth Foundation to help underprivileged children. The project has ruined Lou's health and almost bankrupted him. But, as of today, the Foundation is still open and Lou is still finding means to keep it open. Lou is so much more worthwhile in this world than say, Errol Flynn, who seems to have one creed only—to have a good time.

The same "Thank you's," go to Douglas Fairbanks. Doug has done more to help the poor kids and adults in Europe than any other non-governmental individual in the United States. As head of the committee for CARE, Doug has spearheaded an assembly line of life-giving food to the undernourished people of Europe. I used to like the senior Fairbanks when he leaped castle walls to rescue damsels in distress. I love his son for rescuing hungry thousands in distress.

I'm thankful, too, for the way new talent has been getting a break and for the manner young players like Wanda Hendrix, Colleen Townsend, Vanessa Brown, Mona Freeman and Janet Leigh are conducting themselves. If these kids bring dishonor to Hollywood, I'll be very surprised.

I just hope they don't grow up into tantrum-throwing stars like Bette Davis. If I had written this story ten years ago, I could have been thankful for Bette. But not now, starting about five years ago. I don't know what happened, but all of a sudden nothing can please Miss Davis. Her cameraman is no good—she'd only had him because he worked with her directors, her producers, her everything. And in New York, when she can't get the special hotel suite she wants, her indignation is heard three thousand miles away. I like her fundamentally, but she is kind, and likes people. But her nerves are keyed so high she just has to let off steam or bust. Now that Bette has secured her freedom from Warners, perhaps things will take a turn for the better.

Then there's Hedy Lamarr. I don't think that Hedy has ever cared for anyone except herself in her whole life. That explains why she is so unhappy, and why I'm not thankful for Hedy.

Couldn't close this "Thankful" story without Jimmy Durante. Wotta guy! I love the way he pushes his former partner Eddie Jackson forward at all parties and all benefits. He plays while Eddie sings! Jimmy has a heart of gold.

And finally, I'm thankful for Vic Mature, Betty Hutton, Paul Douglas and Robert Cummings. They may not be the world's greatest philanthropists, but they're always fun to be with. And never sell fun short, especially in serious-minded Hollywood.

THE END
INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 28) would look even better if she didn’t slump. That slump, we're told, dates back to the time Judy was a plump, full-chested girl who was a bit embarrassed over her extra development. Didn't hurt Jane Russell any... Hollywood could use twenty psychiatrists working day and night and never get straightened out. Take the man who married a beautiful young star who gave him everything, including a career, and who now spends most of his time alone, in cocktail bars. Or the young man who pursued a young actress until he got her as his wife and, six months later, was secretly dating an older woman. Or the actresses who marry well-established men, harass them into looking after their wifely movie interests exclusively, and then, with their job and income gone, cast them off... What this town needs is a good five-cent spanking.

Television Dream Boy: It took television's ace star, Milton Berle, who came to Hollywood to make “Always Leave Them Laughing,” to divide the town into two camps—those who like him, a minority by far, and those who don’t.

Boiled down, it seems that those who worked in close contact with Berle through the years, who know him offscreen, off television, off radio, are for him one-hundred-percent. The others, and, especially, rival comedians, can’t stand him.

"Gag stealer," they sneer, and yet Berle will sweat his brains out for days to think up a new gag and in the past ten years has spent over a quarter of a million dollars for jokes that are filed in cases, drawers, desks and Berle’s head where, exactly at the right moment, they come tumbling out.

He works like a dog, forgetful of time, fellow performers, place. This, of course, endears him to almost no one except the public, who have elected him one of their favorite night club performers and Mr. Television himself.

A blue-eyed, friendly kinda guy with a sweet smile and brown hair that constantly needs trimming around the neck, Berle is the only man I know who crouches standing up. His peculiar stance only adds to his tunniness, especially when he does ridiculous make-up and vulgar attire for his night club row-

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A surprise two-some: Ginger Rogers and Greg Bautzer dine at the Mocambo

101
INSIDE STUFF

The dozens of unsolicited "I Love You, Daddy," heaped upon him daily by his four-year-old Vicki, mean the world to him. He loves people around him, he'll invite eight or nine people to lunch with him every day at the studio, and in New York, will take an entire roomful of people off to the Copa or some night spot. A pushover for a fellow actor, he'll sit down and write whole monologues for actors trying out new spots or searching for a new act. On his own television show, he not only aids in the writing, but directs the show himself and even oversees the musical arrangement. When he attempted the same thing in Hollywood, he met instant criticism.

He's appeared at more benefits than probably any other actor and his twenty-four-hour television appeal for the Runyon Cancer Fund, is still the talk of his home town, New York. Oddly enough, his closest friend in Hollywood is another comic who never shirs a benefit—Red Skelton.

Berle's been in Hollywood before. Before he was ten years old, he was making movies with John Bunny and Flora Finch, with Pearl White in "The Perils of Pauline" and in comedies with Chaplin. He is married to beautiful Joyce Matthews who, with his ever adoring mother and his beloved Vicki, are with him in Hollywood.

Housewife Problems: Diana Lynn (married to John Lindsay), and Mona Free- man, wife of Pat Nerney, were discussing their household problems.

"My trouble is having food in the house for dinner," Diana sighed. "I'm off too early to telephone for groceries and by the time I get out of the studio in the evening, the markets are closed."

"Oh, I solved that by having Pat stop by from his office and picking up the groceries," Mona said.

Diana shook her head. "John wouldn't do it, I know," she said. "I'm sure he wouldn't."

A few evenings later Pat came in late with his groceries. "I'm late this evening," he said, "but I was showing John Lindsay where certain groceries were on the shelves. He had a list a mile long."

Mona only smiled, but the next day, she called across the studio lot to Diana, "Congratulations." Diana waved back.

Comedy hit! Kirk Douglas. Milton Berle on "Always Leave Them Laughing" set

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Sadie Hawkins Hijinks

(Continued from page 60) Dick Clayton and Bob Arthur. The party was well underway when a strange noise—"shmmmole—"sounded from the driveway. And there was "The World's Bigest Shmoo." A Shmoo is the lovely animal friend of Lt. Abner. Betty, dressed as the jug-totin' Mammy Yokum, knew Shmoo was the missing Bob Arthur. But his guests tried, in vain, to guess its identity.

The games were fun. First a foot race, to establish partners for the day. No boy stood a chance, particularly Shmoo, with his feet tied to a sheet. Marion Marshall caught him right off.

Then there was horseshopping and the girl with the highest score won, for her prize, her choice of any gentleman as her supper companion. Marion won, and, a second time, chose Shmoo. She forgot, since his hands were confined, she would have to feed him.

Apple-bobbing followed. The girls had to get as many apples as they could via the ducking process, no hands allowed. Every apple a boy got allowed him to refuse to dance with the girl who held the number that matched the one on the apple.

There was also an old-fashioned potato race. A girl to each line, with a boy holding the sack at the end, into which the potatoes were dropped.

Betty's menu was: Pigs in blankets, raw turnips (of course!) with their tops on, roasted potatoes, barbecued corn, pumpkin pie and cider punch. Each recipe is enough for ten or twelve people.

PIGS IN BLANKETS—Place 3 lbs. pork sausages in large skillet with 1/2 cup water. Cover and cook five minutes. Remove cover and pour off excess fat. Fry well, being careful not to overcook. Roll in flour and dip in the following batter: Let one 12-oz. bottle beer stand open until flat (8 hours). Mix and sift 1/2 cups sifted flour, 1/2 tsp. salt, 1 tbsp. sugar and 2 tbsp. baking powder with the beer. Drop into deep, hot fat (365°F.) and fry 3 to 5 minutes, or until golden brown. They may be made early, reheated later. They may be "dunked" in chili sauce as you devour them.

BARBEQUED CORN—Drain two No. 2 1/2 cans whole kernel corn. Place liquid in saucepan and simmer corn until well coated in half. Place corn and liquid in casserole with 1/2 cup chopped green pepper, 1/2 cup chopped pimiento, 1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed, 2 tbsp. salt, 1/2 tsp. chili powder. Dot top with butter. Cover and bake slowly 1 hour.

CIDER PUNCH—Mix 1 gallon cider, 1 cup lemon juice and 1/4 cup grenadine. Chill.

PUMPKIN PIE—Have ready, one unbaked chilled 9-inch pastry shell. Combine 1/4 cup brown sugar (firmly packed), 1/2 tsp. salt, 1 tsp. cinnamon, 1/4 tsp. each ginger, cloves and nutmeg. Mix until smooth. Add 1 1/2 cups strained pumpkin, 1/2 cups milk, 2 slightly beaten eggs, and 1 tbsp. molasses. Beat well; pour into chilled shell. Bake in hot oven (425°F.) 30 to 40 minutes or until knife inserted in center comes out clean. Cool. Top with whipped cream.

A Sadie Hawkins celebration, you know, is something of a cross between Hallowe'en and Thanksgiving. It's the reason for corn and pumpkin decorations with an old victrola supplying square dance tunes and guests suggesting favorite games.

The gang at this party are in the following films: Robert Arthur, "Twelve O'Clock High"; Dick Clayton and Kathleen Hughes, "Mother Is a Freshman"; Darryl Hickman, "A Kiss for Coriass"; Betty Lynn, "Father Was a Fullback"; Marion Marshall, "I Was a Male War Bride"; Johnny Sands, "Massacre River.

Thanksgiving.

The End
What Should I Do?
(Continued from page 8)

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am in love with a girl who has recovered from polio. Before she was stricken, we got along fine. Now I try to prove to her that I still love her, but she is cold and distant and sometimes ignores me.

I would appreciate it if you would tell me how to prove to her that I still love her; I don't just feel sorry for her. Even if she never will be able to walk again, I could be a good husband to her.

Pietro F.

I wonder if you really understand yourself. This is what I mean: There are men (and women, too) who are capable of making martyrs of themselves, not out of truly deep love, but because of a desire to be heroized. I feel certain you are sincere, but I wonder if you have thought as much of this girl's viewpoint as of your own desire to do "the right thing." It requires an enormous amount of vitality to be in love; a person recovering from a serious illness is usually so busy rebuilding strength that there is no inclination to spend that strength in protestations of devotion. This girl may want only peace, quiet, rest and temporary freedom from all responsibility. Try to do only what will please this girl and aid in her recovery.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

My brother is nineteen and I am fourteen. Recently he graduated from junior college and entered a business that he got for him by my father. He is rather good-looking, intelligent and conceited. He tries to make me over to suit him. He says I am moody and have a bad temper.

Most of our arguments are little squabbles, but on two occasions now he has struck me very hard. I believe he does this to please his conceit and vanity rather than to teach me anything.

How can I stop this? I have asked my parents to make him stop, but they think he is absolutely perfect.

Nanetta V.

I realize, of course, that I am only getting one side of the story from you; perhaps your brother would tell a very different tale. However, no matter what you do, I don't think your parents should permit your brother to strike you.

Your only defense is to keep out of your brother's way and not enter into arguments with him. Do what you wish, but guard your expression.

Claudette Colbert

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

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal., and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.

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1014
The House That Dreams Built

(Continued from page 62) that built the Dream House), David Miller of Producers' Council, and many other prominent movie, business and publishing folks.

However, as soon as the party arrived at Warrensburg, Lon McCallister, who just couldn't wait to meet the other MacAllisters (even if they did spell their names differently), went over to the house by himself. He found it quickly enough, and he found Mrs. MacAllister and her five-year-old son Rusty. But, he also found that the new house at 10 James Street was not ready for visitors or guests; was not, in fact, ready for its new owner.

Workmen were still around, putting up last minute fixtures. Vans had just left. Some of the furniture was still in crates. Mirrors and pictures hadn't been hung.

And Mrs. MacAllister, the proud and lovely owner of the prize house, was unable to do a thing. She was still hobbling about on crutches, the result of an early spring skiing accident. For, a widow since 1945, Mrs. MacAllister has been supporting herself and Rusty by teaching skiing.

"Well!" said Lon. "You certainly can use an extra pair of hands around here. I'm glad I came early. I'll show you how this McCallister gets things done. Where do I start?"

"Here's where I shine," said Lon, assigned to bed-making. "This is the way we turned sheets in the Army," and he went to work.

BY THE time he had finished, the others had arrived. And in the little time left before the ceremonies were scheduled to begin, everybody turned to and lent willing hands. And by the time that almost all of Warrensburg had gathered on the new lawn and it was time for the Photoplay Dream House-warming to get under way, the house was settled.

What a housewarming it was! Carl Madison of Glen Falls station WWSC set up his mike right in the living room. While he interviewed Adele Fletcher and Virginia MacAllister, Lon McCallister and Don Buka took turns "Belvedering" five-year-old Rusty, who didn't understand why he couldn't play with the kids outside.

Mr. Griffin, owner of the local lumber company that built Virginia's house, took Don DeFore and Marilyn Monroe on a tour of inspection. He showed them everything, from the specially ordered chimney to the huge basement, not in the original plans, which was included after a special request by Rusty. Then the microphone was set up on the lawn outside the new home so that all of Warrensburg could see the presentation ceremony, as Adele Fletcher presented Mrs. MacAllister with the deed and not one, but three keys to the home that over 250,000 Photoplay readers wanted for their own. Virginia beamed with joy, but looked for her son. Rusty was right there, making it clear to everyone that, although only five years old, he was the man of this wonderful new house. And Donald Buka expressed the sentiments of all when he said, "It's perfect. Everything is perfect. A perfect home for a perfect owner. We're all proud to be here."

After the presentation ceremony, Photoplay hosted a cocktail party at the Colonial Arms in Warrensburg. And everyone arrived on time, members of the National Retail Lumber Dealers Association, Warrensburg townspeople, Photoplay editors, everyone, that is, but the four movie stars and Virginia MacAllister. They were still at 10 James Street. As Don DeFore put it—"It just wasn't fair to leave all the cleaning up to Mrs. MacAllister. She had won a new home, and we wanted

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Close shave: Lon McCallister decided he’d rather miss his morning shave than miss his train to Dream House opening, made up for late start in train washroom.

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chimney was furnished by Combustion
Engineering; Creo-Dipt gray stain was
used to finish the cedar shingles; Marsh
Wall products of Marlite Tile were pro-
vided for the kitchen and bath. Griffin
Lumber Company furnished all supervision
and materials such as nails, celler window
areaways, Glens Falls cement, and build-
ing paper.

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- Clothes Washer, Dish Washer and
  Gladron by Thor Corp.
- Two Bedroom Suites by
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- Dinette Suite by Mengel Furniture Co.
- Crosley Radio by Aceo Mfg. Co.
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- Cedar Chest by Lane Chest Co.
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  American Hair & Felt Co.
- Carpet Sweeper by
  Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co.
- Flatware Service for Four by
  Dirilbyte Flatware
- Refreshers Boxes for Storing Food by Ruzak
  Shelving and Doilies by Royledge Co.
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  Corinderm by Proctor Electric Co.
- Jewelite Brushes and Dresser Set by
  Pro-Phy-Lac-Tic Brush Co.
- Fire King Ovenware, 5-Piece Set Jade-ite
  Dishes by Anchor Hocking Co.
- K-Venience Closet Fixtures by
  Knape and Vogt
- Rubber Kitchen Accessories by
  Wooster Rubber Co.
- Coffee Table by Michigan Seating Co.
- Men who contributed time, labor and
  cooperation to the erection of the Photol-
  play Industry Engineered Home were:
  Fred Dixon of Union Furnishings Com-
  pany; Lawrence Griffin and Merle Smith
  of Griffin Lumber Company; Lee Orton
  of Orton's Home Shop; Leonard Herrington,
  Harry Higgins; E. C. Martin & Son; Emm-
  ert Bennett; Ernest Duffay; J. L. Link-
  ins & Son. The Village of Warrensburg,
  New York, furnished front sidewalk gratis.
- The End

PAGING
JOHN DEREK

The new man in your movie life. A life with the
punch of this new star's personality. Plus—a four-color
portrait. In December
PHOTOPLAY
She's Younger Than Springtime

(Continued from page 59) dubbed in.
She lives on excitement and tremendous energy and is probably the sunniest girl in town. She owns one bottle of cologne and eight lipsticks in varying shades—all souvenirs of girls' expeditions. She's a born flirt and wears the black spangled formal she bought for her high school junior prom. Her rosy cheeks are her own. So are her naturally bright eyes; big and brown. She hasn't plagued her every since she graduated from high school. Lipstick and mascara are her only make-up. She uses a brush to apply lipstick, says it's wonderful, once you get the hang of it. She also covers her face with a tiniest speck of oil—to give it shine, a look she likes. About every three or four weeks she takes time out to use bright polish on fingernails and toenails. At other times, her nails are natural.

She hasn't taken a tub bath in three years. After her morning shower she goes a half hour in her room. She applies an underarm deodorant every day. She always plans to do morning setting-up exercises, but never has the time. She's ten pounds lighter today than she was when in her own home. She cut out bread, potatoes, desserts and candy. Sensibly, though, she eats a hearty breakfast—fresh fruit, eggs, toast and coffee. She's a good cook. But her mother is doing the cooking. Janet still makes a marvelous Roquefort salad dressing for special occasions.

She has one of the smallest waistlines in Illinois (twenty-two inches), and one of the fullest busts (thirty-six inches). She's a sturdy five-feet-six inches tall, weighs 116 pounds, and she wears a size six shoe and owns ten pairs of dress and sports shoes and four pairs of evening slippers. Her fancy shoes are high-heeled, upon advice of studio. Her day clothes are mostly Mary-Janes, with flat heels and button straps. She dislikes frills and bows, sleeps in tailored silk pajamas. However, she has lots of beachy skirts and blouses, eye-stopping, strapless sun-dresses which are startling over her figure. She keeps on all year round. A young girl's best friend.

She wears ventilated all-rubber girdles under everything at all times. Her underwear is very simple; no lace, nothing imported, nothing custom-made. She buys everything over department-store counters; shorts, slips, hosiery. She has black slips for dark evening clothes, nothing else darker than pink. She has trouble buying bras; because she's full, but slim-backed. Fancy shops can't fit her, so she buys inexpensive but well-fitting bras at the Broadway-Hollywood. She prefers shorts to hosecoats around the house; she never walks barefoot.

She's belt-crazy; has a dozen good belts, mostly leather, no handles. She just bought her first fur; a stole, all she could afford—but mink. Figures she can wear it for ten years, at least.

She has her slightly curly blonde hair long—in the same style she's worn for the past ten years. She likes long hair on young girls. Her mother gave her a permanent when she was eight years old. She hated it, and never wore another. Every night she brushes her hair with a utility drugstore brush. And four or five times a week

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PHOTOPLAY

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I Call Him The Katzenjammer Kid

(Continued from page 43) shouldn't have.
He was so great in "This Gun for Hire" as
Raven, the misguided young killer, but of
parts like Raven there have been very
never more... unquote. He kids me about
having babies to get out of the pictures I'd prefer
to do.
He likes love scenes all through the picture, not just
as a big clinch. He likes to keep the
romantic feeling conveyed from
the time the characters meet, thinks the
feeling of anticipation is better than the
fulfillment of a clinch kiss. There are
many love scenes in a Ladd picture.
It's a neat trick to make love to a girl with
a gun in one hand. Only Ladd can.
You can't help but notice that he's built
like a drawer and over and over you're
impressed with the fact that he's one
of the sweetest guys in glamour town.
A fan once called him a "glamorous
Humphrey Bogart," after which Alan went
to every one of Bogie's pictures to see what
a glamorous Humphrey Bogart would be
like. He felt it was a tall compliment.

He still thinks he's in the motion picture
business on a rain check, that tomorrow
he'll wake up and it will all be quite
buying businesses that can be "hocked"
so that "when they finally catch on to me
pictures—I'll still do okay.
He worked for his first five years as an
actor in radio. But radio still
sears him st if He paces the floor for days
before a show asking himself, "Why did I
let myself in for this? I'll never do
another one. Why? Because
the red light goes on, he's
okay. And he keeps doing other ones.

He has a silken basso voice and sings
practically all the time to relieve excess
energy. He really should do a musical.
He's crazy about Pavarotti. He

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hair-free longer...

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cating action is gentle, but oh so thorough you'll won-
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acting Petro-Syllium, the active ingredient used by many
sufferers to assure comfortable bowel movements.

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When disorder of kidney function permits poisons
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ging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of
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scanty passages with burning and burning some-
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Judy's Singing Again

(Continued from page 34) realizing that ahead of her was a property called "Annie Get Your Gun" and an orphan which Ethel Merman had created on the stage—a role Judy wanted with all her heart and soul.

She got better. She put on much-needed weight and the studio asked her to come back to do a picture for Pasternak, a simple nostalgic picture, before beginning her work in "Annie." That picture was "In the Good Old Summertime.

But Judy wasn't as strong as her optimism and her trouping spirit made her think she was. So, in spite of the one or two hairline pictures which the Ever worked, in the last three weeks of shooting "Summertime" drained her strength still further. In spite of this, she came through with a brilliant performance—what show people call "great trouping." Without having had sufficient rest after the finish of this picture, preparation was made for Judy to start "Annie Get Your Gun." Her studio, because of the gigantic expense involved in making a musical like "Annie," wanted to be constantly reassured that Judy was strong enough to start production. The more the studio worried, the more the burden of the many million dollar production was piled on to the shoulders of this tiny artist, the trouper who had never let them down. She recorded the songs beautifully and the actual photography started.

After five or six weeks of production, Judy's strength failed again. The will to go on was as big as her great heart, but production had to be halted and Judy finally was replaced by Betty Hutton. After another meeting with Mr. Mayer and his executives, a long rest was decided upon.

Gossip! Gossip! Gossip! What was wrong with Judy? What was this mysterious malady? Who were the evil people destroying this girl?

It was all nonsense, of course. The mysterious malady was exhaustion. Frayed nerves. Irritability. Inability to sleep when sleep was not only important, but pressing. Judy had a 5:00 a.m. studio call and a close-up by 9:00 where you must look pretty. Frayed nerves don't stand up very well through constant wardrobe fittings, hairdressing, make-up tests, interviews with the press, still photography. You must stay well. You must meet everybody with a smile. You must sing and look pretty. You must dance and never show fatigue. With all these other "musts," you have a home to keep, a husband and child to keep happy, countless well-meaning friends to be reassured. You can't slip out of your girdle and take off your shoes and sprawl. You must dance! You must sing! You must act! You must do countless favors for family and friends. You must keep from lashing out at people who say you need rest. When? How to get this rest? In Hollywood, there is no rest. The telephone rings constantly. Friends and fans want to know how you are. To leave and go to New York? There could be no rest there, for much the same reasons that exist in Hollywood.

The alternative seemed to be a comparatively quiet city, to the most distinguished doctors available, and under their guidance to replenish physical resources. Dr. George Thorne, professor of medicine at Harvard Medical School and the head of Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, a man internationally known was selected. The 25th of May, decision was made. The 30th of May, decision was carried. To New York, to Peter Bent Brigham Hospital.

For a week or ten days after arrival, Judy took every known medical test. And then the great news, "There is nothing wrong with Judy. She needed rest. She was all right. Judy is a remarkable person. Yes, it is all there on the record for the malicious gossips to see for themselves. There was no mysterious malady. Judy's job was to rest—to replenish the enormous output of energy she used every day. This was accomplished with great simplicity. How? Check in to the hospital early and try to get ready to rest. Be awakened each morning, check out of the hospital, and see something of Boston, its history and charm. Take daytime trips to Long-fellow's Wayside Inn. Go to the shore. Sprawl on the sand and let the salt water and sun work their magic. Judy kept this up until she could sleep without having to go back to the hospital at night. Judy gained weight. Judy acquired a new-found strength.

Judy became a baseball fan in Boston. She started a collection of autographed baseballs. She throw out the first ball at the inter-city series. In fact, Judy began to burst with good health, good spirits and good humor.

One incident, I am sure, will always remain engraved on Judy's mind. Judy, my wife, Sylvia Sidney and I were wondering what to do with a long evening at the shore. We decided to drive to Falmouth, Massachusetts to see the girls. We went to Falmouth, we saw signs advertising "Best Foot Forward," at the Tanglewood Summer Theatre, put on by a group of Judy's, talented Hugh Martin, who wrote the score.

Word went through the tiny theater and backstage that Judy Garland was in the audience. The talented youngsters in the company were anxious to have Judy sign autographs. Judy met with them, signed autographs, and then went into the audience. She bought a set of programs and acted the part of a very happy, very healthy, very popular girl.

I would like to add a little postscript on Judy's last trip. When you travel with her as I have done, you find out how truly she is everyone's little girl. There doesn't seem to be any definite age group among Judy's fans. They include practically everyone who can get a ticket to her movies. If she's never Miss Garland, it's always "Hi, Judy" from cab driver to dowager, from children to old people.

I am convinced that the greeting cards made out by the flood of well-wishes that came to her from all over the world. The religious medals that were sent, the prayers, the simple honest invitations to come and share her happiness: the kind words and good wishes for all the loyalty and love you have given her. This great-hearted little trouper will be back on your screen very soon, letting you say, when you talk to yourself, an even greater Judy Garland than you have seen in the past.
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3 Then last, but not least, 6 wondrous "Flower-Fresh" shades to choose from! Be you blonde, brunette or titian . . . there's a Cashmere Bouquet color to complement and flatter your own natural skin tones!
PHOTOPLAY

December 15¢

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Ingrid Bergman
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**SHE SAFEGUARDS TEETH AND GUMS BOTH THE IPANA WAY!**

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In thousands of recent reports from all over the country, 8 out of 10 dentists say the Ipana way promotes healthier gums. *Just as important as fighting decay, for you can't have healthy teeth without healthy gums!* Try dentist-approved Ipana care—for healthier teeth and healthier gums both.

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Cover: Ingrid Bergman, star of “Under Capricorn”
Natural Color Portrait by Bachrach Studios
Design by Otto Storch

FINDriz.WriteLine(“Contents for December, 1949”)

**HIGHLIGHTS**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Article</th>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The New Gold Medals</td>
<td>Fred R. Sammis</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hero’s Wife</td>
<td>Wanda Hendrix</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What Happened to the Temple Marriage?</td>
<td>Louella O. Parsons</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hollywood Show-offs</td>
<td>Elsa Maxwell</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Bergman Love Story</td>
<td>Joseph Steele</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Kid Who Never Cried (John Derek)</td>
<td>Ruth Waterbury</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>If I Were Santa Claus</td>
<td>Sheila Graham</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Photoplay Sneak Previews “Battleground”</td>
<td>Kay Mulvey</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On a Night Before Christmas</td>
<td>Maxine Arnold</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sitting on Top of the World (Allene Roberts)</td>
<td>Joan Evans</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Las Vegas</td>
<td>52</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clothes Pin-ups</td>
<td>Edith Gwynn</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>French Dressing (Corinne Calvet)</td>
<td>Anita Colby</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Twenty Christmas Presents You Can Make</td>
<td>Freda Dudley</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Home for Christmas</td>
<td>Hans Dreier</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Your Photoplay Photo-Plays (An Alan Ladd Adventure Told in Comics)</td>
<td>66</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**FEATURES IN COLOR**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Location</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Shirley Temple</td>
<td>Las Vegas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ingrid Bergman</td>
<td>Corinne Calvet</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Derek</td>
<td>Joan Leslie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Allene Roberts</td>
<td>Kathryn Grayson</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**SPECIAL EVENTS**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Article</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Brief Reviews</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Casts of Current Pictures</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Inside Stuff—Cal York</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Laughing Stock</td>
<td>79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What Should I Do?</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Cover: Ingrid Bergman, star of “Under Capricorn”
Natural Color Portrait by Bachrach Studios
Design by Otto Storch

Find www.photoplaymagazine.com for more content!
Directed by GEORGE CUKOR - Produced by LAWRENCE WEINGARTEN - A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

MGM
hands you the biggest laugh in 10 years!
It's the hilarious answer to WHO WEARS THE PANTS!

Spencer TRACY

Katharine HEPBURN

JUDY HOLLIDAY
TOM EWELL
DAVID WAYNE • JEAN HAGEN

Screen Play by RUTH GORDON and GARSON KANIN • Directed by GEORGE CUKOR • Produced by LAWRENCE WEINGARTEN • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
Now! Toni Home Permanent twice as easy—twice as fast

new SPIN curler cuts winding time in half—makes it double-easy!

New exclusive Toni SPIN Curler grips ... spins ... locks with a flick of the finger. No rubber bands! All plastic, patented! Nothing to tangle up in your hair! Tiny teeth firmly grip hair-tips so even the shortest ends become easy to manage! Easy-spin action—built right in—rolls each curl up in one quick motion! Snaps shut! Assures a better, longer-lasting curl. Winds more hair on each curler. Makes winding twice as easy—twice as fast! Now it's easier than ever before for any woman to wind perfect curls.

gentle TONI lotion gives you the most natural-looking wave ever!

It's the same gentle creme lotion that has given more than 67 million lovely permanents. So gentle—so fast. No other home permanent waves hair faster yet leaves it so soft and lustrous, so easy to set and style. Try this exciting Toni with new SPIN Curlers and see how quickly ... how easily ... you give yourself the most natural-looking wave you've ever had!

SPECIAL COMBINATION OFFER

Toni Refill Kit, Guaranteed to give the most natural-looking wave ever—or money back! $1.00

Complete Set of new Toni SPIN Curlers. No more rubber bands! Makes every wave from now on twice as easy! Reg. Value, $5.00

Included in this offer—
Toni Creme Rinse to give your Toni wave romantic softness!

$5.00 VALUE
ONLY $2.29

Which Twin has the Toni? (See answer below)

Valentina Cortesa forgets her shyness on the screen

VALENTINA'S DAY

SHE's new, she's Italian, she's terrific! Valentina Cortesa, the girl with the cupidly name and heart-shaped face, arrived in America with an accent strictly on the polish side and the appearance of a misplaced elf.

Off screen, she's shy, reticent, fearful of her English and looks like anything but America's idea of an Italian charmer. Her hair, reddish-brown, and worn in a straight, short shock, resembles a mop, falling this way and that over her sensitive face. Her skin is fair and faultless, her eyes green.

On screen, with her short locks curled fetchingly, she becomes a real beauty; a tiny woman with fluid grace and astonishing command. Even her English seems to clear and flow as it emerges from the screen. There's a story about her attempts to learn English. Meeting Tyrone Power in Rome, she explained how worried she was about her English dialogue for "Cagliostro," which Gregory Ratoff was directing.

Realizing that Ratoff's English was probably the worst yet, Tyrone decided to play a joke on Valentina. "You listen to Gregory and copy him," Tyrone advised, "and you'll really learn English."

But the joke was on Ty. Ratoff, it seems, had a short-cut-to-English system that worked like a charm, and while he never mastered his own accent, it set Valentina on the straight road to English.

Her next English dialogue film, "Glass Mountain," was made in London before she sailed for the United States. And, no sooner had she finished "Thieves' Highway" at Twentieth Century-Fox, than M-G-M grabbed her for "Malaya."

Three things took Valentina back to Italy after her two Hollywood pictures. One was to have a troublesome appendix removed, another was to persuade her beloved grandmother to return with her, and the last, was to see the man she secretly loves.

Valentina doesn't talk about the man in her life, but rumors from Rome have it he's a prominent concert conductor.

She was born in Milan, Italy, and spent her childhood in a lonely villa at Stresa on Lake Maggiore, living with her grandmother and attending the local school. In Hollywood, Valentina lives quietly in a small house near Twentieth, reading, studying English and cooking the polenta she loves.

When she returns, much of her loneliness will be gone, for her beloved grandma will be with her.

As for marriage, well, maybe!
LADD pays off for a wronged girl who was a 'right guy'!

Paramount Presents
ALAN LADD
DONNA REED
in
"Chicago Deadline"
with JUNE IRENE
HAVOC - HERVEY
ARTHUR KENNEDY

Produced by ROBERT FELLows - Directed by LEWIS ALLEN - Screenplay by Warren Duff - Based on a Story by Tiffany Thayer
Dear Miss Colbert:

For three years, I have been dating a man who has frequently asked me to marry him, but I just can't say yes.

I am thirty. I own my own beauty shop. I live with my mother, father, sister and brother, and we are a very happy family.

The man I go with is a trucker, divorced, and with two children. He claims that he doesn't have to contribute to their support. He has no money saved, and recently bought a car on the installment plan.

He lives at the Y.M.C.A. He admits that he is tired of not ready to settle down to home life. However, he says that he can't support me, so I would have to go on working.

What prospects do you think this marriage would have?

Olg C.

Every line of your letter is eloquent of the fact that you know this man is not right for you. What you really want to know is: Do I think that, because you are thirty, you should marry this man simply to be married.

My dear, I certainly do not. In days gone by, literally hundreds of thousands of girls entered into loveless marriages which were doomed from the start simply because there was little for a girl to do except marry or go to school. We have emerged from the dark ages of thinking that there is only one way of life for a woman. You have a happy home life, living as you are now. Why trade it simply so you can add the title "Mrs." to your name?

A girl should marry only because she is in love with a man, believes he is in love with her, and they are agreed to be honest partners in a great adventure.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I hold a well-paying job in a large organization. During the past year, I have made dates with four girls in the office. A fifth girl has informed me that the four girls got together and compared notes as to what I said, what I did, and how much I spent on each. This hurt me up, and I don't intend to ask them out again.

Although I have never written this sort of letter before, it seemed to me that a woman of your influence might inform some of these eager babes that they talk themselves out of a lot of fun.

Other men know have had much the same experience. Understand, I didn't make a play or a pass at any of the girls; my idea was comradeship. My opinion is that most men are more decent human beings than most girls.

Joe Gripe

First, I would like to point out that the fifth girl, who brought you a report of the conversation of the others must be suspected of trying to win your confidence by turning traitor to her sex.

Aside from that warning, I will say only, that any man working in a large organization is guilty of bad business practice if he attempts to date a series of fellow employees. He is certain to give the impression of being a wolf on the prowl.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am eighteen and have been going with a boy for one year.

This boy has never given me a present. My parents tell me that this is not right. I don't care if he gives me anything or not, but I lie when people ask what he gave me so they won't think him "cheap."

Would you please tell me what to do?

Evelyn D.

You reveal, by your letter, that you are sweet and fair-minded, but I think your parents are instilling in you some mistaken ideas about what to expect of a boy.

First of all, it is incorrect for a girl, before she is engaged to a man, to accept any gift except flowers, books, or candy. It is a custom that has been found very useful. Among other things, it places no one under obligation.

Finally, it is always a mistake to expect anything in the matter of gifts. Under no circumstances should you lie about gifts given to you for a gift. That would make you, not the boy, seem cheap.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I want very much to become a church member. The problem is, which church?

You see, my family are not churchgoers, and only a few of my close friends attend church regularly, so I don't know a great deal about the different faiths.

Is there a course I could take that would teach me all about different religions so that I may make my own decision?

Anita T.

If you go to college, you will be able to satisfy your intellectual craving for such study, because nearly every college offers a course in "Comparative Religions."

Otherwise, there is no reason why you shouldn't attend a different church every Sunday until you find one in which you feel at home. All liberal-minded people agree that every church is a house of God to which every sincere person may come and be assured of a warm welcome.

Claudette Colbert
WE'VE GOT BERLE!
THE NATION'S NO. 1 FUNNY-MAN!
BERLE'S HERE!
BERLE'S ON THE SCREEN!
HE'LL BERLE YOU OVER!

Warner Bros.
FILL THE SCREEN
WITH ALL THE ROARS
AND GUFFAWHS
HE'S FAMOUS FOR!

MILTON
BERLE
GETS VERY
FUNNY WITH
VIRGINIA
MAYO

"ABSOLUTELY THE
FUNNIEST PICTURE
I'VE EVER SEEN"
says
MILTON BERLE'S MOTHER
-and her hundred
million friends!

"Always Leave Them Laughing"
Oh what a story!
Everyone falls for his gags-he falls for everyone's gal!

Stop laughing - and listen!
8 NEW HIT SONGS TOO!

With
RUTH ROMAN - BERT LAHR
DIRECTED BY ROY DEL RUTH
PRODUCED BY JERRY WALD
SCREEN PLAY BY MELVILLE SHAVELSON AND JACK ROSE
FROM A STORY BY MAX SHULMAN AND RICHARD MEALAND
MUSICAL DIRECTION BY RAY HEINDORF
INSIDE STUFF

Study in concentration: Jean Negulesco, director of “Three Came Home,” and the star, Claudette Colbert, are so interested in working out the next scene in their picture they've temporarily forgotten Dusty Anderson, Jean's wife.

Around Town: What's this about Howard Duff and Ava Gardner heading for a preacher? The way those two fight, they'll need a referee on their honeymoon, that is, if they ever get around to wedding bells . . . Clark Gable got the raspberry from kids gathered around Ciro's when he refused autographs. He'll tell you so, himself. Clark has the courage to say, and stand on it, that thirteen- and fourteen-year-old kids have no place around a night spot at one or two o'clock in the morning . . . Hollywood believes Greer Garson's husband Buddy Fogelson effected a compromise with Greer's mother, who will not be separated from her daughter, and don't believe anything to the contrary.

Here and There: The rush is on among Hollywood hostesses to be the first to snag Marlon Brando, star of the New York hit, “A Streetcar Named Desire,” as a guest. Marlon, who is even less social-minded than Monty Clift, is likely to show up at formal functions in a T-shirt and jeans. Being a “character” is a sure way to get interest in Hollywood. Marlon, by the way, is starring in “The Men” for Stanley Kramer, who made a star of Kirk Douglas in “Champion” . . . With Bob Hope and Bing Crosby growing richer by the minute with their Texas oil holdings, stars are beginning to search for gold mines in the sky outside of Hollywood. Mark Stevens plans on going into the car business with a friend in Denver, as a side business, of course. And Gary Cooper has already opened his winter ski resort at Aspen, Colorado . . . The heavy cast has been removed from the leg of Kathryn Grayson's and Johnny Johnston's baby daughter, but she still wears a brace. Fortunately, the broken hip, which may have been sustained at birth, was discovered in time. Incidentally, their marriage would make a whale of a musical, the way they spat, rush apart, rush back, spat again. And how they could sing their roles!
Let laughs come first: June Allyson, there with husband, and the David Nivens, make merry during opening of the Ice Follies.

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

Water baby: Nine-months-old Portland goes into her act for mother (Mrs. James Mason) and teacher.

Rural rendezvous: Myrna Loy and her husband, Gene Markey, stop for an autumn vacation snapshot in Bad Gastein, Austria. Next stop was Bavaria, then London, for a new film.
Heather Allyson, at Tick Tock restaurant, is almost too excited to eat. Daddy Gordon MacRae took her to big Toluca Lake festivities.

INSIDE STUFF

Until the football season is over, player Bob Waterfield won't be able to escort wife Jane Russell to many more Mocambo nights.

Rhonda Fleming greets Johnny Sands at Carl Laemmle benefit party. Johnny's date, Hazel Shaw, is making picture debut.
Checking up on Cupid! Greg Bautzer profiles Ginger Rogers, Clark Gable, Lady Stanley, at Williams party. Rear, Ann MacNamara, Photoplay's fashion photographer

Giddy-up "Rover"? Roy Rogers is one cowboy, at least, who is not a horse lover exclusively. Oh yes, Roy loves Trigger, make no mistake about that. But there is also room in his heart for no less than ten pet dogs that call the Roger ranch their home. Fact is, you may soon see Phantom, a white Greenland huskie, in a picture with Roy.

"Phantom and Trigger have got to learn to work together," Roy says, "and, well, you know how it is with actors. They get a little jealous sometimes." But there was a twinkle in his eye when he said it.

A Modern Samson: He came striding into the Twentieth Century-Fox dining room, a real hunk of man, no mistake. "Mind if I have a bowl of soup at your table?" Vic Mature said, sinking into a chair beside us.

"Well, how's Samson, the big push-over?" we asked. "Haven't seen you since you finished 'Samson and Delilah' for De Mille."

"I couldn't push over a set of blocks today," he groaned. "I've had the flu. Bring me only liquids," he said to the waitress, after kissing her soundly. "Soup and tomato juice."

We told him the grapevine had the De Mille epic one of the best yet, with Vic a real knockout as Samson.

"That De Mille, what a guy! What a showman," he raved. "He used to say, 'Vic, they say I'm corny. All right, what is corn? It's food that springs from the heart of our America. Iowa, Kansas, Missouri. It feeds our people. It feeds the starving of Europe—of the world. Vic, I'm glad to be corny.'"

"And," said Vic, "they can kid about the old master all they want, but there isn't a big star on the lot who doesn't come to visit him, and even Hope and Crosby, I've noticed, are respectful in the presence of De Mille."
Are you really Lovely to Love?

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

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

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

INSIDE STUFF

Together—Apart: Not only have the Dan Daileys reconciled, they're together professionally, too, and for the first time. You'll glimpse the lovely Liz Dailey, briefly, of course, in a railway depot scene in Dan's latest, "A Ticket to Tomahawk." And the young lad with Liz will be their son, Dan Dailey Jr. The whole family spent weeks together on this Durango, Colorado, location.

But while the Daileys are united, Dan's co-star Anne Baxter, and her husband John Hodiak face a six month's separation. John will go to London for the new "Mrs. Miniver" and Anne off on another location about the time John reports back to M-G-M for his next picture.

Incidentally, Anne became a Mrs. Belvedere, baby-sitting with young Dan while his parents went to the local movie. "Getting experience for the family John and I hope to raise," Anne says.

Barrymore Comeback: Director Elia Kazan tells of Ethel Barrymore's wit on the "Pinky" set. After a scene, beautifully performed by Miss Barrymore, Elia pronounced it perfect, but requested they do it once again.

"And what's this one for?" snapped Ethel, "your private collection?"

Eddie Had a Fit: Long sessions in studio fitting rooms can be dull for everyone concerned, so, when the lads with thread and needle see an opportunity for a little fun, they latch on to it, naturally. Their recent laugh was at the expense of Edward Arnold, who dieted away twenty-five pounds in New York, after he'd had wardrobe fittings for "Annie Get Your Gun," and before he'd started again with Betty Hutton in the film.

Edward fumed and fussed about the hours of standing and fitting all over again. But, to his surprise, every garment fitted him perfectly. "I can't understand it," he said, over and over. And viewing the skeptical faces around him he repeated, "But I lost twenty-five pounds, 1 tell you. All those scales in New York couldn't be wrong."

They let him fuss and worry and reweigh himself, over and over, before they tipped him off that a New York representative had kept them posted about his dimensions. No one laughed louder than Eddie. (Continued on page 14)
MADAME SCHIAPARELLI, famous French designer: “You must be slenderer to wear the new fashions, you can be—with PLAYTEX!”

MARGARET PHELAN, one of year’s Best Dressed Women: “I like the way PLAYTEX washes in seconds, dries with a towel.”

LILLY DACHE, famous designer: “PLAYTEX is the girdle of the year! No other slims so magically—fits so invisibly.”

LISA KIRK, singing star of Kiss Me, Kate: “PLAYTEX is the world’s most comfortable girdle, not a single seam, stitch or bone!”

PHILIP MANGONE, holder of Golden Thimble award: “I like to see my clothes on women with slim PLAYTEX silhouettes!”

VIRGINIA FIELD, one of year’s Best Dressed Women: “PLAYTEX slims where it does the most good—and it fits perfectly!”

COUNTESS POLIGNAC, head of House of Lanvin: “We used to adapt styles to figures. Now, PLAYTEX slims figures to fit styles.”

PIERRE BALMAIN, leading French designer: “My 1950 silhouette is the slenderest—and best way to a slender figure is PLAYTEX!”

SONJA HENIE, skating star of Hollywood Ice Revue: “PLAYTEX is the perfect girdle. It slims and trims in complete comfort.”

OMAR KIAM, favorite designer of movie stars: “Wearing PLAYTEX is the first step toward looking right in new fashions.”

SARAH PALFREY COOKE, tennis champion: “Inches melt away with PLAYTEX. No girdle ever did so much.”

ROBERT FIGUET, Parisian couturier: “My creations require a figure that can be revealed, with lines that PLAYTEX gives.”

INVISIBLE UNDER THE SLEEKIEST DRESS, PLAYTEX GIVES YOU A SLENDER LINE FROM WAIST TO HIPS TO THIGHS.

START THE NEW YEAR WITH A NEW FIGURE—THE SLIM, TRIM PLAYTEX FIGURE

Most frequent resolve of American women is to become slimmer right away. Today—the sensational PLAYTEX girdle turns that resolve into reality. Made of tree-grown latex, PLAYTEX combines amazing figure-slimming power with complete comfort. PLAYTEX trims your figure invisibly—without a single seam, stitch or bone. And it washes in ten seconds, pats dry with a towel.

PLAYTEX PANTY GIRDLE $3.95
Extra Large PLAYTEX GARTER CIRCLE $4.95
SENSATIONAL PINK-ICE FOR EXTRA COOLNESS $4.95

At all modern corset and notion departments and better specialty shops everywhere.

INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORPORATION
PLAYTEX PARK
DOVER, DEL.
New improved NORFORMS make feminine hygiene easier

Never before has an antiseptic and deodorant preparation for inner cleanliness been so pleasant and easy to use.

The New NORFORMS are small, dainty suppositories that form an antiseptic and protective film. Powerful, yet non-irritating new agents destroy germ life and eliminate (not mask) objectionable odors for hours.

Nothing to mix or measure—no worry about too much or too little. The New NORFORMS are safe to use on delicate tissues. They melt at internal body temperature without greasiness or odor.

The new formula and a new method of packing—individually sealed in foil—prevents spoilage—makes the New NORFORMS usable in any climate.

Get new, improved NORFORMS and discover how simple feminine hygiene can be. At all drug stores.

Send for booklet, "Feminine Hygiene Made Easy." The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, New York...Famous for Dependable Drugs.

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(Continued from page 12)

Contract for Johnny: Whoever said the public doesn't make stars?

This telegram just came to us from A. C. Lyles Jr. of Pine-Thomas Studios:

"We have just seen the results of your 'Choose Your Star' poll and as a direct result have signed Johnny Sands for an important role in our picture 'Outrage.' We are certain other winners will be given equally important breaks as a result of this poll."

Elizabeth's Heart Problems: Hollywood believes that in Elizabeth Taylor they have a real coquette. And you know something? The town loves it.

Better to let them little beauty go through all the falling in and out of love, getting engaged and unengaged, than to make a mistake that will cause future unhappiness.

Too often, young stars and starlets who follow their hearts instead of their heads end up with neither a marriage nor a career. And the man who demands his love give up career is asking for unhappiness. Too, there isn't a young man alive who can read of his fiancée being here and there with this one and that one, and not resent it.

And they can say what they will about Howard Hughes insisting Elizabeth call him "Uncle Howard." He didn't have that uncle-look last time we saw them.

Now There Are Two: It was a warm Saturday afternoon, and guests of the Beverly Hills Hotel sat around the swimming pool, and lunged in the sun.

A tall, lean blondish man and a tall, lean miss of about eleven caught everyone's eye as they strolled together.

When the child, evidently his daughter, climbed on the diving board, the man called out encouraging instructions. When she made a particularly good dive, he threw back his head and laughed appreciatively. They were having a wonderfully gay time together.

“Photoplay Time” is Faye Emerson's time to appear as Wendy Barrie's guest on Monday night television show

INSIDE STUFF

“I know someone who would give anything to see that little girl so happy,” one guest remarked. "Who?" asked her friend. "Ingrid Bergman,” was the answer.

“Ingrid Bergman? But why?”

"Because,” said the guest, “that’s her daughter Pa. And the man with her is Ingrid's husband, Dr. Lindstrom.”

Heart Department: Hollywood is waiting to see the outcome of the Doris Day-Matty Melcher-Patti Andrew triangle. Matty, who is a radio agent and music arranger, married the youngest Andrew sister a few years ago. Then he met Doris Day and boom, it was love.

To date, Patti refuses to divorce Matty, preferring an annulment, and Doris isn’t quite as happy as she used to be. Friends feel that if Joan Caulfield’s family keep out of it, her romance with Frank Ross, ex-husband of Jean Arthur, will lead to the altar. But Joan is a family-minded girl, and one hears they aren’t too keen about it.

Bill Dozier, another ex-husband (Joan Fontaine’s), is having himself a romantic whirl dating one pretty girl after another. His latest is Cleatus Hutton.

Service While You Wait: “The Ma and Pa Kettle Goes to Town” set was going great guns when Cal stopped by. Marjorie Main, who plays Ma, had just returned from a New York City location.

“Well, I suppose you’re all citified now,” we said to our old friend Marjorie. "Let’s have a cup of tea while we talk," she said, leading the way to her dressing room. But, outside the door, she halted and so did we, staring goggle-eyed at a three-burner hot plate and all the utensils that go with light housekeeping.

"Got to have some place to make my coffee and cook a bite to eat,” Marjorie explained, putting on the tea kettle and beating up a few eggs for French toast.

“They don’t like it, but I do it,” she said.

Citified, we had said. Marjorie Main will always be herself.
Those letters—written in a reckless moment, exploding in a chain of VIOLENCE...

I wasn't alive until I met you. I don't know if I can make up my mind to do what you asked.

It could happen to so many married women...

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

JAMES MASON
JOAN BENNETT

The Reckless Moment

with GERALDINE BROOKS - Screen Play by Henry Garson and Robert W. Soderberg - Based upon a Ladies' Home Journal story by Elisabeth Sanxay Holding

Directed by MAX OPULS
Produced by WALTER WANGER
Your loveliness is Doubly Safe

Cheers and Jeers:

Just who does Farley Granger think he is? Recently, on a personal appearance tour in Cincinnati, Ohio, with the showing of "Roseanna McCoy," we found out what Mr. Granger is really like. Instead of giving a few autographs, a policeman escorted him right from the theater to his car. Quite a lot of girls walked away disgusted and began to wonder if Hollywood isn't just a snob factory. After all, Mr. Granger's biggest audience consists of teen-agers and we think we deserve just a little bit more than being snubbed.

Anna May Matt
Cincinnati, O.

I received the October Photoplay and the best news I have ever read was about the reissuing of old favorite films. Give us again "Red Dust," "Min and Bill," "Smiling Through," "Grand Hotel," "Barretts of Wimpole Street," etc.

Herbert C. Barnes
Brunson, S. C.

I received my copy of Photoplay's October issue. I just had to write and tell you I think the Rita Hayworth pictures are horrible. She looks like a wild woman. I think it is disgraceful for a star who can look as beautiful as Rita can to let herself be photographed as Rita has. If becoming a "Princess" makes you look like Rita on these pictures, I sincerely hope I shall never be one.

Ruth A. Luck
Leisburg, Pa.

Readers Pets:

I have just seen "Champion" and found it wonderful, but why didn't Ruth Roman get top billing? She is a wonderful actress and I would like to see more of her.

Gayle Brozovich
Seattle, Wash.

M-G-M should give Ricardo Montalban a title role in a dramatic picture. Mr. Montalban would do much better as a dramatic star than as a song-and-dance man.

Marvin Chavier
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Regarding the dispute as to who "stole" "Take Me out to the Ball Game." I'd like to say that as far as I'm concerned, Frank Sinatra steals every picture in which he appears. When he's on the screen, I never see anyone else.

M. L. Dailey
Los Angeles, Cal.

Casting:

I have just seen "Top O' the Morning," and am so disgusted, I had to write. Will you tell me why Hollywood doesn't wake up? Bing Crosby is old enough to be Ann Blyth's father. She always seems to be co-starred with someone twice her age. Why isn't she sharing acting honors with someone like Peter Lawford, John Derek, or Monty Clift? I think Hollywood is hurting a great young actress' chances when they co-star her with such old men.

E. Corrigan
Milford, N. J.

What happened to Dan Dailey and Betty Grable? Why can't we have more pictures like "When My Baby Smiles at Me"? They make such a wonderful team.

Karen Brandenburg
Muncie, Ind.

I read recently that Hollywood is thinking of making a movie of "The Sheik." I definitely don't think Tyrone Power should play the Sheik. He is too old and has had enough good roles. Also, he is an American and for that role I think that a Frenchman such as Louis Jourdan should play the part.

Anne Hathaway
De Kalb, Ill.

Question Box:

Could you please give me some information on Arthur Kennedy who portrayed the same brother in "Champion"?

Catherine Bucher
Dayton, O.

(Arthur Kennedy was born in Worcester, Mass., on Feb.
uary 17, 1914. He is five-feet-eleven, has blue eyes and blond hair and is married to Mary Chaffey. His next picture is "Glass Menagerie").

I came across an article in Inside Stuff which puzzles me a great deal. It states that Mario Lanza was born on New York's lower East Side, and yet, when the picture had its world premiere here, the fact that he was born and raised in Philadelphia was greatly played up.

Betty Dietz

(Mario Lanza was born in New York City. When he was just under school age, the family moved to Philadelphia.)

I have just read your article about Ricardo Montalban (Sept.). What kind of line is Mr. Montalban feeding the public? Why is he trying to be so sanctimonious about his "beautiful" love affair starting in church?

Most of us remember the story that came out in a magazine that told how Mr. Montalban carried Georgianna Young's picture with him for two years while he was in the Army, knowing full well she was married to Billy Halop. When he was discharged from the Army, he went to Hollywood, where he wooed and won her.

Deborah Collier
Belmont, Mass.

(For the record, Georgianna Young was never married to Billy Halop. They went out on several dates. It is, however, true that Ricardo Montalban clipped and saved pictures of Georgianna for two years prior to the time he first saw her in church.)

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

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Wonderful to have both... in a Christmas Elgin!

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co-star in the Broadway musical success
"KISS ME, KATE,
chosen one of America's "best-dressed" women by the Fashion Academy

"Best-dressed" women like Miss Morison are always alert for style correctness. That's why so many of them are wearing the new Elgin Watches. For originality in design and up-to-the-minute styling, Elgin won the 1949 Fashion Academy Award!

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*Patent pending. Made of "Elgiloy" metal
Between two worlds: Ethel Waters implores granddaughter Jeanne Crain to be true to her heredity.

(A) Pinky (Twentieth Century-Fox)

RACIAL CONFLICT is the theme of an emotion-packed picture, providing Jeanne Crain with her most important role to date.

As Pinky, an educated colored girl who has lived among northern whites and passed as one of them, Jeanne turns in a poignant performance. Returning to her granny’s dilapidated shack in a small southern town, Jeanne becomes a target for discrimination. A graduate nurse, she seeks escape from the intolerable situation of being in love with a white man who wants to marry her. He is doctor William Lundigan and he cuts such a fine, forthright figure, it is no wonder Jeanne loses her heart to him. Ethel Waters is superb as Jeanne’s old granny, Ethel Barrymore is at once caustic and kindly as Jeanne’s aristocratic patient.

Your Reviewer Says: Significant and stirring.

(F) I Married a Communist (RKO)

COMMUNISM rears its hateful head in this exciting movie teaming charming Laraine Day and rugged Robert Ryan.

Married, after a brief courtship, Laraine merely knows Ryan to be a shipping executive. How could she suspect that, some years previously, he worked for the Communist Party under another name? Or that Janis Carter, a striking blonde, shared his private, as well as his political life? But Thomas Gomez, ruthless leader of the West Coast “commies,” knows Ryan’s real identity. With Gomez threatening him on one hand and Janis on the other, Ryan is really in a spot. An added complication has his impressionable young brother-in-law, John Agar, falling for Janis and her fellow-travelers.

It’s a taut, fast-moving thriller.

Your Reviewer Says: Terrifying and timely.

(F) The Red Danube (M-G-M)

HUMAN beings are the pawns in this heartbreaking tale of postwar politics and religion in Vienna and Rome. More interesting than exciting, it describes the plight of Russians in Austria unwilling to return to their Communistic homeland.

It is British Army Colonel Walter Pidgeon’s unpleasant assignment to cooperate with Russian Colonel Louis Calhern in rounding up these unhappy “illegals.” One of them is lovely Janet Leigh, who finds refuge in the convent of Mother Superior Ethel Barrymore. There Janet meets Peter Lawford, who promptly succumbs to Janet’s wistful charm.

This has a top-notch cast, with Pidgeon sympathetically portraying a soldier torn between duty and pity. Angela Lansbury capably plays his efficient secretary, in love with Lawford.

Your Reviewer Says: Strong political drama.

Shadow

By Elsa Branden

 Outstanding Very good Good
 F—For the whole family A—For adults
(F) Miss Grant Takes Richmond (Columbia)

In case you hadn't noticed, Lucille Ball is a first-class comedienne. Her portrayal of a delightful dope in this wacky farce is ample proof of it.

Hired by bookmaker William Holden as a front for his horse-betting operations, Lucille, nitwit though she is, outsmarts her sharp employer and his crooked co-workers, James Gleason and Frank McHugh. The boys are supposedly in the realty business so Lucille has them building a housing project, using her uncle-judge and district attorney-suitors to swing the deal.

Holden is a glib-edged heel, Janis Carter is a convincing female out to win him by fair means or foul. The picture has its silly moments but what it lacks in logic, it more than makes up for in laughs.

Your reviewer says: Good clean fun.

(F) Red, Hot and Blue (Paramount)

Dizzy, busy, forever in a tizzy. That describes Betty Hutton in this fast-moving comedy about a would-be actress continually in hot water.

A female firecracker, Betty is perpetually in the process of exploding. Her exasperated boy friend is handsome Vic Mature, trying to carve a career as a stage director and keep a wary eye on Betty at the same time. Quite a large-sized order, considering all her wild schemes to achieve fame and fortune on Broadway. William Demarest amusingly plays Betty's go-getting agent, while June Havoc convincingly portrays her cynical roommate.

The net result is a mad farce with blonde leather-lunged Betty singing, screaming, dancing and romancing for all she's worth.

Your reviewer says: Slapstick.

(F) Down Dakota Way (Republic)

Roy Rogers, Dale Evans, Foy Willing and the Riders of the Purple Sage join hands to make this a fast action-filled prairie yarn. It has two fine tunes, "Candy Kisses" and "The ABC Song." Otherwise, it follows a familiar formula and is not up to Roy's usual standard.

As always, Roy Barcroft is the deep-dyed villain. This time he aims to sell a herd of diseased cattle and his henchman, Byron Barr, murders a veterinarian who has orders to destroy the animals. It's up to Rogers to stop Barcroft and Barr in their tracks, and he does just that after numerous gun and fist fights. Pat Brady and Elizabeth Reardon make the most of their respective roles.

Your reviewer says: Crime in the cow country.
(A) The Hidden Room
(Rank-Eagle Lion)

THERE are some mighty peculiar goings-on in this slow-motion murder yarn. It deals with a deceived husband's diabolical plot to do away with the "other man." The Robert Newton draws the distasteful role of this super-assassin. Phil Brown, the victim of his extreme jealousy, retains a remarkable sense of humor throughout. As the lady who causes all the rum-pus, Sally Gray is suitably flippant and flirtatious.

Everyone is so dreadfully polite that, instead of being the gruesome horror tale it sets out to be, the story develops into an incredible drawing-room drama.

Your Reviewer Says: Gory, but not too good.

✓ (F) Strange Bargain (RKO)

MURDER or suicide? That's what the police must decide when they find the bullet-ridden body of a wealthy broker. Jeffrey Lynn knows the answer, but he isn't telling. At least, not until his wife, Martha Scott, convinces him it's the only course to take. Then he learns he didn't know the real facts, after all.

Lynn gives an honest portrayal of a victim of circumstance; Scott conveys the anxiety of a devoted wife; Henry Morgan is a cool and capable police official.

All contribute toward making this a fairly entertaining melodrama.

Your Reviewer Says: Interesting enough.

✓ (F) Arctic Fury
(Plymouth-RKO)

THIS documentary-type picture deals with the chilling adventures of Dr. Thomas Barlow, known as Alaska's "flying doctor." His story, filmed in the land of the Eskimos, is a gripping one.

Homeward bound to his wife and child at Cape Fear, the doctor learns of a plague-stricken village some distance away. On the way there, his plane crashes up in the open sea. How he struggles against hunger, cold and the wild beasts of the Arctic makes an unusual movie.

Del Cambre is acceptable as the unfortunate medico, as is Merrill McCormick in the role of a trapper. However, it's chiefly the animals who are the most natural performers.

Your Reviewer Says: A blood-curdling tale.

(F) The Fighting Kentuckian
(Republic)

MOST of the action in this fancy outdoor opus is saved for the tag-end of the picture. That leaves John Wayne, a rough-and-ready soldier, with plenty of time to woo pretty Vera Ralston, a carefully reared French girl slated to marry wealthy John Howard.

The rambling romance is given an historical slant due to an Act of Congress in 1817, granting certain territory in Alabama to French exiles following Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo. With the aid of alluring Marie Windsor and sly Paul Fix, Grant Withers seeks to evict these French settlers.

Your Reviewer Says: History takes a beating.

✓ (F) Oh, You Beautiful Doll
(Twentieth Century-Fox)

THROUGH ALLEY'S Fred Fisher is the latest composer to inspire a biographical film musical. His catchy songs of yesteryear are a real treat, but the story of his life is something else again.

As played by over-plump, over-excitable S. Z. Sakall, he's a struggling genius going nowhere until Broadway songwriter Mark Stevens comes along to pep up his operatic arias and turn them into popular hits. It's a different kind of role for Mark and he handles it credibly. As Sakall's demure daughter, June Haver spends most of the time looking lovesick instead of kicking up her dainty heels. Gale Robbins is June's eye-catching, torch-singing rival for Mark's affections.

Your Reviewer Says: Saga of a songwriter.

✓ (F) Roseanna McCoy
(Samuel Goldwyn-RKO)

THERE'S a lot of lovin' and hatin' in this fight-filled drama describing the famous Hatfield-McCoy feud of the 1880's. As young Hatfield, dynamic Farley Granger has what it takes to make newcomer Joan Evans forget that she's a McCoy, and therefore his bitter enemy. A refreshingly wholesome and talented teenager, Joan has come a long way in her first picture. Richard Basehart also scores as a fanatical member of the Hatfield clan and Charles Bickford is well cast as Granger's gun-totin' pa. Raymond Massey convincingly plays Joan's pappy; Aline Mc Mahon is his wearied wife. Marshall Thompson, Gigi Perreau and Peter Miles their very attractive children. Arthur Franz is the nice boy Joan might have married if Farley hadn't come along.

Your Reviewer Says: Romantic backwoods tale.

✓ (F) Battleground (M-G-M)

THIS is a rugged, realistic account of the Battle of Bastogne in 1944, and of the American doughboys who fought and fell on Belgian soil. (See page 44.)

As a cynical GI, equal to any situation, Van Johnson delivers a forceful performance. Next in line for acting honors is Marshall Thompson, whose career takes a long step forward with this picture. Young Thompson registers as a scared kid, who gradually develops into a battle-scared soldier. Others in the platoon worthy of special mention are Ricardo Montalban, John Hodiak, George Murphy, Jerome Courtland, Don Taylor, James Whitmore, and Douglas Fowley. Also the original (Continued on page 22)

Best Pictures of the Month

Battleground
Pinky
Roseanna McCoy

Best Performances of the Month

Van Johnson, Marshall Thompson in "Battleground"
Lucille Ball in "Miss Grant Takes Richmond"
Jeanne Crain, Ethel Waters in "Pinky"
Walter Pidgeon, Ethel Barrymore, Janet Leigh, Peter Lawford, Louis Calhern in "The Red Danube"
Betty Hutton in "Red, Hot and Blue"
Farley Granger, Richard Basehart in "Roseanna McCoy"
When I was filming "Mrs. Mike", we actually used real snow on the sets. While the rest of the country was sweltering in summer heat, I spent day after frostbitten day working in machine-made snow drifts at sub-freezing temperatures.

In scenes like this, with Dick Powell, my hands froze...

In another scene, they were in soapy water for hours...

But Jergens Lotion kept my hands from chapping...

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

Discover why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret...

And is used in Hollywood 7 to 1 over other hand cares.
A figure eight! Wonderful! But my Maidenform figure... till I tried Maidenform. Improves my form, gives me a lift I love. How wonderful if only I could skate so dreamily! One dream, at least, is real... a bra with perfect fit... my Maidenform.

Shown: Maidenform's Maidenette. Strapless in white satin and lace designed for young uplift.

This is only a hint of a come-hither collection! For strapless, hug-me-close support, for fuller figures, it's Maidenform's Hold-Tite. *Interlude* for classic roundness, deep-down cut and for deep, deep down necklines, your bra is Dec-la-tay. *

There is a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure.

(Continued from page 20)

"Screaming Eagles" of the 101st Airborne Division, who put in a thrilling appearance in the last scene.

Your Reviewer Says: It rates a Silver Star.

(A) The Reckless Moment
(Walter Wanger-Columbia)

BLACKMAIL is the ugly club held over Joan Bennett's head, and James Mason is the fellow who wields it in this domestic melodrama. A sentimental Irishman, Mason takes no pleasure in his work. Joan expresses deep distress as a respectable suburban housewife and a mother willing to go to any lengths to break up a love affair between her wayward young daughter, Geraldine Brooks, and no-account Sheppard Strudwick. Geraldine, however, is so infatuated with Strudwick that her mother's pleas fail on deaf ears. It's the girl's love letters which serve as a handy blackmail weapon after Strudwick meets a violent end. That's when Mason and his partner-in-crime, Roy Roberts, insert themselves into the picture, being in possession of the telltale letters.

And there you have all the makings of a juicy scandal.

Your Reviewer Says: Passable suspense story.

Casts of Current Pictures

ARLIC. FURY—Plymouth-RKO: Dr. Thomas Barlow, Del Comb; Alex, Barton; Eve Miller; Emily Harlow, Gloria Petroll; Mack, Merril McCormick; Narrator, Don Riss.

BATTLEGROUND—M-G-M: Holley, Van Johnson; lavish, John Hodiak; Rodriguez, Ricardo Montalban; Joe, Joan Leslie; George Murphy; Jim Leighton, Marshall Thompson; Abner Sandler, Jerome Courtland; Meg, Arleen; Den Taylor; Willson; Bruce Cowling; Kinne, James Whitmore; "Kipp" Kippit, Douglas Fowley; The Captain, Leon Ames; Homer, Guy Anderson; Doc, Thomas E. Breen; Desirè, Denise Darcel; Betts, Richard Jaeckel; Garby, Jim Arness; William J. Hoppe, Scotty Beckett.

DOWN DAKOTA WAY—Republic: Roy Rogers, Ray Corrigan, Dale Evans; Searles Biff, Pat Brady; Sheriff Halbrook, Montie Montana; Dickie Paxton, Elizabeth Russell; Steve Paxton, Byron Barr; Saunders, James Cawell; H. T. McKenzie, Roy Barcroft; Dr. George Frederick, Emmett Vogan; Roy Williams and the Riders of the Purple Sage.

FIGHTING KENTUCKIAN. THE—Republic: John Beene, John Wayne; Penelope DeMarchand, Vera Ralston; Col. George Gerard, Philip Dorn; Willie Paine, Oliver Hardy; Dan Logan, Marie Windsor; Blake Randolph, John Howard; Gird, Paul DeMarchand, Hugo Haas, George Hayden, Grant Withers; Mane, De Marchand, Odette Myrtil; Beau Merritt, Paul Fix; Sister Hattie, Mae Marsh; Cap, Dan Carroll; Jack Pennick, Jacques, Mickey Simpson; Carter Ward, Fred Graham; Marie, Mahelie Keenin; Friends, Shy Wagner, Crystal White.

HIDDEN ROOM. THE—The-Rank-Eagle: Dr. Clay Rouder, Robert Newton; Storm Rouder, Sally Gray; Shipt, Finby, Naunton Wayne; Bill Brown; Phil Brown; Morty, Himself; Dramatic Type, Ronald Adams; American Sailor, Michael Balcon; Miss Stevens, Betty Cooper; Aikin, James Carse; Mack and Mild Type, Roddy Hughes; Bump Type, Allan Jaayes.

I MARRIED A COMMUNIST—RKO: Nau Collins, Laraine Day; Brad Collins, Robert Ryan; Dan Loomis, John Agar; Franling, Thomas Gomez; Chris-tine, Janet Carter; Jim Tracy, Richard Ralston; William Talman; Arnold, Paul K. Burns; Ralston, Paul Guide, Charles Dyer, C. Pat Collins; Grip Wilson, Fred Graham; Mr. Cornwall, Harry Chess- hire; Gaith, Jack Stoney.

MISS GRANT TAKES RICHMOND—Columbia: Ellen Grant, Lucille Ball; Dick Richmond, William Holden; Peggy Donovan, Janis Carter; J. Hobart Gleason, James Gleason; Helen White, Gloria Henry; Kheyne, Ray Milland; Judge Bannister, George Cleveland; Ralph Winton, Stephen Dune; William-Spence, William-space; Homer White, Jimmy Lloyd; Charles Mason, Leon Tindall; Jeanie Meyers, Olia Lorraine; Aunt Mag, Charles Lane; Counselman Reed, Harry Harvey; Leo Hopkins, Harry Cheshire; Estil, Nita Mathews.
A darling goes to her doom.
Coming down the stairs she looks and feels like a femme fatale, Ha-ha-ha! Before the party's half begun her new boy friend will have her back on her own doorstep, and she'll spend many a day wondering why*.

**A girl may have** any number of little faults which others gladly overlook, but there's one that's hard to forgive... halitosis (unpleasant breath). Why risk offending this way when Listerine Antiseptic is an extra-careful precaution against simple bad breath? When you want to be at your best, don't trust to makeshifts, trust to Listerine Antiseptic. It freshens and sweetens the breath... not for seconds... not for minutes... but for hours usually!

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Bill Williams doesn't mind talking when it's about his wife, Barbara Hale. They're two of a romantic pair in Hollywood's newest love story in January Photoplay
Actually filmed at the famous Indianapolis 500-mile race classic and the nation's top speedways!
Brief Reviews

**Tobacco Mouth**

**SMOKE ALL YOU WANT!**

New Listerine Tooth Paste attacks tobacco stain, off-color breath.

It may seem like such a little thing...so easy to neglect. But, Lady, take care! That yellow film that you, yourself, may hardly be aware of...that heavy breath you may not even realize offends them a warning to others: "Tobacco Mouth...Look Out!"

If you smoke a lot, play safe, especially before any date, and use the new Listerine Tooth Paste.

There's a reason: Listerine Tooth Paste is made with Lusterfoam—a wonderful new-type cleansing ingredient that literally foams cleaning and polishing agents over tooth surfaces. It removes yellow tobacco stain, while it's still fresh...whisks away odor-producing bacteria and tobacco debris.

Why not get a tube of the improved Listerine Tooth Paste, and see for yourself what a thorough job it does! Use it regularly and know they'll never say "Tobacco Mouth" about you!

**Tobacco Mouth**

give it the "brush-off" with

**LISTERINE TOOTHPASTE**

"Feel that Lusterfoam work!"

**TOBACCO MOUTH**

[Off-color breath/off-color teeth]

[Image 0x0 to 573x761]
Sonja Henie says

"I do"

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"I do recommend Ayds to any woman who has a problem with her figure," says Sonja Henie, Star of the Sonja Henie Hollywood Ice Review. "I keep myself in trim all the time with the help of Ayds. I can't think of a better way to reduce."

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A SAGA OF SCOUNDRELS IN A CENTURY OF INFAMY!

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King of Romantic Epics... From the pen of the Greatest Romance writer of our time!

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Screen Play by Milton Krims • From the Novel by Samuel Shellabarger

Directed by HENRY KING
Produced by SOL C. SIEGEL
The polls are closed and the long weeks of tabulating begun. Soon you will know what stars and motion pictures will win Photoplay's coveted Gold Medal Awards for 1949.

For the fifth consecutive year, the winners will be invited to attend the Photoplay banquet at which the Medals will be presented to the players, the writers, directors and producers for whom you, the movie-goers of America, have voted.

Now, the editors bring you another announcement—the most important news about the Gold Medal Awards since they became the Awards of the people. This year, for the first time in motion picture history, the Gold Medals will be given to an actress and actor on the basis of performance.

Heretofore, the Gold Medals went to a man and a woman star on the basis of their overall popularity. And year after year, when these awards were made, you, the people, and many from the motion picture industry suggested that the awards should go, instead, to the man and the woman star who, during the year, had given the most popular performances. At last we have been able to direct the nationwide efforts of Audience Research, Inc., who take this national poll for us, in this direction.

No longer, therefore, will only a handful of long-honored performers be eligible. Under our new arrangement, Clifton Webb for his Belvedere, John Derek for "Knock on Any Door," Barbara Hale for her Ellen in "Jolson Sings Again," Alan Ladd for his Jay in the "Great Gatsby," Bob Hope as Sorrowful Jones—any of these stars could be this year's winners of the Photoplay Gold Medals.

Watch for the March issue of Photoplay for the full story of the year's winners as voted by you who are the motion picture audience of America.

What picture was the most popular of 1949?

And—most exciting—what stars gave the most popular performances of the year?

With high anticipation—and with complete conviction that once again you will select the best in film entertainment—the editors wait for their biggest story of the year.
“Anyone who really loves a war veteran will try to understand him and to do everything she can to make his adjustment easier,” says Wanda Hendrix, star of Paramount’s “After Midnight”
Hollywood is worried about the Audie Murphys. But Wanda, in this story, makes it clear she knows what is wrong and has the courage to do something about it.

MY husband, Audie Murphy, has gone home to Texas. And after a trip to Florida, where I'll visit my folks and friends, I'll take a Hollywood apartment where I will live alone.

Still, I say this separation between Audie and me is purely temporary. We still have hopes that we can work out our problems. But it will take time.

It was no new difficulty that caused our separation, rather the repetition of the difficulties we have known from the beginning. We worked very well together in "Sierra." It wasn't this, as some say, that caused our break.

Audie simply has gone home to Texas to get hold of himself, see if he can't build up. He came home from the war with many problems. He is a high-strung sensitive boy and so, when he is upset, it is perhaps more obvious than in some cases.

In his dreams, Audie still fights the war. If I can touch him without waking him, he calms down. When a man has emotional scars, the least his wife can do is to be patient and understanding. If a husband were to run a high fever, a wife would do all she could to help. When he is suffering with war-jangled nerves, he is just as ill as if he were running a fever. The only thing a wife can do is to learn how she can best be of comfort. If she doesn't do this, I don't feel she's much of a wife.

(Continued on page 68)
They planned to give their marriage another year—until their unhappiness, long a subject of town gossip, caused Shirley to change her mind.

"Tell the truth," John told Shirley.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE and John Agar have not been happy for a long time. But even their friends were shocked when the divorce was announced. Shirley and John had planned to give their marriage another year.

"What changed your mind?" I asked Shirley.

"At Palm Springs, where I went to think things out," she said, "I realized that since we cannot get along it would be better to end it now."

John, who called me on the telephone, said, "Shirley and I haven't been seeing eye to eye but it was a shock when she told me she wanted a divorce."

Both hope that unpleasantness can be avoided, likely it can be. They have, fortunately, kept their financial affairs separate. Shirley wishes no money for herself or Linda Susan, whose custody she asks together with the right to resume her maiden name. The house she and John lived in is hers.

For a long time I would not question Shirley about the unhappy rumors. I've been her friend from the time she was a golden, dimpled child. I'd written reams about "Little Miss" (Continued on page 90)
Clifton Webb gives an impressive performance as Belvedere, even when he isn’t before the camera.

Joan Fontaine: No ballroom is too crowded for Joan to show off—and desert her partner.

**hollywood Show-offs**

*By Elsa Maxwell*

The competition’s keen but these star performers know a parlor trick or two that commands the attention even of Elsa, who isn’t too bashful herself.

Jennifer Jones, on the set. Her shyness is a magnet.
It was the loveliest Hollywood party, with dancing after dinner. From where I sat with friends, I noticed the dancing couples making a wider and wider circle about the center of the floor, just under the great crystal chandelier.

"Are they fearful the chandelier will fall?" I asked.

A friend, who had arisen to see what it was all about, laughed. "No, Joanie's dancing!"

And, sure enough, there was Joan Fontaine, perfectly beautiful in a green chiffon gown with Grecian lines, solemnly executing the most seductive dance. Her deserted partner stood, amused, on the sidelines.

This dance, Joan will tell you, laughing, is her expression of her real personality. And she will do this dance no matter how crowded the ballroom may be.

Joan, gay as a lark, bless her heart, loves to show off. I've always believed those cooking classes she attended at the Cordon Bleu cooking school, for instance, were half in her interest of good food and half in her interest of the fascinating conversation they enabled her to concoct. Not to mention her subsequent dinner parties, which were the talk of the town. She isn't the first woman to (Continued on page 104)
In this story, which could come only from a trusted friend, the real Bergman emerges—a woman Hollywood never knew.

Stromboli: “I love Roberto—one day, when I am free, we shall be married”

Globe Photos

“It was not unusual for her to shut herself up in her room, fling herself across the bed and cry in bitter rage. Happy people don’t do things like this,” says Joe Steele, center, with Ingrid. Left, Ingrid with Rossellini, “He was inevitable.”

Globe Photos

Fink

Globe Photos

IT IS a platitude that a tree does not chance to be full grown, nor that the nature of its fruit is by accident. The tree and the fruit came from a seed planted years before.

The story of what happened on the island volcano called Stromboli actually began to happen thirty years ago in Stockholm. It began when a two-year-old girl-child lost her mother. It continued when her father died, and she was twelve.

Ingrid Bergman, in her teens, grew into a body, tall and straight, but too tall for her years. She was gangly and awkward, all legs and arms, and became the subject of belittling asides thoughtlessly uttered by the strict, unbending elderly aunts and uncles who raised her.

Defensively, she withdrew into the shell

(Continued on page 39)
BERGMAN LOVE STORY

Ingrid Bergman, currently appearing in "Under Capricorn"
Six
Fiery, imaginative, hard-working Rossellini, center, relaxes with Ingrid and others of the cast between scenes. Left is Mario Vitale, her young co-star.

THE LETTER THAT CAME WITH THIS MANUSCRIPT

This has been the toughest assignment of my life. Because of my very intimate relationship to the whole affair I was truly afraid that I was disqualified to write it.

I hate to have to say that this story is yours conditionally, but it simply has to be that way. It is too vital and important to the happiness of the principals involved in this cause celebre. It was only on my word that Photoplay would keep faith with me that Ingrid agreed to let me do it. She has okayed every word of it, and every word of it must be a must.

Joseph H. Steele

THE BERGMAN LOVE STORY

All photographs by Globe Photos
of shyness and reticence that was to characterize her adulthood. But the dormant genius in her lovely head came to her rescue. In the fantasy of acting, she found an outlet and, though she was ridiculed for her gangly aspirations, she persisted.

This persistence was not predicated on a desire for fame or money. It meant far more than that. It meant life to Ingrid Bergman.

Self-conscious and hypersensitive, she shied from the young men around her. And the men themselves, seeing nothing but her awkwardness, gave her no second thought. Except one. He was ten years her senior, tall, handsome, dignified, successful. Dr. Peter A. Lindstrom found, in the inhibited young girl of eighteen, an immediate hungering response to his interest and sympathy. She believed that in him was the answer to her inner longing for surcease from iron-bound restrictions.

And that is how the tree began.

I think it was Sir Francis Bacon who made the observation that people of high position were public domain. And in its possessiveness, the public has ever insisted upon casting its idols in the mold of its own imagination and standards. It is therefore futile for any idol to plead its humanness, or ask the same tolerance and understanding so freely and generously granted the obscure and ordinary. The public demands a rigid perfection of the gods it sets up before them.

(Continued on page 94)
First choice for stardom: John Derek of "Rogues of Sherwood Forest"
He was only six and lonely, and he had the kind of face other kids wanted to take a poke at. John had to learn to be tough.

Russell Harlan knew the way to a lonely kid's heart.

John's calm—but wife Patti can't wait to see if she's hit the jackpot on the slot-machine in their playroom.
To Clark Gable, a sure cure for the restlessness that keeps him away from the places where his heart really longs to be

For beautiful Elizabeth Taylor, anchorage for a heart that goes overboard too quickly when she meets romance

To Yvonne De Carlo, a quick answer to a marriage question before too much publicity changes the wedding tune

Her presents are priceless—but Sheilah doesn’t count the cost when she makes these star suggestions

For James Mason, a chance to change the frigid air that cools off most Hollywood contacts

if i were

by Sheilah Graham
I HAD a wonderful dream the other night. In it, I saw Santa Claus pacing up and down on a big, white cloud. The dear old boy looked worried.

“Hey, Graham,” he called to me suddenly. “Here it is Christmas again. What in heck am I going to give the Hollywood stars? They seem to have everything. What would you give them if you were Santa Claus?”

If I were Santa Claus! Well, I wouldn't put diamond bracelets in star stockings, or expensive automobiles, or furs or yachts or anything you can buy with money. That's what they've got plenty of, Baby!

To beautiful Elizabeth Taylor, a large hunk of ballast, so she won't keep losing her head in the romance department. She was so in love with Glenn Davis. No use denying it, Lizzie. I'm (Continued on page 70)
Van Johnson, cast as a wise-cracking GI, frolics off set with Janine Perreau, who appears briefly as a war waif.

Water-logged set kept Jerome Courtland hopping. In film, he's a hillbilly with feet too big for GI galoshes.

Parisian beauty Denise Darcel was de-glamorized for the only woman role in film. With her is John Hodiak.

If there's a man in your life who has been difficult about going to the movies lately, take him to see Metro's new picture which recalls Bastogne of the Bulge when a handful of men made history.

Cast and crew run through script before shooting. Lt. Col. Harry Kinnard, background, film's technical adviser, planned defense of Bastogne which halted Nazis.
High comedy spots in film are Van's attempts, man-like, to cook the eggs he pilfers from a farm.

"BATTLEGROUNDS" is the story of a decisive battle. It's the story, too, of a group of men who trade chocolate bars for food, wine or kisses, grouse about the cold and reread the last letter from home while they worry over the letter that didn't come. Always, however, pressing forward through the snow, they watch for the weather to clear and scan the sky for planes and the parachuted supplies that can save them. Robert Pirosh, a Bastogne veteran, conceived the idea of this Dore Schary production while he was under actual fire. In it many of the original "Screaming Eagles" (101st Airborne Division) play themselves. As one of them said, "Realistic? It's so realistic, it gives me the creeps!"

While Richard Jaeckel sleeps on, Van awakens to the bitter reality of a white Xmas in an Ardennes foxhole.
On a night before Christmas

Recipes tested by the Macfadden Kitchen

The plum pudding was full of surprises and so was this pre-holiday party. For Ann Miller and her guests it was the opening night of the Xmas season ahead.

Ann’s table was a Christmas symphony of green and gold. With Ann are Linda Darnell, Kathryn Grayson, Vera-Ellen.

Ann’s hors d’oeuvres were so good, Johnny Johnston, Kathryn and the other guests made more!

Tom and Jerry time: Ann, Vera-Ellen, Johnny, Kathryn and Bob Stack drink a toast to Christmas-yet-to-come.

Cool treat—jellied turtle consomme

Lenox China
HOLLYWOOD is filled with tinsel, so some folks critically say, and come Christmas time, everybody happily admits it. This is the gayest of the seasons, with parties as shining as the sparkles in the street decorations and in homes.

Social festivities start immediately after Thanksgiving, when Santa Claus rides down Hollywood Boulevard in his lavishly decorated sled, accompanied, every night, by a different film celebrity.

Ann Miller, one of the town's top hostesses, likes to inaugurate the social season with a series of pre-Christmas parties at her Beverly-Hills home. Knowing her daughter loves to entertain over the holidays, Clara Miller presented Ann with her Christmas gift well in advance. It was an immediate excuse for a dinner party. The gift? A lovely solid flatwear service for eight, the color of gold, which of course, not only meant a dinner party, but a really dressed up table. Ann loves to decorate her own dinner table, and always thinks of something new and different. The forks, knives and spoons looked very festive on her best embroidered banquet cloth, with tall green tapers, and her best gold-rimmed china. Awfully elegant and fancy, but why not, for (Continued on page 73)
You wouldn't think being voted "America's Most Charming Child" would be a Hollywood handicap, but it was with Allene Roberts, who is now . . .

sitting on top of the world

By Maxine Arnold

Allene Roberts is pint-sized and Southern-sweet. She has naturally curly brown hair that tumbles around her small shoulders, a sensitive face, long-lashed eyes as wistful and as deep brown as those of her cocker spaniel, and a soft lyric voice that would melt hominy grits.

Nothing brings out the mint in her Southern make-up like being constantly mistaken for a teen-ager. On such occasions Allene, who is now twenty-one years old, really sees red, as red as the dust of her native Birmingham, Alabama.

"Some day when I'm fifty, I suppose I'll be happy to look young. But not now," she laments. Particularly, when it interferes with her career. Casting directors are often guessing her to be fourteen or fifteen. "Fourteen!" wails Allene. "I'm a woman now. I'm twenty-one," she says, drawing herself up to (Continued on page 103)

As a seamstress, Allene's mother helped pay the way to success
This story is not for you—if you cherish illusions and believe it a happy experience to become a movie star

I am going to tell the truth, the whole truth about what it really is like to be in pictures.

It took six months to make the movie, "Roseanna McCoy," in which I play the title role. In that six months, everything happened to me. Night after night, I cried myself to sleep because of the mental torture and the emotional strain which were worse, much worse, than the bodily bruises I suffered.

I do not say that every girl who goes to Hollywood for a career in motion pictures need go through what I did. Mine is, definitely, an unique case. So far as I know, it is the only case of its kind on the Hollywood records. I've never heard of an inexperienced girl playing a title role with a star like Farley Granger.

Before I set foot on the set on the first day of shooting, I'd had exactly one brief experience in the theater and that had been four years before when, in summer stock, I played the part of the little girl in "Guest in the House," a play written by my father, Dale Eunson, and Hagar Wilde. I'd had exactly no experience in motion pictures.

It all began so gaily, too. From the first time I met Mr. Billy Selwyn, who is Mr. Goldwyn's executive casting director in New York, and read for him for the part of Roseanna and then did a kodachrome test, just for Mr. Goldwyn to see how I look, I knew I was going to get the (Continued on page 100)
this is the bitter truth

by Joan Evans

as told to Gladys Hall
“Let’s go to Las Vegas,” they say in Hollywood. Sometimes that means a weekend of winter sports or fishing—or an overnight bid for fortune at the gaming tables. And sometimes it’s the prelude to a wedding march.

It used to be another little western town—before the miracle of Boulder Dam transformed it into an all-year playground; a world of wonders wrested from the desert. Joshua trees dot the trails. Campfires glow at night. Mountain sheep still graze on the rocky slopes. The hotels are luxurious. The swimming pools are bordered by palm trees. There’s no finer bass fishing in the West. The motor trip through the Valley of Fire is spectacular. A 180-mile round-trip sail includes two hours in the Grand Canyon, with its walls, a mile high, rising out of man-made Lake Mead. For those interested in the ancient history of the region, there’s a museum of archeology at Overton and in Moapa Valley, the ruins of “The Lost City,” once the center of the Pueblo Indians’ tribal life.

There are, too, colorful shops to tempt visitors. Slot machines are everywhere—even in the grocery stores. And the doors of the little Church of the West swing wide for those who want a Las Vegas honeymoon.

End of an exciting day: The Kirbys rented horses from El Rancho Vegas, spent day riding through desert, exploring the trails. Among top entertainers at the hotels are Spike Jones and his gang.

Vanessa Brown has breath-taking view of Boulder Dam, and downstream, Lake Mead, famous for its fishing.

Jane Greer, there with husband, and Macdonald Carey in Gay Nineties Bar, Last Frontier Hotel.
Weddings and openings—and more openings, theater and night club openings—occupied most Hollywood round-the-towners this month, and way past the exhaustion point, we can tell you! We'll cover as many "premieres" as space permits, but let's start with the night the zany Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis had a star-studded crowd rolling on Ciro's floor. Ava Gardner and Pete Lawford, who waited an awfully long time to start dating, have certainly been catching up for lost hours, lately. That night, they were not only dancing cheek-to-cheek, but beak-to-beak. Ava looked stunning in a ballet-length, full-skirted (Continued on page 88)
The Hollywood holiday season opens with a fashion flourish in this roundup of glamour-town news.

Perky black felt poodles prance across Jean Peters's toast colored jersey blouse and skirt from Manuel Felix. Jean's next film is "Turned Up Toes."

Noel news: Sequinned Xmas trees' trim black billiard table felt skirt designed by Julie Lynn Charlot for Ava Gardner of "East Side, West Side." Peasant type blouse, which also can be worn high, matches skirt ruffle.
She has the appeal men go for and women appreciate. Corinne Calvet, whose foreign flavor is as different as her approach to beauty, is sex, in the Dietrich-Del Rio-Harlow tradition. There hasn't been anything like her in ten years but—voila!—she's here now.

As Parisian sirens go, Corinne is young. Only twenty-two. But, she's mature in mind, thought, and body. She doesn't speak of herself as a girl, she calls herself a woman, a French woman, and the effect is altogether devastating.

I know Corinne well. I was almost her first friend in Hollywood. I took her in hand when she first arrived. When she was homesick, I had her spend the weekend at my house. She was very cute, like a (Continued on page 76)
At about this time each year, most of us start brain-beating in the hope of thinking up an acceptable (but economical) gift for some favorite person.

Again, this year, we come to the rescue of those with outsize hearts but shrunken pocketbooks, having canvassed Hollywood for instructions for duplicating the clever remembrances with which the stars remember their friends. When a player presents a gift to a friend, it must be remembered that, usually, the friend

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The John Dereks transform candlewax and odd containers into gay Xmas candles.

Simulated pearls, velvet ribbons, will give you a pearl cluster like June Haver's.

For the handy man at home, a chance to follow Jerome Courtland's directions for making collapsible tables.

For year-round fun in the home, take Lon McCallister's tip for a gay Xmas gift—amusing waste paper baskets.
you can make

---another player---is a person who "has everything." So, the most treasured Hollywood gifts often contain more wit than wealth, more sense than cents.

1---COCKTAIL HAT

Jean Peters has discovered that her chic little cocktail hats are always gratefully received. Early in October, she makes a study of the wardrobes of the friends to whom she plans to give cocktail hats, deciding what top

by Fredda Dudley

A wealth of ideas from Hollywood for gifts that no money can buy

Top your girl friends' Xmas with one of these gay cocktail hats, Jean Peter's solution to gift problems

Janis Carter duplicates a favorite present to make this charming cocktail apron

Stamped and ready for delivery: Doris Day saved her fan mail, used the stamps to trim a Yuletime lampshade

She trims sea-shells! Virginia Mayo found a new Xmas use for abalone shells
Imagination and a tablecloth put this trim sunback dress on Jane Wyatt's Xmas gift list.

Pick up your paints and copy Keefe Brasselle's idea—hand-painted ties for the men.

A stitch in time solved Janet Leigh's present problem—dainty nylon skirts for her many party-going friends.

christmas presents

you can make

If you have a talent for painting, try Vanessa Brown's gift method—water colors to match your friend's home lives.
color and what type of hat would be most appropriate. She jots down the facts in a notebook, realizing that one can’t trust to memory when one is working, planning other Christmas gifts, and leading an active social life.

**Materials needed:** A wired half-hat of the sort which can be secured at the hat counter, or in the millinery department of all large department stores, or in most dime stores.

One of the following types of trimming: Three bunches of small flowers which match the half-hat (green flowers on a green hat, red on red, black on black), or, two-and-a-half yards of velvet ribbon which is three inches wide and matches the body of the half-hat, or, two-and-a-half yards of veiling which matches the half-hat.

(The reason for matching body and trimming is one of style: A cocktail hat is inclined to look too casual if it is varicolored.)

**Method:** When Jean makes a flower hat, she separates the store-supplied bouquets into individual flowers and tacks them in a graceful festoon across the half-hat, placing more flowers on the left side than on the right. If you have seen the wedding pictures of Gloria Hatrick McLean and Jimmy Stewart, you must have noticed her flowery hat. That’s the idea to capture.

When Jean decides to use the velvet treatment, she hems the ends of the ribbon, then runs a gathering stitch across the width of the ribbon every three inches. Each of these gatherings is pulled tight and secured. Then, making a closed accordion of this gathered velvet ribbon, the gatherings against the half-hat to be tacked in place, and the rounded tops of the pleats giving a perky appearance, Jean sews the ribbon, using long bast-stitching stitches. When she uses veiling, exactly the same method is employed.

These hats, incidentally, (Continued on page 96)
Trim your Christmas costs with these original Hollywood ideas and give yourself and your home a new glow.
I KNOW of no one who does not regard Christmas as the happiest of home days, but I know altogether too many people who turn it into an expensive headache.

This does not have to be. Our before-and-after Christmas headaches usually come because we want to be original in our gift giving, gift wrapping and home decorating, but we do not plan sufficiently ahead.

Many a busy star in Hollywood, in fact, the average star in Hollywood, gets Christmas shopping out of the way long before November. Joan Crawford, to mention only one, not only had bought all her gifts by October, but had them wrapped and labeled. You will save yourself time, money and nerves, if you do this. Then, you can really concentrate on making your home look delightful, and be rested and ready when the holiday season arrives.

To have your home present its gayest, most personalized look during the top party period of the year, let me suggest, first of all, that you sit down right now and plan. If you will do this, you can decorate your home in a fresh, charming manner at a cost well within $10. In association with Virginia Widder, young florist-designer of Hollywood (who used to be an actress), let me tell you about some unusual and charming decorations that you can make for yourself, quite easily. What's more, most of these designs work out into objects that you can keep from year to year. Also, you may want to make up a few of them, before Christmas, as gifts.

These designs also can be family projects. Just as in an older era, when whole families used to get together to pop and string corn for holiday decorations, so can these more modern designs be a family job. The candies or nuts can be wrapped by everyone, from Grandparents to

(Gene Autry appears in “Riders in the Sky,” Ann Sothern in “Nancy Goes to Rio,” Johnny Sands in “Massacre River” and Joan Crawford in “The Victim”)
Jerome Courtland leads the way with a bright idea—greens woven into a rope for bannister
Gilt and gumdrops turned some bare branches into an inviting Christmas tree for Joan Crawford's holiday guests

the small children. The pine boughs or cones can be gathered by Dad or small brother.

It not only is conventional and expensive merely to call your florist, or stop by the man on the corner for a holly wreath; it is also dull.

Look, for example, at the Christmas door decoration of Mr. and Mrs. Gene Autry. Do you know it cost only the price of the ribbon bows, which can be kept from year to year, plus thirty cents for the bright Christmas balls? The rest of it is green boughs, pine cones, both large and small, and lotus pods that Mrs. Autry gathered in the mountains, months ago. She does this yearly. Lotus pods may not be native to your part of the country, but you have other things, surely. You can take chestnut, or other nut burrs, for example. You can use any kind of green boughs. You can even use bare branches with the greatest effectiveness, as I shall explain later. I repeat: It merely takes planning and a little work. In this case, the boughs must be firmly wired together and the cones and pods, the bows and balls wired on. Don't tie them, that makes them messy. To buy such an arrangement would (Continued on page 78)
Nothing lovelier and nothing finer...

in silverplate than these patterns that are sterling inlaid with two blocks of sterling silver at backs of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks.

Naturally, sterling inlaid means that these lovelier Holmes & Edwards patterns will stay lovelier much, much longer.

Particularly note Spring Garden, the gay, new favorite. 52 piece service for 8, chest included, in all patterns, $68.50.

HOLMES \& EDWARDS
STERLING INLAID*
SILVERPLATE

*ALL PATTERNS MADE IN U. S. A.
Alan Ladd of "Chicago Deadline" will never forget the Christmas season when he was in Salt Lake City on a hospital tour. In the middle of a busy schedule he . . .

. . . suddenly remembered he hadn't bought his family's presents. With Christmas only a few days away, Alan wasted no time

While buying a doll for his daughter, Alana, he thought there were lots of children around, even for a toy department
Next, he chose a purse for his wife Sue. This became a production. For now parents, too, were in the crowd trailing him—and more kept coming!

He began to feel like the Pied Piper of Hamelin. Then, suddenly, he spied Santa all alone, waiting patiently for the kids who usually waited impatiently for him.

Santa waved Alan a greeting, then sat back amused. For the first time in his life he was getting second billing to a star!
The Gossard-DEB pantie will give your figure plenty of freedom.

Take it in your hands ... feel how light, how soft, how pliable it is. Just 3 ounces of supple, soothing tussienet! Now, slip it on ... instantly you'll feel its caressing action ... its smooth, subtle control—molding your figure without boning.

Gossard-DEB gives you all the extra features of Gossard quality. Ask for "730". Detachable garters, dainty ruffle edge, white.

At all good stores and shops

Gossard-DEB Girdles, Panties, $3.50 to $10.00. Brasseries, $1.25 to $3.50.

Gossard—the most complete line for all ages and figure types.

Enjoy the FREEDOM of Gossar-DEB
Are you in the know?

What Has A Free Country Got To Do With A New Dress?

THE BIG DANCE is only a few weeks away. How to wangle that dream dress you've set your heart on? Dad wouldn't understand that a girl's got to blossom out in something "special." So? You decide to earn it. In an after-school or Saturday job.

And right here's something that may never have occurred to you: Except for getting the family's permission, you don't have to ask anyone else. Certainly not Uncle Sam. (That's one big "plus" in our Free Choice System.)

Now . . . which job? Baby sitting? Clerking at the corner drug, or at your town's department store? You figure. And you make your choice. Whichever job you choose, you find you can snag your heart's desire in time for the shindig.

It Only Happens Here

But—if you lived overseas, you'd learn things just don't happen that way. Because in one country across the Atlantic, it would take twice as long to earn the price of that dress . . . while in other countries abroad it would take up to 10 times as long.

Only one example of how much it can mean to you to live in this free country. Whether it's a matter of earning some little special luxury—or your daily bread—you know you have a free choice. A chance to "take it or leave it." A chance to earn more in less time than any other people on earth. And that's how it can always be, as long as you do your part to keep our American way of living the very best way.

At a large party, how should you introduce a late guest?

- "Everybody—this is Jim Brown"  
- Give him the gauntlet routine  
- Lead him to the nearest group

Would you like being tossed to a sea of unfamiliar faces? Or run the gauntlet, mumbling "how-d'you-do's"? Be a considerate hostess. Guide newcomers to the nearest group. Let them get to know your guests by easy stages. And at calendar time—ever think how considerate Kotex is, of you? Yes, because with those flat pressed ends, Kotex prevents revealing outlines. And because that special safety center gives you extra protection, all the evening's an "easy stage" for you!

Should a present for her Sign Man be—

- Expensive  
- Personalized  
- Strictly for laughs

Come any "what to give him" occasion—your beau'll welcome some little remembrance that says you. Maybe a wallet equipped with your picture, or mittens you've knitted to match your own, in your school colors. Or a box of your chocolate chip cookies. It's the personal angle, not price, that counts. You know . . . at certain times, with Kotex you can have really "personalized" sanitary protection. For one of the 3 absorbencies is sure to meet your own personal needs. Try Regular, Junior, Super Kotex!-

To keep your formal frock outstanding—

- Wear a willless petticoat  
- Dance more waltzes  
- Avoid sitting down

Dig up an old bed sheet you can presto-change to a petticoat. Make it in three tiers, ruffle edged. Starched to a stand-alone stiffness—voilà!—this petticoat holds its shape. For comfort (on "those" days) you'll want softness that holds its shape. Choose the new Kotex—made to stay soft while you wear it. And don't forget the new Kotex Wonder-form Belt made with DuPont nylon elastic. Won't twist, won't curl, won't cut! Light weight; dries in a flash. Keeps your confidence wilt-proof!

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

*Kotex. P. W. W. 

69
(Continued from page 43) Santa now and I remember everything, the sights, the polishing of Glenn's little gold football around your pretty neck. Then the same, only mine cut it. For Bill Chalybien, I'm brooding over the beautiful diamond he put on your finger, the sights, because it would be months before you'd see Bill again. And now my heart's over. How many times, I'm asking you, can a love affair be "the real thing."

James Mason gets a magic heating pad, to warm up his frigid personality. When I ask him, too, than for Johnny show signs of really growing up these days.

I have just the Christmas gift for Yvonne De Carlo. A man who says, "Will you marry me?" and to whom Yvonne will say, "I do." Before publicity doth them part, Yvonne has been desperately in love with at least ten men since I've known her. Like every normal gal she'd like to marry one or own her dream beast. "And I could marry a Yvonne" Yvonne stated, "only it was all spoiled by publicity." She was referring to her fling with stunt man Jacques O'Mahoney. But like all men, Jacques obstinately pays Yvonne's bills--and has loved Yvonne for her career help. "Why," he spluttered in an interview, "Yvonne's in love with me because of my publicity! That's all brother.

Doris Santa Claus, Betty Hutton would have a special soundproof home to live in without her husband, when she's working. Betty herself admits, "I'm too tense for any man to live with when I'm making a movie."

To gay buccaneer Errol Flynn, perpetual youth, Errol, let's face it, is facing forty on the non-sunny side. How will he spend his final years? Will he take up young girls looking for Errol, and say, "But you're getting old, Father Flynn. Can you see Errol with gray hair and a large waistline? I can't."

My present for Doris Day will have to keep until next summer. I'm giving her her newest twin. Doris loves the sun. Her studio hates the freckles crowding her face after a session with King Sol. When Doris finishes a picture, she usually dashes to the beach. Now I'm giving her the sun for as long as eight hours at a stretch. Then she reports for "still" photographs and advertising art looking like a fried lobster!

I was Santa Claus, I'd retire Betty Grable to pasture with her horses. Because that's what she really wants. Betty was born to work, a wife and a mother. The racehorses she acquired. The career is something she wanted, to prove first to her mother, then to herself. Well, she's proved it. But that salary! Could you suggest a price?

For Farley Granger, a gift his girls will like, the ability to stay single for a few more years, anyway. As Hollywood's most handsome, eligible bachelor, Farley can't get away from the ladies. "Look on the screen, I think he can be the Valen-
tino of today."

And lastly, if I were Santa Claus, I'd ask Paulette Goddard to give me a present. I want the secret of her business acumen and the secret of her charm for men. Both are apparently indefinitely prolonged. She's not so beautiful. She's not so young. But Paulette Goddard has a dozen males buzzing around. And her bank account is always a hive of activity, on the receiving end. Paulette, this is your old pal Santa asking how do you do it?

END

Movies—Fine Entertainment at Low Cost
Now Yours! A Complete Hair Beauty Routine...yet All you do is use New Drene Shampoo!

For Complete Hair Beauty...
Get NEW Drene Shampoo!

NO SPECIAL RINSES
yet your hair is naturally shining and soft!

NO SPECIAL LOTIONS
yet hair is so easy to set!

NO SPECIAL POMADES
yet waves stay put—hair beauty lasts and lasts!

Yes, just shampoo with New Drene—and you'll have a complete hair beauty routine.

Natural sheen and softness that will make you proud of your hair...and pleased as punch with New Drene. Hair that sets like a dream—"stays put" so long! All this without rinses, lotions or pomades. When you shampoo with New Drene, you have your whole routine. Just see how simple hair beauty can be!

What's the secret? There's beauty magic in New Drene...an exclusive cleansing agent found in no other shampoo—cream or liquid. That's why New Drene cleans your hair so thoroughly, so gently...rinses out so completely. That's the reason New Drene leaves your hair so springy, curls last and last. Be sure to make your next shampoo a wonderful New Drene Shampoo!
Doctor develops new Home Beauty Routine!

Try these 4 simple steps to a lovelier-looking complexion

- If you want a more alluring complexion... if you've ever suffered from dry, rough skin, externally-caused blemishes, or similar complexion problems—here's some real news for you.

A skin doctor has now developed a new home beauty routine that really works! It has been clinically tested. In fact, 181 women took part in these tests conducted by 3 doctors, and results were amazing! Of all these women tested, 4 out of 5 showed softer, smoother, lovelier-looking skin! Try this new beauty routine yourself:

4 Simple Steps

Morning—1. Apply Noxzema all over your face and with a damp cloth “creamwash” your face—just as you would with soap and water. Note how clean your skin looks and feels! 2. After drying face, smooth on a protective film of greaseless Noxzema as a powder base.


Follow these 4 simple steps for 10 days. A trial will convince you that this doctor's discovery is a truly remarkable new beauty aid. Do it now while this Big 85¢ Jar of Noxzema Skin Cream is yours for only 59¢.

What Should I Do?
(Continued from page 6)

Dear Miss Colbert:
I am sixteen years old and puzzled. In my neighborhood we have a fellow who is known as the “local drip.” Although he has never done anything to me or my friends, my friends make fun of him. I always try to be courteous and friendly because I can’t be rude. Now he has started asking me for dates. I don’t think, frankly, that he would be a bad date, but if I go out with him, my friends will start calling me “desperate.”

Rowena D.

Not only may this boy prove to be an interesting human being, but you are facing one of the acid tests of character. In this world, we are frequently confronted by the necessity of choosing between the popular thing to do, and the thing which our principles dictate.

I think you might begin right now to be guided, not by the idle conversation of your friends, but by your own conscience. To be ruled by “what people will say” is to shilly-shally, because half of the people are going to say one thing, and half will say the exact opposite.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:
I am fourteen years old. I have always wanted to become an opera singer. I was given a scholarship in voice and every teacher who has given me lessons has said that if I keep on working, I will surely reach my goal. One of my teachers is going to give me free piano lessons.

My mother is a widow, and for several years has had the same fiancé. He has talked to her a number of times, telling her that it is a waste of money to train me.

My mother wants to get married, but her fiancé says when they marry the first thing he would do would be to stop my music. My mother is beginning to feel that perhaps he is right. What can I do to continue music if my mother marries him?

Lou Anne C.

If your mother should marry this man, you are old enough to manage some things for yourself. Surely you could make some arrangement with the conservatory to continue your vocal lessons. You might be able to work part-time after school and all day Saturday. Your teachers will help you to help yourself, if the emergency develops.

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. 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.
On a Night Before Christmas

(Continued from page 47) Christmas! The flat service savored was absolutely plain, with engraved design whatsoever, with matching candlesticks and ashtrays. As a centerpiece, to carry out the elegant simplicity, Ann had picked long-needled pine tree branches from the tree in her yard, and laid them gracefully in the center of the table between the candles. On these, she placed large Christmas tree balls of all colors. The mantel in the living room was piled high with presents for each guest, not to be opened until Christmas.

Ann says every girl should know how to be a good hostess, to plan parties well, and think up unusual appointments in table decorations and after-dinner entertainment. Ann does all of these things with a perfectly natural talent.

The pre-Christmas menu was one to clip out and save: Jellied turtle consomme topped with sour cream and caviar, turkey with both oyster and chestnut stuffing (one in each end for variety), whole, long string beans with Hollandaise sauce, sweet potato pudding decorated with marshmallows and orange sections, pineapple ring salad, and blazing plum pudding with hard sauce or hot sherry sauce. Ann admits that this may sound a little fancy, but it’s holiday time! The turkey platter was decorated with Christmas trees cut out of cranberry jelly (use a cookie cutter), on whole orange slices.

Of course, Linda Darnell, Ann’s closest friend, was there. Linda had just finished “Everybody Does It,” and her well-known cameraman husband, Pev Marley, was working on the added scenes for “Perfect Strangers.” Vera- Ellen, who had worked with Ann in “On the Town,” was there with the new Universal heart-throb Rock Hudson, who is a six-foot-five combination of Gregory Peck and Gary Cooper. Put a check after his name, you will be hearing plenty about him.

Dreamy Kathryn Grayson (“That Midnight Kiss” is her latest picture), came with spouse Johnnie Johnston. Kathryn looked like a doll, as usual, and was full of chatter about her year-old offspring, Patricia Kathryn, whom they call Patty Kate! Robert Stack arrived very early to help Ann with any odd job that needed doing. Bob finished “Fighter Squadron” not so long ago, and the studio reports that his fan mail is growing by leaps and bounds. Jack Briggs, one of Ann’s many boy friends, left his real estate projects in time to pick Ann up from an afternoon party and also be helpful. Jack and Bob set up the tables for Canasta, arranged the gifts on the mantel, hung the Christmas wreath and ate most of the hors d’oeuvres! They ended up in the kitchen making more. It’s so much happier when the hours before a party are fun, with friends helping, rather than drudgery and last minute rushing! Ann solves this, too, with or without a cook. The turkeys are always stuffed, days and even weeks ahead, and put in the freezer along with the prepared vegetables, puddings, broths, etc.

One of Ann’s thoughtful tricks, which added gaiety to the evening, were the tiny silver charm trinkets baked in the plum

SHEILAH GRAHAM gets ahead of Cupid in “I’d Like to See Them Marry” In January PHOTOPLAY on sale December 9

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In No More Alibis the author tells you how she helped many of Hollywood's brightest stars with their figure problems. She names names—tells you how she developed this star's legs—how she reduced that star's waistline—how she helped another star to achieve a beautiful youthful figure.

Glance at the table of contents listed on this page. Notice how completely and thoroughly Sylvia covers every phase of beauty culture. And bear in mind that all of Sylvia's instructions are simple to follow. You need not buy any equipment whatsoever.

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marshmallows are soft and golden brown. Garnish with orange sections.

**Hollandaise Sauce**

1/2 cup butter  
4 egg yolks  
1/2 cup hot water  
2 tbsp. lemon juice  
salt and pepper

Melt butter in top of double boiler over hot (not boiling) water. Beat egg yolks slightly; add gradually to melted butter, while stirring constantly. Blend well. Stir in hot water. Add lemon juice, salt and pepper. Continue cooking while stirring constantly until thickened (5 to 8 minutes). Remove from hot water and serve at once over cooked green beans.

**Pineapple Ring Salad**

Chop fresh mint and spread thin on piece of waxed paper. Dip slices of drained canned pineapple in mint and place on nest of lettuce. Decorate with pieces of red pimento to look like Christmas holly wreath.

**Steamed Plum Pudding**

2 cups fine white bread crumbs  
1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed  
2 tsp. cinnamon  
1/2 tsp. salt  
1 tsp. soda  
1 tsp. ground cloves  
1 tsp. allspice  
1 cup milk  
6 eggs, well beaten  
1 lb. seedless raisins  
1 lb. currants  
1/2 lb. chopped citron  
1 lb. beef suet, chopped fine

Combine bread crumbs, sugar, spices. Add milk, then beaten eggs. Stir in fruit and chopped suet. Blend well. Pour batter into greased mold, 3/4 full. Cover closely and steam 2 hours. Serve with hot sherry sauce or hard sauce. To blaze: Warm 1/2 cup of brandy. Just before taking to table, pour over pudding and light.

**Hot Sherry Sauce**

1/2 cup butter  
1 cup sugar  
1/2 cup sherry  
few grains nutmeg

Bring butter and sugar to boil; reduce heat and add sherry and nutmeg, combining well. Serve at once. Makes 1 cup sauce.

---

**Flame-Glo Longfella**

The new Flame-Glo Longfella is an instant success with lovely women everywhere! Here's a longer, stronger, better-balanced lipstick with twice as many applications as other pencil types. Your lips can be more alluring, more magnetic with Flame-Glo...no smears, smudges or blurry edges to worry you! Lasts hours longer because of its water-repellent beauty film.

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star of TRAPPED in a romantic scene  
with Lloyd Bridges. An Eagle Lion Film.
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(Continued from page 51) small kitten, and she adored my “breakfast-in-bed” routine. She said she was going to have the same thing when she was a star.

She's married to actor John Bromfield, and completely crazy about him. She wants a family, a big family, as soon as possible. She is one of five children. Thoroughly un-outdoorsy, she's become an expert fisherman because John likes it. She doesn't care for tennis, golf or swimming—but will play them all—and well—if she is with someone she loves.

She wears only a simple gold wedding band, no diamonds, no flash. She likes jewels, but only genuine ones. Costume jewels are unknown in France, so Corinne, spotting a beautiful bracelet in a shop window upon her arrival in this country, immediately purchased it, although the small price baffled her. Three weeks later, the cherished bracelet tarnished and Corinne was broken-hearted; she had wanted to keep it all her life. Will buy nothing now until she can afford the real thing.

The only other piece of jewelry she owns is a camo named, passed down to her by her great-grandmother. She claims she looks just like her ancestor, which gives her great pleasure.

SHE lives only to be pleasing to men, yet women like her, too. She's straightforward, bright, sensible. Moody, in the Gallic mold, she moves from one peak of feeling to another. John, completely American in his thinking and temperament, serves as her perfect antidote. She says she admires his control, his mastery of feeling.

Her every thought, every action, is pitched toward the ultimate goal—to be attractive. Her entire wardrobe is planned with that view, and every piece of clothing is purposely seductive. Nothing is custom-made, however, she can't afford that. But even in the junior departments, she shops wisely and well. Lots of purple things; she believes the various shades of purple (violet, lilac, fuchsia) are the most alluring colors a woman can wear. She's clever with accessories. One set of black velvet accessories—cummerbund, short gloves, shoes, and hat—she wears with everything. Combines sex with practicality, which sums up Corinne, too.

Wears French berets all the time. Even has a plaid beret, which she wears with slacks of the same plaid. Is shoe mad; owns sixty pairs. Coming from shoeless France three years ago, she went wild over all the shoes she saw displayed in every window. Stockings, she dislikes, wears them only for formal occasions. Lots of black cocktail-party clothes, all figure-clinging, with deeply cut necklines and tight bodices. Has never worn a boned bra in her life, even with strapless dresses. Wears a girdle only when she has to, and then only the wispiest of garments, never anything constricting. Thinks distorting the natural figure line is barbarous. With her figure, she can afford to take this attitude, it's perfect. Five-feet-four, she weighs 116 pounds, has a thirty-six-inch bust, twenty-five-inch waistline, thirty-five-inch hips. Looks smaller. Never exercises; shrugs away the thought of it. Cocaine eating habits keep her thin. Sleeps raw, summer and winter, windows always wide open.

No make-up expert has ever touched her face for the screen. She insists she knows her own face best, and how to handle it most effectively. Washes her own hair three or four times a week, keeps it long, "more alluring that way," refuses to cut it. Gets a permanent only for personal–appearance tours; keeps out of beauty salons the rest of the time.

French Dressing

(Continued from page 51) small kitten, and she adored my “breakfast-in-bed” routine. She said she was going to have the same thing when she was a star.

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No make-up expert has ever touched her face for the screen. She insists she knows her own face best, and how to handle it most effectively. Washes her own hair three or four times a week, keeps it long, "more alluring that way," refuses to cut it. Gets a permanent only for personal–appearance tours; keeps out of beauty salons the rest of the time.
She's a true natural beauty, with perfect features. Wears only lipstick and mascara, keeps eyebrows full, absolutely nothing on her skin. Washes her face twice a day, morning and night, with soap and water; keeps it meticulously clean. Hair still the same brown color with which she was born; never has been bleached or dyed. Puts her hair up in fat metal curlers first thing in the morning; will not sleep with them in her hair, regardless of how early her first morning appointment is. Says no married woman should.

Takes long luxurious bubble baths. "What else can bath without bubbles!" she explains. Rubs herself down with strengthened cologne. Buys large bottle of French cologne, mixes in an ounce of perfume, and with the perfume concentrate giving the cologne body, she is subtly fragrant at all times. It never vanishes. On her nails and toes she wears only the lightest shade of polish, which she applies herself, usually right after her bath.

She lives in a small furnished apartment in Westwood, all she and John can afford at this stage of their careers. She is not domestic. She doesn't cook, John does. He has an enormous appetite. She has no interest in food, as such. Only the exotic, the unusual, French snails, for instance, in wine sauce. But everyday food—never. She won't put up with mediocrity. Eats little breakfast: Coffee, perhaps a slice of toast, just enough to get by. Eats little lunch; can't be bothered with ham or devilled-egg sandwiches. Eats a hearty dinner only if the food is divine. Otherwise, no.

Drinks wine with meals, no other liquor. Doesn't smoke. Eats no meat; never has. War hit France when she was thirteen and during those years she never saw a piece of meat. Now that she can have it, she can't touch it. Because of her years of privation, she tires easily. She needs nine hours' sleep at night, a nap during the day when she can get it. Less sleep makes her irritable, fussy, "less diplomatique," she adds.

She was a star of the French screen before Hal Wallis signed her to an exclusive contract. When she came here three years ago, she spoke no English, speaks fluently now. Claims she learned most of her English from boy friends, although she cannot yet grasp our American sense of humor. It's too native, too subtle. "But I am learning fast," she goes on seriously. "Maybe, one day, I will have a sense of humor, too." Actually, she has a wonderful feeling for the truly comic; continental, open, compounded of inner gaiety.

She can't help flitting any more than she can help breathing. She unnerves photographers, who find her coquetry distracting, but are inspired to shoot unsupervised art on her. She knows her own best angles; is as camera-hip as most models. Has a slight squint; pouts frequently.

She wants to be a good actress, probably will be, too, although her thespianic ability is currently overshadowed by her physical charms. Wants to make people either laugh or cry, nothing in-between; wants to make them feel warm, to go home and kiss each other. Has a horror of indifference. Wants positive reaction to her personality, to her acting, or nothing.

You may love her—or hate her—but Corinne needn't worry, you'll never be indifferent to her. Her whole construction of mind and body makes that impossible.

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F-4912
Have You Heard?

WHAT S COOKING? This time I don't pose this culinary question carelessly, because the slightly staggering sum of $153,985 is being whipped into this beautiful batch of batter. Our philosopher friend GALEN DRAKE is the mastermind, and the conscious help of lucky housewives skilled and (if you're like me) unskilled with the skillet. It's all part of Pillsbury's "Grand National Recipe and Baking Contest" with 100 cash prizes. There's certainly nothing skimpy about the Pillsbury measure being dished out in this super contest. First prize can reach $50,000 (what a wondrous thing) and the other winners will demonstrate their kitchen concoctions at New York's Waldorf Astoria Hotel during a 2-day, all-expense trip. Rig up those recipes you've always complimented upon (it can be for pies, cakes, breads, cookies, entrees or desserts) and maybe get in on this fabulously fiesta. Thieves fold in that dough, pour the GALEN DRAKE, the mellifluous man who makes 4:00 PM (EST) on your local ABC station such good listening every weekday afternoon, adds more contest thrills to your usual delivery of home-fed philosophy.

O.K. LUCY, drop the phone, time to listen to TED MALONE! It may not be good poetry, but I want you to know-try that the terrific Ted, sponsored by Westinghouse, makes 3:55 PM (EST) a high spot on the American Broadcasting Company day-time dial for me.

MORE FOOD-FOR-THOUGHT-DEPT... How to look lovely and live lovely is the duty of a real expert, MISS M. LAIRH. With his diet tips and food advice, Victor has beautified more women than the combined efforts of the great Ziegfeld and Earl Carroll, and makes it easy as ABC—which just happens to be the network bringing you Lindlahr Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 10:45 AM (EST), Sunday at 11:00 AM (EST). Anyway you spell it, the VHL leads the ladies to loveliness.

SOCIAL NOTES: Think I'll accept ART LINKLETTER's hep and happy "House Party" invitation to join him weekdays at 12:00 noon (EST). He's such good company... and he's pretty good by Pillsbury.

LATE NEWS: It runs in the family! Mother's "mad about him," my 15-year-old sister, Sue, finds him "divine" and I'm faintly a-flutter myself after a session with handsome, the CHARLES "JUDD" ROGERS. The "Dream Boy" is back... and ABC's got him as M.C. on the new program sensation "Pick A Date," 11:30 AM (EST) daily.

(Continued from page 64) cost you from five to ten dollars. You can make it for less than a dollar.

On Ann Sothern's doorway, at Christmas, there hangs a gay decoration. It is merely a lacy, stretch cotton hat, filled with bright red Christmas balls, tied with a big red bow. Cost: Merely the ribbon and the bows. You don't have to use a hat; you might use a colorful scarf, or a gay basket, or any similar object.

Joan Crawford, for her doorway, uses great masses of magnolia leaves, some of them showing their green-front leaves, others the brown back. Joan uses gold-colored Christmas balls on these, ties them with golden ribbon bows. The effect is delightful, and all she has to do to achieve it is to go out and pick the leaves off the trees in her garden. If you live in a part of the country where you have year-round greenery, you can copy this.

Also, wire whatever greens are available in your part of the land into garlands with which to decorate doorways or rope bannisters, as Jerome Courtland likes to do.

You may even use tin, as the Mexicans do so delightfully, a South-of-the-border custom that Anne Baxter, Susan Peters and Linda Darnell all adopt yearly at this season. The Mexicans make Christmas trees, Christmas angels, Christmas candle holders from tin, most enchantingly. The three beautiful young stars I have mentioned are frequently travelers to Mexico City and have gradually acquired a collection of these things. Anne, in particular, has another posada custom; that of putting her carefully wrapped gifts inside a huge, clay jar, which is duly smashed, so that the gifts come tumbling out, on Christmas morning. I mention this here, because while you can surely not work tin as well as an expert, you might consider having a "foreign" Christmas for a change; the old German custom of "cooking" men as decoration, perhaps; or any other native custom or decoration you may know from your own ancestry.

Betty Hutton, for instance, has a tiny Christmas tree for her baby daughter, a slightly bigger one for young Miss Lindsay Briskin, a full size tree for herself and her husband, Ted.

Or, perhaps, you would prefer the delicious Christmas trees for children, one of which was created for Ann Sothern's small daughter, Tish. They are composed of a base, made of cardboard or any object that will let them stand firm on a table, plus candy, toothpicks, wire, and bright red cellophane. Or, it may be you would prefer to make a Christmas tree for an adult, like the one for Joan Crawford, using only a gnarled knot, paint, nails and candles.

To make the "eating" Christmas trees, you first fix a base, of cardboard or something similar, over which you set a cone, made of cardboard which will be sufficiently heavy to hold the toothpicks you will stick into it. Then, lay in a supply of cellophane, either red or green or white, or all three, and bend the blades in various colors or soft shell nuts or both.

Your cone rises from the base, previously painted, or covered with "artificial snow." Now, wrap the candles or nuts in your preferred cellophane color, leaving a small twist of the cellophane on the end. Around this you twist wire, which has previously been twisted around toothpicks. You start, then, putting the candy in triangles down the side of your "cone," leaving a small regular space between rows. You should have three triangles, and I think you will find it smarter to outline them with pencil (so that they will be uniform) before you start putting the toothpicks in candel. Put one candy at the top of each triangle, two below that, three next and so on down to the bottom of the cone. Then, into the empty strips between the candy triangles, put rosettes of the cellophane, also fastened on toothpicks. You can make a candy wreath, such as Miss Sothern and her small Tish delight in making, by this same method. Leave a space in the wreath to insert candle holders, and there you are! Incidentally, the charm of these candle wreaths, or trees, is that the candy can also be removed, piece by piece.

Or, you may prefer the more adult type of candelabra that Miss Crawford favors. This is simply an olive knot painted green. You would buy a hard knot of any wood, or bare branches such as you see on Miss Crawford's gumdrop tree, and paint or gild them.

Naturally, again, these must be mounted on some base, most firmly, and perhaps here is a spot where your nice husband will get in on the decorating spree. But the rest is simple. All you need for candle holders, but you can take any knot of any wood, is nails or toothpicks pounded in, from the wrong side out, so that the points protrude for an inch or more. Just set your candles down firmly, on these nails. Decorate with gum drops or lollipops.

I am sure I now have your own busy mind working, which was what I wanted to do all the time. So let me wish you a very Merry Christmas and assure you I'll be back in the New Year to try in my own small way to make your living more colorful and delightful.

The End
Before Montgomery Clift went to New York, a friend asked him to telephone his sister, when he arrived, just to say hello. Clift called and said, “This is Montgomery Clift.” The sister snapped back, “This is Lana Turner.” Then she hung up.

When he first came to Hollywood, Bob Hope lived next door to Lana Turner and watched her every time she went into her house. “But,” he says, “I wasn’t quick enough, she was always one shade ahead of me.”

New version: “Who was that lady I saw you out-wit last night?”

Talking about a Hollywood marriage, Jack Carson said, “It’s a perfect match. She’s a liqueur heiress and his father makes ginger ale.”

Marilyn Maxwell skipped the dessert at Ciro’s saying, “I have to watch my figure.” Her escort, Clark Gable, cracked: “Forget it, no use both of us watching it.”

In a rush, Macdonald Carey dashed into a Hollywood barber shop and said, “Cut all three short.” “Which three?” asked the puzzled barber. “Whiskers, hair and chattering,” said Carey.

For a gag scene in one of his films, a seagull was required to land on the late W. C. Fields’s head. A hunk of fish concealed in his hair lured the gull to the correct nook. Which prompted Fields to remark, “After thirty years in show business, I wind up in Hollywood as bait for a seagull.”

During the war, a soldier at the Hollywood Canteen told Ida Lupino she reminded him of his best girl friend back home. “She’s the potato type, too,” he said. “The potato type?” repeated Ida. “Yes,” said the soldier. “All eyes and plenty of starch.”

Success in Hollywood is like good advice. It goes in one year and out the other.

Looking Backward: When Ronald Colman’s first wife opened a novelty store in Laguna Beach, Calif., she advertised herself as “The Original Mrs. Ronald Colman.”

Bud Abbott and Lou Costello made an air appeal for youngsters not to be bad boys, pointing out that the perfect crime is impossible. One of the listeners took issue. He wrote them, “I’ve figured out several perfect crimes only I have to get out of here first.” His address was Sing Sing prison.

Overheard: “She’s so fit as a fiddle and about the same shape.”
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PHOTOGRAPHERS

Below, Joan Leslie wears the original in RKO's "Bed of Roses"

Greet the holidays in this tissue faille date dress with nylon marquisette yoke. Joan Leslie, opposite, in Dartford Debs' reproduction of the dress Michael Wolfe designed for her to wear in "Bed of Roses." In green, red, black and teal, sizes 9-15. At Filene's, Boston, Mass. (For further details see page 85.) Time your entrance with a "Leading Lady" watch bracelet by Breton.

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 85.
Pretty in floral print is 36" silk satin square scarf by Ben Goodman. Around $4.00 in assorted colors on white.

Frame for beauty: Reversible hood of water repellent velveteen, lined with shirred bunny fur. In red, blue or green with white. Around $5.00 by Douglas of California.

Evening elegance: Rayon velvet drop-over purse with gold-plated frame. By Caray in black, brown or red with contrasting rayon satin lining. $5.00 plus tax.

Light up and glow: Calfette goatskin cigarette case by Prince Gardner, with gold-plated bar around three sides. Red, green for women; black, brown for men. $5.00.

Christmas Thrifts

The velvet touch: Knitted wool mittens reach gl. our heights with black velvet ribbon, gold metallic thread trim. In black or white, by Hansen, at $2.98.
PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

For stores selling these gifts turn to page 87

Two bracelets in one! A circle of brilliant jewel-like stones to glamorize your watch by day, your wrist at night. "Leading Lady" Watch Bracelet by Bretton. $12.50 including tax

A wisp of witchery to brighten up your friends' futures: Lace trimmed crepe slip by Seamprufe, with ruffles of nylon net. In white, apricot, blue, black and beige, sizes 32-38, around $8.00

Richly realistic: Earrings and turtle-shaped pin set of blue enamel and rhinestones. By Coro. Pin, $3.00. Earrings, $4.00, plus tax

A dream with a practical side-zipper closing: Dainty crepe petticoat by Miss Swank has nylon net knife-pleated ruffles. About $5.00 in blue, maize, pink and white

Bugs bonny: Rayon satin scuffs step into the spotlight with simulated jeweled bug on each slipper. By Honeybugs, $2.99, in red, green, black and navy
PHOTOPLAY'S PATTERN OF THE MONTH

Enclosed find thirty-five cents ($0.35) for which please send me the Photoplay Pattern of the Kathryn Grayson "That Midnight Kiss" dress in size 12—14—16—18—20.

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A dress you'll decide "just right" for that feminine approach, with its very soft lines and multi-gored skirt. Add contrast to your costume by making it in Amer-mill's Eifel crepe, using the novelty satin back for a different collar treatment, as indicated in the above sketches.
At ease!

Helen Rose, creator of some of Hollywood's most beautiful wardrobes, has always stressed femininity in her designs for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stars. She feels that clothes which heighten and flatter the feminine figure give poise and confidence to the wearer. Says Miss Rose, "You should see the woman, not the dress, either on or off the screen."

"This year's woman will be more charming and gracious than ever before," she declares. "Her clothes, chosen for her own individuality, will be the background against which her natural femininity can project itself."

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FASHIONS

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

Green date dress,
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Dartford Debs, 1400 Broadway. New York, N. Y.

Watch bracelet
Bruner-Ritter, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Evening dress
Barbara Dance Frocks, 1385 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

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Diamond rings from $75. Wedding rings from $8.

In A Twirl Of Taffeta

To keep you on your dancing toes, this puckered taffeta, down-to-the-ankles dance dress by Barbara Dance Frocks, in black, red and green. Sizes 9-15, 10-16. Around $20.00 at Jordan Marsh, Boston, Mass.; Lit Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.
For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 37

Dainty Nancy Olson appears in Paramount's "Sunset Boulevard"
home for the holidays

looking mighty pretty in "Smart Clique"
a two piece dress of rayon taffeta
with scalloped collar and peplum.
For name of the exclusive Carole King store
in your city, write Carole King, Dept. P-12,
St. Louis 3, Mo.
Clothes Pin-ups

(Continued from page 54) heavy gray taffeta dress. Off the shoulders, with small sleeves, very low-necked in front, tight-bodied. She was loaded with heavy gold jewelry and wore deeper gray suede slippers. With her hair back to its lovely natural chestnut brown, this color scheme really set her off. Judy Garland looked absolutely marvelous. She was with husband Vincente Minnelli and they both seemed so happy. Judy had a knockout tan, looked robust and her manner was so animated. You can bet she'll be back at work by the time you read this. Marie Wilson was wearing a strapless black velvet gown that was cut sooo low, a lot of people spent the evening betting how long it would stay up, if it stayed up at all. It did! Spotted Gloria De Haven, brunette, short-cropped, and freshly reconciled with John Payne. They were on a party with Diana Lynn and John Lindsay and others. Diana wore a striking dress—a copy of a Dior. At first glance, it seemed to be a huge-skirted evening gown of black taffeta with a very wide bare midriff. But a second glance showed that the "bare midriff" was actually too pink to be skin. S’matter of fact, it was a wide pink taffeta band inserted to look like a nude section, and fitted skin tight between top and skirt.

Betty Jane Greer, who is expecting again, looked serenely beautiful, as usual, in white satin, draped off the shoulders, and high-lighted with diamond jewelry.

THE ALAN LADDS house-warmed their terrific new home in Holmby Hills, just beyond Beverly, with a big party. Their new place is tremendous, but the nook that both like best is a recess in the wall of their bedroom. It’s about two feet wide by three feet high, and on its glass shelves are oh, so many valuable Dresden-china miniatures that Sue has been collecting for years. We mean, she’s been "collecting" them from Alan. He gave her the first figurine on their first date, and he’s been adding to the line-up down through the years. Sue Ladd won’t even let the maid dust these little objects and takes care of them herself because, she says, "It isn’t just that they’re so high in money value. But how can you ever replace things with such a high sentimental value?"

People have been turning out in droves for glamour openings, such as Gertie Nielsen’s Greek Theater triumph in "Annie Get Your Gun" and "Kiss Me, Kate," which locally starred Anne Jeffreys and Julie Wilson—to say nothing of the attractive Keith Andes, currently being sought by at least three movie studios—so you’ll be seeing him. Before and after the shows, the celebs could be seen dining at La Rue, or having late supper and dancing at Ciro’s or Mocambo. You can’t imagine what a spurt night club business has taken around these parts in the past couple of months, and these three spots on the Strip are within walking distance of each other and all thriving at this writing. Ann Sheridan, so help us, looks prettier than when she was first hailed as the Oomph girl, and she was at Ciro’s every single night that Martin and Lewis held forth there. (They evidently fracture her as much as they do us.) Usually, her beau were old-chum Cesar Romero, Bruce Cabot; and occasionally, Greg Bautzer, very much on the loose now. Her hair-do is just a mass of short red ringlets, and so becoming. The well-groomed hand really wears a glove this season and Annie knows it. Saw her one night in a sixteen-button pair of black suedes, proving that the longies are not restricted to evening elegance. La (Continued on page 90)

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a little bit of Jantzen special-and-marvelous elasticized jersey plus a lot of Jantzen special-and-marvelous finesse makes the most remarkable little figure-fixer of all times...a wonderful-feeling girdle (or panty-girdle) engineered without a bit of boning to slim and trim and do an all-over smoothing job. The tailoring is out-of-heaven, the fit is perfect, the top stays up, the bottom stays down without pinching, binding or twisting. Girdles 3.50... panty-girdles with Jantzen-exclusive tabs for holding Kleenex tissues 3.95... in blue and white as well as nude, at most stores.
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"Pretty Pink" Nylon For Saturday...
"Porty Black" Satin For Sunday...
"Pure White" Satin

(A-Cup 32-36; B-Cup 32-38)

A Lovelable Gift...FOR HER

The Lovable Week-End Diary...a book of three flattering lovable bras—
a gift she'll adore! for Friday...
"Pretty Pink" Nylon For Saturday...
"Porty Black" Satin For Sunday...
"Pure White" Satin

(Continued from page 38) Sheridan wore them with a lovely cocktail dress of delft blue heavy faille, the skirt a mass of gored that gave a slim-hipped look, yet had a great flare to the hem. The bodice, with a plunging neckline (with a narrow soft rolling shawl collar) was tightly fitted and fastened with four little self-covered buttons from the neckline's line to the waist. On that like that line. Short sleeves, very slightly padded shoulders, and a rather wide, stiffened band of the same material, and that's all. Black suede shoes and bag, match! That long, straight-out satin marton stole that blended with Ann's auburn tresses, didn't hurt, either!

The craze for bright yellow accessories has carried over in fall and winter, and no wonder. Especially, a dash of this shade in the form of golves with black would brighten up the dreariest winter day. The yellow suede or chamois golves look great with the brown and aerald green riam, the same Hutton wears 'em with her emerald green tweed skirt. Marta Toren adds them to a three-piece ensemble of gray wool.

Mail is the word for the new hats. They're head-hugging and simple and they're going to stay that way a while. So says Rex, one of Hollywood's favorite hat designers, and he should know! Joan Donat—brushes her hair back, slick, and under a high-riding cloche of scarlet velv—

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What Happened to the Temple Marriage?

(Continued from page 32) Marker". At first I said, "No, I don't believe there is a word of truth in these stories, and I refuse to humiliate Shirley."

Then items, appearing in certain columns, became more open, and, well, I am a reporter, so I decided to ask Shirley to tell me the truth.

I telephoned and asked to talk to her. Without a moment's hesitation, she said, "I don't know why, but you've married to me," I have been wanting to talk to you.

"I know what you want to ask me," she said, as she seated herself in my playroom.

"I will tell you the truth, because you have always been fair with me."

I waited quietly. I found it difficult to believe that Shirley would admit there was anything wrong with her marriage. I had watched her for months as she had gone about her work and appeared at parties, always conducting herself with quiet dignity. There had been items about her marriage, yes. But no one had been able to obtain an interview with her on this subject. But it was only now, for the first time, she talked about it.

"I am fighting for my marriage," she admitted quietly. "So there will be no more on this subject." Shirley's face is much graver. The little-girl look is gone, and in its place there is a womanly quality and a loveliness that is at once strong and more appealing. "Why, John, don't you know," Shirley told me, that day, "he said, 'Tell Miss Parsons the truth. She will realize how much this gossip is hurting our chances.'"

"It's true, we have had quarrels," Shirley said. "What young couple hasn't? But, believe me, our spats are not any worse than the fights some of our young married friends who are not in the profession have. No one, however, pays any attention to them. "I now know the girl who has moved out of her home at least five times."

Shirley's young face became very serious, as she said, "It isn't easy for Jack. He is ambitious. He will never be happy as a wife. He has been married to a girl as well-known as I would get annoyed over all the attention and demands.

"We can't go into a cafe without having the eyes of everyone turn in our direction. One night, Jack got up and danced cheek-to-cheek with an attractive young girl, while I sat at the table with a strange young boy. We could just hear the rummles and whispers."

"Well," said Shirley, "that girl was Jack's sister and the boy was her fiancé. We had taken them dancing a few nights before this occurred."

I protested. "But Jack cannot object to your career. He has one of his own, and one that has started very successfully."

"That's just it," said Shirley. "I always said that I would be a partner in this business before you are sixteen to get the feel of it. Jack had never faced a camera until after we were married, and it's hard work for him. Now that it is for me. In his last picture, the one about Iwo Jima, he was on location for seven weeks in the toughest, hardest kind of conditions. There were only men in the picture, and they really repelled me."

"He came home so tired. I understood, because I, too, have been tired, but it isn't as difficult for me as it is for him. I have to remind myself of that again and again. If he says anything unkind—I just
In Shirley's case, the break-up is hard, for this little girl has been so loved and protected by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Temple. She is the idol of many who remember her when her baby beauty and charm made her the most popular little girl ever to face a camera. Shirley was the sort of little girl every childless woman dreamed about. True, she still has her mother and father, but Mrs. Temple, while she yearns over her little daughter's worries, will not interfere to advise Shirley.

"But Mother feels as I do," said Shirley, "that some people have gone out of their way to try and hurt John and me."

I noticed she said "John" and not the familiar "Jack" she usually calls him.

"Why can't we have a chance like other young people to work out any problems without the whole world looking in and acting as sort of an official referee, maybe bystander is a better word?"

"This has been a bad year," Shirley said, sipping her soft drink. She had refused a cocktail.

"In what way has this year been bad?" I asked her.

"Well, my career has been disappointing," she said. "I want to play something beside silly teen-agers, yet that is all the stories the studios have been giving me."

"I was voted among the least cooperative actresses by the Hollywood Women's Press Club. I went to talk with them and explained how I worked Sundays and every other day, and I did want to spend a little time with my baby."

"Oh, she is so cute, Louella. You have no idea. When are you coming to see her?"

"Soon," I promised.

"The most difficult thing of all, this past year, of course, has been our trouble with our marriage."

Long after Shirley left me that afternoon I sat thinking about her and John. I remembered their wedding day, on September 19, 1945—something out of a storybook. But marriage itself is realistic, as Shirley and John found out. I think they tried to hold their marriage together. I think they started all over again, reaffirming their faith in and their love for each other more often than any one of us might believe. What finally caused her to sue for divorce will, I suspect, never be revealed. Not once during our talk that day did she blame John, but once did she refer to his inclination to neglect her when they were together in public, although this attitude on his part has long been the talk of the town.

Even a week before Shirley finally sued for divorce, when she went to Palm Springs with her mother and Linda Susan, she tried to preserve the illusion that all was well. John, she said, would join them later.

All of which brings me to the unhappy ending; not at all the right ending for a story of a little princess.

THE END

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Coro, Inc., New York 1, N.Y.
The Kid Who Never Cried

(Continued from page 41) world her first puppy.

"Dare never bat an eye," Patti says, "He never bats an eye over anything.

By "Dare," Patti means John. "Dare," short for Derek, his real first name. His
real surname is Harris.

Since he was a kid, he has managed to
keep his innermost emotions to himself. He
knows, however, exactly what those de-
sires are, just as he knew, when he read
"Knock on Any Door," that the role of
Nick Romano would make him a star.

He is a natural. His mother, who is still one of the most strikingly
beautiful women you've ever seen, was
an actress who called herself Del Orelli.
His father, Larry, was an actor. He was
extraordinarily handsome man, originally
an actor, later a director. "Neither of them
got anywhere," John says, and that's the
final word you can dig out of him.

BEFORE he was five, his parents had
divorced, but before he was six, he had met
Russell Harlan, a cameraman, with
three wonderful kids of his own. Seven-
teen years ago, he was one of the best
camera men and he's still tops, having
recently lensed such super-productions as
"Red River" and "The Lone Wagon Bride." Tall, slim and smiling, he, too,
is a much handsomer than average male.

The lonely, too handsome little Derek
Harris appealed to the fatherly heart and
the imagination of Russ Harlan. The kid
was growing up entirely surrounded
by women, his mother, his grandmother,
and assorted aunts and cousins. It was
Russ's ambition to be a director and he was six, and to ride before he was seven.

The boxing was absolutely necessary,
for even then, John's looks were such that
every other kid, at sight of him, took a
poker at him. John knows, so triumphantly that by the time he was ten,
his appearance and the battles he had to
fight because of it were a mere matter of
routine to him. By the time he was twelve,
he was beginning to grow into a good liv-
ing for him. He began to break horses on
the various ranches, for $25 a horse. He
might have broken every bone in his body except that he was too
smart to go broke.

"Dare would never say he could, or
couldn't, do anything you proposed," Russ
Harlan now says. "When I first
taught him to ride, he was hardly big
enough to sit on the horse, but he did sit
there, riding so close behind me, I'd have
to turn in my saddle to be sure he was
still there.

John still has that same determination
to do things by himself. When he was
given "Rogues of Sherwood Forest," which
originally had been intended for Cornell
Wilde, he simply looked the executive in
the eye and said, "Well, then I hope you'll
let me do my own horse in the picture.
They will look better if the camera stays
on me all the time." He wasn't boasting,
just stating a fact.

John's first discoverer, Russ, also was
his first cameraman. He took test after
test, but he couldn't get anybody inter-
ested. Then Tom Moore, now a talent scout
for Twentieth, tried to sign him.

John's father, Larry, hadn't at first
wanted to have his parents' consent before he could sign a contract, and his father
wanted him to study to be an artist.

Larry was tremendously proud of the
talent for it. His sketch of a cat now
hangs in the famous Sportsman's Lodge in
the Valley and several of his things are
framed in his living room.

By the time John was seventeen, how-
ever, Selznick had spotted him and this
time, his parents gave in to the inevitable.

He was cast in bits in the Selznick pro-
ductions, "Since You Went Away" and
"Ill Wind," while being trained for
bigger things.

The draft, however, caught up with him
before the public did. He left for service
in the Pacific with an infantry detachment and was stationed in the Philippines.

After he was demobilized he was signed
by Twentieth, but he just sat out this con-
tract for a year, the year during which he
read the book, "Knock on Any Door," and
pursued Boggie. When he got the test he
wanted, and stardom.

It was during this same year that he
met Patti, the girl he chose over all the
other stars who also vied for him. He
wasn't deep. He couldn't pull into a drive-in for his favorite
of all foods, a hamburger, without girls in
cars pulling in next to him, giggling and
swinging.

In her own country, Patti is a princess.
In Paris, she had been a singer. She is flu-
sent in several languages, is sophisticated,
and a dream cook, besides.

The first time she and John ever dated,
he took her to a show because she had never seen a strip-teenager. The
strip-teenager fascinated her but she hated
the burlesque and so did John. On their
date, we should mention, they rode horses
in the desert because she had never
seen anything like those, either. She loved
the Joshua trees.

JOHN and Patti started their married life
in October, 1948, in a little house at
Malibu Beach. But when summer came,
and with it more fog than any previous
California summer has ever seen, they
moved into a section of San Fernando
Valley where the sun practically never stops
shining, summer or winter.

"That's for his sun tan," says Patti,
laughing. "Not just the most beautiful swim-
mer but he goes and sticks one toe in the
water and lets it go at that."

"Oh, I can dive and fool around if some-
body insists," John says. He can.

She does all their housework and cooking and she
refuses to let him help, saying it is no
work for a man. She gets away without
any clothes on him of food from hamburgers is steak. She's trying
to teach him about more subtle eating.

He has already done "All the King's
Men," is studying for "The Gainesville
Circus," and has a punishing schedule of
"Rogues of Sherwood Forest." Because he
understands the movie business so well,
he knows that now he will be rushed from
picture to picture, but he is prepared for
it, just as he is preparing to fight for
the best directors, the best stories, the
best cameramen. Whenever he gets
confused about anything, he drives over
to Russ Harlan's house. Again and again
he has listened to Russ's stories of how
Montgomery Clift studied and worked when
he came into "Red River" up against a cast
which knew every trick in the movie trade,
but who was just as green as a picture.

John will study and work just as hard.
Because he is so young and his suc-
cess has been so swift, he's bound to
change, but the people who know him well
tell us that he is going to grow more
serenity, more subtle, and even
more artistry.

Somebody once said of Richard Wagner,
that upon reading that he wrote his great
works with a heart as hot as fire and a
head as cold as ice.

That's a very apt description of John
Derek, also, and it's a very good prescrip-
tion for what it takes to become a star.
BE AN ARTIST—With your face, achieve a new natural make-up that will enrich the vividness of your coloring.

Your foundation is, of course, the background for your picture. As your summer tan fades, discontinue the copper shades. When you use a dark make-up with a light skin you get a streaked effect. If your skin is sallow, tone it up with a rosy foundation; if you have a ruddy skin, use a foundation of a peach shade.

Any “masterpiece” demands color harmony. Rouge and lipstick always must correspond in color. Experiment with the reds and the pink color tones. Avoid lipsticks with a purple shade. They're unnatural-looking and wash out completely at night under artificial lights.

For a softer, prettier, younger effect, try a pastel pink. Betty Hutton used a pastel pink in her Paramount picture, "Let's Dance," and was so entranced that she loves it now for off-screen daytime wear. Pink is perfect for teen-agers and also for the very old. But it's also for the in-between, for its soft cameo coloring gives any skin a youthful glow and makes for a younger, prettier you. It is not recommended for evening wear, for it pales out under lights.

With winter navy, indigo and sapphire blues, use the dark reds. For brown tones, cyclamen, purples and heather shades, stay to the true reds. With the winter greens, bypass any purplish tones for the more complimentary reds.

Regardless of your coloring, never use a black eyebrow pencil. Brown makes for a far more natural and softer effect. Sharpen your eyebrow pencil with a razor blade into a chisel shape. Then take the wide, flat side and apply with short staccato strokes, making hair lines.

With the exception of deep-set eyes, all eyes are enhanced by eye-shadow. In applying eye-shadow, never bring it up to the brow, just on the eye-side of the lid, but gently, with no hard line of demarcation.

Use only brown mascara and only on the upper lashes. Don't experiment with any bizarre blues and greens. Avoid surrealistic effects. Your goal is naturalness.

Put on your best face this winter. Brush up on make-up. Then step back and have a look. You'll be rewarded with a portrait of a new, exciting woman.
The Bergman Love Story

(Continued from page 39) Ingrid Bergman never set herself up as a paragon. Voting nothing was known about her private life, her private thoughts. Steadfastly, she refused to discuss her home life or to express herself in by-lined articles for publication. Whatever was printed or said of her were arbitrary conclusions arrived at by pure conjecture.

Nobody knew Bergman, because Bergman remained walled in the cocoon of her elated inhibitions until, at last, she summoned enough courage in the spring of 1949 to break loose from it.

The initial rumbles of public censure for Bergman began several years ago when first she took to glowing cigarettes. Later, this was followed by a flood of criticism on discovery of the never hidden fact that she indulged in cocktails.

Studios insisted on humoring the public's cry of outrage that their idol was enjoying the same privileges that they enjoyed. They forbade, against her objections, the photographing of her smoking or drinking, but why? she would say, "It's the truth, isn't it? Why can't I be like other people? Why is it wrong when I do these things?"

She didn't know it, but Ingrid Bergman was beginning to stretch it was time to.

These, however, were but minor skirmishes with public opinion, minor signs of rebellion against a curious form of slavery to an artificial conception.

Several years ago, during the tremendous success of "Joan of Lorraine" in New York, she was interviewed by a national magazine to whom she confessed that she had periods of terrible temper, anger and frustration; that she had engaged in battles with the mental restraints with which she had been inoculated all of her life; that it was not unusual for her to shut herself in her room, lying across the bed, and cry in bitter rage.

Free, happy people don't do things like these. Here, openly declared, were the first indications that all was not so serene with the simple, shy screen star. But the press and the public did not catch its significance. They passed it by.

I, myself, saw a change taking place in Ingrid during the war years. Aside and apart from her films, it seemed to me there was something meaningful in her eagerness to be off to military hospitals, or bond-selling tours, or to Canada and Alaska and Germany. Even before a film was finished, she asked that an itinerary be arranged.

No one in Hollywood worked harder on these expeditions than Bergman. No one endured more risk and discomfort making six, seven, eight appearances a day, sleeping in cargo planes, sleeping but four or five hours nightly. She even spent a Christmas and New Year visiting the homesick G.I.s of Alaska and Germany. It was more than a sense of duty. There was in it a certain measure of unexpressed freedom, never before experienced.

I perceived on these trips, a gradual waning of her shyness, a growing of self-assurance and confidence. Her innate love of strange people and strange places bloomed greatly. There was a greater ease in speaking to the press, she even could make an impromptu speech.

I think one of the occasions which marked a milestone in Bergman's psychological maturity was in Washington, D. C., at a press conference. Surrounded by fifteen or twenty correspondents, she answered and parried their questions with statesmanlike dexterity. But there was one all-important question which they were obviously avoiding. When they rose and

...SO ABSORBENT!

sudden, greater conquer, national picture strong Why was would easy JEWELRY perceived hope myself, the CONTAINER 1IME BROKEN LEWIS' paid watches, Dept. St. 140 Michigan, Mo.

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HIGHEST CASH PRICES!

Tabasco, golf clubs, rings, jewelry, watches, diamonds, furs, platinum, etc. Cash paid.

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New home shampoo made specially for blondes contains Andim. Washes last shaves brightly give it live hair luster BROWNS. Called BLONDENEX, it takes only 15c. at any drug or toilet goods counter.

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Send postcard to Barbara Shapiro Lab., Dept. IL5, 80 Broadway, N. Y. 3, N. Y. or get regular size at any 10c. drug or toilet goods counter.

Bergman's rebellion against the superhuman standards of behavior imposed upon her, by reason of her peculiar position in the public eye, was bound one day to break out in violent eruption, and it is likely that a 1949 outburst with the volcano that is Stromboli.

This rebellion happened much later than I expected. But it had to wait for the proper circumstances to crystallize her desire for freedom and understanding.

A Rossellini was inevitable. Nothing could have altered the course of Ingrid's destiny. And if there is any blame to be heaped upon anyone (blame for what?) it would be placed on Ingrid Bergman, or of Roberto Rossellini, nor of Dr. Peter A. Lindstrom. This could have happened three years ago, before a lurid pageant when, feeling she could not go on with an increasingly untenable marital relationship, she first asked for a divorce. It would have happened a year from now, Rossellini, or not.

Yes, Bergman wrote to the Italian director. She told him that she admired his work and would like to do a picture with him. It is not true that she signed off with an Italian.

She said that she could express herself in many languages, some well, some badly, but she knew only two words in Italian: Amore and povero. She had to learn for "Arch of Triumph." When Ingrid voiced the desire to make a picture in Italy, she was not running from any geographical location called Hollywood. She was an artist looking for new worlds to conquer, never absorbed in polite social circles or the routine of modern easy living which crushes and assimilates an artist unless it touches.

Once the psychology underlying her childhood in Sweden, and her maturity in America is understood, it is easy to see how conditioned she was for a poten-
Ingrid Bergman, once her mind was made up, promptly informed her husband of her decision.

Bergman is a warm, intelligent, forthright woman. She is not given to lies, deceit or duplicity. By background, philosophy and personal standards, she is utterly free of deviousness.

Dr. Peter Lindstrom, a brilliant surgeon pre-eminent in his own world, flew to Messina and spent long hours trying to change her mind. He faced in Bergman a resurgence of spirit and determination. She stood alone and asked her freedom. There was no changing her mind.

Convincing her that this crisis needed the test of time, they agreed to wait until the end of the picture before issuing an announcement. Meanwhile, Dr. Lindstrom went to London to await the fateful day. But bad weather conditions, sickness and accidents to various members of the company, delayed the conclusion of the film far beyond its schedule. The doctor returned to Los Angeles to resume his private practise and work as resident neuro-surgeon at the General Hospital.

DURING these months of killing work on the black volcano, Ingrid made a clean decision. The storm of adverse publicity which followed the Messina meeting, founded upon misquotations and sensationalism, coupled with unwarranted occurrences from misinformed individuals and self-imposed moral arbiters, brought her to the second vital decision—retirement. It was only in this renunciation, she felt, that she could ever hope to achieve some small measure of the human freedom and happiness she sought.

She informed her husband of her intention, sending him a copy of the announcement she was to give the press. And later, upon her arrival in Rome, issued the statement that hit the front pages and shocked the world—that one of the greatest living actresses was renouncing her career.

Earnestly hoping the divorce could be handled in a civilized and dignified manner, she was deeply pained at the recent publicity which, apparently, was inspired by some refusal of cooperation. She has offered to give her husband half of all property and monies, and to place the other half in trust for her daughter. She feels it is her duty to hold separation in America. But, she believes she should have equal custody rights and that Pia, to whom she has constantly talked on the telephone, should spend the summer holidays with Miss Bergman.

She will not return to the United States until the divorce is final, and she has authorized no statements or stories since the divorce announcement of August 11th, other than this story.

When, ultimately, I was convinced that Ingrid was dead serious about her retirement, I talked with her alone, seated on the charred ruins of an old house in Stromboli. A cloud of sulphur fumes hung over the crater.

I asked her, “What will you do with your life now that you have given up the work that has meant so much to you?”

Quietly, thoughtfully, with subdued passion, Ingrid Bergman answered, “I love Roberto. One day, when I am free, we shall be married. He is a great artist, and it is exciting and full of wonder to watch him at his work. I shall be content if he can be near him, and, in a way, put my career into his. And if he will let me, I shall be happy to work as one of the crew, help cut his pictures, anything.”
20 Christmas Presents You Can Make

(Continued from page 61) are almost universally becoming, and depend upon the richness of their materials and their monotone coloring for their chic.

II—SHELL PLANT CONTAINERS
Virginia Mayo, who is an incurable souvenir hunter, picked up six abalone shells on one of her beach trips several years ago and saved them.

This fall, Virginia had an idea. She took the shells to the workshop of a friend who had a burnishing machine. Using this, she polished the shells until they looked like something polished from a glass factory. Then she took them to a tinsmith, who fitted them with metal containers (not tin, which would rust) to which was soldered a ring for hanging the shell. Into these metal containers, Virginia put a layer of charcoal, a layer of peat moss and a transplanted philodendron.

One set, she kept for her own house, and she's giving two sets away for Christmas.

III—ALBUMS
Ruth Roman has been making albums for her friends. She covers two 9" x 11" carboolds with some heavy fabric, such as tweed, imitation leather, or lightweight corduroy. Then she punches holes at sides for binding.

For pages, she uses standard construction paper, perforated to match the covers.

One of Ruth's friends was recently married, so Ruth asked the girl for all of the cards which accompanied her wedding gifts. She mounted the cards attractively. This represented much work, but Ruth knows that the bride will be delighted to have these romantic souvenirs preserved.

Ruth also took photographs of the work of a young sculptor friend of hers. Her album, for using simulated pearls.

IV—PEARL PENDANT
A good many people are hoping to receive one of the pearl cluster-of-grape pendants which June Haver makes for her role in "Look for the Silver Lining," she wore such a pendant made of real pearls. Naturally, it was something strictly for Maharajas, so June decided to copy it for herself by using simulated pearls.

Materials needed: About 12 pearls, a quarter-inch in diameter; 12 pearls three-eighths of an inch in diameter and 12 tiny beads to act as anchors for pearls. About 6 feet of very fine florist wire, cut in 6-inch lengths. Secure, from dime store or jeweler, clasp which consists of gold hoop above and gold hoop below a flange shaped like the calyx of a flower.

Thread large pearl first, then small pearl, then "anchor" bead. Return wire at "anchor" end through both pearls. When you have about 12 sets, form into a cluster of grapes by twining the wires around one another and building layers of beads. Twist all wires around loop, which will be covered by the calyx so wires won't show.

Slide the pendant on the velvet ribbon on which you have sewed a hook and eye (instead of a back clasp), and there it is.

V—KEY BRACELET
A little time, patience and elbow power is all that one needs to duplicate the antique bracelets with which Jeanette MacDonald remembers many of her friends.

Materials needed: A magnet. You can usually find, in an antique store, a second-hand store, or a cluttered key-shop, an old box filled with discarded keys. A can of metal (brass) polish. A small can of clear lacquer, and a small paint brush.

Heavy chain bracelet.

Method: The trick involved is finding the keys in the first place. They must be unusual, interestingly shaped, and made of solid brass. When you go key-searching, be sure to take along the magnet for this reason: Once corroded, a brass key looks like a nickel or an iron key. However, neither of these will take on the look of gold when polished. A magnet has no attraction for brass, but will pick up other types of keys.

Once you have located about seven keys, polish them and give them two coats of lacquer. When dry, they can be linked onto a chain bracelet.

VI—EVENING BAG
Sonja Henie is convinced that no girl ever has too many evening bags. She has designed a ribbed evening bag that she makes in black, red and white (all solid colors), since nearly everyone can fit such a bag into her wardrobe.

Materials needed: 150 yards (3 bolts) of one-quarter-inch ribbon. One set No. 4 knitting needles. One set No. 7 knitting needles. One or one-half yards of matching drawstring cord.

Method: To make the bottom of the bag: Cast on twenty-one stitches, using the No. 4 needles. Knit three rows. Starting on the fourth row, cast off one stitch at the beginning of the row. Thereafter, cast off one stitch at the beginning of each row. This will result in a triangular-shaped piece. Make four of these. Sew together to

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make a square. Take it to your cleaner and have him pop it under the steam presser. It will come out in a professional block.

On No. 7 needles, cast on twenty-five stitches. Knit a length of material long enough to form the sides of the bag. The way to determine this is to measure one side of the bottom and multiply by four.

Sew up the side of the bag. You will have a cylinder. Take it down to the cleaner and have it steam. Sew it onto the bag. Take three widths of the ribbons in two separate pieces, each of which is one-half the circumference of the bag. These are to serve as the drawstring channels, so sew them on both sides of the bag, leaving openings at each end.

Cut the drawstring in two equal pieces. Thread one piece through, right around the base and knot the ends together. Thread the other piece through the other opening and knot. You will be surprised to discover how handsome this ribbon knot is. May even keep it yourself.

VIII—SKIRT HANGERS

Betty Garrett delights her friends by giving them an unusual type of skirt-hanger which can be attached to the inside of a closet door. This skirt hanger looks as if it started out in life as a miniature stairway, then reformed.

At your local lumber yard, or at any carpenter's shop, you should be able to buy a piece of 1 x 2 x 8 by 4 for about 10 cents. Fasten, with screws, the edge opposite to the notched side, to the sides of the closet door. Place vertically on the door, these look like steps and extend into the closet when the door is closed. To each of these notches, a piece of lath about eight inches long, one inch wide is hinged. The hinge is attached vertically to each lath exactly in the center. Attach the other end to the corresponding notch.

That done, Betty attaches, with a screw, at each end of the lath, a clip-board fastener. Then she paints the hanger to match the closet in which it is to be installed.

VIII—TABLECLOTH SUNDRESS

Jane Wyatt has the perfect gift. It is a tablecloth sundress. It can cost as little as $1.95, or as much as ten or fifteen dollars, depending upon the type of tablecloth one has. Raw materials are:

Materials needed: One 54 x 54 tablecloth. One and one-half yards of three-quarter-inch grosgrain ribbon to be used as a drawstring sash.

Method: Determine the length of the skirt required and cut the tablecloth one-and-one-half inches longer. Use this extra length to form a drawstring waist, meeting in front. Sew the two borders of the tablecloth together as for a skirt. From the remaining material, cut two shoulder straps of the desired length; seam them. Fit the remaining part of the cloth about the bust line, adding necessary darts. If you are good at installing zippers, you might add this refinement, but otherwise hooks and eyes will be satisfactory.

Sew on the shoulder straps in proper position, hem the bottom of the blouse and that's it.

IX—RIBBON SASH

Because this is the great square dance era, everyone is wearing a sash. Terry Moore's friends like white or pastel dotted Swiss dresses, so she makes sashes of different shades of the same color. For instance, a friend whose favorite square dance outfit is white with green accents, would be a natural for a sash made of five shades of green ribbon.

Materials needed: Three yards of one-inch or one-and-one-half-inch white ribbon. Three yards of same width dark green ribbon. Three yards of same width very dark green ribbon.

Method: Starting with the white ribbon, stitch it, as loosely as possible (so that you won't use up most of your ribbon in wide seams), onto the pale green. Add, in the same way, the other three shades. When the sash is assembled, cut the bottom diagonally and hem them. If you want to be exceptionally fancy, embroider your girl friend's initials on the tails of the sash.

X—COCKTAIL APRON

Janis Carter has decorated her favorite cocktail apron for friends. This apron is a tonic for tired wardrobes.

Janis makes many lovely combinations: Black with magenta ties; blue with magenta; brown with burnt orange ties, and blue with pink ties.

Materials needed: One-half yard of silk or rayon net, forty inches wide. Two yards of two-inch satin ribbon (ties). Two yards of grosgrain ribbon. Five strips of pastel felt, each one and one-half inches wide.

Method: Round off the two corners of the net. Gather the top onto an eleven-inch band of ribbon. From the remaining taffeta, cut a series of two and a half-inch bias strips. Join them to make a length of ruffling three yards long. Shrr this onto the sides and the bottom of the apron. Instead of having a ruffle, pull the edge gently, in an inch at a time, in a stretching movement between the fingers; this will cause it to fray slightly but it won't unravel. It is laced up.

Sew one yard of the wide satin ribbon on each side of the waist band to make a sash tie. Hem the diagonal cut ends.

From the felt, cut daisies in three sizes: Orange, red and bunch. Make one and one-half inches of felt (in width) will allow, one slightly smaller, and one quite small. Cut twenty-five circles about a quarter-inch in diameter. Take a flower of width pale, pale orange ribbon. Drawstring through the net of the apron, through the two layers of felt and back again. Tie the ends of the ribbon together and let it hang as a sash.

If you wish, you may cut a triangle from net, hem it, and sprinkle it with felt daisies. This triangle may be used as a kerchief.

XI—PARTY SKIRT

Janet Leigh is convinced that no girl has too many separate party skirts, so she uses her spare time on the set to whip up as many a skirt as she can imagine. Janet uses nylon because it is new, suuable, and almost non-crushable.

Materials needed: Four yards of nylon. Thirty inches of grosgrain ribbon two and a half inches wide. Four yards of wide lace or embroidered taffeta.

To make the skirt: Sew together a length of nylon four yards long. This will result in a four-yard cylinder. Provide for a pleat. Fold or gather one side onto a razor blade. Turn a hem to the proper ballerina length. Baste the hem. Over this basted hem, stitch on four yards of heavy embroidery.

XII—PAINTED NECKTIES

Mr. and Mrs. Keefe Brusselle have made it a Christmas practise to remember their men friends with hand-painted neckties, and during the rugged years while Keefe was waiting for his break (attained in "Not Wanted") they earned cupcakes by selling hand-painted ties.
There are wonderful textile paints now on the market which cost very little and can be washed or cleaned once they are applied to the material. The textile paint sets are sold with or without brushes and stencil patterns. If you are handy with the brush, you can work freehand. For this, buy yourself two or three fine brushes, numbers Zero, two Zero and four Zero. Pracise on some old, solid-color ties (some of the men in your family can help you out here). You'll be surprised at the expensive look you can give to plain ties. Textile paint is easily washed off the brushes with water, but be careful applying it to the material. Once on, it stays on.

XII—SCENE IN WATER COLOR
Of course, if you have Vanessa Brown's undisputed artistic talent, you might do for Christmas, what she is doing: Painting small landscapes for her friends. She is using water colors, and she is selecting scenes which will fit in happily with the periods and decorating schemes of the homes of her friends.

XIV—CANDLES FOR CHRISTMAS
John Derek and his wife have been working on gift candles for months. They make two different types.

For the first type they secured one of those woven basket bottles in which certain types of Chinese scenes are shipped. Next, they inserted a tall candle in the neck of the emptied bottle. Then, having bought a series of candles of different colors after making sure that the candles were the same color all the way through and were not merely white candles having an outside coating of color, John and his wife held a candle in each hand over the lighted candle inside the bottle. As all the candles melted, the multi-colored wax ran down over the bottle and the wicker container, coating both. The result is piratical and good.

This process results in a great many small candle butts which are too short to be burned. These are dropped into an old pan until quite a few layers have accumulated. Then, Mrs. Derek melts the wax. She prepares three milk containers in this way. With an ice pick, she punches a hole in the center of the bottom of the cardboard container, and in the center of the top. Through these two holes she threads a thick cotton string, knotting it tightly at top and bottom; this is to serve as the candlewick.

Usually, she uses a quart milk carton for the base of the three candles she is to make, a pint container for the second in size, and a cream container for the smallest. She pours the liquid wax through the same opening in the carton as one used when pouring from the container. She allows the wax to cool overnight, then simply rinses off the cardboard container. Result: Three square candles, graduated in size and variegated in color.

XV—SCRAP BASKET
Lon McCallister is forever spotting one of Peter Arno's hilarious drawings or something by Charles Addams, Bob Day, Thurber, Ted Key or Drucker, and yearning to send it to a friend. Instead, he snips it, stores it in an envelope on which the friend's name has been written.

Comes Christmas, Lon picks up a number of inexpensive wasterpaper baskets, preferably made of plywood, or heavy cardboard. On these, he pastes the cartoons. Then Lon applies two coats of clear lacquer, being sure that it is thin enough to spread easily. If it is too thick, it has a tendency to streak the printer's ink with which the cartoons are printed.

XVI—FOLDING SCREEN
Shelley Winters thinks that every den, playroom, or work alcove in an apartment, cries out for a folding screen. Because she has no time for the construction of a screen she buys an unfinished one.

One side, she covers with Christmas cards, saved from previous years, and on the other she covers with items of particular interest to the person for whom the screen is intended. From a friend who writes, she secured a bale of rejection slips and glued them, helter-skelter on the screen. From a friend who is a designer, she secured a series of sketches. Once the decorating motifs are firmly glued in place, Shelley covers the screen with clear lacquer, then enamels the screen frame in a color complementary to the room in which it is to stand.

XVII—LUMINOUS HOUSE NUMBERS
Joan Leslie makes house number signs, visible day or night, for her friends. Because redwood is so intrinsic a part of the California scene, she uses this particular wood, but any hardwood would serve the purpose. The sign itself is simple to make. A horizontal bar about a foot long, an inch thick, and five inches wide, is nailed on to a stake. Onto the horizontal piece of wood, Joan tacks the correct house number. Then she paints it with phosphorescent paint. Finally, the entire sign is coated with a waterproofing solution, which can be bought at almost any hardware store.

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—So writes a regular listener to "MY TRUE STORY" Radio Program about the characters in these daily dramas. "It's the redness of the people in the true-to-life stories that's so refreshing!"

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Loose skin, wrinkles, out-growing ears, led, baggy eyelids, breasts, scars, facial—corrected by plastic surgery. Consultation and booklet MC Free.

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XVIII—LAMPSHADE

Doris Day, whose son is just reaching the "fix up my room" stage, is making an unusual lamp shade for an equally unusual lamp. Doris was able to find a globe five inches in diameter. She had this placed on an axis, and supported by a simple brass base which was wired as a lamp. For months, she saved the envelopes in which her fan mail arrived, and then, during quiet moments on the set of "Young Man with a Horn," she soaked off the stamps, allowed them to dry, then applied them to a plain paper lampshade. After the stamps dried, Doris gave the shade two coats of thin white shellac.

XIX—COLLAPSIBLE TABLE

Jerome Courland, who lives in a California apartment, where compactness is the law of the house, has been making collapsible tables for those of his friends who also live in apartments. He has found that, for a cliff-dweller, the most satisfactory way to entertain is to give buffet dinners. This method makes it imperative for the thoughtfull host to have a number of small side tables available to guests.

Materials needed: One frame 25" by 15" made of 2" x 1/2" pine boards. One piece of plywood 25" by 15". One piece of round, 1½" long (a section of an old broomstick will do nicely). Two hinges. Two screen hooks. Four pieces of pine 2" x 1/2" x 23" long (legs).

Method: To make maple furniture, stack all the lumber with maple stain; to match dark furniture, give it a walnut stain; for modern apartments, simply varnish it.

One foot from the end of each of the 23-inch pieces of pine, but large enough to accept the round brace. Hinge the two outside legs to the 25" by 15" frame. Glue the plywood on top of the frame. Install the two screen hooks on the two inside legs. Put black eyes on the opposite side of the frame from the hinges. Coat the finished table with a clear varnish which is guaranteed to be waterproof and acid-resistant so that spilled liquid or food will cause no real damage.

This table, when not in use, will fold and fit into a slim space. When in use, the four legs will stretch out in two 's's, and the top will also open to be held rigid by the screen hooks. Useful gadget.

XX—CHRISTMAS SPECIALS

And finally, we feel that we should tell you about Cathy Down's year-around plan for simplifying Christmas. Two you know, one of the most frenzied of last-minute chores is usually the wrapping of gifts.

This never happens to Cathy. All during the year, whenever she receives a parcel from a store, she checks it for convenient size and shape.

Cathy keeps a stock of exotic Christmas paper. In her spare time, she covers her miscellaneous boxes with this paper. She measures off the proper length of contrasting ribbon and places it inside the box.

Then, when ready to complete a Christmas gift, she simply places it in one of her ready-decorated containers, tying the waiting ribbons.

As you must have noticed, the important fact about this collection of gifts is that each one is aimed directly to the person who is to receive it.

You will find that your holiday will be infinitely happier, and the expressions of gratitude for your gifts will be much warmer, if you plan each present while bearing in mind the likes and tastes of the person who is to receive it.

And may this Christmas be the merriest yet.

Marlene Hampton, beauty queen crowned "Miss College All-Star of 1949" says, "For soft lovely hands, use Italian Balm daily."

In winter especially, your hands need the extra-protection of Italian Balm. Where less effective lotions fail, this famous Canadian lotion provides sure protection against winter weather. Italian Balm prevents chapping—softens roughest, driest skin overnight. Rich, widespread; one drop serves both hands! 25c, 50c, $1 per bottle.

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This Fine Suit—

Will You Wear It and Show It to Friends?
I need a reliable man in your town to pay a fair, reliable price for the suit I send. I'll pay at the rate of $25.00 for each suit sent. I will send you the suit marked "Wanted" free. If you use the suit, I may write you a check for $25.00. If you do not use the suit, you are under no obligation. It is only wanted to prove we have a customer in your town. My address is Main St., Mishawaka, Ind., U.S.A.

If you are interested, send your name and address to me by December 31st, 1949. If you fail to respond, I shall write you and explain why I did not hear from you. If you refuse to send me the suit, I shall consider the matter closed.

You will not have to pay for the suit. You may keep it if you wish. If you do not wish to keep it, you may give it to a friend or relative. It will be a gift for them.

You may send the suit to me from any size. I will pay for the shipping charges.

I am enclosing a check for $25.00 for each suit sent. If you send me the suit, you will receive a check for $25.00. If you refuse to send me the suit, you are under no obligation. It is only wanted to prove we have a customer in your town. My address is Main St., Mishawaka, Ind., U.S.A.

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This Is The Bitter Truth

KATHERINE and I arrived in Los Angeles several days later, around 11:30 in the morning and, immediately, misfortune befell me. Getting into a taxi at the station, I bumped my eye. It began to swell. We were due in Mr. Goldwyn's office at three o'clock. What if he saw me, for the first time, with a shiner? We went straight to the home of Lillie Messinger, where we stayed. Lillie is an old friend of ours and one of the finest Hollywood agents. Katherine applied eye-packs to my injured eye, but I was worried, and soon I thought I would just go crazy. I think it was then that I first realized the difference between being in movies and not being in movies. Joan Eunson, on her way to school with a wooden immediately be merely kind or funny. Joan Eunson on her way to see Mr. Goldwyn with a swollen eye was, practically, a Greek tragedy!

Well, the eye finally subsided and, on the stroke of three o'clock, we were in Mr. Goldwyn's office. Mrs. Goldwyn was there too. They were wonderful to me. Mr. Goldwyn got excited and made me read from the script right then and there. It made me a little nervous but I am not afraid of people, never have been. This was before Irving Reis, who directed "Roseanna," changed my whole life.

The next day we began work on the acting test. It took three days. Mr. Reis directed the test, of course. During the test, Mr. Reis was just wonderful to me. He told me, the first day, that I was acting as if Farley was my long-lost uncle. "And that is not the idea," he said, "not at all!" But otherwise, he was very kind and sweet and gentle.

We finished the testing on a Saturday.

When we arrived at Mr. Goldwyn's office, he wasn't there. Billy Selwyn was. He said Mr. Goldwyn had been delayed. He wouldn't tell us what the summons was for. When I asked, "What do you think it means?" there wasn't any answer. The only sound in the office was that of Katherine talking to herself. She was saying, brightly, "No! I didn't even say to you to his office to say 'No.'" Then, her voice dropping an octave, "But Mr. Goldwyn is known to be, well, different!"

I was kind of numb. But suddenly the idea came to me. Mr. Goldwyn is a merciful man. He knows that suspense can kill. He came in grinning, and said immediately, "Well, Joanie, I've decided to give you the part!"

I was filled with tears. Mine didn't. Not then.

Far from feeling weepy, I felt wonderful! All the reporters were crowding in, flash bulbs were flashing, questions were popping. Mr. Goldwyn was beaming, and so was I.

The next day, I felt less wonderful. I was told I would have to change my name and the color of my hair. I changed my name to Joan Evans and the color of my hair to a sort of red. I didn't mind too much. I was also told I would have to lose nine pounds. "Baby fat," they called it. I think me, if I did not go on any trick diet I just did not eat bread. I did not eat potatoes. I did not eat desserts. I lost nine pounds in about two weeks.

We went to work on the picture, and I really came to grief! I was awful! An iron something had dropped in front of me and when I was before the camera, nothing happened, just nothing! I had a little difficulty to do with Gigi Perreau in which she tugs at my skirt and tries to attract my attention. I'm supposed to be in a very nervous state, but you wouldn't have known it. Nothing happened. I was just dull.

Mr. Reis opened fire on me. Why couldn't I do the scene? Why did I make it necessary for poor little Gigi to go through this, time after time? What did I think I was doing in a picture with such great actors as Farley Granger, Raymond Massey, Charlie Bickford, Aline MacMahon? I was so embarrassed, I felt so...
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at you? I bet you they will snap at me!" They did. I said, too goaded to be wise, "Maybe they don't like you."

"Miss Evans," said Mr. Reis, "is being sarcastic."

I was. But I can truthfully and honestly say for myself that this was the one and only time I lost my temper, or made any attempt to fight back. Perhaps it would have been better for me if I had let go. But in my desperate effort not to let Mr. Reis know he was hurting me, I kept it all inside me and the emotional reaction was exhaustion. Every night, I'd go home, too beat to do anything except take a shower, eat my small, starchless dinner and fall into bed. A few weeks of this and Katherine got so upset she wanted to go to Mr. Goldwyn and ask him to release me from my contract. But, "No," I begged, "oh, please, no!"

I HAD moments of sheer disbelief that anything like this could be happening to me. It wasn't the way I'd thought it would be. I've known movie stars all my life. I was named for Joan Crawford, who is my mother's best friend. I'd lived in Hollywood when I was a kid. And I'd always believed that movie stars were petted and pampered and fiastigated and considered. No one had any consideration for me at all, except Mr. Goldwyn, Farley, and occasionally a few others. One of the members of the crew came up to me and said, "I want to tell you that we're all for you, Joan. We're all pulling for you. Know the nicknames we've given you?" he added. I said, "No". He said, "The Champ" and, he grinned broadly, "The real McCoy!"

I didn't have to be ashamed to let him see me cry as I asked him to thank the boys for all of them.

Farley was wonderful to me, too. "If things get too tough for you, Joanie," he'd say, "don't ever hesitate to come and talk it out with me." I didn't ever hesitate. We went to Sonora, California, on location. There, for me, new pangs and pain.

In the last scene in the picture, we worked on a shaley, rocky hill. It had rained the night before which made the hill slippery. As the scene opened, Farley had a gun in his hand. The gun was, unfortunately, loaded. It should not have been. Farley saw the villain, Richard Basehart, coming over the crest of the hill. He made ready to take aim. As he did, I cried out, "If they shoot anyone, let them shoot me!" at which point, I got shot! Shot in the arm. Shot by Farley who, as he leveled his gun at Basehart, struck his elbow against a rock, and the gun went off!

As Farley tells it, "The next thing I knew, Joannie was lying on the ground, with a big blood clot on her head, and I was being very sick at my stomach!"

The next thing I knew, I was in an ambulance. Just before they took me to the operating room, Farley came in to see me, and there I was, blood all over me and a little frightened because I'd never been in an operating room before. But Farley was more shot, if you will pardon the pun, than I was. I tried to tell him it wasn't his fault, which, of course, it wasn't. The whole company waited around, I later learned, while I was on the operating table, which was a matter of an hour and fifteen minute.

When I woke up in the morning, my room was filled with flowers. As there was no florist anywhere in the neighborhood, Farley had robbed the neighborhood gardens and the stores of me and I was told to wake up to an empty room, he said.

I wish the accident had happened, if it had happened, at any hands but Farley's. When, weeks later, he asked me, "Joan, is there anything I can do?" I said, "Yes," and his eyes filled with tears.

Now, Katherine and Dale and I are happily settled in a house high, like the nest of an eagle, in the hills of Hollywood. Now I know that girls think (as I did) that being a movie star is all salvos and swimming pools and parties with other movie stars, but that's not so.
Sitting on Top of the World
(Continued from page 48) her full five-feet-one and 101 pounds.
It's a small compliment for any well-meaning acquaintance to comment that she hasn't "changed much" since the sweet, pensive photograph that won her the title of "America's Most Charming Child," over 85,000 others, in a contest sponsored by the New York Mirror when she was twelve.
Allene didn't even know she was a child charm contestant until the contest narrowed down and the newspaper wrote asking her for additional photos. Her aunt had sent her picture in and, afraid she might be disappointed if she didn't score, had said nothing about it.
Allene's sad regret is that her father is around too much sitting on top of the world. He died when she was nine years old. Her mother rented a large place and ran a boarding house. "We had eleven bedrooms and a dozen bathrooms, and at the steel mills," remembers Allene, who helped do dishes in a mild way, and believed she was very essential to their business.

As America's most charming child, Allene arrived in Hollywood for her $1,000 prize, a screen test, and a three-months contract at Warner Brothers, meaning to return to Birmingham at the end of that term, "but we've been here ever since," She had expected to be dropped by the studio at the end of the contract, "but it was still a let-down"

Her mother took a position as seamstress at Twentieth Century-Fox. Allene enrolled in "The Television Work Shop" and paid her own tuition by answering the telephone at the General Foods Corporation, losing her Southern accent, "other kids helped get me out of it by asking me always to say somethin' just to hear me talk."

"She's proud that she has kept it now "except once in a while when I drop a you-all."

Her Hollywood break finally began when Ruth Birch, then casting head for Selznick, caught her in a television show as Becky in "Tom Sawyer's School Days," and asked her to send some photographs. For two years, nothing happened. Not even a phone call. Then, suddenly, one day she was called out of her class at Hollywood High School to the telephone to hear Miss Birch's magic words, "Come out to RKO at 5:30 to read for a part in "Sister's The Red House."

"Although she had signed again the day before for the "Ram" and as Emmy in "Knock on Any Door," which, undoubtedly, influenced many of the votes that made her the girl winner of photoplay's "Choose Your Star" contest, Allene confesses the first is still her favorite.

Allene lives with her mother, grandmother, and her co-inker sable, "Midge," and has an apartment on a quiet Hollywood residential street where Good Humor man tinkles past her door twice a day. Her neighbors, who "are such fun," are mostly struggling young couples. Her three older brothers brother refers to her, adoringly, as "Toots."

She majored in art at Hollywood High, has a flair for designing, and draws and designs gowns by the hour. In the romance, Allene dates an insurance man, a boy studying to be a singer, and a young ventriloquist, "but I'm not going steady with anybody," she says.

"One of the things I want to do yet, I want to improve my looks. I want to make enough money to make my Mom secure. And I want to travel. Some day I do want to get married, and I would like to have six children, but there's plenty of time for that.

THE END

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Hollywood Show-offs

(Continued from page 35) show off with dinner parties. And I do hope she will not do it last night.

In her exhibitionism, Joan is the opposite of her sister, Olivia de Havilland. Olivia, thoughtful, sensitive and highly intelligent, would rather die than pose or posture. It is in the very waylings of Olivia’s quiet being that her great acting originates. However, I think it is because of Olivia that Joan is a show-off. When you are a little girl, with your personality traits forming, and you have an older sister like Olivia, you just have to do something about it. Olivia excelled in the classroom. She was lifted by the great Max Reinhardt from her obscure little life in an obscure California town to play Her- minia in “A Midsummer Night’s Dream.” Then, promptly, she became a movie star. Joan had to let the world know she was around, too.

Who is Hollywood’s greatest show-off? Until recently, Hollywood’s greatest show-off was, undoubtedly, Robert Mitchum. Before Bob learned his lesson, the hard way, he used to tell reporters who interviewed him the most shocking stories, about himself and other people, too. He was, he said it in so many words as well as by effect, going to do what he wanted to do, the way he wanted to do it, when he wanted to do it. It wasn’t until he almost lost his wife and his career that he learned what every adult should know, that you cannot be greater than the system of which you are a part.

Bob, in his early Hollywood days, was reminiscent of Vic Mature in his early Hollywood days. Vic used to delight in telling shocking stories. He made himself the center of attraction in night clubs. He pursued anyone and everyone who might help him get his picture or his name in print, including girls who were in the limelight which he so gladly shared. Sounds obnoxious. But, somehow, Vic wasn’t. He managed, incredibly, to be an attractive gent in spite of everything he did, probably not so honest about it. But now, Vic, too, has settled down.

Socially, certainly, the men and women who are given to showing off are more fun. Which brings me to the two actors I rate the greatest drawing-room entertainers: Douglas Fairbanks and, for quite different reasons, Edgar Bergen.

There are all kinds of ways of showing off, of course. Some people sit on flagpoles. Others, like Doug Fairbanks, who is like his father before him, are more civilized extroverts (the at-once polite and psychological word for a good old-fashioned show-off). Doug gets the attention he gives to his sports simply by talking. And he loves to talk, probably because he knows that he talks brilliantly. He is informed about an incredible number of things. He also can do amusing impersonations of various people, making speeches, aid and abetted by his lovely Mary Lee, who loves him to perform at parties.

Edgar has his Mary Lee and Edgar Berg- en has his Ophelia. Ophelia is a little figureine with the face of an old maid that Edgar slips on his right hand like a glove. Without Ophelia or Charlie McCarthy or whatever Edgar is at the moment, I must report, Edgar is a retiring soul who contributes nothing to a party. Without one of his little people he is, in fact, almost morose. It is as if Edgar, hiding behind another character, loses his shyness. Even he deposes the fact that he cannot take Ophelia on his radio programs. But Ophelia is apt to be a little bit Naughty.

T MIGHT be assumed that the film colony is comprised almost entirely of show-offs. But that is not true. There are many stars who are not even faintly exhibitionistic. Claudette Colbert, Irene Dunne and Loretta Young are terrific at even the sound of their own voices, unless they speak for the character they are playing. Clifton Webb grows more reserved with success. He has acquired many of the characteristics of his ultra-dignified Mr. Lyn Belvedere. I no longer would even propose that he appear with me, as he once did, at Madison Square Garden, dressed as a member of the Floradora Sextette, while I was dressed as a beau. But, the other day, I did suggest that he use a picture of us taken at this time, in his autobiography, “Bumpy,” which he is currently writing. He said, “I am publishing, instead, the picture of us taken in the 1920’s, when we did a dance at the Lido, Venice. Do you mind?”

“Heaven’s no,” I told him, “but our costumes were so wonderful when you wore them, you Floradora, I was your pal.” He shook his head. “No, I think the early picture is the best,” he said de- cidedly. It was Mr. Belvedere speaking. In his own way, however, Clifton still shows off. He is meticulous about his appearance and he finds it pleasant when eyes follow him. In fact, he would be horrified if eyes didn’t follow him.

In this respect, he reminds me of Paulette Goddard and Joan Crawford. They aren’t the life of any party. They don’t talk too much. They don’t do their wheels. But they show off. When they come into a room, they see to it that they make an entrance. They choose their clothes to show off to the best effect. And whether they sit on the floor, wait on others at a buffet, or do such a seemingly casual thing as standing, laughing, in a doorway, they are aware of the impression they are making.

Which reminds me of the great party George Cukor, the director, gave for Gertrude Lawrence when she opened in “Fyngman” in Hollywood. Everyone who was anyone was invited. George was due out twelve. At one o’lock, she had not arrived. At one-thirty, the door opened and, surrounded by yards and yards of tulle, she drifted into the room. She extended her hands to one and all. “Darlings! I’m so late! I’m so sorry!” She was not quite through with the rounds of her introduction must be on parade and peppered with pertinent questions, would do to her when she finds the most casual meetings painful. More than once, after Jennifer had displayed herself, she made an appointment for an interview, called the studio and requested that it be postponed, that she wasn’t “feeling well.” Knowing her as I do, I’m convinced this was the true situation, but I felt sorry for her because of nerves. One Hollywood report- er, who, unrelentingly, asked for a new appointment every time Jennifer broke one with him, finally saw her. He reports that he sat pulling one hair after another out of her head, as they talked.

Sometimes, there is a difference of opinion as to whether one is a star or a show-off. Take Betty Hutton. With her friends, with whom she feels secure and relaxed, Betty relaxes, too, is really a nice young woman with a fine sense of humor about everything, herself included. With others, she is a blonde bombshell. For, sensitive about her lack of education, Betty shows off to prove she’s “as good as anyone else.” She will tell you, if you’re one of her friends, that when she walks through the Paramount studio gate, she becomes “an exhibitionist on wheels.” She’s in there, in other words, making herself felt so someone will get excited coming to her. And she hopes it will be the good picture she knows she needs right now. Hollywood show-offs. They show off in different ways and for different reasons. Like show-offs everywhere. Only they do it better. It’s their business.

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