PHOTPLAY

Marilyn Monroe tells the truth to Hedda Hopper

SPECIAL:
What Hollywood Is Whispering About!

Debbie Reynolds
"ah-h! my Ivory Bath
it's a pleasure...
pure pleasure!"

Yes, for Ivory lather is richer...faster!
You take it easy when you take an Ivory bath! That sturdy cake of Ivory floats right up to meet you...greets your lightest touch with a burst of creamy lather. For Ivory makes more lather, faster, than any other leading bath soap!

And Ivory lather is mild as mild...and so clean smelling!
Silky Ivory lather is such a delight, so right for your skin. Why, Ivory Soap is mildness itself—more doctors advise it for skin care than any other soap. And, Mmm...the clean, refreshing fragrance of those Ivory suds leaves you perky as a two-year-old!

Yet your pleasure-filled Ivory bath costs less!
Most folks would gladly pay more for the extra pleasure of an Ivory bath. But, actually, you pay less! For pure, mild, floating Ivory gives you more soap for your money than any other leading bath soap.

99 1/100% pure...it Floats
"The whole family agrees on Ivory!"

American Favorite Bath Soap!
HERMAN
Book
with
ANY

The Captive Witch—Dale Van Every
Adam Frane kidnapped her from an island—then discovered she was a
girl, brought up as a savage, then tempted
her with beauty until she almost for-
got his waiting bride! Pub. ed. $3.50.

You'd Expect to Pay Up to $3.95 Each for
These Books in Publishers' Editions—but
You Can Have Any 3 for a Total of only $1
... with FREE-Trial Membership
in the Dollar Book Club!

Here's an exciting offer to demonstrate
the wonderful values offered by the Dollar
membership. Take your pick of these top romance and adventure
hits, as well as de luxe library volumes costing up to $3.95 each in
them—and your membership will be cancelled, without further obli-
gation! Otherwise, pay only $1 for all 3, and continue to enjoy
members' bargaining privileges. (You don't have to take a book every
month—take as few as six a year!) Accept this offer now—send
no money—just mail coupon below!

The dollar Book Club Saves You At Least Two-Thirds
the Usual Cost of New-Best-Sellers (Compared With
Publisher's Editions)

YES, the very same titles selling
in publishers' retail editions for
$3.00 to $3.75 come to Dollar Book
Club members for only $1—an
incredibly big saving which is pos-
sible because of the huge printings
made for nearly a million members!

Take as Few as Six Books a Year!
Membership in the Dollar Book
Club requires no dues of any kind.
You do not even have to take a book every
month; the purchase of as few as six
books a year fulfills your membership
requirement.

When you mail coupon at right, you
will be sent ANY 3 BOOKS YOU
CHOOSE FROM THIS PAGE FOR
DOUBLEDAY ONE DOLLAR BOOK
ONLY $1, plus a few cents shipping
cost. Two books are your gift for join-
ing, and one is your first selection.
Thereafter, you will receive regularly
the Club's Bulletin, which describes
the forthcoming days' selections, also
occasional extra-value books up to $1.49.
But you buy only the books you want!

Send No Money—Just Mail the Coupon!
When you see your TRIPLE book
package—and realize these three books
are typical of the values you will continue to
receive from the Club for only $1 each—
you will be delighted to have become a
member! If not, return all books and your
membership will be cancelled, without
further obligation! Act at once-supply
of early titles limited! Mail coupon.

THE MODERN FAMILY COOK BOOK
Nets over 1,200 recipes. For
365 daily menus complete with
kitchen, guides your shopping,
keeps costs within your
budget, makes meal preparation
a pleasant 600 pages, hundreds of pictures!

THE GARFIELD BULLETIN
Your best source of
the latest on all
Garfield activities. Over
500 pages of fascinating entertainment!
Illustrated in color! Pub. ed. $3.50

THE SARAEN BLADE—Frank Yerby
Pietro the Crusader stormed his way from
the palaces of Sicily to the barrens of the
East... where the half-savage slave girl
Zenobia waited for the one man with cour-
age enough to rescue her! Yerby's best
since "Poxes of Narrow" Pub. ed. $3.00

THE GOWN OF GLORY—Anna Turberville
New hit by the author of "The Bishop's
Mansle". A delightful story of a small-
town American family in the horse-and
boggy world—of their good times, love for
struggles and triumphs. "Boywaits with

READER'S DIGEST—The cream of all the stories, articles,
anecdotes and features printed in the
Reader's Digest in the past 30 years.
Over 500 pages of fascinating entertain-
ment by America's most famous writers.
Illustrated in color! Pub. ed. $3.50

JUBILEE TRAIL—Gwen Britton
Two beautiful girls crossed half a con-
tinent—alone and desperate men on
the famous Jubilee Trail. On this jum-
pared trail of daring of Eastern society,
the other a music star spotted murder!
664 exciting pages! Publisher's ed. $3.

THE CAIN MUTINY—Herman Wouk

MAIL THIS COUPON
Doubleday One Dollar Book Club, Dept. 1181N, Garden City, New York
Please enroll me as a Dollar Book Club member. Send me at once the 3
books checked below and bill me ONLY $1 FOR ALL 3, plus a few cents
shipping cost. I will return all books
which I do not wish to receive and will not be charged for them.

The Captive Witch
The Caine Mutiny
Jubilee Trail

The Gow of Glory
Modern Family Cook Book
Reader's Digest Reader

Read my first issue of The Bulletin, telling me about the new
forthcoming one-dollar bargain book selections and other bargains
for members.

Address the Publisher's representative in my area.

City and State
Offer good in U. S. A. and Canada only.

*Selection price for the 3 books above $1.10 plus shipping. Address at this Branch: 32 Ward St., Toronto 1.

Please Print
exclusive to photoplay

What Hollywood is Whispering About:

- Ava Gardner and Frank Sinatra
- Florabel Muir
- Esther Williams and Ben Gaze
- Eve Ford
- Troubled Twosomes?
- Corinne Bailey
- (Jeff Chandler, Dean Martin, Ty Powers, Rosellinis)

highlights

Inside Stuff
- Marilyn Monroe Tells the Truth to Hedda Hopper
- “I Was the Skye Guy in Town”
- Rock Hudson
- Dolls Without Guys
- Sheilah Graham
- Split Personality (Debbie Reynolds)
- Inez Zeltin
- Is Love For Laurie? (Piper Laurie)
- Ruth Waterbury
- “I’ll Bet on Burt” (Burt Lancaster)
- Jim Lancaster
- Glamour Pusses
- Beth Brown
- Photoplay Star Fashions
- Can Dale Robertson Save His Marriage?
- George Armstrong
- He Couldn’t Fail (Tab Hunter)
- Jerry Asher
- Change of Heart (Mitzi Gaynor)
- Jane Curnin

features in color

Joan Evans, Kirby Weatherly
- 30
- Mona Freeman
- 30
- Hedda Hopper
- 30
- Ricardo Montalban
- 30
- Elaine Stewart
- 30
- Marilyn Monroe
- 30
- Jeanne Crain, Paul Brinkman
- 31

special events

Hollywood
- Party Line
- Edith Guynn
- 4
- That’s Hollywood
- For You
- Sidney Skolsky
- 6
- The Brave Heart (Dixie Crosby)
- 8
- Impertinent

Interview
- Mike Connolly
- 10
- Get Annie! (Anne Baxter)
- 12
- Brief Reviews
- 14
- Photoplay Applauds
- 16

COVER: DEBBIE REYNOLDS, STAR OF “I LOVE MELVIN”
NATURAL COLOR PORTRAIT BY APCE

Tony Gray—Editor
Ron Taylor—Art Director
Rena Firth—Associate Editor
Marchelle Rush—Art Staff
Jacqueline Neben—Promotion Manager

HOLLYWOOD EDITORIAL STAFF:
Sylvia Wallace—Editor
Toni Noel—Managing Editor
CONTRIBUTING STAFF:
Maxine Arnold, Jerry Asher, Ruth Waterbury, Ida Zeltin

HOLLYWOOD ART STAFF:
Phil Stern, Sterling Smith

JANUARY, 1953
PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHED MONTHLY by Macfadden Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y. EXECUTIVE, ADVERTISING AND EDITORIAL OFFICES: 425 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Editorial Board: M. S. Montagu, Jack Appleman, Ernestoff, E. S. Oppenheim, Itta Rosenberg, Mary Gordon, Paulette Cooper, Elizabeth Harman, Dorothy Sterling, Margery Smith, S. S. Pasternak, S. N. Leibowitz, Thea Schlesinger, Gilbert Fields, Mrs. Maxene Andrews, Sidney Skolsky, Gwenevre Hummel. PRINTING: Star Printing Company, Inc., New York. SUBSCRIPTION RATES: $3.00 one year, U. S. and possessions, Canada; $3.50 one year, all other countries. $4.00 per year. MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS should be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes. Responsibility for the safety of manuscripts cannot be assumed. All materials submitted, together with estimates for the publication of such materials, will be considered for publication. MANUSCRIPTS are not returned. All materials submitted for publication are subject to review and may be altered, abridged, or otherwise used without notice to the contributor. All rights reserved under International Copyright Convention. All rights reserved. Reprinted by permission. Copyright © 1953 by Macfadden Publications, Inc. Published by Macfadden. Re-entered as Second Class Matter, May 20, 1946, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized by Second class permit, Vol. 0, No. 1, October, 1945, U. S. A. Copyright 1953 by Macfadden Publications, Inc. Printed in U. S. A. by W. W. & Co., Walworth, N. Y. Member of The True Story Women’s Group.
“Yes, I love you... but... a secret mission is a secret. A secret from your wife. A secret from the world!”

HOW MUCH CAN A WOMAN TAKE...?

The personal story of pretty Lucey Tibbets who had the hard luck to fall in love with a hero!

M-G-M presents the love story behind the billion-dollar secret!

ABOVE AND BEYOND

STARRING

ROBERT TAYLOR • ELEANOR PARKER

WITH

JAMES WHITMORE • MARILYN ERSKINE

SCREEN PLAY BY

MELVYN FRANK, NORMAN PANAMA AND BEIRNE LAY, JR.

STORY BY

MELVYN FRANK AND NORMAN PANAMA • AN M-G-M PICTURE
Joan Crawford came in a slim-skirted black gown, trimmed with jet beads—very décolleté, but featuring a diagonal, wide black strap across one shoulder . . . Janet Leigh in deep mauve net, bowing out to there . . . Denise Darcel in black velvet cut so low, people wondered whether she was inside trying to get out—or outside trying to get in . . . Lam Turner, luscious in a sweeping black chiffon beaded job . . . Marge Champion in ballet-length yellow net, having trouble finding room to dance with her Gower . . . Red Skelton putting on an hour’s free show for laffing guests . . . Gary Cooper, just back from Samoa, the Jeff Chandlers, the Charlotte Heston, the John Carrolls, the Jack Bennys, Anne Baxter and John Hodiak, Kathryn Grayson (in bright red), the Van Johnson (Evie in heavily beaded rose velvet), Piper Laurie, the James Masons, Rhonda Fleming and her husband, Dr. Lew Morrill, Dinah Shore (in a net with horsehair embroidery) and ever-lovin’ George Montgomery, Debbie Reynolds, Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger—oh, heck! I could go on and on—but better wind this one up right now!

The very next night, almost the same “cast” showed up for Johnnie Ray’s opening at Ciro’s—including Ginny Simms freshly made up with Bob Calhoun; Ursula Thiess, lovely in black velvet, twining with Bob Taylor at a table right next to Barbara Stanwyck’s Milton Berle bearded Barbara and Nancy Sinatra to the Weezer’s. Things got really hectic when, within a week of these doings, a goodly bunch of Hollywood boys and girls dashed up to Las Vegas where Ray Bolger was the star attraction at the opening of the new Sahara Hotel. Among them were Donald O’Connor, Anne Bancroft (a new starlet at Twentieth), the Gordon MacRae, the Gene Nelsos, Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman and lots more all whooping it up in the desert resort for a whooping three days. From the look of things at these parties, there is no doubt that your choice of dresses can encompass just about every line and silhouette. Gowns are long and short, slim and full, very nekkidy or with the newer “covered up” look, which can be even sexier than the bare, if the outfit is clingy and flatly cut, with added touches of glamour. Speaking of “added touches,” Arlene Dahl was an eyeful at La Rue, dining in a floor-length gown of ivory crepe—with long sleeves that slipped on like gloves and her only trimming, long pendant earrings of gold and diamonds.

All the younger set and many besides showed up for Photo-play’s cocktail party at the Beverly Hills Hotel, honoring its “Choose your Star” winners. Lori Nelson and Tab Hunter took their bows as top winners followed by all the others. Barbara Ruick, a real standout, wore a lovely flame-red net with a charming “added touch.” On her left arm, almost at the shoulder, was a crushed black velvet headband job, matching red flowers, giving the effect of one little sleeve. Keith Andes, another winner, talking to oh-so-beautiful, black-haired Ursula Thiess . . . Saw Anne Francis later, her blonde beauty set off by a romantic cocktail-length gown with a scarlet velveteen bodice—quite long waisted and moulded to the figure, topping a bouffant skirt of matching net . . . Linda Christian looked exotic in a gown dappled with metallic threads.
By MARY MARATHON

Fans, if you're in the mood to "get away from it all," I'm the gal who can tell you how to do it! It doesn't have to cost you more than the price of a movie theatre ticket, a ticket that'll take you to exotic, mysterious India when you see "Thunder in the East"—and to the lush and colorful banana country when you see "Tropic Zone."

Just in time for that January pick-up, you'll be able to magic-carpet-yourself via "Thunder in the East" to a fabulously-decorated Maharajah's palace . . . to the teeming market-places of Ghandahar where evil and good rub shoulders, and where the man Alan Ladd portrays' right at home, living the kind of exciting adventures he had in "Saigon, China" and "Calcutta."

Ladd's a gun-runner in "Thunder in the East," and while he mixes with some pretty rough characters, star-wise he's in real solid company. Deborah Kerr, Charles Boyer and Corinne Calvet share top billing with him. With two irresistible lovelies like Deborah and Corinne in the same picture, Ladd doesn't stand a chance of avoiding romantic entanglement, not that he'd want to. But I'm going on record to action-lovers that there's action in the field of romance, too!

The story centers around Ladd's efforts to sell a plane-load of guns and ammunition to the Maharajah of Ghandahar, who is momentarily expecting attack by outlaw tribesmen. Ladd didn't figure on Charles Boyer, who portrays the Maharajah's peace loving secretary and who insists the only way to meet force is with love and kindness. Boyer locks the guns away and when trouble starts, the small British colony is really up against it. There's a lot of edge-of-the-seat excitement in "Thunder in the East" that typifies adventure in far-away places, and I know it will give you the feeling of being right in the middle of one of today's hottest action spots.

For a different—and torrid!—change of scene, make a note to catch "Tropic Zone" where the action (and there's plenty of it!) takes place on a banana plantation in Puerto Barrancas. And if the name of that town doesn't sound like a cruise-stop, then I've been wasting my time reading travel-folders.

"Tropic Zone" is photographed in gorgeous Technicolor and stars rugged Ronald Reagan, lovely red-head Rhonda Fleming, and fiery singer-dancer Estelita. It has to do with the struggle between the independent banana-growers and the crooked shipping head who has designs on Rhonda's plantation. Reagan, involved with the wrong side, falls in love with Rhonda. Their romance sparks some flaming action both between the lovers and between the rival banana-growers.

Before long, I'm going to be singing you the praises of "The Stars Are Singing" . . . a music-loaded Technicolor dandy that brings you a terrific new screen personality—one other than the original "Come-On-A-My-House" girl, Rosemary Clooney! The millions of records she's sold are nothing compared with the box-office records that gal's gonna break! What a singin' team Rosemary, Anna Maria Alberghetti and Lauritz Melchior make! But more about that later.

Goodbye for now, fans, and happy movie-going!
I bet Lana Turner often wishes her romances were the way they are in the movies: the men pursue her to a happy end! . . . Zsa Zsa Gabor is a female who is making a career out of being female . . . I know Barbara Bates rather well and Barbara Rush only slightly, but I'm still confused about which one is doing what in pictures . . . No matter what you say, I insist Johnnie Ray doesn't cry—he sweats . . . Gloria Grahame convinces me she is what she is on the screen . . . Don't let me hear any more stories about Hollywood and the glamour it used to have. I had a flash-back of it at the Marion Davies party and it's strictly out of place now. Hollywood has no magic that can keep it from changing in a changing world . . . Marilyn Monroe, by the way, changes her phone number more often in a month than Mary Pickford did in any given year when she was "America's Sweetheart" . . . I find it tough to enjoy any movie before noon, no matter how good it is . . . Get this; the picture Barbara Payton made in England, tentatively titled "The Four-Sided Triangle," is about two men so in love with Barbara that they build a duplicate so each can have a Barbara Payton . . . Debra Paget, who's been so goody-gooey, is ready to step out . . . During a conference, an angry writer said to Mike Curtiz: "You're driving me crazy." "That's the way it is out here," said Mike. "No one walks."

Loretta Young looked so good in tight's in "Because of You," that now "It Happens Every Thursday" . . . Betty Grable uses a special perfume, a scent she discovered that her horses like . . . I'd say that Terry Moore and Susan Ball could be a couple of very popular celluloid sex bundles . . . When you see "O. Henry's Full House," listen carefully to John Steinbeck. He sounds like Ward Bond to me . . . Denise Darcel goes in for negligees so sheer that if she wore all she owns at one time, she couldn't get by the Johnston Office . . . My favorite sign's at Scheab's: "They said it couldn't be done. So he tackled it with a smile. And he couldn't do it!"

I know that Lex Barker, to be Tarzan, has to watch his figure as closely as Jane Russell watches hers, and I'd rather watch hers . . . Cornel Wilde likes to look like a romantic actor . . . Wonder if Ann Sheridan, who hated the title, wishes that they'd call her "The Oomph Girl" again . . . If I were a talent scout for a movie company, I'd certainly sign Dorothy Collins of the Hit Parade . . . By the way, I guess I believe that radio is more accurate than television, because I would never set my watch by TV, only by the radio . . . Greer Garson once played Skylock and wore a beard . . . I'm a guy who goes for those singers to whom the words are important . . . In case you're interested in voice doubles, Trudy Erwin did the singing for Lana in "The Merry Widow," Gigi Greer did it for Rita in "Affair in Trinidad," and Pat Morgan for Ralph Meeker in "Somebody Loves Me" . . . Mitzi Gaynor's discovering she has the sex appeal off the screen that Monroe has on screen . . . I think the time has come for another Tracy-Hepburn movie.

Have you noticed how the so-called "slick" magazines are beginning to look like fan magazines, with a photo of a movie star on the cover and a couple of movie articles inside? . . . Shelley Winters still gives counsel to Farley Granger . . . I happen to know that Marge and Gower Champion sleep in twin beds rather close to each other. She wears an old-fashioned nightgown. He, being even more old-fashioned, wears nothing . . . Tallulah Bankhead didn't tell it in her book. When she was making "Lifeboat," she objected to a profile shot, saying to director Alfred Hitchcock: "It's not my best side." Hitchcock answered: "You're sitting on your best side."

Tony Curtis makes things disappear in "Houdini," but Janet Leigh doesn't, which is swell with me . . . Rhonda Fleming will tell you she functions better when she's married . . . I have yet to be in a movie star's dressing-room that is as swanky as a star's dressing-room in a movie . . . I'm weary of gimmick pictures. I almost screamed for someone to talk in "The Thief," and I tapped my foot waiting for more people to come into "The Fourposter." . . . James Mason is honest enough to say he is an actor because it's the best way he knows to make money . . . Advising a friend, Gregory Ratoff said: "It isn't a good movie, and you can stay away any time, because it's continuous." I don't care if Rita and Aly make up or not. Stay already . . . If John Carroll and his wife separated, would John rush to Mario Lanza's or Dale Robertson's house? . . . I'm looking forward to seeing Ethel Merman in "Call Me Madam." It's good to have the gal back in films.

Whichever an actor plays a policeman in a movie, no matter what else he ever plays in others, I remember him as a policeman . . . I can't recall any particular performance of Piper Laurie's, but I'll always recall that she eats flowers . . . The wickedest thing Ann Blyth ever did was to come to a costume party dressed as Sadie Thompson . . . Constance Smith, at Photoplay's "Choose Your Star" party, made working a pleasure . . . I know that Le'tie Caron sleeps in an oversized double bed. "This is part of marriage, isn't it?" she says . . . A salesman, waiting on customer Joan Davis, said: "Has anyone ever told you that you look like Joan Davis?" To which Joan replied: "That's the most insulting thing I have ever been told!" And that's Hollywood for you.
When they sing...  
your heart dances!  
When they dance...  
your heart sings!

April in Paris

Claude Dauphin

In Color by Technicolor

With 10 Sunshiny Song Hits!
the brave heart

Gallant Dixie Lee Crosby is mourned by all of Hollywood—and by the whole world

On November 1st, at 1:00 P.M., Dixie Lee Crosby died of cancer. Bing and their four sons were at her bedside.

Dixie Crosby's death marked the end of a gallant fight. She had been in poor health for many years. In recent months, it was known that she was constantly under the care of her doctor, and Hollywood rumors began to repeat that dreaded word, "cancer." It was assumed that Dixie did not know the nature of her illness. But perhaps she kept her secret well.

Last July, she underwent an abdominal operation for her condition. Bing flew down from Nevada to be with her. And it was only because she seemed to have come through the surgery with flying colors that he consented to make a trip to France to film "Little Boy Lost."

It was still believed that Dixie was on her way back to recovery—until the Sunday before her death. That Sunday, against her doctor's advice, she insisted upon meeting Bing's train when he returned from the East. She may have realized that the end was near. A relapse followed. The four Crosby sons, Gary, Philip, Dennis and Lindsay—all away at their schools—rushed home to be with their mother.

On Monday, Dixie received Extreme Unction, the last Sacrament of the Church. On Tuesday, she lapsed into a coma from which she never emerged. Four days later, Dixie died of what doctors described as a "cancer condition that balked all attempts at alleviation."

Dixie's defiance of her doctor's orders that Sunday was reminiscent of her earlier defiance of the Hollywood world to be with Bing. At the time they met, Bing was a rather confirmed sower of wild oats. He was young and healthy and he believed in living. He and Dixie met at the famed Cocoanut Grove where he was singing with the "Rhythm Boys." Dixie was the famous one, the star.

She fell in love. The studio to which she was under contract warned her that if she married "that Crosby character" they would drop her from contract. She married him. And the studio did drop her.

At the time of the marriage, news releases announced: "Dixie Lee, film actress, today married Murray Crosby, orchestra leader, at a simple church ceremony." Neither Bing's name nor his occupation were correctly noted. No one seemed to care... with the exception of Dixie.

The Crosbys were poor when they were first wed, but there never was a happier pair. Dixie made several pictures and then went into retirement. Bing settled down to prove that he could make the grade. He continued his night-club work and made movie shorts. He went on to become a featured radio singer and finally came his film success. And his wife took great pride in reminding the skeptics, "I told you so!"

It has been said many times that Bing's career was built upon the faith of his wife. As for her own career, Dixie kept only her scrapbooks and memories. She refused further public appearances saying, "After I taught Bing to sing, I quit." She concentrated on their home and on raising their family. First there was Gary, now nineteen, then the twins, Philip and Dennis, and finally Lindsay. Reportedly, the Crosbys were one of the most devoted families in the movie colony. However, as in many movieland marriages, there were rumors of discontent from time to time. These rumors grew louder when Bing vacationed alone in France in 1950. It was said that Dixie was consulting her lawyers and was ready to file for divorce. Nothing came of the reports, and during the months that followed, Bing and Dixie appeared closer than ever.

Then in July, Dixie entered the hospital for the operation. And it was only a short time before Dixie and Bing were separated forever. Bing issued a statement, "The family wishes to thank the many kind folks for their prayers and good wishes."

Dixie is gone. But her pride in her husband and her sons will never die.
THE STORY OF RUBY GENTRY, WHO WRECKED A WHOLE TOWN --

MAN BY MAN

...SIN BY SIN!

"Ruby Gentry...!"

so dangerous... destructive... deadly... to love!

BERNHARD-VIDOR PRODUCTIONS, INC. presents

JENNIFER JONES
CHARLTON HESTON
KARL MALDEN

JENNIFER JONES • CHARLTON HESTON • KARL MALDEN

with

TOM TULLY • BERNARD PHILLIPS • JAMES ANDERSON
JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON • PHYLLIS AVERY • HERBERT HEYES

Produced by

JOSEPH BERNHARD & KING VIDOR
Directed by

SCREENPLAY BY

KING VIDOR • SILVIA RICHARDS

Story by ARTHUR FITZ-RICHARD • Released by 20th Century-Fox
Greer Garson is riding the crest. In addition to being one of the most beautiful and talented of Filmland’s many glamorous lovelies, she’s also one of the happiest.

It was rumored around these Hollywood hills that Greer and Buddy Fogelson—oil millionaire and publisher of the Sante Fe News, to whom she’s been married three years—weren’t seeing eye to eye on Greer’s career. It was said that Buddy didn’t approve of his wife’s making movies—that he wanted her to be plain-and-simply Mrs. Buddy Fogelson. It was also whispered about that Greer’s present strong upsurge in popularity at M-G-M would soon bring an open marital rift. For the studio wasted no time in putting their talented actress to work. Greer, who appeared last in “The Law and the Lady,” in 1951, found herself with two pictures scheduled for 1952.

In one, “Vicki,” she has the same type of warm, witty role that endeared her to moviegoers as the unforgettable Mrs. Miniver and, later, Mrs. Parkington. From “Vicki,” Greer went into the much-publicized “Julius Caesar,” in which she plays Calpurnia, the beautiful wife of Caesar. A busy and exciting year, undoubtedly, and Greer loved every minute of it. Whether Buddy Fogelson shared her enthusiasm is a matter that kept the local gossips working overtime.

When I questioned Greer about this one afternoon recently, in the garden of her beautiful home in the Bel-Air canyon, she laughed and said: “A New York columnist started the story that Buddy and I aren’t getting along. It’s so untrue! It’s not that Buddy doesn’t approve of my making pictures, it’s just that he doesn’t want me to make dull pictures! Buddy loves show people and they love him. He knows more people in the business than I do!”

Greer really “took down” that breathtakingly beautiful red hair of hers when she confessed to me: “I got off to a bad start in Hollywood and it’s been catching up with me. I think it all started with that Oscar I won for ‘Mrs. Miniver.’ It meant so much to me! It was 1:00 A.M. when my Oscar was presented, you may remember, and I meant to say only ‘Thank you so much!’ and shed a tear or two, but instead I thanked everybody in the world, talked for six long minutes, and bored the ears off the tired and sleepy audience. Afterwards it was a great local joke; people even imitated me at parties, and as a result, although I was perfectly at ease on tours and personal appearances, I became very shy and self-conscious when I was at home in Hollywood.

“Last year, however, when I accepted the Oscar for Vivien Leigh for ‘A Streetcar Named Desire’ (she was in New York), I was able to joke about it myself. I said: ‘Well, this is hardly the time to expand verbally. We’ve been told to keep to a strict timetable. But if anybody wants some extra material, I can let them have some five-and-a-half minutes out of a speech I made on a similar occasion several years ago, as you may remember!’

“You see,” Greer beamed, “it’s the Fogelson influence! I’m a happy extrovert these days. Now, I take everything in my stride . . . and enjoy it all!”

And talking to Greer, you can’t help but realize that she can take the gossip along with the rest of it—in that same, beautiful happy stride!

---

Who are your favorites?

Send in your vote, letting us know who your favorites are and telling us what actors and actresses you’d like to see in future issues of Photoplay

In color I want to see

Actress ________________________________ Actor ________________________________

I want to read stories about

(1) __________________________ (2) __________________________

The features I like best in this issue of Photoplay are

(1) __________________________ (2) __________________________

(3) __________________________

Name __________________________ Address __________________________ Age ______

Send this ballot to Readers’ Poll Editor, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, New York 17, New York
Those Brilliant Young Stars of "Bend Of The River" are Together Again!

ROCK HUDSON
The most talked-about new star of our time!

JULIA ADAMS
A luscious sensation... as the wild and wonderful Rose of Texas!

THE LAWLESS BREED

COLOR BY

MARY CASTLE • JOHN McINTIRE • HUGH O'BRIAN
From the director who gave you "The World In His Arms"...

RAOUL WALSH

Directed by Raoul Walsh • Screenplay by Bernard Gordon • Produced by William Alland • A Raoul Walsh Production • A Universal-International Picture
"What has happened to Anne Baxter?"

That's the question all Hollywood is asking. There were some raised eyebrows when Anne dyed her hair blonde, and when she began to go around smoking cigars in public, the staid citizens of cinemaland were really startled. Not only that, but the new Annie seemed to have out-spoken and definite opinions about anything and everything!

What's been happening? Why this sudden change in Anne, who used to be known as a fine actress, but one who kept the curtain drawn on her private life?

Maybe—just maybe—the answer is a very simple one. Perhaps the background to the answer is Anne's recent trip to Quebec for location scenes for her new Warner picture, "I Confess." It has been reported that it was there Director Alfred Hitchcock introduced Anne to cigars, and it was on her return to Hollywood that she began smoking them publicly.

Maybe something else happened, too. Anne found that in Quebec there was great interest in movie stars, that people were asking her about such glamour queens as Marilyn Monroe, Lana Turner and Jane Russell. As for Anne herself they seemed to take it for granted she was a fine actress. Period. No questions. Now any actress likes to be questioned about herself. So Annie did a turnabout. And you can bet that from now on the questions will be flying!
"A horse remodeled our home!"

"There isn't a more generous husband on earth than Michael O'Shea," Virginia Mayo explains. "But he gave more than he realized when he presented me with my first horse. Now we practically make our home in the stables!

"Keeping the stables spic and span is my job, too. That's another reason I'm so grateful for Jergens Lotion — it soothes my hands so fast. Try this and see why; Smooth one hand with quickly absorbed Jergens...

"It's fun — but hard work. Grooming — cleaning saddles and bridles — is harder on my hands than a complete housecleaning. But Jergens Lotion soon softens them again.

"Apply any ordinary lotion or cream to the other. Then wet them. Water won't 'bead' on the hand smoothed with Jergens as it will with oily cares.

"Come evening, my hands are smooth for close-ups with Mike. No wonder Jergens is used by more women than any other hand care in the world!

Jergens Lotion is effective — it doesn't just coat the skin. Jergens *penetrates* the upper layer and gives it softening moisture. 10¢ to $1, plus tax.

Remember JERGENS LOTION... because you care for your hands!
**O U T S T A N D I N G**

**HAPPY TIME, THE—Columbia:** Witty and wise story of a French-Canadian boy's awakening to love and sex. Family saga excellently acted by Bobby Driscoll, Charles Boyer and Marsha Hunt, Louis Jouard and Linda Christian. (F) September

**IVANHOE—M-G-M, Technicolor:** Big, splendid action epic of knighthood days, with Robert Taylor as the Saxon hero who defies King John and is loved by Elizabeth Taylor, as Rebecca, and Joan Fontaine, as Roscacia. (F) September

**JUST FOR YOU—Paramount, Technicolor:** Amiable, tune-filled reunion for Bing Crosby and Jane Wyman. Bing's a musical-comedy producer who's been too busy to woo Jane or be a real father to Bob Arthur and Natalie Wood. (F) October

**PROMOTE, THE—Rank-U-I:** Slyly hilarious Alec Guinness film, about a gent who makes his fortune by his wits. With Glynis Johns as an adventuress. (A) December

**QUIET MAN, THE— Republic, Technicolor:** Returning to his ancestral Ireland, ace director John Ford lovingly spins a yarn about an Irish-American prizefighter (John Wayne) and a spirited rollehan (Maureen O'Hara). (F) September

**VERY GOOD**

**ASSIGNMENT—PARIS—Columbia:** Suavely told story of a courageous American reporter sent behind Hungary's Iron Curtain. Dana Andrews and Marta Toren share the romance element; George Sanders, Audrey Totter add complications and a few touches of humor. (F) November

**BECAUSE YOU'RE MINE—M-G-M, Technicolor:** Cheerful musical presenting Mario Lanza as an opera star who finds Army life unusual under a music-loving sergeant (James Whitmore). Newcomer Doretta Morrow duets with Mario in some of the pop and classic songs that are supplied in generous measure. (F) November

**EVERYTHING I HAVE IS YOURS—M-G-M, Technicolor:** Marge and Gower Champion achieve stardom in an easygoing musical of show-business marriage. With Monica Lewis. (F) December

**FULL HOUSE—20th Century-Fox:** Five O. Henry short stories provide quaintly charming entertainment. Charles Laughton plays an elegant bum; Jean Peters and Anne Baxter, devoted sisters; Dale Robertson and Richard Widmark, a detective and a hoodlum; Farley Granger and Jeanne Crain, a couple poor in money but rich in love; Oscar Levant and Fred Allen, comic co-men. (F) November

**HISTORY OF WINDS—U-I:** History of the wind. With Hildegarde Neff. (F) December

**IT GROWS ON TREES—U-I:** Homey fantasy in which housewife Irene Dunne finds money sprouting in her back yard. Dean Jagger and Joan Evans are among the family circle. (F) December

**LUSTY MEN, THE—RKO:** Vigorous, unglorified survey of the rodeo cowboy's life, involving Robert Mitchum, Arthur Kennedy and Susan Hayward in a triangle. (F) December

**MIRACLE OF OUR LADY OF FATIMA, THE—Warners, WarnerColor:** Gentle yet impassioned retelling of the child to whom Maria appeared on a remote Portuguese hillside. Susan Whitney's a lovely, unaffected heroine; Gilbert Roland scores as a vagabond. (F) November

**MY WIFE'S BEST FRIEND—20th Century-Fox:** Featherweight marital farce starring Anne Baxter and Macdonald Carey as a couple whose life is disrupted when Mac confesses a past indiscretion. With Catherine McLeod, Cecil Kellaway. (A) November

**SAVAGE, THE—Paramount, Technicolor:** Actionful, intelligent western starring Charlton Heston as a white man brought up among Indians. With Susan Morrow. (F) December

**SNOWS OF KILIMANJARO, THE—20th Century-Fox, Technicolor:** Writer Gregory Peck recalls his wasted life and many loves (Susan Hayward, Ava Gardner, Hildegarde Neil). Pretentious lushe romance. (A) December

**SPRINGFIELD RIFLE—Warner, WarnerColor:** In a satisfying western, Gary Cooper plays Union counterpysy to outwit Confederate horse raiders. With Phyllis Thaxter, Paul Kelly. (F) December

**TURNING POINT, THE—Paramount:** Expertly made racket-husting story, with Edmond O'Brien as a crusader, William Holden as a reporter, Alexis Smith as the girl both love. (F) December

**G O O D**

**ANNA—Lux:** Old-fashioned romantic melodrama with Italian dialogue, English titles. Voluptuous Silvana Mangano, distraught by passion for Madeo good Vittorio Gassman and love for farmer Ruf Vallone, turns nursing sister. (A) October

**BREAKDOWN—Reaart:** Brisk prize-ring drama, with unusual angles. Politico Sheldon Leonard has an unjustly jailed boxer (William Bishop) freed to fight again, in order to help Leonard's brother, a psychotic manager (Wally Cassel). (F) October

**HELLGATE—Lippert:** Grim, gripping drama set in an inhumane desert prison of the 1860's, with Sterling Hayden as an innocent convict, Ward Bond as the stern commandant. (F) December

**HOUR OF 13, THE—M-G-M:** As a clever jew thief in turn-of-the-century London, Peter Lawford trails a maniac killer, with Dawn Addams' help. Sprightly melodrama. (F) December

**HURRICANE SMITH—Paramount, Technicolor:** Slapdash swashbuckler—treasure-hunting, piracy and mutiny in the South Seas, with John Ireland, Yvonne DeCarlo, James Craig. (F) November

**OPERATION SECRET—Warner:** Confused but often suspenseful story of the French underground and the Red threat. Corneil Wilde, Steve Cochran and Phyllis Thaxter play maquis. (F) December

**SECRET PEOPLE—Lippert:** British thriller with Valentina Cortesa, Audrey Hepburn as refugees duped by radical agents. (A) December

**SOMEBODY LOVES ME—Paramount, Technicolor:** Betty Hutton's the whole show in this song-filled biography of Blossom Seeley. Ralph Meeker plays the singer's partner-husband. (F) November

**SOMETHING FOR THE BIRDS—20th Century-Fox:** Spoof on lobbying, in which Patricia Neal upssets Washington to save a bird sanctuary, aided by Edmund Gwenn, Victor Mature. (F) December

**STEEL TRAP, THE—20th Century-Fox:** Nerve-racking suspense. Joseph Cotten as an actor, Teresa Wright as his wife. (F) December

**THIEF, THE—U-A:** Ray Milland scores as a traitoristic professor in a dialogue-less chase story, Trick treatment of the Red-spy plot, with sija Rita Gam appearing briefly. (F) December

**WORLD IN HIS ARMS, THE—U-I, Technicolor:** Exciting, if obvious, adventure story of early San Francisco and Alaska. Gregory Peck's a tough Yankee sea captain; Ann Blyth, a Russian countess. With Anthony Quinn. (F) August

**FAIR**

**BACK AT THE FRONT—U-I:** As Mauldin's famed Willie and Joe, Tom Ewell and Harvey Lembeck get mired in the reserve call-up. In Tokyo, dinky Mari Blanchard makes them the dupes of a smuggling ring. Good for a few laughs. (F) November

**BECAUSE OF YOU—U-I:** Loretta Young and Jeff Chandler team appealingly in a slobby story of a loving mother with a past. (A) December

**COLDEN HAWK, THE—Columbia, Technicolor:** Week sea saga, with Sterling Hayden and Rhonda Fleming as rival buccaneers. (F) December

**HORIZONS WEST—U-I, Technicolor:** Rock Hudson and Robert Ryan play good brother and bad brother in a routine western. (F) December

**UNDER THE RED SEA—RKO:** Record of ocean-floor exploration by Dr. Hans Hass and his expedition, with fascinating shots of coral reefs and marine life—and phony touches that keep it from rivaling "Ku-Tiki." (F) November

**YANKEE BUCCANEER—U-I, Technicolor:** Jeff Chandler and Scott Brady look handsome in buccaneer costumes, as U.S. Navy officers whose ship is assigned to track down the Caribbean pirate fleet. Susan Ball's also an eyeful in this over-talkative adventure yarn. (F) November
i was afraid of my own shadow

... now I am the most popular woman in town

Are you shy... timid... afraid to meet and talk with people? If so, here's good news for you! For Elsa Maxwell, the famous hostess to world celebrities, has written a book packed solid with ways to develop poise and self-confidence.

This wonderful book entitled, Elsa Maxwell's Etiquette Book contains the answers to all your everyday social problems. By following the suggestions given in this book you know exactly how to conduct yourself on every occasion. Once you are completely familiar with the rules of good manners you immediately lose your shyness—and you become your true, radiant self.

Win New Respect

Win new esteem and respect from your friends—men and women alike. To less than five minutes a day. Read one chapter in this helpful etiquette book in your spare time. In a very short period you will find yourself with more self-confidence than you ever dreamed you would have. You will experience the wonderful feeling of being looked up to and admired. Gone will be all your doubts and fears.

You will be living in a new, wonderful world. You will never fear your own shadow again!

Go Places—With Good Manners

Good manners are one of the greatest personal assets you can possess. Good jobs, new friends, romance, and the chance to influence people can be won with good manners. Ladies and gentlemen are always welcome... anywhere. And the most encouraging thing about good manners is that anyone can possess them.

A Gay, Entertaining Book

Elsa Maxwell's new book is different from the usual dry-as-dust etiquette volume. It's gay! It's up-to-date! It's just chock-full of the type of information you can put to immediate use. It brings you a thorough social education, that will enable you to live a richer, happier life. Here in clear, straightforward language are the answers to all your everyday etiquette problems. Here you find important suggestions on good manners in restaurants—in church—in the theatre—on the street—and when you travel.

In this book Elsa Maxwell covers every phase of engagements and weddings. Here is everything you need to know about invitations, gifts, the wedding dress, the attendants, the reception, etc. The bride who follows the suggestions contained in this up-to-date book need have no wedding tears. She will be radiant in the knowledge that her wedding is correct in every detail.

Only $1.00

The price of this book that puts you at ease no matter where you are—and opens the door to achievement and success—costs only $1.00. And we pay the postage! Take advantage of this truly remarkable bargain. Mail coupon below for your book—TODAY.

• Praised by These Famous Hollywood Stars •

"Elsa Maxwell's blueprint for correct social usage as revealed in the pages of her fine book, are an inspiration to all who enjoy gracious living."

Joan Crawford

"After reading Elsa Maxwell's easy-to-read book on etiquette it is easy to understand why she is universally popular as a hostess and as a friend."

Doris Day

"Here at last is a down-to-earth book on etiquette that is as breezy and easy-to-read as it is practical!"

Gordon MacRae

"I loved Miss Maxwell's book, so interesting and not just a dry list of do's and don'ts. It's delightful, too, to look through a work on etiquette which is styled as modernly as our life today. And I agree with her that good manners are one of the greatest personal assets anyone can possess."

Joanne Crain

"Elsa Maxwell's new book is a treasure! That's the news for anyone who wants the lowdown on etiquette but wants it interesting. I like it. It's useful. And, it's good reading!"

Dan Dailey

"Gay, exciting, amusing... those are the words for my favorite kind of movie and those are the ones for Miss Maxwell's book. She's lived an interesting life—and it jumps out at you so briskly from her pages! You'll never find such lively reading anywhere on what's right to do when and where!"

Mitzi Gaynor
Rough on the emotions but rewarding, this is a story of youth—what it's like to live it and to lose it.

A wealth of surprises is in store for every movie-goer who sees "Come Back, Little Sheba." Based on the long-run Broadway hit, Hal Wallis' production for Paramount introduces the play's star, Shirley Booth, to movie audiences. Each year, guesswork Oscars are handed out pretty freely in advance. But nobody's arguing about Shirley's performance. This one will be very much in the running, no matter what the competition. If you consider Burt Lancaster just an efficient action-film star, get set to revise your opinion. If you see Terry Moore only as a sunny ingenue, Richard Jaeckel as a naive serviceman, you're in for a couple of further jolts.

This is an intimate drama, drawing you uncomfortably close to the lives of its people. As if eavesdropping on neighbors, you find Burt celebrating his victory over alcoholism, and gradually you discover the reason for his drinking. A small-town chiropractor, he inwardly regrets the medical career he gave up when he had to marry his college sweetheart. He resents the plump, friendly slattern she has become, but for Shirley, that campus romance is no tragic turning point; it's the loveliest time of her life. She remembers it fondly and persistently; just so, she keeps hoping her strayed white dog will come back, and calls from the porch for the lost Sheba.

The couple's life has achieved a precarious balance when they take in a college student as boarder. This is Terry—fresh-faced, innocent-seeming, but actually a callous little trick who has a home-town fiancé and still wants to amuse herself with athlete Jaeckel. Burt idealizes her, and his disillusionment brings about the terrifying, cleansing climax.
CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

AGAINST ALL FLAGS—U1: Brian Hughes, Errol Flynn: Captain Edward Flynn; Vivien Leigh; Maureen O'Hara; Captain: Jean Harlow; Anthony Quinn; Princess: Patra: Alice, Kelley; Miss Martha MacGregor; Mildred Natwick; James Tully; Harris; John Aldrington; Toni, Harry Cording: Sonora, Michael Rola.

BLACK CASTLE, THE—U1: Count Von Bruno, Stephen McNally; Richard Bennett; Richard Greene; John Punchard; Corry: Dr. Maisen; Boris Karloff; Gargon, Lon Chaney; Herr Von Melchert, Michael Paté; Rowley, Tudor Owen; Kovar, Otto Walke; Herr Stichen, John Hoyt; Foster, Henry Corden.

BLAZING FOREST, THE—Paramount: Kelly Hansen, John Payne; Syd Jezior, William Demarest; Jette Crain, Agnes Moorehead; Joe Morrison, Richard Arlen; Sharon Wilks, Susan Morrow; Bruns, Renee Auber; Grace, Lonzie Roberts; Ranger, Ewing Mitchell; Mar, Walter Reed.

BLOODHOUNDS OF BROADWAY—20th Century Fox: Emily Ann Stacker, Mitzi Gaynor; Numbers, Betty, Scott Brady; Tessa Sams, Mitzi Green; Yvonne, Marguerite Chapman; Inspector: John McCallum, Michael O'Shea; Poorly Samuels, Will Yernon; Dave, the Dude, Henry Slate; Ropey McGonigle, George E. Stone; Lookout, Edwin Max; Contorter, Charles, Richard Allen; Little Elida, Sharon Baird; Frankie Ferrarac, Ralph Volck; Pittsburgh Police, Charles Buchinski; Crockett, Timothy Carey.


EIGHT IRON MEN—Columbia: Colucci, Bonar Colleano; Carter, Arthur Francis, Maury, Lee Martin; Coke, Richard, Celeste Yarnall, Nick Deloff, Ferguson, James Griffo, Muller, Dick Moore; Lowell, Gene; Cooper; Captain: Tecno, Barney: Phillips, Walt, Robert Nichols; Lieutenant: Crone, Richard Grayson; Hunter, Douglass Henderson.

FACE TO FACE (Two Short Stories)—RKO THE CATHAY: The Captain, James Mason; The Swimmer, Michael Paté; Capt. Archibald, Gene Lockhart; Max, Allan Shaefer; Sgt. McClosky; Ship's Cook, Alec Hartle; THE SHERIFF OF YELLOW SKY: The Sheriff, Robert Preston; Man: Bride, Marjorie Steele; The Man: Minor Watson; The Drummer, Dan Seymour; The Ballroom Keeper, Oliver Carey; The Prisoner, James Agee.


MY PAL GUS—20th Century Fox: Dave Jennings, Richard Widmark; Lydia Marble, Joan Drew, Joye; Audrey Totter, Gena, George Winslow; Fey Tolstoy, Jean Renois, Farley Granger, Regis Toomey; Karl, Ludwig Donath; Polly Pahlo, Ann Morrison, Anna, Lisa Golin, Tommy, Christopher Olsen.


STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER—20th Century Fox: John Philip Sousa, Cintron Webb; Lily, Debra Paget; Wolfe, Robert Wagner, Leon Heusy; Col. Randolph, Finlay Currie; Mme, Bernas dorf-Muller, Benny Benson: Major Home, Roy Roberts: David Brian, Tom Browne Hickey; Peg, Pinner, Lester Matthews; Mur, Maurice Prickett; Organ: Gardner, Eroico Vener: Secretay of Navy, Richard Garrick; Music Profess, Romo Vincenti: Vanya Novits, Eryc, Joseph, Dejus Jewkes; President Harrison, Roy Gordon; Mrs. Murray, Helen Van Tuyl; Sousa, Jr., Nicholas Koster.

WAY OF A GAUCHO—20th Century Fox: Martin, Rory Calhoun; Ferrelo, Gene Tierney; Salinas, Howard Brown: Miguel, Hugh Marlowe, Falcon, Everett Shanay; Father Ferrara, Enrico Cerino: Valverde, Jorge Villalba; John, Roland Dunham; Tia Maria, Lidia Campos.

Are you in the know?

If he asks you to a house party—

☐ Get it in writing ☐ Go as his guest

All your gang’s going—and Tom’s heckling you to come along. Trouble is (maybe you’re new in town)—you’ve never met the hostess! Appear at her party as a “guest’s guest”? Tain’t proper! A girl should have a written invitation. On problem days, Kotex invites you to be comfortable—with softness that holds its shape. You know, this extra-absorbent napkin’s made to stay soft while you wear it; so you stay confident, whatever your plans.

Do you think a “fascia” is—

☐ A lady Fascist ☐ Fine for any figure

You love the “dash” a fascia gives—but unless you’re the tall, lean type this broad draped cummerbund is not for you. To flatter a plumpish midrift, get a narrower style; helps boost your height, if you’re pinst-sized. To hoist your poise (on certain days) get the extra protection Kotex gives. Remember, that special safety center helps prevent “accidents.”

Is this doodler showing signs of—

☐ The Zodiac ☐ Genius ☐ Warming

“Ain’t he had no fetchin’ up?”—this tablecloth Michelangelo’s! Bruising good linen doesn’t worry him a bit. Be leery of such telltale traits. They’re a warning sign: show he’s inconsiderate. And when you’re buying sanitary protection, sideset telltale outlines—with Kotex. Those flat pressed ends show no sign of a line! Try all 3 absorbencies: Regular, Junior, Super.

Are more women choose KOTEX than other sanitary napkins?

How to prepare for “certain” days?

☐ Circle your calendar ☐ Perk up your wardrobe ☐ Buy a new belt

Before “that” time, be ready! All 3 answers can help. But to assure extra comfort, buy a new Kotex sanitary belt. Made with soft-stretch elastic—this strong, lightweight sanitary belt’s non-twisting . . . non-curling. Stays flat even after many washings. Dries pronto! So don’t wait: buy a new Kotex belt now. Buy two—for a change!
SOAP BOX:

... I especially liked the article, "I Want Women to Like Me," by Marilyn Monroe. I hope... this opens the eyes of some of those jealous women gossips who do nothing but criticize her. I'd like her to remain just as she is—a great actress and a beautiful and honest woman... Marilyn, this is one gal who loves you...

FELICIA MANSIE
Chicago Heights, Illinois

... always wondered what distracted from Debbie Reynolds' looks... it's her hair. She needs a poodle cut.

ROSE MARY LANGLOIS
Rochester, New York

... the movies, "Detective Story" and "Scar- amouch." In these two pictures, the one that really stood out was Eleanor Parker... has the beauty, charm and acting ability of Lana Turner, Liz Taylor and Betty Grable all combined...

CECILIA LINDNER
Cleghorn, Iowa

I am saddened by the news of the death of a very dear friend, Susan Peters. No, I didn't know her personally, but from the very first time I saw her on the screen... she became not only a very, very dear friend but one of my favorite actresses. ... I read of her hunting accident and her life in a wheelchair. ... I began to pray that day for a friend who never gave up, but went on to bring happiness and encouragement to others who were also in wheelchairs. ... No actress will forever be remembered with as much pride, happiness and love... The woman is gone but the memory of her courage and her acts of kindness will never die...

GRACE CALDWELL
Austin, Texas

I have subscribed to your good magazine for more years than I care to remember, and have always found it full of very interesting and delightful stories... However, I feel I must voice my disapproval of the disgustingly revealing photographs... in your November issue of some of the... stars in the high-fashion, low-cut strapless evening gowns (and one in a bathing suit)... Needless to say, the movie magazine is very popular... with the younger generation... and this sort of thing does more harm than good...

MARIETTA SIMONS
Akron, Ohio

... here is a list compiled by some girls in my town of the ten sexiest men in Hollywood. This order does not necessarily imply going from most to least!

Montgomery Clift, Peter Lawford, Mel Ferrer, Stewart Granger, Hugh Marlowe, Farley Granger, John Ireland, Ricardo Montalban, John Dall, Dale Robertson.

A COLORADO STEADY READER
Fort Collins, Colorado

CACTING:

I think some studio should remake a picture of the thrilling and wonderful book, "The Scarlet Pimpernel." Gregory Peck would be wonderful in the male lead and Ava Gardner as his leading lady.

JANET JONES
Decatur, Illinois

I suggest Louis Jourdan for the role of Demetrius in "The Robe." He would be perfect. Since Tyrone Power doesn't like costume pictures, how about Anthony Steele or Marlon Brando for Marcellus?

PAT KILDUFF
Baltimore, Maryland

One picture that has been outstanding in my mind and that I saw many years ago is "A Tale of Two Cities." I think it would really be a hit in Technicolor with, say, stars like Robert Taylor and Anne Baxter.

JEAN HOLMES
Columbus Grove, Ohio

After Jane Powell has had her second baby, why don't they cast her and Gene Nelson in a real good musical? They'd make a wonderful pair for this type of movie.

BETTY DAY
Warren, Ohio

QUESTION BOX:

Could you please tell me who played Wiley Post in "The Story of Will Rogers"? I thought he was very good and deserves more parts.

CHARLENE HOLLOWES
Worcester, Massachusetts

Noah Beery, Jr., whose famous father thrilled last generation's moviegoers. He was busy in westerns before he played Wiley Post.—ED.

I've just seen "Lure of the Wilderness" with Jeffry Hunter and Jean Peters. It was a wonderful movie... but it seems I've seen the film somewhere before. Could it have been made back in the forties with Dana Andrews, Joan Leslie and Walter Brennan...?

Winston May
Mammoth Spring, Arkansas

You're right. It was called "Swamp Water," but Anne Baxter was the girl, and not Joan Leslie as you wrote.—ED.

Recently, I saw "Miracle of Our Lady of Fatima" and enjoyed it very much. Can you tell me if Virginia Gibson was in it?

CAROL ANN TARANTINO
Denver, Colorado

No, though she was scheduled to play The Voice, there was a late cast change.—ED.

I just saw the movie, "Lovely to Look At," and I wondered if Kathryn Grayson does all her own singing. It looked as if her lips weren't moving with the words.

SANDRA M.
Delavan, Wisconsin

Kathryn Grayson always does her own singing. But in this, as in all musicals, the songs are recorded separately from the action. That's why occasionally the lips don't seem to match the words.—ED.

Could you kindly tell me how many persons have played Tarzan—and their names?

WISE JORDAN
Carthage, Texas

There have been ten Tarzans over thirty-five years. Elmo Lincoln was the first, Lex Barker is the present, and the in-betweens have included Buster Crabbe, Glenn Morris, Bruce Bennett and Johnny Weissmuller.—ED.

Could you please give me some information on the man who played Junior in the picture, "Sudden Fear," with Joan Crawford? I think

Address letters to this department to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. However, our space is limited. And much as we would like to we cannot promise to publish, return or reply to all letters we receive.
he is a wonderful player. Where can I get his photo? Is he making any more pictures?

Jean Yates
Hudson, New York

That was Touch Conners. Touch isn't his real name; he changed it for picture purposes. He is married to the former Mary Lou Willey—and their friends call them Touch and Go! You can get a photo of him by writing to the RKO Studios in Hollywood. He'll be in a new movie soon.—ED.

In many of the current magazines, including Photoplay, it shows stars opening and answering fan mail. And it always has the young stars like Tab Hunter, Lori Nelson, Joan Evans and others thanking people. But it never gives their addresses. What I'd like to know is how to obtain their home addresses.

Carol Polick
Great Falls, Montana

Unfortunately, we cannot give their home addresses. But mail which you write to them at their studios is sure to reach them.—ED.

"Duel at Silver Creek" was a wonderful picture. Throughout it . . . I had my eye on that doll who was Johnny Sombrero. Would you please print a picture . . . and some information . . .

Evelyn Lingle
Brooklyn, New York

That was Eugene Iglesias. He's been in show business since he was seven—radio, stage, concert halls, movies. Born in Puerto Rico, he once recited voodoo poems with drums in New York's Carnegie Hall.—ED.

Lyle Bettger
Eugene Iglesias

I just saw "The Greatest Show on Earth" and I would like to know who the man was who played the part of Klaus, the elephant trainer.

Nadine Holyfield
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Blue-eyed Philadelphian Lyle Bettger, who likes to sing Christmas carols. His favorite dish is fish and chips. Made his first film, "No Man of Her Own," in 1930. He's married, and has two children.—ED.
THE PRISONER OF ZENDA
(M-G-M, TECHNICOLOR)

This new version of the famous mythical-kingdom romance is turned out in full-blown elegance. It's light without poking fun at the time-honored to-do over who'll get the throne of Ruritania and the hand of the future queen. Stewart Granger cuts a splendid figure as both the tippling king and the debonair Englishman who doubles for him after he's been drugged on coronation eve. His love scenes with Deborah Kerr (the perfect fairy-tale princess) are quite affecting in their high-minded way. But James Mason gaily steals the picture. Of course, his billing indicates that he's supposed to; Rupert of Hentzau always was the choice role in this story. As the rogue equally adept with knife, rapier, blunt instrument, bright remark and doublecross, Mason's a delight to watch.
Verdict: Blihe escape into graceful adventure

BLOODHOUNDS OF BROADWAY
(20TH CENTURY-FOX, TECHNICOLOR)

As the stage proved with "Guys and Dolls," Damon Runyon's raffish world makes a nice setting for a musical. Scott Brady fits into this fictitious Broadway society neatly as a big-shot bookie, and Mitzi Gaynor, as a hillbilly belle, is the conventional innocent whose trustfulness softens hard characters. Subconsciously in love with his Georgia protégée, Scott's on the spot; his regular doll (Marguerite Chapman), who "spells love m-i-n-k." will be sure to tell the law all if he walks out on her. In the bookie's entourage, Wally Vernon, Edwin Max and Mitzi Green mouth the Runyon lingo to the most amusing effect. The winning enthusiasm of the Gaynor song-and-dance style gets full play, with moppet Sharon Baird collaborating entrancingly on the first number, attractive Richard Allan on others. Music and story are in neat balance.
Verdict: Tuneful carryings-on of babes and bookies

EIGHT IRON MEN
(COLUMBIA)

If this story of one day on the Italian front had been filmed six or seven years ago, its impact would have been a good deal stronger. It's timely enough; these tired, bored, nerve-worn soldiers could be fighting anywhere, from Troy to Korea. But earlier movies have made us too familiar with the guy from Brooklyn, the kid, the leader harrowed by responsibility. And it's to this movie's credit that its men seem so individualized, their talk so true and deceptively casual (though there's too much of it). Among the platoon due for relief but held up by one bumbling G.I. who's gotten himself trapped in a shell hole, there are no star roles. But Bonar Colleano stands out as the Brooklyn type, with Lee Marvin scoring as the sergeant and Richard Kiley and Arthur Franz doing good jobs. The rest of the cast also underplays skillfully.
Verdict: Realistic war interlude, short on action

For brief reviews of current pictures see page 14
For complete casts of new pictures see page 17
FACE TO FACE
(RKO)

Following a new trend, a pair of filmed short stories is tied up in one package. The first story, Conrad's "The Captain," is a dreary, would-be philosophical sea-faring incident; James Mason, a captain with his first command, gives refuge on his ship to a man accused of murder. But Crane's "The Sheriff of Yellow Sky" is an enchanting blend of humor, ruefulness and suspense. Call it a comedy companion piece to "High Noon," sketching the death of the Wild West. The town bum (Minor Watson) is on a spree, reverting to his own and the town's lusty youth. Nobody can keep him from shooting up the joint except sheriff Robert Preston, who's on a train, bringing home his bride (pretty, wholesome Marjorie Steele), awed by the luxury of the trip.

Verdict: Two-story film, with one fine episode.

THE IRON MISTRESS
(WARNERS, TECHNICOLOR)

A lively adventure tale of the early Nineteenth Century casts Alan Ladd as young Jim Bowie, inventor of the knife referred to in the film's title. A proud backwoodsman, he comes to New Orleans in the colorful era of the code duello, and stays to make his fortune, so that he may win the heart of a lovely flirt. Infatuation blinds him to the lady's true character, but Virginia Mayo, returning to the handsome-hussy routine she does so well, leaves the audience in no doubt. Seems odd to complain about a shortage of sex in a movie, but this one could have used a bit more, to explain its hero's love for such a worthless female. But it's Ladd's best action film in a long while; dueling scenes are full of excitement. Joseph Calleia's a suave heavy, but Phyllis Kirk hardly suits her senorita role as Alan's consolation prize.

Verdict: Dashing yarn of old-time New Orleans.

PLYMOUTH ADVENTURE
(M-G-M, TECHNICOLOR)

No stuffy history-book essay, the movie saga of the Mayflower voyage boasts a big cast headed by Spencer Tracy, Gene Tierney, Leo Genn and Van Johnson. But a straggling narrative cuts down the intended dramatic power. Convincing details put you right aboard the tiny ship, to share cramped quarters, short rations, illness and the dangers of the autumn Atlantic. As the cynical captain who considers his human cargo a pack of fools, Tracy has the fattest assignment and—not quite the easy performer he used to be—seems conscious of the fact. He and Gene are involved in one of the love stories; as the wife of William Bradford (Genn), she fights against the captain's hold over her. Van and Dawn Addams share the lighter romance of John Alden and Priscilla. Below Metro's high standard, the color suggests travel postcards.

Verdict: Attempt to humanize the Pilgrim story.

Full reviews continued on next page
Let's go to the movies

Stars and Stripes Forever
(20th Century-Fox, Technicolor)

Many a musical has been tripped up by stray chunks of plot that keep interrupting the music. This one gets around the barrier handily; it has nothing that can be properly called a plot, simply an amiable, rambling account of a famous man's life. As John Philip Sousa, bandleader and foremost composer of march tunes, Clifton Webb hides behind a beard and a pair of pince-nez to re-create a pompous, warm-hearted musician. Ruth Hussey's familiar role of quizzical, devoted wife sketches in Sousa's home background.

Bob Wagner has his biggest chance as the self-assured youngster who joins the Marines to get into Sousa's band and is also in the civilian band that later stages triumphal tours. Debra Paget does a personality switch as an 1898's version of the strip-tease artist, who becomes Bob's secret bride. Her songs and dances show a vivacity you wouldn't expect. Filled with spirited march music, the picture returns you to a sunny period in American history, clouded only by a small-scale war.

Verdict: Genial fun in four-four time

Clifton kibitzes on Bob and Debra

My Pal Gus
(20th Century-Fox)

To present Richard Widmark as a candy manufacturer engaged in bringing up a little son seems offbeat casting. But the part turns out to be typically Widmark, that of the cynic who finally sheds his shell. A self-made man, he's so intent on piling up more money that he has devoted too little time to his boy. A nursery-school teacher (Joanne Dru) brings father and son closer together, and is quickly winning Widmark's heart when the boy's worthless mother (Audrey Totter) returns to make trouble. Many of the picture's heart-tugging devices are pretty obvious—but effective. "We all know this is a lot of nonsense," Here Errol's a British Navy officer who pretends to desert in order to carry on an undercover campaign against the pirates holed up on Madagascar. Maureen O'Hara swashbuckles through her lady-buccaneer assignment as if bespeaking her "Quiet Man" performance. Also on deck are Anthony Quinn as the villain of the piece and Alice Kelley as a nitwitted captive princess. Mildred Natwick, much too good an actress to waste her efforts on such goings-on, is seen as the Scottish governess to the princess and a bevy of harem beauties.

Verdict: Stately-paced drama of Argentina

The Blazing Forest
(Paramount, Technicolor)

The grandeur of the redwoods and the dangers of the logger's trade provide a promising background for an action picture, and the promise is realized in this John Payne vehicle. Payne's acting style seems more flexible than usual in his role of tough foreman hired to boss a hurry-up logging job. Always a shrewd performer, Agnes Moorehead is the forthright farm woman who wants to sell her timber so that she and her niece can go to the city. Susan Morrow, as the niece, is so fresh and comely that even her slight awkwardness is ingratiating. Older hands like Richard Arlen and William Demarest help to make the tense situations convincing. Arlen as the no-good brother who is Payne's burden, Demarest as the crippled veteran logger whose cocksureness gets the whole gang into trouble.

Verdict: Neat and breezy outdoor melo

Way of a Gaucho
(20th Century-Fox, Technicolor)

Inevitably, in a story of Argentina's cowboys, there's a strong resemblance to the traditional western. But something alien about the shapes of the magnificent Andes and the colors of the pampas tells you that you're thousands of miles from our own lone prairie. An American troupe headed by Gene Tierney and Rory Calhoun went to Argentina to film this re-creation of the gauchos' wild, free life, changed by the advent of law and order.

Rory's black-browed good looks make him visually believable as the hero whose rebellion against all discipline turns him into a hunted outlaw. But the illusion's smashed whenever his untrained voice is heard. Gene is romantically beautiful as the noble lady who shares the outlaw's misfortunes. The acting department is better taken care of by Everett Sloane, as Rory's sly companion, and Richard Boone, as a stern officer. Hugh Marlowe has little opportunity as Calhoun's closest friend, a gentle pampas-dweller.

Verdict: Engaging story of parental love

Against All Flags
(U-I, Technicolor)

Even its makers seem to have had little respect for this pirate film, so carelessly is it slapped together. With such an approach, Errol Flynn is at home; he plays most of his roles as if confidentially telling the audience, "We all know this is a lot of nonsense." Here Errol's a British Navy officer who pretends to desert in order to carry on an undercover campaign against the pirates holed up on Madagascar. Mau-

Cinerama
(Cinerama Productions, Eastman Kodak color, print by Technicolor)

With no story, a series of spectacular sequences shows off an amazing new film technique, sure to overwhelm even the most blasé movie-goer. After the New York unveiling in October, plans were quickly made to equip theaters in other cities for the Cinerama process. Its three huge curved screens fill almost your whole field of vision; you feel yourself projected into the middle of the action, riding in a roller-coaster, soaring over the scenic wonders of America, following aquaplanes through cypress gardens, seeing a performance at La Scala Opera House in Milan. Lowell Thomas introduces Cinerama and voices the commentary.

For outdoor epics and musical spectacles, the process will surely be of tremendous value. But, judging from the shots of Thomas in his living room, it doesn't seem calculated to add any force to the more intimate human dramas. And it has the handicap of mimicking the stage too closely. The movies' most important distinction has always been their selectivity; the director shows you only what he wants to show you; his camera becomes your eyes. With Cinerama's vast triple screen, he'd have the same task as the stage director—to handle every detail of the action so that you would look where he wants you to look. You can't look directly at the whole screen at once. In this first exhibit, it doesn't matter where your eyes stray, but if a story were being told, this would become a vital problem. However, Cinerama is a remarkable experience, which left this reviewer giddy and half-bemused.

Verdict: Brand-new movie-going adventure
Something wonderful happens when you see Samuel Goldwyn's new musical wonderfilm "HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN"

Something wonderful happens because out of the romantic life of the greatest storyteller of them all ... and from the fabulous and unforgettable tales he told ... Samuel Goldwyn has created something more than a motion picture ... something off the beaten path of entertainment as we know it ... a multi-million dollar Technicolor musical that's all song and dance and love and joy!

Yes, something wonderful happens—and it happens to you— when you see "Hans Christian Andersen"!

8 WONDERFUL SONG HITS!
"No Two People", "Anywhere I Wander", "Thumbelina", "Wonderful Copenhagen" ... and more
photoplay sneak previews:

“Hans Christian Andersen”

Around Hollywood they’re saying that the new Goldwyn production, “Hans Christian Andersen,” is the last of the supercolossal productions, for it cost something like a colossal $4,000,000 to make. The fact is, “Hans” will probably point the way to the most successful motion pictures of the future, for it is just what the public’s been ordering in the way of entertainment. The picture has song, dance and spectacle, all woven into an appealing story. Not in any sense a screen biography, the movie is instead an attempt to catch on film the same delightful feeling listeners get in hearing Andersen’s fairy tales.

Danny Kaye plays the title role, that of a cobbler run out of a small Danish town in 1830 for contributing to the delinquency of children by telling them fairy tales. Going to Copenhagen, the ex-cobbler meets a ballerina (Jeanmaire) who makes him famous by interpreting his tales on the stage. Hans falls in love with the ballerina, but when he learns she is happily married to her director (Farley Granger), he returns to his native town. But his fame has spread everywhere now, and he is welcomed back as a hero.

Danny Kaye has ten new songs in the film, songs especially written for him by Frank Loesser, composer of “Slow Boat to China” and “Bushel and a Peck.” It’s a very safe bet that at least three of the songs from “Hans” will be Hit Paraders.
Talking about an actor known for his gigolo tactics, Frank Fontaine said, “He’s a guy who dances check to check.”

Marquee eye-opener:
“Three for Bedroom C”—“Clash by Night”

“Hollywood,” says John Lucas, “is a place where it’s easy to make money first and tough to make it last.”

Jack Benny brought this story back from London: A reindeer went into a bar and ordered a scotch, which cost him a dollar. The bartender said, “It’s very unusual seeing a reindeer in here.” The animal snapped, “At these prices, you probably won’t ever see one again.”

Overheard at Ciro’s:
He: What happened to that crazy blonde your husband used to run around with?
She: I dyed my hair!

Alan Wilson says he knows a psychiatrist who’s treating so many emotional movie queens that he is going to enter his couch for an Academy Award.

A line from the script of “The Redhead from Wyoming” explains the shapely dance-hall girls who work for Maureen O’Hara:
“These may not be fallen women, but they’ve certainly done a lot of stumbling.”

While in Paris, Milton Berle went to the Folies Bergère. When the nude beauties pranced out onto the stage, he turned and whispered to his companion, “You see—that’s what the public wants—new faces!”

Bob Crosby makes a gag appearance with Brother Bing in “Road to Bali.” Here’s the gag: Bing and Dorothy Lamour are walking through the jungle when Bob jumps out from behind a tree carrying a big rifle.

“Now?” He asks Bing.

“Now,” says Bing.

Bob points the gun into the air, fires, and immediately disappears into the jungle. Bing explains to the wide-eyed Dottie.

“I always promised my brother a shot in one of my pictures.”

Cashmere Bouquet
Hand Lotion

Absorbs Like A Lotion... Softens Like A Cream!

Now—in just 10 seconds!... “Sandpaper Hands” are smoothed and softened to lovely “Caressable Hands” with lanolin-enriched Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion! Your thirsty skin seems to drink up Cashmere Bouquet—it dries without stickiness, leaves your hands so caressably smoother, softer, younger-looking! And of course, they’re romantically scented with the famous Cashmere Bouquet “fragrance men love”!

NEW! Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion
French Type Non-Smear Lipstick!

Stays Moist! Stays Bright! Stays On!

25¢ and 43¢
nothing flatters
a girl like a
Jantzen® padded bra

...add this marvelous new Jantzen "plus bra" to your life... and suddenly you're wonderful...with lovely new curves...and lovely new rhythm...and the loveliest new pride in your figure. The "plus contours" are the lightest airfoam rubber built right in the bra, no ridges to show. Finest broadcloth or silky absorbent nylon, A and B cups, sizes 32 to 38...3.95...strapless 5.95.

What should I do?

YOUR LETTERS ANSWERED

Dear Miss Colbert:

I think my problem is a little different from most, but I feel you will be able to understand it. I am twenty, my boy friend is overseas, and I work the night shift in a defense plant. We are both saving our money for the time he comes home and we can get married.

I explain all this so you will know that I am not interested in other romantic entanglements.

I ride in a car pool. The ride was lined up by a friend in my department whose brother is the driver. One night he asked me to stay in the car and talk awhile.

We talked about books, movies, world events, sports—everything. And I want you to know that was the limit of our friendship; conversation.

In talking to his sister one day, I learned that he was married and his wife was expecting a child. That night I asked the man why he had never talked about his home life, and he said it was because he and his wife didn't always get along well, but that arriving one's domestic problems didn't solve anything, and was undignified.

Now I have been transferred to the day shift, so I no longer see this man. However, from getting to know him I feel that I know his wife and that I would enjoy her. I have learned that she is considered "difficult," but I think that is because people don't try to understand her, as I feel I do.

Do you think it would be all right for me to call on her some evening? She is alone a lot, of course, and I think she might welcome a new friend who could be sincere.

Althea W.

Dear Miss W:

I don't think you understand yourself. And I'm afraid that this man's wife might understand you all too well.

It seems to me that, subconsciously, you are in love with this man. This isn't your fault, and you shouldn't blame yourself; these things happen innocently sometimes. However, the more quickly you realize the situation, and eliminate him from your thoughts and life completely, the better off you are going to be.

The reason you want to meet his wife is based on the natural human compulsion to face and estimate the opposition. If you are wise, you will not call upon this man's wife or, in any way, evidence interest in him.

Each of us, at one time or another, has caught a glimpse of a wonderful experience that might have been. It's like a sunset: something to enjoy and remember, but nothing to own or keep.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I like your frankness in answering questions, so I've decided to come to you. I met my husband during the war and
dated him only a month or two before he was sent overseas. I promised to write every day, and I was faithful in this for about a year. Then I met another boy whom I liked a lot and stopped writing to Maynard. Immediately he began to bombard me with letters, asking why I didn’t write.

When he came back from overseas, he rushed me into marriage. I might have waited for Joe, except that he had never said anything about love or marriage. However, when I was carrying my second child, Joe came to see me and said he was sorry he hadn’t spoken up before I was married, but at that time he had been confused about the future and—his own feelings.

In the meantime I had discovered that my husband was unreliable about money matters: we are in debt all the time, yet my husband buys anything he wants and slaps me when I complain. I have no skill, outside of keeping house, so I would never be able to take care of myself and my three youngsters if I left my husband. Do you think I would be foolish to be thinking about Joe, and wondering if he might be the loving mate with whom I could rebuild my life?

From your experience with those who have written to you, can you see a solution?

Janice F.

Dear Mrs. F.

Have you ever heard of “extra-sensory” perception? It consists of one person being aware of the attitude of another without words having been spoken, without concise attitudes having been framed.

When your husband married you, I assume that he loved you very much. However, it is sensible to presume that almost from the first, you permitted yourself to think about the other man. Perhaps you thought, whenever some mannerism of your husband’s annoyed you, “It would have been different with Joe.”

Your husband may never have known, consciously, that a barrier existed between you, yet he must have been subconsciously aware of it, and he reacted in the only way in which many an ordinary man reacts: he became critical of you; he indulged himself; he tried in foolish ways to compensate for lack of the devoted unity, which is an essential part of happy marriage.

I believe you should bear in mind that it is easy for a single man to confess to a married woman that he wishes he had spoken up years earlier. It is easy flattery which costs him nothing, and usually has no basis in honorable intention.

At your age, you should have dismissed the idle dreams of a teenager. You have a husband, a home, three children. Your duty is clear. Why don’t you re-read some of the letters your husband wrote to you when he was overseas? Why don’t you dream of him, his good qualities, his (Continued on page 72)
DISTINCTIVE—
with a truly different flavor and aroma—extra-mild FATIMA continues to grow in favor among King-Size cigarette smokers everywhere

YOU GET an extra-mild and soothing smoke—plus the added protection of

FATIMA QUALITY
it's all over now...

A few days after this picture was taken, Lana Turner and Fernando Lamas ended their engagement. "It's just one of those things," said Lana. "We're still friends, but as far as romance is concerned, that's out."

Only recently had Hollywood begun to suspect that a rift was inevitable. It was rumored that Fernando had said that he and Lana quarreled too much, that his primary interest was his career and he didn't feel that he could consider matrimony at this time.

There were also stories of Fernando's jealousy. At the Marion Davies party, he nearly came to blows with another leading man who, he thought, was paying too much attention to Lana. Peace was made that evening. But the public announcement of the break-up followed the next day. Then Lana began stepping out with Lex Barker. Fernando squired Arlene Dahl.

M-G-M, where Lana and Lamas were due to co-star in "Latin Lovers," at first took no side, saying, "It is a personal matter between them." A few days later, however, the studio, wise to Hollywood romances—and feuds, announced a change of casting, Ricardo Montalban for Lamas as the Latin lover.
In the happiness corner: Joan Evans, at top, with new husband, Kirby Weatherly, adds a honeymoon glow to Joan Crawford's party.

Mona Freeman, center, and Hedda Hopper relax at Motion Picture Relief Fund party. Hedda's now on tour plugging her new book.

Ricardo Montalban, romantic in costume, welcomes Elaine Stewart to the "Sombrero" set. She's in "Everything I Have Is Yours."

Game called—until Marilyn takes her seat! The Monroe scored a hit when she appeared at Hollywood's "Out of This World Series" ballgame.
**Strictly Stag:** Both Robert Wagner and Craig Hill now occupy their first bachelor apartments. Bob "left home" when his parents moved out of the city. He's doing his own decorating, and going modern. Craig's place is Early American, but he says, "subject to change without notice." Until he returns from making that movie in Europe, Rock Hudson won't know he's a proud "father." Six baby kittens were born in his—bathtub! Tab Hunter’s buying a diamond engagement ring on the installment plan. "It isn't for anyone in particular," he philosophizes. "I want to be prepared—just in case!"

**Without Onions:** It happened when Bob Hope returned from a sensational personal appearance in London's Palladium. While he was away, great additions and alterations took place at his home in North Hollywood. As he drove up and got his first gander at the improvements, he cracked: "Some joint. I wonder if I can get a quick hamburger?" Since then Bob refers to his little nest as—a million-dollar drive-in!

**Hands Across The Sea:** We were right. Doris Day didn't mind a bit when we gave William Holden her new private phone number. In fact, Doris was thrilled. "I just want you to know what you mean to the fellows in Korea," said Bill, who just returned, to Doris. "Practically every man asked for you and they worship what you represent back here at home." Bill extracted our promise that we wouldn't give him personal publicity. However, he's so tireless in his efforts...
Meet the newcomers, as they meet each other—and the favorites of
to recruit more stars for visiting our fighting boys on the
battlesfronts of Korea, we just have to hold him up as a
shining example.

**Tomorrow's Twinklers:** Highlights on Photoplay's party for
the "Choose Your Star" winners: Tab Hunter discovering
through conversation with Ursula Thiess, that she and her
mother were born in the same European city ... The very
thrilled Lori Nelson explaining, "I brought my parents to
the party because I wanted them to share this honor with
me" ... Arthur Franz telling Gene Barry that his beautiful
wife (Adele Longmire) was home with a cold, with Gene
opining his wife was home baby-sitting! ... Elaine Stewart
modeling the dress she made herself for the special occasion,
while Helene Stanley and her boy friend voiced their approval
... Joan Taylor proudly introducing her husband, Leonard
Freeman, and plugging his role opposite Joyce Holden in
"Girls in the Night" ... Dawn Addams obviously not
perturbed by the news that she and M-G-M are parting
company ... Beverly Michaels clutching the coveted scroll
presented by Tyrone Power, as she clutched her handsome
boy friend, Russell Rouse, who brilliantly directed "The
Thief" ... Barbara Ruick, a lady in red, on the arm of
handsome Robert Horton who looked in the pink ... Keith
Andes wondering if RKO will allow him to accept that
fabulous offer from Rogers and Hammerstein for a Broadway
musical ... Rusty Tamblyn, Dean Miller, and Michael
Moore joining the others in a gallant toast to Zsa Zsa Gabor,
Joan Rice, Hildegarde Neff, Oscar Werner, and John For-
sythe, who were away making movies, some as far from home
as France and Germany.

**Relative-ly Speaking:** When John Wayne's mother suffered a
slight heart attack recently, one of the first persons to reach
her bedside was John's other wife, Josephine, who has always
been the favorite daughter-in-law ... Insiders believe there's
a strong possibility of Ann Blyth becoming Dennis Day's
sister-in-law. Every time anyone asks the beautiful one about
Dr. Jim McNulty—she turns a nice pretty pink!

**Scarlet Sister:** Former-actor, new-producer Ross Hunter
wins the fur-lined "Oscar" when it comes to enthusiasm. Cal
was practically carried into the projection room to see the
Technicolor tests of Ann Sheridan's twenty-four gowns for
"Vermilion O'Toole." No wonder Ross was ranting! The
stream-lined Sheridan looks sensational as the small town
shady lady, and a whole new career is bound to open up for
her. Incidentally, the picture opens on a close-up of Annie
swinging her bustle, as a voice with gee-tar accompaniment
sings, "The Tale of Vermilion O'Toole!" Watch for this one.
other years—at Photoplay’s party for “Choose your Star” winners

**Hep And Handsome:** The Barrymores have always been gifted with a great sense of humor and sister Ethel is no exception. Recently she made one of her rare appearances at a small Hollywood party. Unexpectedly, an invited guest showed up with Johnnie Ray in tow. When the sobbin’ singer was introduced to the great lady of the theatre, she looked at him with a twinkle in her eye and drily said: “Well for cryin’ out loud!” We love that woman.

**Today’s Target:** Fortunately for Joan Evans, she has a wise head on those pretty shoulders and can take what isn’t coming to her. Still in the rainbow-hued stage of marriage, Joanie awakened one morning to read in one column that she was having a baby. A second “inside” source wanted the world to know that the honeymoon was over, that the bride and groom were exchanging nasty words. This method of “creating news” is an old familiar story in Hollywood. For the record, she isn’t “expecting” and the Kirby Weatherlys are the happiest kids in town.

**Polite Conversation:** John Carroll, who’s only made one picture this year, still has his wonderful sense of humor. Making polite conversation at a Hollywood party, Cesar Romero asked him if he was working. With a raised eyebrow and an incredulous tone to his voice, John shouted, “Working? Are you kidding! Last week I got canceled out of a benefit!” John, no mean singer of songs himself, shared his home with Mario Lanza during one period of Lanza’s studio squabbles.

**Party Palaver:** Cal asked for it—and got it! The Gig Youngs and the Don Siegels (Viveca Lindfors) threw a party for the newly-married Zachary Scotts. “Tell us just one Marlon Brando story,” we prodded Edmond O’Brien, who played opposite the stage star in M-G-M’s “Julius Caesar.” Good friend Eddie fastened a beady eye. “Brando’s a fine actor, a serious artist and he’s going to be great in the picture,” he cryptically said. “Now what else do you want to know?” There was only one more thing: “Where is the nearest exit?”

**Set Of The Month:** Esther Williams was drying out in her dressing room when Cal visited the “Dangerous When Wet” set. Things looked mighty dull until—Denise Darcel walked in! Denise plays a French channel swimmer in this one, but let her tell you about it. “I lose thirty pounds but they still have to put zee skirt on my bathing zoot. You see, I’m everywhere else where Esther isn’t!” How did she lose that weight? “For zee first time I am really in love,” she sighed. “I can’t eat, I don’t sleep.” (He’s a business man. His name is Bill) Just as we left, Jack Carson asked the French filly if she really could swim. “Swim?” (Continued on page 69)
The saucy tinkle of sleigh bells on a frosty night . . .
black-eyed Susans in a frilly boudoir . . . fireworks in the Garden of Eden . . . purple shadows on a green lawn . . . impertinent angel

Photograph by Agger: Katie's in "The Desert Song"
Mood music with Irish lyrics ... the spicy tang of pine forests ... logging boots on a dance floor ... the emerald depths of a mountain lake ... flapjacks at Romanoff's ... disciplined dynamo
Marilyn Monroe tells

Many conflicting stories have appeared about Marilyn in the past few months. Here she talks frankly and fearlessly, refuting the fiction with startling fact

UNTOLD STORY NO. 3

• Every time Marilyn Monroe picks up a newspaper or a magazine these days, she crosses her fingers. Because she never knows what wild-eyed tale she’s likely to read about herself. America’s “best undressed woman” hits the public press more often, with more pictures and more prose, than any other personality in the world. But a lot of the things that are being written about her, she says, are far from the truth.

“Let’s get to the bottom of it,” I said to her, as we sat down to thrash it all out, “so we can give the true low-down on your private life for a change.”

“Nothing would suit me better,” was Marilyn’s reply. “There is very little one can do about printed untruths, unless some one like you comes along and gives me a chance to straighten things out. And right now is a wonderful time to do just that.”

“Well,” I said, “I’m going to start with something a little ticklish. Did you know that your ex-sister-in-law is trying to sell all sorts of stories about you around Hollywood?”

Marilyn nodded: “Yes, I know. I read about it. That’s the way I learn most things about me, true or untrue—by reading the newspapers. So I investigated and found out that one publication had bought a story from her, but that another magazine had turned down another story she wanted to sell them, because they didn’t want to print anything about me that wasn’t firsthand.

“You see, my sister-in-law hardly knew me at all. And I knew her very little when I was married to Jim Dougherty. She was married at that time, and had three children. And we were all busy, so we had little or no contact. She is married to another man now (I didn’t know her name was Nelson until you told me), and I understand that he is a writer of sorts. They need money pretty badly, probably, and I guess she thinks this is a good way to get some.”

There was not a trace of rancor in Marilyn’s voice as she said this. It was a simple statement of fact—as direct and as frank as her answer when she was first questioned about posing in the nude for that calendar. Remember? She said then, “I was hungry and the fifty dollars I earned paid my board at the Studio Club. They had been carrying me along way past the time limit. (Continued on page 85)
the truth to Hedda Hopper
"I’m telling this because I know there are a lot of other guys and girls who handicap themselves with this same shyness”

BY

Rock Hudson
The first time I ever played a love scene, true to all movie
tradition, was also the first time I'd met the leading lady.
She was pretty and witty and a star.
I was nobody, but when the script told me to kiss her I
did. Very gladly and quite good, I thought.
She said, "If you ever dare do that again, I'll scratch your
eyes out."
"Do what?" I mumbled, terrified.
"Upstage me," she laughed. "Don't you dare."
The picture was "Peggy." The star's name was Diana
Lynn. Somebody quickly explained to Diana that I honestly
didn't know what the word "upstage" meant. And that
was the beginning of a beautiful friendship.
We can both laugh about it now—but then, and it was
only a couple of years ago, I could hardly say a word.
I was too shy. Sounds silly, doesn't it? But I grew up be-
ing shy.
I came to Hollywood in the same dumb stage. I was just
out of the Navy. I'd saved up the last two months of my
discharge pay to get the fare to Los Angeles. All I wanted
to do was to get into the movies—but I was afraid to admit
it. I got a job in downtown Los Angeles and I was sure
everybody would laugh if I asked how you got to the part
of town that is Hollywood.
So help me, it took me six weeks to find that out. Then
when I finally did get "discovered" I kept on being so timid,
both socially and before the camera, I nearly lost out. If a
pal on the Universal-International lot hadn't tipped me off
that either I landed a big part in "The Iron Man" or I was
through, I wouldn't be telling this yarn.
But I am telling it because I know there are a lot of other
guys and girls who handicap themselves with this same shy-
ness. So let me give you this fast commercial: If I could get
over being shy, anybody can.
There's another step involved, too, but let's take the first
one first.
In case somebody is snorting, "How can a big ox like
Rock Hudson be shy?" let me answer that it comes easy—
very easy to anybody oversized. Particularly when you're
growing up.
That's because you grow up and up and up. From the
time you're seven, you're the biggest thing in your class—
and they expect your brains to (Continued on page 83)
Dolls Without Guys

In Hollywood, a girl's best

- I'm looking at a statistic which says there are 77,600 more single men than single women in Los Angeles. I don't believe it. Unless they are all bunched downtown in L. A., leaving Hollywood an arid female desert where girls outnumber men, a dime a dozen. It's the only way to account for so many dolls at so many parties without hide nor hair of a male beside them. Especially in the upper echelons of movieland. Fine for the men. Revolting for the women.

Rita Hayworth, for instance, was as lonely as her last audience, before Prince Aly made with the sweet talk for a spell. She'd had a few dates with those very much in demand men-about-town, Cy Howard, Kirk Douglas and Dickie Greene. But the list of ladies was so long on their busy little schedules that Rita sometimes had
friend isn't a diamond. It's someone who knows an extra man!

to wait in line for her turn. So Aly's temporary dash to her side was as welcome as rain in the desert.

Joan Crawford marks time with men without complications, like Mel Dinelli and Cesar Romero. But she keeps a weather eye open all the time for a man she can call her own permanently.

When Joan gives a party, she makes sure of avoiding the usual three-gals-to-one-guy situation, by combing surrounding counties to stock the stag line. When she gave a party recently for the Stanley Marcuses of Dallas, Joan sent as far as San Francisco for good looking men. No wonder movie maidens scramble for invites to Joan's swelegant soirées.

Remember that joint party thrown by Gary Cooper and his so-called estranged wife, Rocky? Well, Mrs. Cooper, a real stickler for place cards and party protocol, scanned the invitation list and screamed, "Gary, for heaven's sake, don't you know any extra men?" The Coop was toiling at Warners at the time, so he checked all the men without wives at the studio—and came up with Steve Cochran.

"I don't know him," hemmed Rocky, "but," quickly, as Gary was crossing Steve off, "I'll invite him. We need men." So in came Steve, the night of the party, an hour late, and, as if that wasn't enough, he had a doll on his arm—Ginger Rogers, no less. Rocky wished up another place card, but her man-woman, man-woman seating was completely ruined. And I haven't heard of Mr. Cochran being invited again.

Ginger, on again off again (Continued on page 80)
What Hollywood Is Whispering About

Ava and Frankie

by Florabel Muir
The whispers have turned to shouts—and raucous shouts at that. And the cinema cynics who, two months ago, were called crepe hangers when they predicted that Frank Sinatra and Ava Gardner would not be Mr. and Mrs. by the end of 1953, are now being hailed as prophets and wise men. After the series of volatile blowups that punctuated their marriage during the last months of 1952, Frankie and Ava would have to be miracle workers to keep from winding up in the divorce courts before Ava's worn out her trousseau.

Even the most pessimistic—and the most highly imaginative—of the observers of this rocky romance would never have guessed that one of the wildest tiffs would involve Lana Turner, who, by the kind of coincidence only Hollywood takes for granted, is also an ex-wife of Ava's ex-husband, Artie Shaw.

Ava and Lana, both hurt and lonely—Lana over the breakup of her romance with Fernando Lamas, and Ava over the friction in her marriage—had turned to each other for friendship and understanding. With Frank in Hollywood working on a TV show, Ava invited Lana home to Palm Springs. Frank, the story goes, returned to find the girls there, with Ava's agent, Benton Cole. Accounts of the incident vary; one report was that the two girls had been “cutting him up conversationally,” so Frank simply ordered them all out.

At the time of this writing, anything is possible in this volcanic marriage. And no matter what does come to pass, it's easy, as you examine the romance step by step, to see that trouble was foredestined.

When Frankie and Ava were first married, the illusion they created of being happy honeymooners was perfect. They held hands and gazed into each other's eyes as if they were so in love they couldn't wait to be alone. But when they were alone, their ardor (Continued on page 70)
• “They just seem completely bored with each other.”
  “She won’t listen to anybody!”
  “When they go out for an evening of fun he usually ends up by making someone angry.”

That’s the sort of thing Hollywood is saying about Esther Williams and her husband, Ben Gage. Hollywood rumor often has had Esther and Ben on the point of separation. This rumor hits full force about once every year, and recently three columnists had the Gages ready to call their marriage quits. Career troubles had finally been too much for them.

But career troubles were one of the things Esther and Ben considered seriously when they were first married. Early in their marriage, Esther said, “We have no career complications. Ben is great in his own field—radio. And he’s very understanding about the problems and the demands in mine. The only thing that gives us any trouble is the fact that my work demands that I travel a lot for personal appearances. But Ben understands this and has adjusted himself to it. He refuses to let us be separated. Between radio shows, he just gets on a plane and joins me. The day he stopped flying to me, I’d stop going.”

Hollywood gossip, however, points out that Ben’s radio career is a thing of the past, that more and more his activities are tied up with Esther’s, dependent upon
her decisions. His position is no match for the glamour of Esther's position as a Number One money-making star on the M-G-M lot. And no man likes playing second fiddle—hence all the recurring rumors of trouble between Esther and Ben.

Reports of Ben's behavior in public have done little to cement any belief that he and Esther could be happily married . . . and right there seems to be the root of the trouble. For each time a columnist hears of a public incident involving Ben and Esther, the report that they're heading for separation and eventual divorce is rushed into type.

Not long ago when Ben was reported to have en-

livened the scene at a Beverly Hills restaurant by insulting other diners, a close friend of the Gages said, "It's perfectly natural. He has to assert himself in public one way or another. And in spite of what you may read in the papers, Esther understands this."

At one time, Ben probably envisioned their restaurant, The Trails, as the locale for a show which he would produce and perform in as a singing star. But during the months and years of its operation, it has become an eating place, which Ben manages, and not a showcase for himself.

"Esther likes to give the impression that she knows nothing about the dollar (Continued on page 86)"
The Jeff Chandlers behave like newlyweds in public—but still have those definite differences of opinion. Rumors continue to fly about both the Dean Martins and the Jerry Lewises—but neither of the comics finds the gossip routine amusing.

What Hollywood Is Whispering About

Are These Troubled Twosomes?
Are the Ty Powers really headed for trouble—or is it just that Linda Christian loves raising Hollywood eyebrows?

Ingrid Bergman and Rossellini deny those new rumors—but reports indicate that the Roman "wars" are by no means over!

By Corrine Bailey

• "Well!" exclaimed one of Hollywood's better-known starlets. From a ringside table, she was taking in the view at one of Hollywood's better-known night clubs. "Well, really!" she said.

"Really, what?" inquired her escort.

"See? Over there. Jeff Chandler and his wife. He just leaned over and kissed her cheek."

"That's nice."

"But they're supposed to be fighting. They're about to separate. Why, everybody knows Marge is practically on her way to Reno."

Don't look now, but there goes another rumor. As far as the Jeff Chandlers are currently concerned, it's going straight out the window. But from time to time, it will crop up again as it has in the past.

Because they are two definite personalities, Jeff and Marge Chandler will always share a difference of opinion upon occasions, and invariably these differences will bring whispered hints of trouble brewing. When it happens, the Chandlers become automatic targets for the gossip columnists, and this they fully realize.

Once, after a quarrel, they went so far as to separate. And when they reconciled, few expected it to last. Since the reconciliation, however, the bond between these two has deepened and strengthened.

A vacation at Laguna Beach, away from studio pressure, gave them uninterrupted time to say all the things that should have been said before this. At the present time, they're behaving like newlyweds. Following a recent party, Jeff and Marge ended up at Judy Garland's house for scrambled eggs and some of Judy's special brand of singing.

The Chandlers held hands as they listened. Occasionally, when Judy sang a love ballad, the big fellow leaned over and pressed his cheek (Continued on page 87)
A couple of characters, that’s
Debbie Reynolds, who goes from gamin
to grownup with endearing results

BY IDA ZEITLIN

PERSONALITY

• “Come on, drink it. Don’t be snooty, or your old mother’ll hit you in the head,” said Debbie, addressing her dog. She shoved a bowl of water under its nose, and tied it to the chair-leg with a rope. “Because those old leashes cost so much,” she explained the rope. “Imagine, three dollars for a collar, three for a leash. Practically my whole allowance, and she chews it up. Let her chew rope, which doesn’t cost a thing. It’s the studio’s rope.”

The poodle dunked a paw into the bowl. Debbie bent down and quickly undunked it. “Now you’re going to catch pneumonia or something—and who’s got time to soothe your foolish brow? Settle down, thing.”

The pup settled. So did Debbie. She’d been rehearsing dance routines for the Marge and Gower Champion musical, “Give a Girl a Break,” and this was her lunch hour. A sandwich in one hand, a mammoth carrot in the other punctuated her discourse. Through the sunlit strip between sound stages, people came and went. At times she’d tip her carrot in salute. At times she’d be too deep in talk to notice. It made no difference. Sighting the green-eyed elf in the canvas chair, each face cracked into a wide warm grin.

Meet Miss Reynolds and you’re meeting a pair of characters. One’s the kid Gene Kelly was talking about
when he said: "There's nobody younger than Debbie. Not even my daughter and she's nine." The other's a twenty-year-old, whose maturity of outlook would do credit to many of her elders. Debbie the First chews gum with abandon, pines for a monkey 'round the house and greets star-stuff with, "Hi, glamour boy, I say that laughingly." Debbie the Second hates being called wonderful. "I never believe a person when they tell me stuff like that. It's too much praise. Anything too much is no good."

The two Misses Reynolds make a combination as natural as a mountain spring and equally refreshing. Words tumble from her in a rainbow stream of gaiety, yet they are laced with common sense. It's not her wit that endears her to people, but her spontaneity. Unselfconscious as a puppy, she wouldn't know a complex if it brought a letter from Freud. Given the chance, she'd flop on her stomach with a queen and dish as cozily as with a girl friend. She can't understand being ill at ease with people. "You are what you are, and there's nothing you can do about it."

Only on one occasion did the cat get her tongue. Standing outside the studio commissary, all of a sudden without any preparation, there (Continued on page 76)
Squeaky set Piper back five dollars at the pound—and turned out to be a thoroughbred! Sashay is Squeaky's daughter.

Piper gives you the answers to all those romantic rumors. Then brings into the picture someone the gossips missed!

BY RUTH WATERBURY
Hollywood talks of the four major romances in Piper Laurie's life wondering which one of them holds the key to her blithe young heart.

Piper, herself, mentions a fifth one. Not that she calls it a romance any more than she does the other four. But this much is true: this fifth name is the only one that brings stars to her voice and a gleam to her eyes. And the absolutely crazy part of it is, that this boy has never once given her a tumble, since junior high days, when she first spotted him and swooned over him, right up until now, when he lives a few doors down the street from her—and isn't even aware of it.

The four men Hollywood talks about are Leonard Goldstein, the producer; Dick Anderson, the actor; David Schine, the heir to a hotel fortune, and Charles Simonelli, a New York movie executive. And a lot of people are also remembering that Vic Damone had quite a crush on Piper, before Uncle Sam got him. Since Vic is about to be out of uniform, he may re-activate this claim shortly.

The one Piper talks about with the most excitement is the boy named Rick.

But she was reluctant to discuss the subject at all when I hunted her down one (Continued on page 75)
He did his share of smashing windows and being chased by the cops, but no matter what Burt was up to—it was always fun being his dad.

I've heard Burt tell interviewers, "I was a very unpleasant little boy." And some people around Hollywood say (not to my face!) that Burt as a man is a bristly sort of character, hard to get along with.

As Burt's dad, I suppose I'm prejudiced, but I have plenty of facts at hand to give you a better idea of what my son's really like. There's a lot about the man Burt is now that keeps reminding me of a towheaded little boy with a Buster Brown haircut—yep, bangs! (It was his mother's idea, and Burt put up with it for three or four years.) There's a lot about Burt today that reminds me of a lanky kid with hair that seemed to have been combed with an eggbeater. (Burt threw away his comb when his mother died—just used his fingers after that.)

Was Burt a bad boy? I don't think so. Sure, he did his share of smashing windows and being chased by cops, but that was par for the course on our block—East 106th Street between Second and Third Avenues in New York City. Maybe I shouldn't be contradicting my son. You ever take him on in an argument? Well, don't. One Sunday when he was a youngster, his brother Jim got to arguing with him over a baseball game. Jim said the ball was out. Burt said it wasn't, and emphasized the point by conking Jim on the noggin with the bat. That taught Jim never to argue with his brother again.

Burt's never outgrown his love of arguing—in the family circle and among friends, that is. When he first came to Hollywood, I hear, he used to sound off on his purely personal opinions. Probably that didn't make him too popular in some quarters. But since then, he has learned to guard his tongue. Not that he's afraid of free speech—he just realizes that any strongly pronounced opinion on any subject is bound to hurt some people in a large group, leading to useless wrangling or outright quarrels. Now he's careful to know the company he's in before he starts spouting.

He's changed in another way since (Continued on page 81)
Photograph by Six: Virginia’s next is “The Iron Mistress”

Virginia Mayo

Lady Godiva without her horse . . . a cloudless summer day . . .

rare steak and strawberry sodas . . . provocation in technicolor . . .

white violets on a golden cushion . . . hearthside pinup girl
sails against an azure sky.

sporting prints in a booklined den.

a Cole Porter ballad on a spinet.

talent without temperament
Jane Powell's Demi-Tasse is a demi-demon specializing in creating confusion. But to Jane she is queen of the household.

GLAMOUR PUSSES

The stars may rate the spotlight in public, but in their homes it's the cinema kittens who make the mews!

BY BETH BROWN
Opinion's fairly unanimous that Hollywood movie stars are possibly the most pampered creatures in the world. That may or may not be the case. But the stars will tell you that there is one breed of beast who gets more attention, more kowtowing, more special treatment than they could ever hope for. Just ask the star who owns a cat. Or rather, who is owned by one.

In Hollywood, as everywhere else, once a cat takes over, she rules the roost with an iron paw. And anybody who doesn't want to play the cat's way might as well throw in the chips. Kitty's Queen! And that's that!

The divine right to rule applies to all cats—from the scruffiest stray to the highest-bred Persian. And their human subjects—from a street urchin to Hollywood's most glamorous glamour gal—seem to dote on being tyrannized.

The list of movie-town cat slaves is a long one—Ida Lupino, Jane Powell, Liz Taylor, Ethel Barrymore, Deborah Kerr, Rita Hayworth, Jane Russell, Liz Scott, Linda Darnell, James Mason, and dozens of others “sensitive and discerning enough”—their words—“to appreciate living with a cat.”

The breeds are as varied as their owners. One of Hollywood's most royally pedigreed pussies is Ramadhpati, who has condescended to move in with Greer Garson. Rama, as Greer calls him, has a penchant for motoring. And no matter how busy Greer is, she takes him out for a daily auto ride. But one day, her schedule was so heavy that she just couldn't make it. She (Continued on page 73)
INTRODUCING...

The Photoplay Star

The little star you have been seeing in Photoplay Star Fashions is suddenly real. Now it's more than a picture: it's an exciting piece of rhinestone jewelry that you can wear a hundred lovely ways—a perfect, basic accessory. The secret of its many uses is in the little catch closing at the tip of one of its points: it can be clipped to your bracelet or watch, to a necklace chain or ribbon, or slipped onto a bar pin, pinned to your scarf, your shoulder, your pocket or belt or bag. (See the ways five stars wear it on the following pages.) Above you see it magnified to five times its size, and at left, it's shown actual size. It's a little less than one inch long and wide, covered on both sides with sparkling rhinestones.

The Photoplay Star is both a jewel and a symbol. It means glamorous good fashion! It's the wearable symbol of your Photoplay Star Fashions... your guide to good style. Here on these pages every month, you'll find the very latest fashions—selected for you by the stars—at prices everyone can afford. And to make your fashion news even more exciting and fun, the movie stars themselves will wear the fashions and The Star, in every fashion photo shown in Photoplay. Copy the wonderful ways the stars wear their Stars... and dream up your own imaginative ways! Watch Photoplay for fashion... an 'watch for The Star when you shop. You'll see it pictured on the tags attached to all the styles you see here, tags that read. "A Photoplay Star Fashion."

*The Photoplay Star, by Coro, $2 plus tax. See page 79 for where to buy.
Featuring Photoplay's
FIVE-STAR DRESS*

ACCESSORIZED five ways by five new
stars . . . which star-type are you?

★ Career Girl..............Lori Nelson
★ Sophisticate..........Beverly Michaels
★ Outdoor Girl ........Elaine Stewart
★ Cinderella ..........Barbara Ruick
★ Demure .............Dawn Addams

Lori wears the dress to work with
its own chiffon scarf and three dazzling
NEW Photoplay Stars pinned on with
a Coro bar pin. Her new 1953 daytime
accessories: Madcaps rose felt cloche;
Coronet long, slim navy calf bag, both,
under $13; Wear Right blonde cotton
gloves, under $4; Speyer blonde hide
belt with real watch, under $9; navy
calf Beck pumps, $6.99. Lori's next
picture: "Ma and Pa Kettle at Waikiki"
Sophisticate Beverly Michaels, new Universal star, wears the dress to Ciro's, dramatically accented with black for cocktail time. Fringed velvet stole by Glentex, about $5; rhinestone-studded velveteen cocktail hat, Madcaps, under $7; Dawnelle cotton shorties with gold kid bracelet cuff, about $7; Beck black velvet sandals, $6.99; and Coro rhinestone drop earrings and bracelet, about $2 and $4 plus tax.

Demure Dawn Addams, in M-G-M's "Plymouth Adventure," uses the dress as a spring coat. Red felt feather hat, Betmar, $9; polka dot cotton Dawnelle shorties, $4; bronze patent contour belt, Speyer, under $3; calf opera pumps, Queen Quality, $12.95. She clips the Star to her Deltah choker, which comes in her tortoise shell carryette, both, $12.75. Deltah earrings, $1 plus tax. Pink umbrella, N. Y. Umbrella Co., $5.
Cinderella Barbara Ruick of M-G-M’s “Apache War Smoke” wears the dress to Grauman’s Chinese Theatre, giving it glamour with Speyer elasticized gold mesh belt, under $3; Madecaps black-dyed Russian fox muff, under $40, and sequin hat, under $3; Beck gold kid sandals, $6.99; Dawnelle gloves, $5; and LaTausca pearl ‘n gold earrings, $2, choker, $5, bib, $6 plus tax.

Outdoor-Girl Elaine Stewart of M-G-M’s “The Bad and the Beautiful” makes the same dress completely casual with Speyer three-in-one cowhide belt, under $3; Wear Right string gloves, $1.95; Coronet russet leather satchel bag, $10.95 plus tax; Betmar wool jersey stocking cap, about $5; Atlas copper heraldic bracelet and earrings, $2 each plus tax; Beck patent striping shoe, $5.99. Elaine pins a Photoplay Star jauntily to her cap.
Climb a stairway
...to a star figure!

Take the star-lift for your basic lesson in million-dollar glamour . . .

WHAT'S THE MILLION-DOLLAR FIGURE? It's the figure that belongs to the girl on her way up . . . whether she's climbing to stardom or to success in any field. It's your most basic fashion accessory: a figure that does wonderful things for the new clothes you buy and gives you blissful assurance that you look your keen, million-dollar best in them. But let's face it: even the keenest figure looks better in a girdle, because clothes fit much better, hang more smoothly over a good foundation. The new fashions are beautiful, and vital, made to take to all the exciting new accessories and to make the most of the body beautiful.

Good bet to make a million-dollar figure out of any figure, lifting it to star-like heights — this boneless, smooth-as-skin White Magic Fabric-Lined Playtex girdle, basic for all fashions, made now with flat, adjustable garters. More good news: its price, $6.95, in stores from here to Hollywood. Cannon Mills hose, in the new, soft-as-moonlight beige shade, Candlelight
Climb a stairway...to a star look!

Step by step the starlets show you the way to a million-dollar manner

What's the million-dollar look? It's the way the stars look...the way you can look, if you use star-sense when you dress! In the "moving" pictures on the preceding pages, five bright young starlets prove you can look like a million whether you dress on a budget or a bankroll. They've turned the trick with accessories...making one good little basic dress do the work of five (that's not dollars, but sense!). And here's the finale to the story: Their style secret is in the choice of one dramatic accessory for every role. The others, more subdued, fall easily into line. On this page we show a close-up of the one touch of drama in each costume that sets the pace...whether your starring role calls for a street scene, outdoor setting, drawing room, or dance floor!

* photoplay star accessories

Lori's new basic cloche hat sets the pace for accessorizing in a city or career mood.

Barbara's glamorous, red fox muff is the key to all-out evening drama.

Elaine's sporty cowhide belt gives her dress the outdoor touch, cues all other accessories.

Dawn's adorable polka-dot gloves give the style note for Spring.

Beverly's black velvet stole spells out her sophistication, other accessories follow lead.
Can Dale Robertson Save His Marriage?

BY GEORGE ARMSTRONG

While the gossips speculate wildly, Dale and Jackie are quietly trying to ignore the rumors and work out a reconciliation that will lead to a truly happy ending.

• Can the Dale Robertsons still patch up their marriage?

All Hollywood has been pondering this question—and wishing them well—since news of their reconciliation late last fall first fell upon eager, friendly ears.

Shock had been the universal reaction when, on that gloomy Sunday last October twelfth, Dale threw a few personal belongings into a satchel and closed the door on his San Fernando Valley bungalow. The bungalow had been home for him and his bride, the former Jacqueline Wilson, since their marriage only a year and five months before.

During their brief parting at that time, both Jackie and Dale secluded themselves in the homes of friends and ducked the persistent bloodhounds of the press, while they "thought things out."

At that time, Dale said: "I think the trouble will blow over. But I think right now it is better for us to be separated for a while."

And Jackie, talking off the record, indicated that she still loved her big, Oklahoma-salted "wild colt" of a husband. But she implied that she was not satisfied with love or a marriage that is a one-way street.

So they separated, and they "thought things out." And they concluded, evidently, that they would try hard to turn that thoroughfare of marriage into a broad avenue that runs both ways.

While the Robertsons' real friends held their counsel during that turbulent period, the gossips were avidly (and acridly) guessing at the cause of the rift. The hints were broad and the rumors numerous and varied. "Sensational developments," had been the whisper, "can be expected as the real inside story of the quarrel comes to light."

The rumor most widely circulated was that Dale was infatuated with another woman. The Miss X of these stories—or Mrs. X, rather—was said to be a blonde charmer who was herself a recent bride.

Both Dale and Jackie refused adamantly to talk about this much-discussed version of their differences during that short and unhappy separation. And now (Continued on page 74)
Tab Hunter learned about courage and faith from his mother.

He had to succeed—for her

He couldn’t fail

BY JERRY ASHER

Christmas was just around the corner.

As usual at that festive time of year, the shipping department of Barker Bros. on Hollywood Boulevard was churning like an angry beehive.

Conspicuous among the employees, was a handsome, blond six-footer who looked like a fugitive from a college campus. His strong fingers pounced upon the endless parade of packages, and quicker than you can say, “Happy holiday,” he had them packed, labeled and on their merry way. Suddenly a name and address caught his eye.

“Holy Cow!” exclaimed Tab Hunter (he was then Art Gelien—pronounced Ga-leen). He held a package up and gazed at it rapturously.

“What is it—a time bomb?” cracked the guy on his left.

“It’s a present for Linda Darnell,” said Tab. “Brother, wouldn’t I love to deliver this myself and have a good look at her!”

Two years, four months and a million dreams later, Tab Hunter was getting about the best look at Linda Darnell that a man can get. She was in his arms, very close and very tight in his arms. Her breath was warm on his lips as his blue eyes mirrored the painful self-consciousness he felt.

“Don’t worry, honey,” she whispered. “Just relax. I’m lucky for newcomers.”

He drew her to him, pressed his lips against hers. Tenderly, he eased her away again. His cheeks were flushed with embarrassment. She smiled a broad, approving smile.

“That was nice, honey,” she said soothingly.

Kiss included, the screen test was just what the casting director ordered. And Linda Darnell had a new romantic leading man for “Island of Desire.” It was the first time Tab Hunter ever faced a camera, though producers Pine and Thomas had once used the back of his head for a scene—in “The Lawless.”

“Good things are always happening to me,” twenty-one-year-old Tab earnestly reflects—so earnestly, in fact, that on first meeting him one wonders if he’s for real. He’s so fantastically forthright, he shames the most seasoned skeptic.

The “good things” that happen to Tab, he sincerely and honestly believes, are the result of good thoughts. (Continued on page 88)
When Mitzi was seventeen, she planned their future—hers and Richard’s. But now their future belongs to the past.

- There were just the two of them at the table. They spoke in low voices over their half-filled coffee cups. There was a pause in the conversation. She watched as he lit a cigarette and she tried to find words—the right words—to say what she knew she must say.

Mitzi Gaynor had come to realize that the future as she had once planned it wasn’t what she wants today. That settling down to domesticity just now when, in a sense, she had never really lived at all, wasn’t for her.

And so she told them—the attorney who had been her best beau as well as her friend and who, during the four years she had known him, had contributed much to her own development as a human being. She told him simply and honestly—the way Mitzi Gaynor would. As always, whatever the problem, he understood. She had known he would.

"Richard was my first love," says Mitzi. "He’s a very special person—one of the finest you could ever know." She adds quietly, "I wish him all the happiness in the world. And he wishes me the same, I’m sure."

Handsome (Continued on page 78)
Inside Stuff
(Continued from page 33)
she squared. "When I was a school girl in France, I won zee prize for my breast stroke!" The entire set collapsed.

Round-Up: Ray Bolger who can afford to be independent, wouldn't appear at the new Hotel Sahara in Las Vegas 'tis said, unless he received more than any other performer. The show went on to capacity business. The dancer supposedly received $20,000 per week for his talent ... Plaudits for his fabulous performance in "The Thief" were short-lived for Ray Milland. He has to sing to Jane Wyman in "Love Song" and the poor guy's scared silly ... Jeffrey Hunter's first gift for his new son was a letter-man sweater with big 1971 numerals on the chest ... With Hollywood necklines plunging lower than ever, Doris Day receives hundreds of letters from masculine admirers who laud her for leaving something to their imagination! ... Joan Crawford buys Rosemary Clooney recordings by the dozen and hands them out as door prizes.

Studio Stuff: Susan Hayward is now one up on Anne Baxter, who currently loves to smoke small after-dinner cigars in public. Susie girl smokes a corn cob pipe in "The President's Lady" and loathes it ... Peter Lawford, who wasn't a bit happy when Cary Grant got that role in "Dream Wife," probably won't be with M-G-M by the time you read this ... This is the story of the three Johnnies! Director John Ford was so enthusiastic over actor John Russell's performance in Republic's "The Sun Shines Bright," he called his good friend John Wayne to come see the rushes.

Prodigal Son: Usually there are two sides to a story. This time we heard—three! Farley Granger was suspended by Sam Goldwyn recently, when he refused to make personal appearances for "Hans Christian Andersen." According to friends he wanted to go. But they wouldn't tell him where he was going or for how long. The star is doctoring for a stubborn virus, he's building a house and is needed here. Also, the studio supposedly knew Farley would protest; he wasn't working, and by suspending him they saved his salary! We just calls 'em as we hears 'em!

Chuckie Wagon: Red Skelton said it after seeing Marilyn Monroe for the first time in a film: "She has the kind of voice you usually hear coming over transoms!" ... "Tony Curtis," says a producer (who is mad at him), "is so mad in 'Houdini,' he's even making his best friends disappear!" ... Vic Mature, refusing to fly to the "Baptism of Fire" location at Ft. Leonard Wood in Missouri, insisted on taking the Super Chief. "It doesn't go that way," the studio explained. "That's your problem!" answered the inimitable guy.

exciting NEW pictures!
off-guard candids of your favorite movie stars

★ All the selective skill of our ace cameramen went into the making of these startling candids.

★ Handsome, glossy, full-size 4 x 5 quality prints.

★ Look over the list. New poses and names are constantly added. Keep your collection up to date.

Fill out and mail coupon today. Send cash or money order. 12 pictures for $1; 6 for $5.00.

WORLD WIDE, Dept. PH-5
63 Central Avenue, Ossining, N. Y.

I enclose $____ for ________ condid pictures of my favorite stars and have circled the numbers of the ones you are to send me by return mail.

NAME______________________________

STREET______________________________

CITY_________________________ZONÉ STATE______________
Maybe Frankie doesn't—but his agent and his managers and a half a dozen people whom fortunes are invested in Francis, voice do care—and care a lot. He was forced to keep his St. Louis commitments (incidentally, he broke every PA record the town had since Av and Jem had turned blithely in Hollywood, while Frankie ate his heart out in a lonely hotel room.

These arguments started months before they were married. Once, in a New York hotel at 4 a.m., a couple of shots in the pillows, to emphasize things, Av asked him that she knew he was kidding all along.

Another time, in a Nevada resort, it was reported that he took a flock of sleeping pills—maybe to scare her again, maybe to calm her down. He is a doctor himself to bring him out of a deep sleep.

Frankie says that things like that could happen in anybody's life, but because it's happening to him, it makes a "great big federal case out of it." Of course, it's not. But that's the penalty one pays for being famous.

If Frankie had gone on with plans to get married in New York, Av had never come to Hollywood, they might have been happily wed. But then they probably would never have met at all. Frankie would probably have gone on living with the lady of his choice.
such a song and agonizing separation.

And that's why—against the advice of his agent and manager—he turned heaven and earth to try to arrange singing engagements that would keep him near her during this trip, no matter how that would affect his career at home.

The rough spots in their romance don't seem to have been created by career competition, either, though that's another theory that's making the rounds. "How," people ask, "can you expect things to be any different—when she keeps moving up—ward all the time—and he keeps sliding down?"

Things could be very different indeed. Ava has said a dozen times that she'd give her career up in a second, if she could find real happiness in her heart. It's common knowledge that, when she and Frank were first married, she wanted nothing more than to become a mother. And she says that if she had a child she would make it her life.

Since the marriage, she's been downright cavalier about her movie commitments—and, at least at first, was willing to flout any authorities, even to go on suspension, as she once did, just to be with Frank.

And as far as his own career is concerned, Frank is not the least bit worried. "I can still make a buck," he says. And he's right. He can. There are literally hundreds of cities in the United States and abroad, where he has never appeared, and where he could still pack 'em in, as witness his recent St. Louis and Riviera record-breaking appearances.

Though his voice is, perhaps, not quite as true as it once was (medical authorities say this is the direct result of his emotional upsets), he is a better showman than he ever was. And audiences still love him!

Then if it isn't the money, and it can't be career, what is the ruckus all about?

it's all deep-rooted—and difficult to define. It's a job for a psychiatrist and not really for a magazine writer. But here's the way it seems to shape up:

These two do love each other. If they didn't, would he have put himself through the fiery hoops he did to marry her? And would she be so violently jealous of him?

But does she have any cause to be jealous? Those who know them both best answer with a positive and vehement "No!" Though Frank was once supposed to be more than mildly guilty of a roving eye, things have changed entirely since November 1, 1951, when he married Ava. Since then, he has not so much as looked at another woman. When they've had to be separated, he has always carried a color picture of Ava with him (a stunning portrait from "Sombrero") and this goes on his bedside table. He has even gone so far as to give up his old men friends whom Ave happened not to like.

Is it then, perhaps, some ask, that he may look back nostalgically on the comparatively peaceful days with Nancy, that he may be yearning for a return to her? Again, the answer is "No." Though many of his closest friends have suggested to him that this would be the wisest step he could take—that it would assure him tranquility, and practically guarantee the continuance of his career, he isn't having a thank you. Nancy has indicated that she would go back to him (the rumor is that she telephoned him in St. Louis after he sent back the wedding ring), but Frank says that could never be. He and Nancy, says, were washed up years ago, long before Ava ever came into their lives. It was not the cause of their breakup, he says. But she was the only woman whom he really truly loved—loved enough to give him the strength to face the breaking of his home and the censure of the world.

Then what?

The finger points to Ava.

And the words are hard to choose.

Even though she denies any feeling for Artie Shaw, the wounds of that love seem to have left deep and ugly scars, and a desperate need to take revenge. Not on Artie, because he's out of her life now. But on any man she loves. And Frankie is that man. So, without meaning to, without wanting to do so, she hurts him, hurts him deeply. And she hurts herself.

Does she know that she's doing it? Not consciously. And she hates herself when she does. She fights against it diligently. Somehow she just can't help herself.

But she's trying. For a long time now, she's been seeing a Hollywood psychiatrist, hoping that he can give her the strength she can't quite summon up within herself. And this was the cause of one more marital battle. She wanted Frank to start psychiatric treatment too, and when he refused, a quarrel ensued.

But he's thought better of it lately. Though he's by no means sure that this would be the solution, he says now that he'd try anything. If that will save the marriage, then he'll take any treatment that Ava wants him to.

NOW! The Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company ANNOUNCES "NATURE'S CHLOROPHYLL" in Every Cake of Palmolive Soap

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY PLAN BRINGS MOST WOMEN LOVELIER COMPLEXIONS IN 14 DAYS OR LESS!

The very first time you try the Palmolive Beauty Plan you'll actually see Palmolive begin to bring out your beauty while it cleans your skin. Palmolive is so mild . . . so pure . . . its rich, fragrant lather gives you everything you need for gentle beauty care.

Remember . . . 36 doctors in 1285 impartial tests proved that Palmolive's Beauty Plan brings most women softer, smoother, younger looking skin.

Massage Palmolive Soap's extra-mild, pure lather onto your skin for 60 seconds. Rinse with warm water, splash with cold, and pat dry. Do this 3 times a day. It feels just right . . . is just right for your skin.

"NATURE'S CHLOROPHYLL"** is what makes Palmolive Green!

NOW! FOR YOUR COMPLEXION . . . Palmolive Care Brings Out Beauty While It Cleans Your Skin!

NOW! FOR YOUR BEAUTY BATH . . . Enjoy Palmolive's Rich, Fragrant Lather . . . Delightful In Tub or Shower!

*No therapeutic claim is made for the chlorophyll.
1020 WISH YOU WERE HERE
WALKIN’ MY BABY BACK HOME
1021 I WENT TO YOUR WEDDING
HIGH NOON

PLAY RIGHT AWAY!

It’s FREE for CHUBBIES!

Our new Spring Book telling all about our CHUBBY-size clothes
Girls’ sizes 9½, 10½, 11½, 12½, 13½, 14½
Teen’s sizes 12½, 13½, 14½, 15½
It pictures the newest
dresses, coats, suits, sports
clothes, slacks, blouses, underwear
for girls and ‘teens too
chubby to fit into regular sizes
(On everything is priced the same as “regu-
lar sizes”).

Lane Bryant

If you are not already on our mailing list mail
coupon for your Free Chubby Style Book today.
Lane Bryant, 445 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.
Please send me your Chubby Fashion Book!

FREE BOOK

MISS 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
Hills, California. If Miss Colbert feels
your problem is of real and
important interest, she
will consider answering it here. Names will be
disclosed confidentially.
Booby Trap did all right for himself, when he picked the Lawford house as his port in the storm. He’s living the life of Reilly these days. Every night at ten sharp, he demands—and gets—a bedtime story. Then he climbs into Pete’s bed. To Pete himself, he grudgingly allotls a tiny, and carefully measured out area along the very edge of the bed. This is no doubt a dispensation which he makes to Pete or used the good scheme to open the right door at the right time.

Booby Trap has a lot of good reasons to be smug, for he is a creature of great nature. If you’re palpably, you can teach them a trick or two, too.

Marge and Gower Champion have picked up some pretty pirouettes, indeed, from Booby Trap, and his Muscelina, Clara, and three Siamese—Wicket, Real George and Real Gladys. Marge and Gower study their graceful movements, their leaps and their jumps, and thus get muscle.

The cats pose one problem, though, that baffles the Champions. Like most cats, they scorn special beds—no matter how be-ribboned or be-cratiped—and choose their own lap. He has a complete repertory of tricks—including rolling over and playing dead—a doggy routine that most cats just won’t bother with.

Pete says, "Cats are not as difficult to them as people think. If they like them, they’ll do what you ask. But they are proud and self-willed. Cats can never be humiliated. They must be treated with tact, patience and understanding."

And cats will tell you that the same thing holds true for people: If you’re particular, you can teach them a trick or two, too.

There are always so many cats wandering around the Alan Ladds’ ranch, all mixed up with dogs and horses, that nobody ever can remember what they decide. There are all these proprietors, who own a kitten in distress, and distressed kittens always seem to sense it and head his way. Once on a vacation in Arizona, he came home with a complete litter—because he happened to be near a full-term one. The owner was getting ready to drown them. And another time, he was attending some outdoor graduation exercises, and a very little 149 cat was in the entire field looking lonely and lost—until it got to Alan. Then it purred, and hopped up into his lap. And that was that. But one of his favorite stories is that of his last acquisition:

"I was walking along the street when I saw a small boy with a huge cat. The boy was saying, ‘If you’re a he, I know that Mother will let me keep you.’ And then he said, ‘But if you’re a she, I wish I just have to put you back out into the street.’ He sniffled again. ‘And maybe somebody else will take you.’

Well, she was a she, right. But the little girl didn’t have a clue—she ran to him for one of a group of brand new she’s I had at home."

There’s one Hollywood household where the cat king gets a little competition. And that’s because the true love of Russell’s true love has been Russell, his raccoon.

"Maybe Joe does know a trick or two that Russell doesn’t," says Marlon. "But when else I ask you, would adopt a raccoon?"

And you can’t deny he’s got something here. Who else, indeed?
Can Dale Robertson Save His Marriage?

(Continued from page 65)

that they're back together, they are even less willing—and logically so—to acknowledge that much rumors had ever made the rounds. But their close friends have commented, at length and passionately. “There was no ‘other woman,’” these confidantes of the warring couple insist. “And it’s the other man,” it is their feeling that the Robertsons’ marital trouble had been a long time a-brewing, and that the differences were there long before Dale reported to his study for work on “The Silver Whip,” during the filming of which, allegedly, the whispered “new romance” was supposed to have begun.

Their differences—the real differences, according to devoted friends of both Dale and Jackie, make far less sensational reading than the romantic triangle which had been hinted at. They are deeper, more basic, profound. They are of the depth that will have to work out. Yet, if the Robertsons are to try to save their marriage, to re-instate it as a working partnership, they will have to face up to these differences—and make a weekend of it.

“They’ll have a lot of forgiving to do, before they can get back together,” an intimate girl friend of Jackie’s sums it up. “And then a lot of giving to do, after that. And I think it will have to make compromises.”

“They’ll have a lot of forgiving to do, before they can get back together,” an intimate girl friend of Jackie’s sums it up. “And then a lot of giving to do, after that. And I think it will have to make compromises.”

“They’ll have a lot of forgiving to do, before they can get back together,” an intimate girl friend of Jackie’s sums it up. “And then a lot of giving to do, after that. And I think it will have to make compromises.”

They’re both wonderful people.”

So that’s what it comes down to: two vital human qualities—Jacqueline’s pride and Dale’s stubbornness. And these two “heavies” can be more dangerous to the Robertson marriage—and to any marriage, for that matter—than any threat from the outside, no matter how sexually super-charged.

No two people could have been more in love, no two people could have been surer of their decision. Dale and Jackie were when they exchanged their marriage vows on May 19, 1951.

They knew that making a successful marriage in the tension-ridden atmosphere of Hollywood and its neighboring risky business, even for a stable and mature couple. And they were very, very young—Jacqueline just nineteen—and they had a whole world of living and learning, and possible mistakes, in front of them. Learning to unmake mistakes is a slow, but always hopeful, process.

They had determined in advance to avoid that pitfall of a shipwreck, Career Trouble. Although Jacqueline was already started on an acting career of her own—she and Dale met for the first time, remember, on the set of “Down Among the Sheltering Arms,” in which she played a small part—she decided with wisdom beyond her years that one acting career in the family is problem enough. Her job, once she was Mrs. Dale Robertson, would be just that—Dale’s loving wife and homemaker, and mother to the brood of four or five small Robertsons they confidently expect to have.

There was absolutely no question that Dale would be the man in the house, the breadwinner. For one thing, his fierce masculine pride would have had it no other way. And certainly there was no question that he could fulfill this responsibility—his star was rising in pictures. Many years on top seemed certain to be ahead of him.

And Jackie was admirably equipped for her feminine role. Educated in the best eastern private schools, bred to be a lady in the old-fashioned sense by her social parents, she was—even if under twenty—a poised and gracious woman ready in every way for marriage.

The pitfalls they had not foreseen came in the areas of their life together where their two roles overlapped—the occasions when Jackie must share Dale’s life in the limelight as the wife of a celebrity, and the even more important times when Dale, as every young husband must, would be called upon to share the responsibilities of the household and, later, the family.

Breaking Dale Robertson to domestic life proved very soon to be as difficult a task as taming some of the horses he breeds on his California and Oklahoma ranches. A man’s man to the core, Dale is a guy who simply cannot stand a rein. It was incomprehensible to him that any woman, including his wife, should have the right to ask where he had been, and with whom, and how late. That he should be expected to telephone if he would be late to dinner, or, in old friends to devote his life to Dale—sit at home in the valley. There were some especially lonely months when she sat there solidly with the toys and tiny garments she had been assembling for their expected child.

Actually, Jackie’s disillusion set in before her honeymoon was over. Dale took her to a beautiful seaside resort in Santa Barbara, and Jackie was enchanted with the prospect of long, quiet hours in the sun—just the two of them. But it turned out that Dale had chosen Santa Barbara for their honeymoon destination because an important horse show was in progress there. They spent the entire day after their marriage ceremony admiring horses! Now Jackie likes horses as well as the next one; she is, in fact, an expert horsewoman herself. But on her honeymoon! Dale couldn’t have been more surprised that she should object. What else, his shrugged shoulders asked, does a guy do on his honeymoon?

Jackie Robertson, on the afternoon of her marriage, was a gay, outgoing, confident girl. A short month later she was subdued, withdrawn, and, her best friends thought, unhappy.

Even the people who love Dale best, and know him best, could see what was happening, and they were inclined to see it from Jackie’s point of view.

When their separation occurred, Dale’s best friend, Kit Carson, talked to him like a Dutch uncle. His mother flew out from Oklahoma City to do what she could to save her son’s threatened marriage. At first Dale resisted all compromise.

“That’s the kind of a guy I am,” he said, “if she wants me, she’ll have to get used to me as I am.”

Jackie wanted him, but not at any price. Obviously, since they’re trying again, somebody gave in, or, more hopefully, both conceded some ground.

Dale, it is certain, was happy to move his toothbrush and razor from Pal John Carroll’s guest room, and to get back to the quiet atmosphere of his valley home where he could “take off his gaiters” and relax to the music of soft baby sounds from the nursery.

The reconciliation, of course, may not work. The Robertsons have faced their problems, but the harder task of solving them lies ahead.

But then again, it very well may work. And all of Dale’s and Jackie’s friends are hoping so.

“They’re good, kind and sensitive people, these two,” one of their best friends put it. “And when they were married—there’s no doubt about it—they had every intention of marrying for keeps.”

Any two people who feel as strongly about each other as they do, and who are willing to face up to the pitfalls honestly and courageously, as they’re doing now, deserve the help of all their friends—and the best of luck.

“Things have to work out—because they’re such wonderful folks.”

From France and England, Zsa Zsa Gabor made news—telling the world she did so love her Georgie, couldn’t wait to finish filming “Moulin Rouge” and get back to him. Her escort on first evening out—happy husband, George Sanders.
Is Love for Laurie?

(Continued from page 31)

fine fall afternoon of “Mississippi Gambler.” She was having a day off from work, and she came in, her flashy hair tied down under a scarf, her eyes wide and shining. She had been out with Dick Anderson, who later told her, “It had absolutely sent” her, as she phrased it. Dick was hovering in the background, his eyes watching her with a sort of hungry worship. We both asked him to get lost for an evening, and he could. Piper could otherwise comfortably deal with the gossip item in a leading column that very morning—that she was about to marry Charlie Simonelli.

The first thing you notice, on meeting Piper, aside from her physical beauty, is her thoughtful honesty and sincerity. She had never discussed Leonard Goldstein for publication before—but when I hit her with the question, she answered it frankly.

“I never think of Leonard as a date,” she said, “I think of him as a friend. Whenever we go out to a nightclub together, Hollywood begins ’chasing’ us, but actually the best times we have are when he comes over to my house, and we sit around with my folks and discuss things.”

People who know Piper say, “Leonard is as old as my father,” she said, “but when my dad answers the door, Leonard always greets him with, ‘Hello, son.’ You see, I’ll be twenty-one on my birthday this January, but Leonard is forty-eight.”

“The first time I ever met him was my first day on the Universal-International lot. That was eight years ago, and I had just graduated senior high. I was absolutely petrified at meeting him and when they introduced us, he scowled.

“I didn’t know then that whenever he is, ‘Leonard, you see…’ he means me. All it did to me that day was make me more frightened.

“They put me into a studio dramatic group, to study acting. I was tickled to discover Tony Curtis there. I’d known Tony before, you see, and when he asked me for a date, I was delighted to accept.”

Piper paused, using the excuse of untying the bandanna around her hair, to give the room a close inspection. “Most of my clothes are of red-gold tumbled around her shoulders, she looked incredibly exciting, her face so vivacious above the neckline of the extremely tailored suit she was wearing.

“People who know me know my folks, just as I always have with every other boy and we did go about together for a little while. We never dreamed that our first starring picture would be together.

“My mother is named ‘Louisa’ and the studio sent me to Chicago to make a personal appearance with it. I was absolutely wildly excited, being in a big city like that at last. I was in a luxury hotel and all the rest of it. I made personal appearances on sixteen TV and radio shows in five days, besides personal appearances at the theater, so I was completely exhausted. I went to the hotel lobby one night and saw Vic Damone standing there.

“I started to speak to him—and then I realized I didn’t actually know him. I had just met him a few months ago, so I ran up to my room, but the phone was ringing, and it was Vic, asking me to come down and have a drink with him. It told him I didn’t drink, and him it was my first evening, when I could actually get a good night’s sleep. He persisted, so finally, with my studio chaperone, I went down to the cocktail bar for twenty minutes and had a drink. He bought me a drink and then agreed to a date to see Vic’s show the next evening.

“That really was a thrill. You see, I’d never been away from home before, or in a real night-club like the Folies-Bergere. I was very nervous, and then when Vic took me for a real fling around Chicago, I just nearly collapsed trying to absorb all the full glamour treatment. And I nearly fainted on our date.

“The moment I got home, I got an order to report immediately to Mr. Goldstein’s office. I was absolutely terrified, and when I walked in, and Leonard smiled at me, and then told me he was going to co-star me with Tony in The Prince Who Was a Thief,” I was absolutely struck dumb.

“To put it at my ease, I guess, Leonard began to ask me. He asked me if I really wanted to do it. However much I studied, if I had ever seen any of the great performers. He said that one of the greatest, Sophie Tucker, was playing in town right then. He asked if I would like to see her.

“That was our first date, nearly two and a half years ago. It was wonderful being out with a man as respected as Leonard. Even with my very meager importance, I was very happy, the idea that he took me seriously and had too many reasons for wanting to be seen out with a girl who has a movie career. It isn’t only the ‘wolf pack’ that exists here. You know how much you suspect everywhere—and any girl with a good enough sense to wash her face, knows how to handle that problem.

“But there is a special Hollywood problem. You tell all of your friends that you have a date for a date. You go out with him, and find that you have drifted, somehow, to where photographers are, and that somehow, next day, the fact that you were out with him has been realized. You knew that if he’s an ambitious young actor or writer or something like that, that you’ve been used. You can’t help resenting it.

“With Leonard, from the very first, I could tell by the way he acted as we drove around together, just after that first picture of Tony’s mine was finished, asking him if it paid to be honest in movies—honest as an actress. I mean, you could be in any other of that sort of people, but the people cheating around the edges, cultivating ‘the right people,’ pretending to be something they are not, and all the rest of it.

“Piper’s eyes at my house, with all the folks, sometimes at his house, with his two sisters, Leonard would point out to me the simplicity of somebody like Helen Hayes, or the long-time career of someone like Claire Trevor. ‘I think you should be Platonic, entirely on merit and nothing else.’

“Then, when there was some night-club act he wanted to see for the studio, or some great stage performer, he’d take me along, or he’d take me to see the theater. Or if he was reading some special book for possible production, he’d sometimes have me read it too, and he’d tell me why, in explanation, it was good or bad.

“This is the first time I’ve been with me and Leonard, and this is the way it still is. He’s a constant education to me, and I owe him very much. But I do not call it romance.

“Dick came strolling back at this moment. From his great height he looked down on us. ‘Are you two through yakking yet?’

“Piper was sparkled at him. ‘Go away,” she said, “we are about to take you apart.’

“That should take all of five minutes,”

Dick said, ‘I’ll see you then.’

Piper smiled as he moved away. ‘Dick’s such a nice, intelligent boy,” she said, “we have fun together on very simple dates—just dinner and a movie, generally, or maybe just an evening at my house, playing records, or just talking and drifting. My mother says when Dick and I get together we never stop talking.

‘Where lovers are more often silent,” I said.”

“Yes, that’s right.”

“Like things were, maybe, with Charlie Simonelli?” I asked.

“Oh, please,” said Piper, “I don’t want to talk about that.”

Some insiders in Hollywood insist that this was the brief flirtation that really hit Piper’s heart. Perhaps. For the record, Charles Simonelli is executive in Universal-International’s New York office. He and Piper did date frequently, and were serious enough to part over religious differences—which certainly suggests their feeling for one another was far from trivial.

With young David Schine, heir to the fabulous Schine hotel chain, the religious difference does not exist—but something is missing. Charles puts it to Piper does figure: Schine has no particular interest in show business and Hollywood. She has every interest in it.

By way of innocently proving, without ever saying so, that virtually all of her career is based on intelligence, as well as on beauty and talent, Piper said, “I have a friend who married outside this profession. She didn’t want to give up her career and her husband’s. I know how hard it is. I know what it’s like when her went a very fine and was naturally very excited about it, he was just mildly interested. She was nice about it, indulgent of his excitement, but that’s all.”

“I couldn’t be too hard on that, I know. But I would never get into such a marriage in the first place, because if my husband wasn’t fascinated by what I was doing, and expected about everything that concerned him, I’d know we didn’t have enough in common to make it a lasting thing. My parents have had a wonderful marriage. So has my older sister. That’s the kind of marriage I’d like to have. You’re not being anything impulsive. I’m very grateful that I do have dates. But you’ll never see any ‘eloping’ headlines about me.”

“Support yourself suddenly fall in love at first sight?”


That’s where this character Rick came in. “I never fall in love at first sight,” he said, “I juice high,” Piper said, “and I nearly swooned whenever I saw him. But he never once looked at me. And isn’t it weird that now he lives right on the same street that I do? We’re still there.”

“He doesn’t even recognize me—but I couldn’t fail to recognize him. He looks just as tall, dark and handsome to me as he did six years ago. With the same, blind and dumb,” I said, “or he would have recognized you.”

“No,” said Piper. “I was a terrible looking kid in school. I had long red pigtails. I had freckles all over my face and I was overweight and looked ridiculous. If you want to know who, just suppose he does recognize you some day?”

“Oh, don,” said Piper. “I get weak at the knees. I’m still there, you know.”

We saw Dick Anderson circling back our way and we backed him to join us. But this is a special note to a guy named Rick: Why don’t you start ringing doorbells in your neighborhood and see if you’re the right one? In your opinion, you’re missing a great opportunity.”

The End
Mary’s DULL

PERIODIC PAIN

Menstrual pain had Mary down but Midol brought quick comfort. Midol acts three ways to bring faster relief from menstrual distress. It relieves cramps, eases headache and chases “blues.”


Mary’s SHARP with MIDOL

All Drugstores have Midol

(Continued from page 49)

was Clark Gable. "Hello, Debbie," he said, and she fell on the floor.

With Gene Kelly, talking presented no problem. She merely couldn't dance in front of him which, considering the script of "Singing in the Rain," made nothing great. He'd show her the step. She'd look on like a goon. "Try it," he'd say. Her legs would refuse to budge. "You're on a pedestal," she'd wail, "and I'm in the soup."

"Let's meet halfway."

She'd had no professional training. Kelly and O'Connor were both tremendous hoofers. "Just the same," she recalls severely, "I acted real young. But Gene had more patience than Joe, so I gradually agerated with a child.

The wrinkles don't show yet and she's still comparatively carefree, despite an impossible schedule that keeps her tearing around from picture to picture publicly, from tap and ballet to voice and dramatic lessons. She loves the whole business now, though when Warner Brothers first signed her, it was just a joke to sixteen-year-old Mary Frances, and at times a poor one. Her heart belonged to John Burroughs High, to the Girl Scouts, to the French horn she tooted in the band, and to untemperate activities. It belonged to her studies, too, She worked hard and just as she could get to college and be a gym teacher.

Then came the Burbank on Parade contest, Debbie practically passed out when the emcee announced, "And Queen of all Burbank, Miss Mary Frances Reynolds."

As per agreement, Warners handed her a contract, but no work till the very end when she played----no, her sister in "The Daughter of Rosic O'Grady." The awful part was dropping out of the beautiful hurlyburly of Burroughs. Mornings she went to school at the studio, afternoons she tried returning to High school, but she found her mind, and she learned firsthand of the perils of prominence. Lots of the kids expected her to be snooty, so they beat her to the punch by playing snooty first. She'd trud home and cry like mad, which relieved her emotions, but failed to solve the dilemma. She advised herself, (1) Cheer up; (2) Steer clear of Burroughs till your contract runs out, then go back, you'll be more informed, more unfrolicked.

That's the name they picked for her. Deborah. "What's wrong with Mary Frances?"

"Too plain. What's wrong with Deborah?"

"Too dignified."

They compromised on Debbie. But to her family and school friends, she remains Franny. To herself, she's a split personality. "I feel like Franny at home and like Debbie on the lot, and you'd be surprised how the two of us get along."

But in Burbank she had to get, along without M-G-M caught her when Warners dropped her option, "Two Weeks With Love" did the trick. Most beginners (and some veterans) will tell you they wrote in torment through their own performances. Such is their agony that they skulk into darkened theatres to suffer alone. Debbie’s the exception. In addition to parents, grandparents, brother Bill and his wife, Joyce, she rounded up twenty of her gang for the sneak preview. If they liked it, fine. If not, the world would still turn. Watching herself on the screen, she felt no pain. Out of her first ballet with autograph hunters she got the topsyvertuest feeling. "They acted like I was doing them a favor. Golly, imagine what they were doing for me!"

After a mall with her girl friends, she went home to her folks who never dreamed of calling her wonderful. They liked her, that's all. Bill said, "Pretty good, sis." She doesn't remember what anyone else said. As Mary Frances, Bill's "pretty good" had always been an Academy Award. It was good enough for Debbie.

The picture started Debbie's stock soaring and her mind working. Up to then, it had all been an accident, pleasant but crazy—and like the blade in her face any day. Up to then, none of it mattered much. But suddenly it came to matter a lot. "You know that old corny saying about greasepaint trying inside of you? Well, it's in inside of me," she informed her parents.

On the subject of her mother and father, she's not effusive. She just talks about them, and soon it becomes plain that no parents could have been more like that, and to say,"They're immensely broadminded. Not knowing a thing about show business, all of a sudden here I am in the midst of it. Many others would likely be inclined to say, 'We don't think our daughter ought to go into it. This is supposed to be quite a fast business. She might change.' What they did, without telling me till much later, was just quietly take themselves over to Warner Brothers, and meet practically everybody except Jack Warner. There's nothing at all wrong with these people, they decided. 'They're pretty nice folks—and for goodness sakes, just in whatever business, if that's how you feel about it. So when I said I wanted to stay in, it was fine with them."

But, I think she feels, she's very lucky, but keeps a temperate head. "I don't burst with excitement. I'm not demonstrative that way. Maybe it's better when you are. It makes people think you appreciate it more. I couldn't appreciate it more, but I can't go around screaming about it and I'll tell you something: If a fairy godmother had tipped her wand and asked me to choose, I would have liked finishing high school first. High school—but you can't be intertwined kind of fun. This is a real responsible kind of fun. Please don't make it sound like complaining. It's just a small regret."

To Gail—Bill's at Fort Ord—and they all live together in the house Dad bought when they left El Paso for Burbank twelve years ago. Since Burbank's a long haul from the studio, Debbie sometimes asked why she didn't take a place of her own. This query never ceased to puzzle her. "What for? I'd be embarrassed even to mention it. It's like saying your parent's house isn't good enough. I love their house. I wouldn't want to live anywhere else. It's not the size that makes a home, but the spirit. In size, it has bedrooms enough for all of us. In spirit, it says, 'Come in and bring your friends and take your shoes off'"

Dad works for the Southern Pacific. Mother's a housewife. They live on his salary. They have a small business manager invests her earnings, and gives her twenty a week to squander. "That goes for lunches, bowling, shows, and if I want to save it. I play the violin. I'm going to the family's away, so I have to spend more for food. And my dog, Tourjeté (named after a ballet step) and cat, Henry, eat better than I do."

In a home doesn't cramp her sense of independence, an asset diligently fostered by her elders. In her three years at M-G-M, Dad's never seen on the lot, she played. "I couldn't believe it," she reported to Mom one day, "but some mothers stick with the girl. This would be to me very disconcerting. It would wear me out."

"What about you?" And what on earth do you think it would do to me? I don't have to follow you, Franny. You've been raised so we know you won't go off your rocker."
She's been working too constantly to enjoy much leisure. Even on Sundays, she poses for magazine layouts. But when a holiday comes along, her idea of fun is to sleep late, have a girl friend or two over, swim and lie in the sun with the radio on. Evenings she gets around seven, eats, helps with the dishes, plays records, reads and goes to bed.

She thinks it's wrong to let movies push all the rest of life out of your head, and make you one-sided. In her family, you can't be one-sided, because they're interested in too many other things. With Dad, she has big discussions about politics and what she calls "worldly situations." Mom's community-minded, active in Scouting and the local Blood Bank. If Mom fails to get her quota, it upsets her to where she can't eat or sleep. It upsets them all. Anything to do with Korea is their vital concern, not only because Bill's at Fort Ord, but because lots of boys they know and don't know are fighting over there. Apathy on this score stirs Debbie to battle. "Some people know there's a war on, but not with their hearts. They say, 'Yes, it's terrible,' but ask them for a pint of blood they'll never miss and some kid might die without it, and they drift away." "The green eyes cloud. "I don't know if it makes me mad or sad."

She used to get mad with the greatest of ease. Time was when she'd holler and claw and hit, or stomp off in a rage when they called a fool on her. Somewhere in junior high she got wise to herself. She said Debbie to Debbie: "You're being pretty childish, letting yourself blow your top on purpose about stuff you won't even remember tomorrow. Better change your ways, sister." And she did.

Both at home and studio, she's predisposed in favor of the human race, though some members of it, like habitual late-comers, drive her nuts. And she has no use for people who pretend. She can always spot them. "Because there's too sweet or too something." According to Mother, one of her main faults is how she treats the few who get on her nerves. "I find it hard not to be really sarcastic. I do all I possibly can to antagonize them. I usually succeed." Mother believes in politeness, no matter how you feel. So does Debbie, in theory.

Debbie's dream-come-true is her swimming pool. They joked about it at home, knowing they'd never be able to afford it. But after her contract, the joke turned into the dream, and the dream came closer when her manager said she had enough money in the bank. Dad was against it, however. He doesn't like you to change things round the house. So she went to work on him. Not in a rude way, but nagging, "Dad, please can I have a pool?" Very subly. Say they'd be mowing the lawn on a hot afternoon, and she'd push the damp hair from her brow, heave a heart-rending sigh, and the grass left to be cut, and watch him weaken out of the corner of her eye. By the time he left for his vacation, she saw he was weak enough to stand the shock. Debbie comes, and finds this big enormous hole in the ground. My poor father just looked at it. Then he said that what's done is done, which has always been his philosophy. But on top of that he likes swimming.

When it came to her room, she asked the question direct. "Pop, can I make my room bigger?"

"What for?"

"My clothes. They're spilling over."

"Can't be done, Franny. It means changing the roof."

As a practical psychologist, Franny's no dope. Before departing on a personal appearance tour, she carefully arranged garments every which way over bed, tables...
Reduce! It's Fun
This Common Sense Way

"I've really got to reduce!"—how many times have you promised yourself that and then kept putting it off? Delay no longer—let Sylvia of Hollywood tell you how to reduce The Common Sense Way. Let her explain what you can do for yourself to improve your figure. There is no magic about The Common Sense Way to a beautiful figure. But if you follow the suggestions Sylvia of Hollywood has for you in her book More Alibis you may, perhaps, change the beauty of the loveliest movie star!

Sylvia of Hollywood Names Names

Sylvia of Hollywood has reduced scores of famous stage and screen stars—successfully. In this book Sylvia tells how she helped many of Hollywood's brightest stars with their figure problems. She names names—tells you how she developed this star's legs—how she reduced that star's waistline—how she helped another star to achieve a beautiful youthful figure. Perhaps your own figure problems are identical to those of your favorite screen star.

ONLY $1.00
A brand new edition of Sylvia's famous book, No More Alibis is now ready for you. This edition contains all the text matter of the original book, plus the greatest part of her splendid book on personality development entitled Pull Yourself Together, Baby. Now get Sylvia's secrets of charm as well as beauty! The price of this beautiful new illustrated edition is only $1.00 postpaid.

Partial Contents New Edition

(Continued from page 68)

Richard Coyle had been Mitzi's best beau since she was seventeen. At that time, her rise to movie stardom was a dream. But it was a dream she knew she could come true—with steady and hard work. Yet Mitzi had another dream, one of a home, a husband, and children. And when she first saw Richard, she knew with the confidence of her being that he was the man who should share her future.

Older minds might have laughingly considered Richard Mitzi's first "crush." When her mother saw that Mitzi was serious, she didn't laugh. Instead, she wisely extracted a promise from her daughter that she would not wed until she was twenty-one. . . . until she knew beyond a doubt that she was ready for marriage. That's how Mitzi and Richard, "That gives me four whole years to prepare myself to be a good wife."

But toward the end, Mitzi, who has always considered marriage the most important step in anyone's life, found that doubts had begun setting in. There should be no doubts, she realized. And that was when she began to take stock of her life. Suddenly she realized that the girls are caught up in a happy social whirl. They have crushes. They "go steady." But for the most part, they generally date a good many fellows before finding the one and only. Perhaps it is the carefree freedom that one associates with school days. She worked long hours for her stardom and it was a full-time job. Then she found Richard, and she went with no one else.

Growing up can be a bewildering experience under the most normal circumstances. Mitzi achieved stardom in the process; she had attained her goal, suddenly she had more time to take a good look at the world and herself. In grows up, Mitzi saw that she had changed. Today she's more mature, with a more sophisticated spark, both as a person and a personality. And she has an exciting new future at her fingertips.

There have been rumors that there is another man in Mitzi's life. A very important man. It has been said that he entered the picture during the time she was shooting "Jollyanna," in San Francisco. It has also been said that he hired a noted dance director to sharpen Mitzi's dance numbers in the show.

It could, of course, be love. There is nothing Hollywood likes better than a love story, which may explain the rumors. However, according to the Hollywood grapevine, Mitzi's friend is taking plans to produce a lavish musical. This being the case, Mitzi, one of the most talented dancers in filmland, would be a likely choice for the lead. So it is more logical to assume that this important man is a "businessman"—rather than a romantic.

Another report substantiates this conclusion by its mere absurdity. As rumors go, they have gone from the mysteriously romantic to the ridiculous. One fantastically reported was that Mitzi's new beau was having her carefully watched twenty-four hours a day. If true, the guard did double duty, as Mitzi's mother is with her constantly. They have moved from the house they shared with Richard and his mother and are now sharing a modest apartment together.

In breaking her engagement, Mitzi has ended a chapter in her life. Actually, a friend of the Gaynors has said, "This has been coming for a long time." It's hard for a girl to admit that she was wrong. Especially, when she means that it meant losing her friend will never happen. A change of heart takes courage—like Mitzi's.
HERE'S WHERE YOU CAN BUY PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS:

Five-Star Dress by Jerry Gilden:
Franklin Simon Co.,
New York, N. Y.

Atlas Jewelry
Stewart Dry Goods Co.,
Louisville, Ky.

Beck Shoes
At A. S. Beck Stores

Betmar stocking cap
McCreery's,
New York, N. Y.

Betmar feather profile hat
I. Magnin & Co.,
San Francisco, Cal.

Coronet navy calf bag
Best & Co.,
New York, N. Y.

Coronet leather satchel bag
Best Apparel,
Seattle, Wash.

Dawnelle gloves
Hardfield's
Kansas City, Mo.

Delah pearl and carryette
at fine jewelry stores

Glentex velvet stole
Stern Bros.,
New York, N. Y.

LaTausa jewelry
Kaufman Dept. Store,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Madeup hats
Carson, Pirie Scott,
Chicago, Ill.

N. Y. Umbrella Co. umbrella
Arnold Constable,
New York, N. Y.

Madeup shoe
Kaufman Dept. Store,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Queen Quality shoes
Queen Quality Shoe Stores

Seyfer belts
H. Braunstein,
Wilmington, Del.

We Right gloves
The Park,
Chicago, Ill.

For stores nearer you, write to
Fashion Editor, Jessica Bradt
To order THE PHOTOPLAY STAR, simply send $2.50 (federal tax and postage included) in check or money order to:
Coro, Inc., Attention: H.M.B.,
47 W. est 34th Street, N.Y.1, N.Y.

— "DREAM CORONATION PEARLS*
FROM MANUFACTURER—DIRECT TO YOU!

Beautiful, creamy, lustrous pearls... glowing loveliness for every age, every occasion and exceptional values in every way. When you feel these exquisite pearls you'll know in an instant that HERE are the very pearls you want... long, 18 inch graduated strand... with that expensive look — at much less than you dreamed of paying.

FREE! ACT FAST! Your Coronation Pearls delivered in an exquisitely satined, royal blue, felt-covered presentation box!

STERLING SILVER CLASP
with patented safety lock, so that you never lose your precious pearls!

\*: SIMULATED—please note that CORONATION simulated pearls have the weight, the lustre and the look of genuine cultured pearls, yet cost only a fraction of their price!

Add $1.98 for Tax Included, COMPLETELY GIFT-PACKAGED!

MERCURY JEWELRY COMPANY
112 Main St., Ossining, N. Y.
Please send me your DREAM CORONATION SIMULATED PEARLS in the PRESENTATION GIFT BOX.
I enclose $1.98 (cash or money order) check. You pay postage. (No C.O.D.'s please.)

Name

Address

City

High School Course at Home

Many Finish in 2 Years

START $3,270.00 TO $3,795.00 A YEAR

PREPARE NOW FOR —

For Men—Women

FORTA INSTITUTE
111 E. Washington St., Chicago 4, Ill.

WANT A
U.S. GOVERNMENT JOB?

START $3,270.00 TO $3,795.00 A YEAR

PREPARE NOW FOR —

For Men—Women

THE ARMED FORCES

FORTH INSTITUTE
111 E. Washington St., Chicago 4, Ill

No prescription needed

Amazing "shut-eye" shuts your eyes softly—helps you relax and drift into natural, restful slumber. Don't lie awake and worry. Get "shut-eye" today. At most drug stores. 30 tablets $1.

Follow Label—Avoid Excessive Use

Harrison Products, Inc., San Francisco 5

RELIEVES PAIN OF HEADACHE - NEURALGIA NEURITIS

The way thousands of physicians and dentists recommend

Here's Why... Anacin® is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not one but a combination of medically proved, active ingredients in easy-to-take tablet form. Anacin gives FAST, LONG LASTING relief. Don't wait. Buy Anacin today.
Dolls Without Guys

(continued from page 41)
with Greg Bautzer, took to her heels when he dated another very lovely lady of Hollywood, Jane Wyman. And I always did too when it was broadening for a girl to travel, coz right off the boat and the bat in Paris, Ginger got herself a handsome Frenchman, Jacques Bergerac—I believe the translation for the name is "Shepherd"—and this French guy made a fine shepherd for our little Bo Peep.

Everyone here loves Janie Wyman, but her romantic life since she was wooed by Robert Wagner has been on the match as a catch can order. After the divorce, you couldn't sell her Don Juan, but when the normal depression was over she perked up and decided she was too young to be a wife at one. But what was more the male line for a gal to choose from? Of course, there was always Mr. Bautzer, then in one of the off periods with Gin. He didn't make a headline for the honey. I believe the heroic romance lasted all of three months and, of course, it was over.

Then along came Travis Kiefer, twenty-six, handsome, well-heeled. Janie tied up her loose ends—fell in love with the blinker for the charming real estatser who would have been lucky to get Wyman for a bride. But came the disillusionment—his parents didn't swoon for the actress. And she is by too big a gap. The girl everyone loves wasn't in love and wasn't being dittod.

It's a fine kettle of female fish when beautiful girls like Barbara Stanwyck and Nancy Sinatra have to go to parties together because of the manless condition here. For a while, Babs was in luck. Jean and I were there one evening, but the same kind of man had been in the marriage to Robert Taylor took Jean away—he had to go to France to work. I believe that if Aumont had been able to stay, she might have ended up on the altar. But it was too soon for Jean after the tragic death of his wife, Maria Montez.

So, trying to keep her life uncomplicated, and her girl friends around, the two rover girls, Babs and Nancy, chaperone each other to the smart cafes and soirees. Of course Petey Lawford doesn't have the more literary social situation here. He has always been social, but he used to escort movie actresses, especially when they were in the limelight for any reason. Now he's strictly Southampton, Long Island, or Palm Beach, Florida.

Rock Hudson is the Dowagers' Delight. Also the Debs. How they creep up for the close-up with the tall, dark and oh-so-handsome young actor! Rock, very amiable, plays no favorites, although he confides that the only girl who has really interested him since Vera-Ellen is Marilyn Maxwell. But not for any obvious reasons. "She's very smart, and she isn't possessive," Rock explained.

The quickest way for an unknown male to get his name in the papers is to latch on to a movie star actress! Bock, very amiable, plays no favorites, although he confides that the only girl who has really interested him since Vera-Ellen is Marilyn Maxwell. But not for any obvious reasons. "She's very smart, and she isn't possessive," Rock explained.

So who does Piper go with all the time? Middle-aged producer Len Goldstein, who used to make pictures with her at Universal—beauties star actress. Bock, very amiable, plays no favorites, although he confides that the only girl who has really interested him since Vera-Ellen is Marilyn Maxwell. But not for any obvious reasons. "She's very smart, and she isn't possessive," Rock explained.

The quickest way for an unknown male to get his name in the papers is to latch on to a movie star actress! Bock, very amiable, plays no favorites, although he confides that the only girl who has really interested him since Vera-Ellen is Marilyn Maxwell. But not for any obvious reasons. "She's very smart, and she isn't possessive," Rock explained.

So who does Piper go with all the time? Middle-aged producer Len Goldstein, who used to make pictures with her at Universal—beauties star actress. Bock, very amiable, plays no favorites, although he confides that the only girl who has really interested him since Vera-Ellen is Marilyn Maxwell. But not for any obvious reasons. "She's very smart, and she isn't possessive," Rock explained.

So who does Piper go with all the time? Middle-aged producer Len Goldstein, who used to make pictures with her at Universal—beauties star actress. Bock, very amiable, plays no favorites, although he confides that the only girl who has really interested him since Vera-Ellen is Marilyn Maxwell. But not for any obvious reasons. "She's very smart, and she isn't possessive," Rock explained.

There just isn't a young man around that the extremely intelligent Piper wants to spend a lot of time with, although she has been seen with Dick Anderson lately. And certainly he can't afford to dine her at Romanoff's, La Rue's or Chasen's? The answer, in most cases, "No, I'd like to set Piper down in a city in Texas—when you're married and there are lots of them—where she could choose instead of being chosen.

Before Howard Duff married Ida Lupino, he told me, "I won't date anyone who doesn't like me." But I don't know what Ida makes. But the checklist is another reason why single star actresses have such a rugged time on the marriage front. How many men are there who can pay the rent with incomes who can earn up to $5,000 a week? And a man who's a man for all that, doesn't usually let the lady pay. Better to call his own.

The loneliest gal in town has always been Hedy Lamarr. A director friend of mine from abroad, told me that the day after he was introduced to Hedy at a dinner, with whom he didn't even know whether to be flattered or frightened. I refrained from asking why Hedy had telephoned. I'm sure he wouldn't have been used to her here. It was because she was lonely and liked the looks of this man. We're living in a modern age, so why not call for a date?

Kirk Douglas learned the feminine facts of life in an affair with the beautiful wife Diana divorced him. He found a world of waiting women from Rita to Gene Tierney to Terry Moore—all ready, willing and able to dine him with the drop of a phone call.

Cy Howard has an antenna—invisible but potent—that lets him know when a girl is going to be in the news. He landed and immediately after left Tampa for his dine-and-dance date. Cy chased Rita when she walked out on Ali. He pursued Paulette Goddard to Europe. It's all good for party business.

Ann Miller would give all her dancing shoes if she could snare a "Will you marry me?" from Bill O'Connor. But the legal luminary is very elusive.

Pat Neal is having publicity-wise from the aforementioned Mr. Cooper. I honestly believe that Pat would rather be lonely than in the limelight with a married man. But she fell in love with Gary, and he did with her. He just couldn't quite make the leap from one marriage to another. And Pat did the only thing a girl as innately nice as she is, could do with a man. She went away, and seeing the light, he followed and it was all over. I see her all, kind of lonely, but the chin is up.

It was a lucky day for Ann Sothern when Dick Egan crossed her path. He's a nice guy and she knew she wasn't using him up. But when this town a woman doesn't always know. There's a type of man who likes to dress himself, so to speak, with a beautiful woman. Joan Crawford will know what I mean. She's always been a premiere and such. So sometimes, she says, "Yes," even though she isn't fooled.

And hostesses squawk about inviting single women. They might be the best ones to find in an upcoming marriage. But usually, the lonely lady goes to the party alone, hoping she won't leave alone, but it's dollars to dimes she will. The last time I visited her she was surrounded by every beautiful female star actress of the Piper Laurie caliber.

Afterward, she added, "I'm a big hunk or it, anyway.

The End
I'll Bet on Burt

(Continued from page 33)

he became a star. On his first trip out of Hollywood, the young producer who discovered him, Burt arrived in San Francisco without so much as a toothbrush, let alone a change of suits. These days, he's as conscientious about his personal habits as he is about taking a fair, friendly attitude toward autograph-hunters. It's all part of what he calls the "responsibilities of stardom," but it took him a while to begin to realize that figure, because he was the baby of the family. We did have a daughter younger than Burt, but she died when she was two, and Burt's mother, who was a singer and Jane looked out for, fighting his fights. He had no reason then to develop the sense of responsibility he has now.

I didn't have much time to devote to the children, with my post-office job and devoting the daytime, and in the evening, repair work on a couple of small houses I owned and rented. I was a Sunday father—a "fun father," Burt puts it. It was my pleasure to take the kids to the movies, and Sunday afternoons to play baseball, eat popcorn, visit the zoo and drink soda pop. My wife really brought up our family, and I was a wonderful and supportive father.

Burt never argued with his mother. He did try it once, and he couldn't sit down for a week. Mostly, he'd charm his way out of getting a spanking. His big blue eyes and big brown nose always worked on her heart (how he could turn on the innocence when it served his purpose. He'd see her mother coming after him with fire in her eye and a switch in her hand, and he'd give her a big start and laugh and then say, "Mom, did you turn off the light in the kitchen?"

"The way of the world," she'd say, with more smarthy than you'd think. I kept telling her, "Dear, you don't love me any more." Mrs. Lancaster, I regret to say, would melt, while Willie and Jim, no charm boys, looked on in utter disgust.

Burt still uses that ingratiating smile when he gets back into a corner. I believe that boy could smile his way out of anything. But in some way his mother never came near managing to teach Burt that you always had a phobia about dishonesty. She was determined that our children grow up to be decent, law-abiding citizens. I recall the day when Burt was eight or nine. He came home from a game and had a shrewd sense of money. Maybe that's why he's produced his own pictures successfully, while so many other actors have gone broke that way. He wasn't much good at arithmetic problems in school, but when it came to genuine nickels and dimes he was real smart. One summer, he decided to follow the paper route, so he went into the shoe-shine business. "I set up my stand outside Macy's on the Thirty-fifth Street side, Dad," he told me. "It's the most profitable spot in town. That's where the shoe business developed early in life. You might say he inherited it. When I was a young man, we used to win prizes on amateur radio. He had a very good opera voice and song and dance routine called "The Broadway Swell and the Bowery Bum." I played the accordion and the harmonics, too.

Burt got his acting start at the non-denominational Church of the Son of Man and the Union Settlement House in our neighborhood. I remember his opening line well—too well! When he was three, he played a boy named "Bobby" (a burlap potato sack) in a Nativity pageant. Needless to say, he wasn't assigned any dialogue. In the midst of the performance, he discovered he had chewing gum in his mouth and started to fidget down under the stage and proceeded to pull it off. After much exasperated pulling, he snarled at the top of his little voice, "How'd you ever get on my mom, Mrs. Lancaster was so happy. She couldn't wait to get her youngest off the stage.

But his career wasn't ruined. In fact, he finally got promoted; for years, the Lancaster boys and the Wise Men in the Christmas pageant. It became a sort of tradition. Willie and Jim weren't too keen about acting, but Burt got a big kick out of it. He was a movie fan, and all his life his clippings have been kept in safe keeping. Banks. When "The Mark of Zorro" played the Atlas Theatre in our neighborhood, Burt was there when the doors opened at eleven. He was there at eleven that morning, getting in through the back door. Naturally, his mother was in a tizzy. "Willie," I said, "go get Burt. Bring him home even if you have to use force."

"Dad," Willie complained, "all I ever do around here is pick up and deliver."

"But he went and got Burt, and he used force, all right. This time, Mom didn't have to administer a licking; Willie had beaten him to it.

All the same, Burt wasn't the slightest bit discouraged. He'd go around the house jumping over everything in sight, trying to imitate the Fairbanks feats. It never occurred to me that he'd eventually become an athlete; he was quite as a child, and we figured he was going to be the runt of the family. Suddenly, at thirteen, he seemed to begin shooting up over night, and before I knew it, he was among the all--

Burt started his way toward becoming a second Doug Fairbanks when he met at Australian fellow named Curley Brent, a neighbor of ours who taught him how to do a few stunts on the horizontal bars. This taste for acrobatics got my boy and his pal Nick Cravens so excited that they decided to build bars of their own. Burt borrowed money from me; Nick got some from his mother; and soon the two of them, the husky blond kid and the wiry
dark one, were swinging away in our back
yard. You’ve seen the same team, grown
up, showing the Florida, the "Tum
to The Arrow" and "The Crimson Pirate.

But I couldn’t foresee this, so I was pretty
exasperated with Burt, some years later,
when he left college and went off with
Nick to join a circus. Three or four times
he week apiece! If his mother had been alive at
the time (she died when he was fifteen), I don’t think he would have
made this break. Mrs. Lancaster was set
on the children getting college diplomas
and the other three did. Probably, my own
old-time interest in show business kept me
from trying too hard to talk Burt out
of turning acrobat. Whenever a circus or
carnival comes through he’d be given
a twenty-five-miles of New York, I’d always
and go see him. Burt doing giant swings
and somersaults was really something.
But it couldn’t be helped—looking that his
mother wouldn’t have liked it.

Of course, Burt still keeps in top ath-
letic trim even while he’s working on a
piece that doesn’t mention, in print (Being a frustrated actor myself, I’m ex-
tra proud of the dramatic job he does
in “Come Back, Little Sheba.”) He has hori-
zontal bars at his home, works out on
them regularly.

In the last couple of years, Burt’s been
far away from home a good deal, making
pictures on location. The business of
ranging from Ischia to the Fiji Islands re-
minds me again getting paces. I sympathized with Willie’s complaint about
all the time he spent “researching,” because
Burt could get lost easier than any kid
I’ve ever seen. When the postal employees
and his adventuring his under-it yearly
deluge at Coney Island, Burt always
lost, and Willie always spent the day
trying to find him. Burt’s wanderings were
more due to his great curiosity. As a kid, he
was interested in everything. Still is.
I guess I’ve heard him say a million times,
“But I want to know why.”

For me and the rest of the family, his
travels came as everything—like
a time early in October when a Fijian na-
tive’s misadventures gave him a gash
over the right eye, while he was working on
“His Majesty O’Keefe.” But his wander-
ings seem to be a lot more interesting than
we thought.

When I say “the family” now, I mean
my daughter-in-law, Norma, my remark-
able grandchildren, Billy, Susan and Jo-
nan, and the devil-thinking girl, Natas
a son by her first marriage. A few years ago,
Burt persuaded me to come out and live
with them at their West Los Angeles home.
William has died, but his widow lives near
us, and we’re still in New York, Jane
teaching school and Jim on the police.

While I’m not sure what Burt’s mother
would have thought of all his globe-
trotting and the devil-thinking girl he does
in line of duty. I do know that his
marriage would have made her very,
very happy. When he was in his teens, he never
seemed to bother much about girls, but
I don’t think she was as pleased as
after he’d left home. Certainly, there was
nothing childish in the way he went about
courting Norma. They met during the war
in Pisa, Italy, where Burt was a
Army-Navy correspondent with the USO.
And they must have been really
taken with each other, because when Burt
was ordered back to Florence and Norma
to join him, he bought a plane and hopped out at Florence to meet
him. The M.P.’s caught up with both of
them; Burt got guard duty; the USO
authorities confined Norma to quarters for
three weeks—so a devil-thinking girl
made them more sure that they’d eventu-
ally be Mr. and Mrs. It was just like
Norma to insist on packing up the three old children and going along on
his recent jaunt to the Fijis.

Yes, this daughter-in-law of mine is
exactly the right wife for Burt, and he
knows it. Not that they think alike on
everything—Norma usually seems to take
life lightly, is full of laughs, while Burt’s
especially a serious-minded guy, in-
clined to get intense about ideas and
situations. He always has been a dreamer;
and could be if he were in his own dream world for hours, and he
wouldn’t a thing you’d say to him.

Because of some of the parts he plays
in pictures, people get the notion that he’s
crazy about shows with a blowtorch. Truth is, he’s always
quite crazy about books and music. As a boy, he
belonged to both the 110th Street and the
95th Street libraries. His mother would
nudge him into bed at night, and he’d give
her a big loving kiss and pretend to set
own to sleep. But she’d hardly closed
the door before he’d have the bed covers
up to his chin, and a Frank
Merrill will book, and if he wasn’t caught at it he’d be likely to read away until
daylight. Today, I’ll bet Burt is one of the
best-read actors in Hollywood. He keeps
up with the latest books, and he’ll sit
up all night reading if something
catches his interest especially.

Even as a small boy, he loved sym-
phonies. Many a night I’d come home
and find him sitting in a body
spread over a body stretched out on the living-
room floor. There would be Burt, listening
to a symphony. We had a cabinet-model
radio, and he’d turn it down low and stick
in the family and rest of the household wouldn’t be kept awake. Later,
when he was making a few bucks here
and there, he went to the Lewishohn
School. When he was eighteen he took voice lessons, but soon
decided to stick to listening. Opera’s an-
other interest of his; he talks about it like
a real long-hair.

These evenings, I come into the living
room carefully to avoid tripping over the
same body (slightly bigger now). Burt
still stretches on the floor to listen to
the symphony, but he’s spread out so
well that he never awakens the rest of the
household wouldn’t be kept awake. Later,
when he was making a few bucks here
and there, he went to the Lewishohn
School. When he was eighteen he took voice lessons, but soon
decided to stick to listening. Opera’s an-
other interest of his; he talks about it like
a real long-hair.

The days of long ago—lives of
sustained spirit, and I use to go in for
substantial food. Burt wasn’t brought up to
be finicky; his mother saw to it that
all the children ate what was put in front
of them, and she never had any trouble
polishing his plate. So friends get a generous spread at the
Lancasters’ when they drop in now.

A lot of these visitors are circus
and carnival people who knew Burt when
he was a kid. His best friend is—same kid I used to see out in
our back yard with him, doing stunts on the
horizontal bars. If Burt, boy or man,
had been able to get along with Nick,
Crimson, he couldn’t know it, any
more than I do.
Shyest Guy in Town

I had another handicap that kept me from being a member of the lodge. As a youth, my height was greater than my weight. I didn't look like a typical walking. I weighed a hundred and thirty. Now, at six-foot-four, I weigh two hundred. But then I barely carried my hands and feet. They were so huge they spread all over everything.

Then I had another handicap that kept me from being a member of the lodge. As a youth, my height was greater than my weight. I didn't look like a typical walking. I weighed a hundred and thirty. Now, at six-foot-four, I weigh two hundred. But then I barely carried my hands and feet. They were so huge they spread all over everything.

I had another handicap that kept me from being a member of the lodge. As a youth, my height was greater than my weight. I didn't look like a typical walking. I weighed a hundred and thirty. Now, at six-foot-four, I weigh two hundred. But then I barely carried my hands and feet. They were so huge they spread all over everything.

The best things I know today about good manners, kindness and gracious living were taught to me by one of my school chums who lived on the right side.

The big thing about being shy is that it is not only a handicap, but the enjoyment of everybody around you. I know now that everyone is generous. We all want to give. But the "give" works both ways. If someone has been kind to you, you must reward them with your appreciation warmly spoken.

In my own case, all I used to be able to do was mumble, "Thanks." The dancing teacher in Winnetka, who gave me two free lessons, was a wonderful teacher and instead of its being the rich kids' duty to go to her weekly classes, they looked forward to it eagerly. I never could have afforded the lessons but she spotted me hanging around one day, invited me to dance with her, and then volunteered the other lessons. I was nearly overcome, and to keep it from being too much a thing, I thought of myself liking dancing with me just because she was tall, and the average kid in the class only came to her shoulders.

Actually, I think it was because I was so shy that I felt so violently in love the first time. I know all the clowns that go on about so-called puppy love. It wasn't fun with me. It was deeply serious.

For all the girls, growing up, who feel shy because they are not beautiful, let me say right here that I don't believe I would have fallen in love with this first love of mine if she had been beautiful.

My girl was much too plump. She didn't know how to dress. Her skin wasn't perfect. But—and this was the big thing to me at that time—she was fun. She wasn't scared. She knew how to have fun. When it wasn't right there in front of her, something like a party date, let's say, she went out and made fun for herself and everybody concerned.

There I was, the good-looking, exactly her age, but it was she, not I, who discovered the break in the hedge of one of Winnetka's big estates. She was the one who noticed it. I was hanging on the hedge and swimming in the estate pool.

Boy, how beautiful that pool seemed to me then! I thought it was the most beautiful swimming pool there could possibly be. I want to know something? Now that I've seen hundreds of pools in Hollywood, I'm sure that it was! It started like a brook, rambling along the back of a hill. Its diving board came out between the branches of a tree. Then the stream widened, spreading out into a wide, round, deep pool.

Let me tell you that when I finally do marry and have children—lots of children, I believe—what I'd teach them is sports, all the sports. I think this is especially fine for girls. I don't know any fellow who wants his girl to be the demon athlete; but when a girl does swim at least reasonably well—when she can take a swing at a golf or a tennis ball—she can meet a guy on a wonderful level of companionship. I shall teach both my sons and my daughters all the games. And while I'm teaching them games, I'll also try to teach them how to talk—and talk well.

My girl could talk well. And all I could do was lie there by the pool, watch her, and listen.

We went there nearly every day in the summer, even when it rained, my girl and I. I'd bring along some candy bars, and after we'd been swimming, we'd lie on the grass and look down across the lawns at the big house of the estate. It made me dream.

It made my girl dream, too. She'd say, "Roy," (my name then was Roy Fitzgerald), "Roy, when I grow up I'm going to be..."

Tomorrow is the day you prepare for that never comes

George Sanders

Clearasil—New Scientific Advance

At last! A new medication called Clearasil is so effective it brings relief to pimple sufferers. Skin specialists' tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 were cleared up 68% definitely improved.

Amazing Starving Action. Clearasil is greaseless and fast-drying in contact with pimpls. Stares pimpls because it helps remove the oils that pimpls "feed" on. Antiseptic, stops growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimpls.

Instant Relief from embarrassment because Clearasil is skin-colored. And Clearasil is greaseless—stainless.

Thousands Mail Clearasil. So many boys, girls, adults found that Clearasil works, it becomes the largest-selling specific medication for pimpls in America.**

Reader's Digest reported on clinical tests using Clearasil type medication. Guaranteed to work for you as it did in doctors' tests or your money back. 59¢. Economy size 98¢. Get Clearasil at drugists.
SHAMPOO WITHOUT WATER!
New Dry Way
Takes Only 10 Minutes!

WAVE STAYS IN! You'll thrill to the way Minipoo Dry Shampoo restores beautiful hair, without disturbing your sleep.

QUICK AND EASY! No water, no soap, no drying. With its simple brush applicator, fragrant Minipoo powder removes excess oil, dirt and hair odors in just 10 minutes. Leaves your hair shining clean and fresh!

IDEAL DURING COOLS when you don't want to wet your hair. Perfect for last-minute dates. Restores limp, stringy, oily hair to shining softness.

Get this marvelous waterless shampoo today! 30 shampoos and applicator brush in every package. Ask for Minipoo Dry Shampoo—at all toilet goods counters.

ANALYZE HANDWRITING
MORE INCOME... MORE PRESTIGE AND ACTUALITY!
FASCINATING, UNREADABLE PROFESSION-HABIT SHORTS
Fall or fall space, free illustrated lesson and year-book shovows how men and women in home and business find opportunity in analyzing handwriting. Understand People—Make Money. Free lesson and information about amazing opportunity if ever! Write today:

NYLON STOCKINGS FREE TO YOU
with Money-Making Demonstration Kit
Easy to make money in spare time, introducing now, proportioned Nylon Mail line which fits her made-to-order. 3 pairs per kit, send 5¢ for complete demonstration kit. American Aid Mills, Dept. P-22, Indianapolis 7, Ind.

DESTROY UNWANTED HAIR FOREVER
TOMORROW IS NOT ENOUGH
Only by using the hair root can you be FREE of UNWANTED HAIR is gone forever. Great relief from unwanted hair is yours. Send 25c today for Money-Making Demonstration Kit. Mahlers, Inc., Dept. 38-A, Providence 15, R. I.

LEARN AT HOME
TO BE A PRACTICAL NURSE
You can learn practical nursing at home in spare time. Course endorsed by physicians. Thousands of graduates. No school required. High school or 10th grade. A complete course includes 293 lesson lessons and 36 examinations. 104 lessons in 36 units. $60.00, plus additional reading materials. Write for free catalog.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
211, 41 East Pearl Street, Chicago 11, Ill.

EASE COLD MISERY
Take Tabcin
At all drug stores.
45c and 75c sizes.

LISTEN TO

HOLLYWOOD LOVE STORY
A complete romantic drama presented on each program. Cal York, famed PHOTOPLAY Magazine reporter, digs into Hollywood's love life for these heart-palpitating stories. Also latest Hollywood news.

Every Saturday morning, 11:30 A.M. EST, NBC
Marilyn Monroe

(Continued from page 30)

I did nothing wrong and I am not ashamed to admit I posed for the pictures. Mr. Kelly took them and his wife was present.

This same honesty and simplicity set the tone for our entire interview. Marilyn is twenty-six years old—and she looks younger than that. She is slender and graceful, and she has the air of a natural beauty. She is articulate, charming, and confident. Her speech is clear and concise, without a trace of dialect. She talks about her life and her work with a calmness that is almost detached.

Marilyn's mother was a woman of substance, and she has passed that quality on to her daughter. Her mother was a schoolteacher, and she was also an active member of the community. Marilyn's mother was a strong woman, and she was a source of inspiration for her daughter.

Marilyn has always been a writer, and she has a natural talent for it. She has written several books, and she has also written for television. Her writing is clear and concise, and it is easy to read. She is a talented writer, and she has a natural flair for words.

Marilyn has always been a public figure, and she has been in the limelight for many years. She has been a celebrity, and she has been a role model for many people. She has been a inspiration to many people, and she has been a source of comfort for many people.

Marilyn has always been a fighter, and she has fought for what she wanted. She has been a strong woman, and she has never given up. She has been a woman of substance, and she has always been a fighter.

Marilyn has always been a woman of substance, and she has always been a fighter. She has been a strong woman, and she has always been a fighter. She has been a woman of substance, and she has always been a fighter.
people who've been responsible for me, have ever suggested such an arrangement. They've all known it wouldn't be fair to either of us—especially me. I was common ground on which to make a home.

I hated to ask the next question, but I felt I had to. "It's been said, Marilyn, that you have been 'negligent about your mother's support.'"

"I have contributed to her support when she needed help, ever since I've been making enough money to do so. But she's done her share for herself a great deal of the time. She was a cutter at RKO, and she did work at Columbia for a while."

Then we switched to a lighter subject—clothes. "The stories about your wardrobe run to the two extremes—that you have only a very few simple, inexpensive dresses—or that you have a lavish wardrobe of designer frows."

"I don't have many clothes. I can't afford an expensive wardrobe yet. I have some cottons that run anywhere from ten dollars to thirty-five. And I have a few expensive items—dresses that cost over seventy-five. When I have a party, or for a studio occasion, I use the wardrobe department."

"How about furs?"

"I don't own any. But I've borrowed fur coats from the studio. And I've also gone to the pawnshop and gotten such a thing myself, and I've been perfectly comfortable."

"I love clothes, but I don't worry about them. I think people are much too apt to confuse the trimmings with what's underneath."

"And it doesn't pay to make elaborate clothes. I don't go to night clubs—and I've never been to a premiere."

"Things are going awfully well for you financially now, aren't they?" I asked next.

"Oh, yes," Marilyn said. "And I never buy anything new without being sure I can afford it. But in the old days, I was always getting in too deep. When I first started in movies, I bought a record player on time payments. But, before I finished paying for it, I lost out at Twenty-first—my option wasn't picked up—and that was the end of the record player. And then another time the finance company took back my car. All that taught me a lesson."

Marilyn looked sad. "I never had an easy time these days. There are too many demands on her time. The studio casts her in one picture after another, since she is top box-office—" Don't Bother to Knock," "O. Henry's Full House," "We're Not Married," "Monkey Business," "Niagara," and just now she is rehearsing and preparing wardrobe for "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

But once she arrives at the interview she burns all her gossips and anything that might make her lose her temper when untruths are printed. "Sooner or later, the truth always comes out."

Hollywood's Whispering: Esther And Ben

(Continued from page 45) and business, that Ben's big brain and she's the helpless little woman," this friend continued. "But the truth is, Esther is one of the best business women Hollywood has ever seen." And filmtown gossips say that she is making more and more of her decisions, perhaps brushing aside Ben's opinions and showing that she doesn't have too much respect for his judgment; this, if true, would naturally deflate his ego. For, over the years, they have had working, share-and-share-aleike marriage.

But Esther and her own ego today are an item to be reckoned with. She is considered dominating around people she's working with. But the situation is becoming more and more disliked. A studio worker who has been associated with Esther on many of her pictures recently, said: "She's making more and more of her own decisions, perhaps brushing aside Ben's opinions and showing that she doesn't have too much respect for his judgment; this, if true, would naturally deflate his ego."

It would probably surprise and perhaps even hurt Esther to know how disliked she is by many people who know her. Last year, the Hollywood Women's Press Club voted Esther and Ben best dressed actress, and this year, she has shown small improvement. Interviews are cancelled, photographic settings changed to suit her own convenience. Sometimes she is ac- cused of being "cold and aloof." Her friends say, however, that this is unfair, that Esther is extremely near-sighted and cannot see any distance without her glasses—thus she sometimes looks cold and aloof to people, and they mistakenly think she is snubbing them.

The basic problem for Esther and Ben seems to be an adjustment of egos. But even about this, Esther is objective and clear-headed, which doesn't make her decide. In fact, some say, she is so clear-headed and cool that the real battle of their marriage is the battle of boredom. And no one has hinted that either Esther or Ben is interested in anyone else.

Some of the rumors that are doing the rounds, Esther and Ben go on maintaining their own family kind of life. For Christmas a year ago, for instance, they planned to go to Acapulco on a vacation with their children, Benji and Kim. "But," their friends say, "when Esther of Honolulu instead—and for a very homey and touching reason. Little Benji's nurse, whom they had engaged when Esther was on location in Hawaii, wanted to go home for Christmas, so the stage family went to Hawaii to insure the nurse's holiday."

On the first day of Esther's most recent picture, "Dangerous When Wet," Esther pointed out a plant in her dressing room. "Ben doesn't send me flowers any more."

"But he send me a plant that I can take home and put in our garden. That shows how permanent our marriage is!"

A few years ago before Esther hit stardom as she knows it today, she spoke of her marriage in these terms: "If you keep your sense of values and stability and de- remember what you wanted in the first place, you'll be okay . . . if you just remember the road you started on and stay on it."

Perhaps the recurrent rumors of trouble remind Esther of that road . . . and how important it is for her happiness and for Ben's not to veer off it. The End
Hollywood's Whispering: Troubled Twosomes

(Continued from page 47)

against his wife's. A year ago he would have been too self-conscious for such honest demonstration.

When they celebrated their sixth wedding anniversary, Jeff was in Pendleton, Oregon, making "Sioux Uprising." With two days off, he flew home to Marge to celebrate. Apparently, Jeff's home to stay.

While at Hollywood, Tyrone has been discussing the Chandler, the Tyrones, Powers have been giving their intimate circle of friends a great deal to talk about. The general opinion is that Linda Christian secretly enjoys being the cause of those raised eyebrows. A true continental, with several languages at her command, Mrs. Power makes no bones about saying that Hollywood parties are, for the most part, boring.

There is every indication of the restlessness she feels, and, at the Van Johnson party especially, Linda's attempt to inject a little "life" into the festivities became the talk of the town. Her conversation was stilted, and the semi-nude statue she posed for that now graces her garden is still a topic for conversation. Another topic is the verbal battle between Linda and Lita. The cause of it was a shocker even to their best friends.

Yet, if Tyrone Power is aware of the all too obvious situation, he is unhappy about it, or cares at all, not even a mind reader would know anymore. His eyes are always on Linda and they are adoring. He never loses his temper with her. He smiles with amused acceptance over her antics. At every party, he is always charming, gracious and subdued. When Linda wanted to act again in "The Happy Time," he voiced his objections. He worships his little daughter, Romina, and to all evidence is a happily married man.

Linda loves foreign countries and the Powers will undoubtedly divide their time between the United States and Europe now that Ty is free to make his own continental arrangements. There are a few who believe that Linda's restless nature will end the marriage, despite Ty's present contentment. There are more who believe that her ego is riding for a fall unless she pulls a few "stoppers." In the meantime, Hollywood continues to watch—and continues to wonder.

Of all the stars, Martin and Lewis seem to have the most and ablest publicity for weathering all the adversities of Hollywood. Lawsuits, studio feuds, gossip, and separation rumors seem to roll off their ex-}

pensive backs. The boys come up smiling and keep everyone roaring. Both members of the tempestuous team have been occasional targets for the snipers.

Not so long ago, Dean Martin's name was whispered in connection with a young and beautiful leading lady. Soon after, his name was replaced by Jerry's. However, if there was truth behind the talk, it was never proved. Dean seems honestly happy in his marriage to blonde and beautiful Jeanne Martin. Being a consistent "relaxed" type, if there was anything wrong, Hollywood would probably be unaware of it until it reached a crisis.

While nothing seems to surprise Hollywood (even trouble in the Dean Martin household, if it ever occurred), everyone would be startled right out of their seven-year contract. There is no doubt between Jerry Lewis and his brown-eyed Patti. As much as Martin and Lewis are dependent on each other professionally, that's how much Jerry depends upon his adoring wife. Despite the rumors which have touched their doorstep, Patti (he calls her "Mommy") is actually Jerry's alter ego. It's difficult to believe there could be a Jerry Lewis without Patti there to give him love, courage, and guidance.

People do not attract that which they want, but that which they are.

BETTY HUTTON

Ingrid Bergman is perhaps the most tragic figure up for speculation in the rumor-market. Ingrid, who gave up her daughter, her home, her Hollywood career for Roberto Rossellini, has never been able successfully to avoid the spotlight. Before the birth of Isabella Fiorella and Isotta Ingrid, Ingrid was kept busy denying the stories of how difficult it was to live with Rossellini. With the arrival of the twins, she thought surely that the troublesome talk would stop. But it hasn't. Now come reports linking the names of Roberto and Anna Magnani, the fiery Italian actress who was once the great love of his life. Letters from Rome say that Ingrid is terribly hurt. It has also been said that Ingrid has been seen dining with other men. These too, have been denied. But Hollywood still whispers—and the whispers grow louder.

The END

**Listen Then Look!**

Listen to "True Detective Mysteries" every Sunday afternoon and help catch the fugitive criminals described on the program.

**$1000.00 REWARD!**

A reward of $1000.00 is offered for information leading to the arrest of any of these criminals. For details tune in your Mutual station, Sunday afternoon and hear "TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES"

Every Sunday Afternoon on 525 Mutual stations

Be sure to read "THE BAT MAN"—the latest facts on the exploits and capture of that eerie figure who stalked women and murdered his last victim in July 1953. In January TRUE DETECTIVE magazine now on sale.

**Now your Easy Dollars are here!**

**Do you need extra dollars for those extra bills?**

**Do you want to start a profitable no-cost business for yourself? A business that grows year by year, dollar by dollar, surprisingly?**

**Start NOW—don't miss this big opportunity! Here's your chance to earn your own income—at no cost to you!**

It's so easy— and SO profitable! Just act as magazine secretary for us in your community. Take care of subscriptions for OUR MAGAZINES for your friends, neighbors and relatives. It costs you nothing but spare time!

Write today—NOW—for free material and information. Address:

Subscription Agents Div., Dept. PI-53
MACADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC.
205 E. 42nd St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

**NEW TINY TONE RADIO**

For Radios of YOUR choice—LUX, KENEX, OR PORTABLE. Each equipped with Guaranteed to last one year. Available at your dealer.

**FRE! FREE!**

Photo of Your Favorite MOVIE STAR

by Bergman $1000 year product you own large 16×20 color floral board photo. GUARANTEED TO be a top seller. 10. 10 copies of your photo printed exclusive. Rush order for best selection.

**FREE! FREE!**

Your Name on Stars, Hollywood Film Star Center. 305 N. Beverly, Hollywood, Calif.

**Learn NURSING at home**

Earn up to $75 a week as a Practical Nurse. Thousands needed for hospitals, homes, private duty. Learn at home. Earn while training. Course written by doctors, tested in clinic. Outfit rent. High school not needed. Write for booklet.

GLENWOOD CAREER SCHOOLS
2050 Glenwood Ave., Chicago 26 • Dept. NH-1

**Personal**

To Women With Nagging Backache

Nagging backache, loss of pep and energy, headaches and dizziness may be due to slowdown of your kidney function. Doctors say good kidney function is very important to good health. When some everyday condition, such as stress and strain, causes this important function to slow down, many folks suffer nagging backache—feel miserable. Minor bladder irritations due to cold or wrong diet may cause getting up nights or frequent passages.

Don't neglect your kidneys; if these conditions bother you, Try Doan's Pills—a mild diuretic. Used successfully by millions for over 50 years. It's amazing how many times Doan's give healthy relief from these discomforts—help the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters flush out waste. Get Doan's Pills today!
He Couldn't Fail

(Continued from page 67)

These were instilled in me," he says, "long before I was born. My mother has it right here." He points to his heart.) "Divorce divided the family when my older brother, Walter, and I were just babies. With no help to count on, most women would have deserted. But instead of sobbing, my mother smiled.

Mom believed then as she believes now: Good constructive thinking brings good results. Those who are deserving will always be loved. To have friends, one must give friendship. During our darkest moments—and she rarely even mentions them now—her faith remained unshaken.

Often, as a child, Tab remembers seeing how well that faith could be counted on. In on this particular day, the cupboard was barren—if not bare. It was a long time before Tab's family became a physiotherapist (she now has a successful career), and the Gellens were still living in New York City. Where the boys were born, Mrs. Gellen worked here, anywhere, to support her sons. Tab tells the story as it was told to him. "Walter was at home in our one-room basement apartment. My mother was pulling me on a sled through the snow to the grocery store. She knew that, with enough food, even though she had less than a dollar in her purse.

"A block or so along the way, Mom looked around. No baby! She was frantic and—right here. She knew for sure she had left me behind.

"But I was having a wonderful time. I laughed up at her, and waved a pretty piece of paper I had dug out of the snow. The paper had five cents in it."

Returning the following day, it guided Tab Hunter to good fortune is just losing a jigsaw puzzle into place. Tab's a little sheepish when he enumerates all the family's economics and changes.

"We moved a lot, too often," he grins, "the postal authorities must have hated us. Mom always wanted us to have the best. So the second she saw a better chance, job-wise, she'd pack us off to some new place."

When possible, Gertrude Gellen put the boys into day school, and they would live nearby. And when she had to leave town to work, she boarded them out. Tab's school days were often the hardest of his life. "If I could settle with the Matson line, was very concerned with his daughter's struggle to support her sons. As soon as he could—the boys were two and three when the family was financially tapes they made to finance a family move from New York first to San Francisco, later to Long Beach.

"Grandfather was just great," Tab recalls. "He paid our transportation and he made it possible for Mom to train for play. Shows in St. Louis. Even when he had to go ahead and pay the Matson line, he arranged for her to go out on ships for the Matson Line."

Eventually, Los Angeles became home base for the Gellens. Tab attended St. John's Parochial School; and in the ninth grade, he registered at Mt. Vernon Junior High. There, in a musical called "The Wedding Song," he played a young Dutch boy in love with a giggling Dutch girl.

This would make a better story if Tab's urge to act had been born right then and there. But it's just not so. Though he was moved and set to work for his kids who work in the theatre, his reasons for making the move were athletic and not artistic. A love for horses and figure-skating on ice all but consumed his life. He wanted, first time for both.

"When my brother first took me to the stables," Tab laughs now, "I wasn't the least bit interested. Imagine! But then I started learning to ride jumpers, and suddenly it hit me—hard! Mom used to give us a sandwich, fifteen cents for hot soup and a dime for milk. I ate the sandwich and put the soup and milk money into a fund for renting horses.

"Poor Mom! She worried about my being too young. I could ride, though. I wasn't any too popular with her personally. When I'd come home, she'd have to hold her nose with one hand.

"I wasn't hanging around stables, Tab was hanging around rinkers. In the course of time, he competed in state, Pacific coast and national figure-skating contests. The speed and precision of skating fueled his ambition. It was a sobering challenge to his imagination. Like being in another world, he describes it. Like flying through space on your own pair and heading for the moon.

"From May 7 to November, 1947, Tab was a member of the U. S. Coast Guard. He was as tall then as he is now, and he kidded the authorities into believing he was of military age—at fifteen and a half. He was in his skill, he says: "It was a lark, the better. He still blushed over it—and over his summary mustering out, once the ruse was discovered.

"During his period in service, Tab was stationed at a Coast Guard School in Connecticut. Weekend leaves found him in New York, quartered with his best friend, Dick Clayton (he's now an agent, and—on the romantic side, a regular date of Ann Blyth's), who was then appearing in a play on Broadway."

"Tab was always starved," Dick sums it up. "The typical teen-age boy. There was never money, but we ate, and we had fun. I'm sure Tab never misses those days of stretching lengths between various jobs—as a shipping clerk or a soda jerk, moving lawns or helping out in a sheet metal works. He was thinking seriously about the movies, and this suggested itself to him as a possibility.

"Brief as his career has been, there have already been a dozen conflicting stories about how Tab Hunter got his break. Here are two that are in line with the facts.

"I liked acting—what little I knew about it. To be very honest, I also knew that it paid well. And I wanted to make a lot of money so things would be easier for Mom, she told him. He took the part of a lead in the studio. But nothing happened—except that back-of-the-head bit.

"In the meantime, I was studying. Then, one day, a friend took me to a rehearsal of 'Shades of a Dream.' I'd never been in plays before. I was Cast member. I dreamed that would be an important turning point.

"That day, I met Paul Guilfoyle, who was directing the play. Later, he became a cast member—beautiful! We were in a play together—how I remembered him. When director Stuart Heisler wanted somebody of my type to play opposite Linda Darnell in 'Island of Desire,' Paul introduced me to he me. It was I and Mr. Heisler who got me the part, and I I scared silly. As I left home, Mom said, 'Don't worry, You'll get your part.' That gal and her faith!

"I walked in Mr. Heisler's door, and Stefani Norldi, who wrote the story, took one look at me and said, 'This is the boy I want.' Just like that!

"So they tested me. And after I got the part, though I wasn't the only boy could 'tab' me as anything else. I don't like it much myself, but people who are wise in this business keep reminding me that a name is only as important as its owner makes it. And I certainly can't complain about how things are working out since people started to call me Tab."

One of the most heartwarming things that have happened to him under his new name was a gift from the readers of Photoplay magazine. Tab won the "Out of Hollywood Star" contest. You took one look at him in "Island of Desire" and decided, in vast numbers that he was a sure bet for starring opposite cocktails. They have cast him in "Johnny Ringo."

His first movie was filled with rewards before, after and during the shooting. He still looks back wide-eyed on one wonderful day that it was being made.

"I had my twentieth birthday, while we were in Jamaica working on the picture. And Linda Darnell gave me a party. Yes, I got another kiss. And this time I was on my own—with no cameras turning."

The company worked in Jamaica for twelve weeks, and then spent seven more in England, finishing the picture. Pinching himself black and blue in disbelieve, Tab saw Paris—and vice-versa. He smiled at the authorities, and found that another one of those "good things" happened aboard ship. There was the usual pool among the passengers to guess the exact time they'd spot Ambrose Light.

"I hit the water with Tab—and with all his heart, he believes his will come true.

"Mom has worked so hard all her life," he says with feeling. "I'd like to take her out of hospitals forever. But I know she could never be idle, so I hope to buy her a little house that she can live in and manage.

"Currently, Tab and his mother share an apartment in Beverly Hills. It has one bedroom, and a pull-down bed, not quite as glamorous. Brother Walter is married now, and in the Navy.

"Unlike the many mothers who resent losing their hold on devoted sons, Gertrude Gellen urges Tab to "watch for the right girl and settle down.

"The right girl?" "Does it sound corny to say she'll have to have beauty from within?" Tab asks anxiously. "Of course, I hope she loves sports," and then Tab adds, "At least, I think she's got to be all she's got to be." That's all in the future, though. For the time being, Tab is turning all his tenderest emotions in another direction. Not long ago, he fell in love with a horse."

"He says it as if everyone else does."

"And when I saw him on Bail, I just had to have him. And the price was sensational—irresistible. So I just bought him.

"There are some diehards, no doubt, who'd say that at this stage of the acting game, Tab can't afford to be thinking about a horse. But you see, the horse is the lead. I'm not only making to support the one, he's sure things will work out just as happily when the time comes to budget for the other."

"And with Tab Hunter's luck—or is it courage?—or is it faith?—there's no doubt that he'll get what he wants, just exactly when he wants it.
Ladies – here's the best news you ever heard! Your chance to get a whole new beautiful wardrobe of your own... a stunning collection of the most colorful new styles... WITHOUT PAYING A SINGLE PENNY! And — unbelievable though it sounds — you can make up to $100 in a month just by wearing these glorious dresses — and showing them to your friends!

HERE'S ALL YOU DO!
Just wear these lovely Fashion Frocks given to you as a bonus. What could be more pleasant? You have your choice of over 150 striking new styles — designed by one of America's best known dress companies. When friends ask about them, simply explain how you can get them the same exquisite styles. Your friends, relatives and neighbors will jump at the chance to get these dresses. It's our way of advertising the unbeatable values offered by world-famous FASHION FROCKS!

NO CANVASSING ... NO EXPERIENCE!
No woman can resist such smart, original styles, such magnificent colors and fabrics. And there's a complete range of sizes for every type of figure... Misses, Half-Sizes, Juniors and Stouts. Until you actually see the breath-taking portfolio of new Fashion Frocks, you simply can't imagine the amazing variety of styles, colors, weaves and patterns. So it's no wonder you'll be making BIG MONEY just by wearing and showing them to your friends. Best of all, there's no door-to-door canvassing and you need no experience.

NO OBLIGATION OF ANY KIND!
Everything is ABSOLUTELY FREE OF COST! The coupon brings you the whole wonderful plan, including the line-up of exclusive new styles. And don't forget! Everything you get is absolutely without obligation of any kind!

FASHION FROCKS, INC.
Studio L-1053, Cincinnati 25, Ohio

PASTE THIS COUPON ON POSTCARD MAIL TODAY!

FASHION FROCKS, INC.
Studio L-1053, Cincinnati 25, Ohio

YES, I'd like to be one of the women who get the chance to make up to $100 in a month for wearing and showing Fashion Frocks. Without obligating me in any way, please send everything I need FREE!

Name: __________________________________________
Address: _________________________________________
City: ____________________ Zone: ______ State: _______
Age: ________ Dress Size: ______

DON'T WAIT! OPENINGS LIMITED!
This NEW plan is so sensational that openings are limited. So hurry! Fill out the coupon and send it in before the quota is filled. There is no obligation, not a penny to pay! Paste coupon on a postcard — and mail it today!
There are three Breck Shampoos for three different hair conditions.
Whenever you buy a shampoo, keep in mind one thought - hair tends to be dry, oily or normal. For each of these hair conditions, there is a different Breck Shampoo. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. The Breck Shampoo for your hair condition will leave your hair clean, soft and lustrous.

The Three Breck Shampoos are available at Beauty Shops, Drug Stores, Department Stores and wherever cosmetics are sold.
Hollywood
Carrying SEX
Too Far?

The Threat to
the TONY CURTIS-
ANET LEIGH
Marriage
20¢
20 BEAUTIFUL CROSLEY KITCHENS!

WIN your "dream kitchen"! 20 CONTESTS IN 20 DAYS! Enter every contest!

OVER $100,000 TOTAL VALUE IN PRIZES!

ENTER THIS BIG CAMAY and IVORY SNOW CONTEST NOW!

CROSLEY ALL-ELECTRIC KITCHENS are a sensation among homemakers! Finest design—sturdiest construction—beauty and convenience in every detail; Your Crosley Kitchen makes meal-preparation, cooking, and "kitchen-living" more fun . . . saves you time, work, money! First-Prize Kitchens include all these units, plus installation allowance at $500 in cash!

Crosley Shelvador® Freezer with shelves on the lid for extra "top-level" space.

Crosley Electric Range with double-oven, divided top, and deep-well unit.

Crosley Automatic Dishwasher-Sink Combination with Reversing SwiftClean Tray.

Crosley Shelvador® Twin-Automatic Refrigerator that doubles front-row space.

Crosley Kitchen Cabinets—up to value of $400—to fit individual kitchen needs.

Crosley Coloradio designed especially for the kitchen.

SEE these magnificent awards at your Crosley Dealer's!

Just complete this sentence in 25 additional words or less!

"I keep (NAME OF PRODUCT) on hand because...

Now you have twenty opportunities to win a Crosley "Kitchen of Your Dreams"! What's more, Ivory Snow and Camay are offering you 20 chances to win 50 other magnificent prizes in these 20 daily contests! Enter now; enter every day for the 20-day contest period!

It's easy! In your words, finish this sentence, using 25 additional words or less: "I keep (Ivory Snow or Camay) on hand because..."

Send in as many sentences as you like. Be sure each entry is accompanied by an Ivory Snow box-top, or 3 Camay wrappers. Your dealer has handy entry blanks. Read the contest rules for mailing address and closing dates.

To help you get started, think of the advantages these two products offer. Ivory Snow is the safest possible soap you can buy for everything you wash with special care . . . by hand or machine. Ideal for diapers, too! And there's no finer beauty soap than Camay. Changing to regular care and Camay can help you win that lovely, smoother Camay Complexion!

Here are sample sentences to help you WIN!

"I keep Ivory Snow on hand because it's safer for the lingerie I wash by hand and baby things I do by machine, and being grounded it's "double perfect" in my machine."

"I keep Camay on hand because Camay is so mild and refreshing...just right for my face—and it's so fragrant, loveliers say it makes my bath truly luxurious!"

1. Complete this sentence: "I keep (Camay, Ivory Snow) on hand because...

2. Get an official entry blank from your dealer or write on one side of a plain sheet of paper. Print plainly your name and address.

3. Mail to Contest, Box 3- K. Cincinnat i 1, Ohio. Send as many entries as you want; but enclose 1 Ivory Snow bucket or 3 Camay wrappers (any size) with each entry. If you enclose 1 Giant size Ivory Snow bucket or 3 Bath-Size Camay wrappers with your entry and receive a prize, your entry will also receive an extra $100 down payment on a new Crosley Television set, or a Crosley Room Air Conditioner.

4. There are 20 separate contests, each with an individual list of prizes. A new contest each day; except Saturday, Sunday, and February 12th. From January 19th to February 16th inclusive, the winners of the grand prize of $5,000 will be selected from the winners of the first prizes in the 20 daily contests. Entries received before midnight, January 19th, will be entered in the first day's contest. Thereafter, entries received on any contest day will be entered in that day's contest. All entries received on Saturdays and Sundays will be entered in the contest for the following Monday. Entries received on February 17th will be entered in contest for February 19th. Entries for the final (20th) contest must be postmarked before midnight, February 16th, and received by midnight, March 2nd.

5. Prizes awarded each day will be:

First Prize . . . Crosley Kitchen consisting of Stove, Oven, or Range, (or choice); And a Camay or Ivory Snow Freezer. Included in First Prize winners' $500 cash installation allowance.

Second Prize . . . Crosley Shelvador Freezer.

Third Prize . . . Crosley Coloradio.

PLUS GRAND PRIZE OF $5000

for best 1st-prize-winning entry in entire contest!

WIN EXTRA AWARDS!

1. First-prize winners who send box-top from Giant-Size Ivory Snow, or 3 Bath-Size Camay wrappers, with entries, win an extra $100 down payment on a new Crosley television set, or a Crosley Room Air Conditioner.


3. Third Prize . . . Crosley Coloradio.

4. Grand Prize . . . $5,000 in cash to be awarded in the best entry of the 20 first-prize winners.

5. Entries will be judged for originality, sincerity, and accuracy of thought. Judges' decisions will be final.

6. Entries must be wholly the work of the entrant. Entries must be the work of the entrant. Entries must be the work of the entrant. Entries must be the work of the entrant.

7. Entries may not be returned except by request. All entries will be judged for originality, sincerity, and accuracy of thought. Judges' decisions will be final.

8. There will be no limit to the number of entries. Entries will be judged for originality, sincerity, and accuracy of thought. Judges' decisions will be final.

9. Entries will be judged for originality, sincerity, and accuracy of thought. Judges' decisions will be final.

10. Entries will be judged for originality, sincerity, and accuracy of thought. Judges' decisions will be final.

Here are sample sentences to help you WIN!

"I keep Ivory Snow on hand because it's safer for the lingerie I wash by hand and baby things I do by machine, and being grounded it's "double perfect" in my machine."

"I keep Camay on hand because Camay is so mild and refreshing...just right for my face—and it's so fragrant, loveliers say it makes my bath truly luxurious!"

FINISH THIS SENTENCE!

Just complete this sentence in 25 additional words or less!

"I keep (NAME OF PRODUCT) on hand because..."

Follow these simple rules!

CROSYE SNOW

Camay

Ivory

CROSLEY KITCHENS

FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE RULES!
AT THE FIRST SYMPTOM OF A COLD OR SORE THROAT

Gargle

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

Quick!

It Can Help Head Off Trouble or Lessen Its Severity

Yes, used thoroughly and often, Listerine Antiseptic can actually help head off a cold or sore throat due to a cold, or lessen their severity.

It fights infections as an infection should be fought... with quick, germ-killing action.

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs, including those called "secondary invaders" (see panel below). These are the very bacteria that often are responsible for so much of a cold's misery when they stage a mass invasion of the body through throat tissues. Listerine Antiseptic attacks them on these surfaces before they attack you.

Remember that tests made over a 12 year period showed that regular twice-a-day users of Listerine had fewer colds and generally milder ones than non-users; and fewer sore throats.

So, at the first symptom of a cold—a sneeze, cough or throat tickle—gargle with Listerine Antiseptic. It has helped thousands... why not you? Lambert Pharmacal Company Division of The Lambert Company, St. Louis 6, Missouri.

And to be Extra Careful about Halitosis (bad breath)

Use LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC...no matter what else you do.

Do you know why Listerine Antiseptic is better? Because the most common cause of Halitosis is germs...that's right, germs start the fermentation of proteins always present in your mouth.

Listerine kills germs that cause that fermentation...killed by the millions. Brushing your teeth doesn't give you this antiseptic protection. Chlorophyll, chewing gums don't kill germs. Listerine does.

That's why Listerine stops Halitosis instantly...and usually for hours. That's why Listerine Antiseptic averaged four times better than the leading chlorophyll products it was tested against.

So, if you want really effective protection against Halitosis... no matter what else you may use...use an antiseptic...Listerine Antiseptic, the most widely used antiseptic in the world.

Every week on Radio and Television Enjoy—"THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE & HARRIET" See your paper for time and station.
PHOTOPLAY
favorite of America’s ‘first million’ movie-goers for 40 years

February, 1953

CONTENTS

Highlights
Rita Takes the Count (Rita Hayworth) .................................................. 31
Inside Stuff ......................................................................................... 32
Is Hollywood Carrying Sex Too Far? ............................................. 36
So They Were Married (Jane Wyman) .......................................... 38
The Things I’ve Learned ................................................................. 40
And Along Came Dodo (Doris Day) .............................................. 42
Dixie (Dixie Lee Crosby) ................................................................. 44
The Threat to the Tony Curtis-Janet Leigh Marriage .................. 46
Love Story (Delores Keane) ......................................................... 50
Are Actors Sissies? ........................................................................ 52
Betty’s Other Life (Betty Grable) .................................................. 54
Change of Face ................................................................................ 58
Photoplay Star Fashions ................................................................. 60
Too Busy For Love? (Arlene Dahl) .............................................. 64
Second Chance (Cornel Wilde) ..................................................... 66
Don’t Be My Valentine ................................................................. 68
Mothers’ Day (Jane Powell, Judy Garland) ............................... 70
With Open Hearts (Roy Rogers, Dale Evans) ........................... 76
Sylvia: ‘Sr., America’s Editor’ ...................................................... 81

Features in Color
Dorothy Malone, Scott Brady ......................................................... 32
Dale Robertson, Lola Albright ...................................................... 37
Piper Laurie ..................................................................................... 41
Jane Wyman ................................................................................... 41
Marge and Gower Champion ...................................................... 52
Marilyn Monroe ............................................................................. 53
Mitzi Gaynor .................................................................................. 56
Elaine Stewart ................................................................................ 57
Elizabeth Taylor ............................................................................. 57

Lisa Ferraday .................................................................................. 61

Special Events
What Hollywood’s Whispering About ........................................ 4
That’s Hollywood ........................................................................... 18
For You ............................................................................................. 21
Photoplay Appearances ............................................................... 26
To Reach the Stars ......................................................................... 28
Laughing Stock ............................................................................. 32

Tony Gray Editor

Beverly Ott Managing Editor
Charlotte Plimmer Coordinating Editor
Suzanne Noll Assistant Editor
Jessica Braid Fashion Editor

Fred Sammis Editor-in-Chief

Hollywood Editorial Staff
Contributing Staff
Hollywood Art Staff

Sylvia Wallace—Editor Tony Noel—Managing Editor
Maxine Arnold, Jerry Asher, Ruth Waterbury
Phil Stern, Sterling Smith

FEBRUARY, 1953

PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHED MONTHLY by Shapiro Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y.
EXECUTIVE, ADVERTISING AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 240 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y. Editorial Branch offices: 271 South Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.; Harold A. Wise, President; Fred R. Kohanski and S. N. Hamburger, Vice-Presidents; Meyer Dukoff, Secretary and Treasurer; Irving A. Mannik, Chairman; Leonard Kornman, Director of Foreign Operations.

subscriptions rates $2.00 one year, U. S. and possessions, Canada $2.50 one year, $6.00 per year all other countries.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: 8 weeks’ notice essential. When possible, please furnish silent-address stamps. Please note that we may not be able to make allowances for lost or damaged copies of PHOTOPLAY.

MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS should not be returned unless accompanied by stamped self-addressed envelopes.


PHOTOPLAY is registered at the U. S. Patent Office and at the U. S. Post Office and Canada, as a trademark exclusively registered in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company.

Member of The True Story Women’s Group
M-G-M presents

Lana Turner • Kirk Douglas
Walter Pidgeon • Dick Powell

NO HOLDS BARRED...

in this story of A BLONDE who wanted to go places...and A BIG SHOT who got her there...the hard way!

The Bad and the Beautiful

co-starring
Barry Sullivan • Gloria Grahame
Gilbert Roland • with Leo G. Carroll
Vanessa Brown • Screen Play by Charles Schnee
Based on a Story by George Bradshaw • Directed by Vincente Minnelli • Produced by John Houseman • An M-G-M Picture

FORECAST:
So powerful, so wonderful, it's headed for the years' 10 BEST list!
... studio headaches that have been dogging the M-G-M production, “Latin Lovers.” First, there was the rift between Lana and Lamas, which occurred openly at the Marion Davies party. Then came the chain reaction. As a result, studio bosses jerked Fernando out of the picture and put Ricardo Montalban in. And then Fernando started talking about terminating his contract with the Culver City studio. Another headache for “Latin Lovers” soon began to throb when Michael Wilding, Liz Taylor’s new husband, refused the part offered him in the picture and went on suspension. He didn’t think the role was big enough...

... another M-G-M suspension that keeps tongues wagging, with friends and critics asking what’s got into Mario Lanza. He originally went off the payroll in a tiff over his role in “Student Prince.” He cut himself off from all other sources of income, including a fat radio salary, because if he doesn’t work for M-G-M, they have the power, under his contract, to say he doesn’t work for anybody else. Mario, at this writing, has gone into seclusion and refuses to see any of his friends, including John Carroll and the Andy Russells. They say he just stays home and listens to all the recordings he made for “The Great Caruso.” He plays them over and over again...

... Joan Crawford’s big new romance that kept her in Texas long past the time she was due back in Hollywood. She was hysterical with grief over the sudden death of Pamela Lang, wife of Jennings Lang, the Hollywood agent who was wounded by Producer Walter Wanger, when he thought the handsome young man was breaking up his home. It was Lang who persuaded Joan to cast away her life-long fear of crowds and make personal-appearance tours. He also talked her into doing some television shows. She told me she had grown very friendly with Lang and his wife, and the tragedy that hit their home affected her so much she wanted to get away from Hollywood and stay away until she could shake off her depression...

... the mysterious new man in the life of Rosemary Clooney. She’s seemed on the verge of marrying José Ferrer for months, but nothing’s happened. Now she’s building a home in Bel Air, so maybe she can sing “Come on a My House” to the new boy friend...

... the legal move Joan Fontaine is contemplating to regain custody of her daughter, which she lost to her ex-husband, William Dozier. She gave up the fight for the child because it appeared there would be a scandal over her friendship with Collier Young, whom she recently married. A deposition given by a nurse in the Dozier home was reported to have mentioned Young. However, Joan now says that Dozier agreed with her that she could have custody of little Debbie when and if she married Young and had a home. Hollywood’s wondering if he’ll keep his bargain. The feud between Joan and her sister, Olivia, doesn’t appear to be any nearer an end. Joan didn’t invite either Olivia or their father, eighty-one-year-old Walter de Havilland, who was visiting Hollywood, to her wedding to Young. But she did ask her mother and her mother’s second husband...

... New finer MUM stops odor longer!

NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW INGREDIENT M-3 TO PROTECT UNDERARMS AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

- Protects better, longer. New Mum now contains amazing ingredient M-3 for more effective protection. Doesn’t give underarm odor a chance to start!
- Creamier. New Mum is safe for normal skin, contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.
- The only leading deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. No waste. No shrinkage.
- Delicately fragrant. New Mum is useable, wonderful right to the bottom of the jar. Get new Mum today.

A big new romance in big Texas?
Burt Lancaster

Shirley Booth

Bringing to the screen the artistry that won her acclaim as the star of the stage hit, "Come Back, Little Sheba."

From the sensational Theatre Guild play...

...comes the most provocative screen entertainment of our day!

"If Doc gets fun out of running his hand through my hair... what's the harm?"

In Hal Wallis' production

Come Back, Little Sheba

Co-starring Terry Moore with Richard Jaeckel
Directed by Daniel Mann
Screenplay by Ketti Frings
Based on the original play by William Inge
Produced on the stage by the Theatre Guild • A Paramount Picture
I am more amused by the Hollywood casting off-screen than on. For example, one night I saw Lana Turner and Lex Barker together and a few tables away Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas were romancing. Rosemary Clooney still seems a little bewildered by it all. No one rubs herself as briskly as Ava Gardner after a shower. I'm always suspicious of those magazine stories titled, “The Truth About—...” If you want to know something about Tony Curtis, all you have to do is ask him. I don't know of any actress who's in a league with Ann Blyth for being able to portray sweetness without being sticky.

Corinne Calvet insists that she isn't having a fake feud with Zsa Zsa Gabor. “It's for real,” said Corinne. “Everything with me is real,...” I can't get as excited as most people about Cinerama. To me it's just a large screen for special effects for special pictures. So later I'm proved wrong. So what? A woman's appearance changes when she steps out of her high-heel shoes and stands before you in her stocking feet. Why I almost didn't recognize Marilyn Monroe when she kicked off her shoes and stepped down to talk to me. Hollywood defies the rules. An angle, not a straight line, is the shortest distance between two points, when a cameraman is photographing Jane Russell.

Linda Christian admitted on a TV show that Tyrone Power gave her a black eye in bed. I hope they don't wear Thelma Ritter by putting her in too many pictures doing the same thing. When the movies find anything good, they overdo it. The odds are that the actor, actress and picture which win the Oscars aren't your choices. A special award should be given to Constance Smith for her performance at the opening of Vic Mature's appliance store. Constance washed her undies for the guests. During a conversation in which John Doe was mentioned, Marie Wilson turned and said, “Well, if you ask me, John Doe sounds like a fictitious name.” I believe Hedy Lamarr is the only person who looks at Hedy Lamarr and isn't satisfied with her looks. No matter how well they stage it, they can't make a football game look real in the movies. Yet, whenever a genuine football game gets good, a spectator can always be heard saying, “It's just like in the movies.”

Olivia de Havillard likes to wash her own hair and shake it dry, something few women do. I'd like to read a review of “The Snores of Kilimanjaro” by Ernest Hemingway. An honest piece: “The Old Man and the Film.” Also I'd love to get a list of the movies like that. Joan Crawford believes in movie fans more than any other actress. Joan says, “If you ignore your fans, you should be ignored yourself.” I listen to all the reviews about all the new young stars and go along with it until I hear to Lena Horne. She makes them all sound like amateurs. Back in the early days, Hollywood Boulevard was called Prospect Avenue, but that was before the movies really settled down in Hollywood. Marilyn Maxwell certainly makes the verse, “Men seldom make passes at girls who wear glasses,” dated. They can't sell me the manufactured sex appeal of Alexis Smith and Anne Baxter no matter how hard they try. I think both Alexis and Anne have their own particular brand of s. a. and they shouldn't try to use other labels. Gloria Grahame suppresses more sex than they manufacture.

A dollar is becoming less and less in value. I know an independent producer who was too poor to buy prop money and had to use the real thing. Jean Simmons admits feeling more self-conscious playing love scenes with Stewart Granger since they were married than before. Hollywood Boulevard always looks good in a movie shot, although when I walk along Hollywood Boulevard I resent the way it's acquired a run-down, has-been appearance. And that's Hollywood for you.
WARNER BROS: NEWEST ACHIEVEMENT

THE JUBILANT PRODUCTION OF

THE JAZZ SINGER

STARTING

DANNY THOMAS

in a performance outshining the role that won your applause in "I'll See You in My Dreams"

PEGGY LEE

the vivacious blonde song-star in her exciting screen debut

MILDRED DUNNÖCK

EDUARD FRANZ

COLOR BY

TECHNICOLOR

PRODUCED BY

LOUIS F. EDelman

DIRECTED BY

MICHAEL CURTIZ

OST COMING SOON AND DIRECTED BY LEW LEWIS

STAGED AND DIRECTED BY MIKE HEPNER

IT'S JOY SET TO THE MUSIC OF

JUST ONE OF THOSE THINGS

THIS IS A VERY SPECIAL DAY

I'M LOOKING OVER A FOUR-LEAF CLOVER

I'LL STRING ALONG WITH YOU

BREEZING ALONG WITH THE BREEZE

IF I COULD BE WITH YOU

BIRTH OF THE BLUES
Photoplay Applauds:

Do you know her well enough to ask?

How does she do it—day in, day out, the whole month round? Theaters, dances, club meetings... always fresh, poised and at ease... never excuses herself at the "monthly time," as so many women do. What is her secret? Do you know her well enough to ask?

On second thought, don't bother to ask! Just try Tampax for sanitary protection on "those days" each month. You wear it internally instead of the outside pads, pins, belts, etc. It gives you freedom you haven't had since you were a girl. Invented by a doctor and now used by millions, Tampax is thoroughly scientific in construction. Made of pure surgical cotton for great absorbency, it is so small it is contained in slender applicator for easy insertion.

You can't feel the Tampax while wearing. No chafing or odor—easy disposal. Wear it in tub or shower. Month's supply will slip into purse... Sold at drug or notion counters in 3 absorbency sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.


WALT DISNEY's new feature-length cartoon, "Peter Pan," is a real test of the Disney genius—to present in cartoon form the characters, scenes and events with which everyone has been familiar since childhood. And Disney has more than met the test with this newest version of the inspired classic. You'll find all the Barrie characters you remember so well: Peter, Wendy, John, Michael, Nana, Captain Hook, Tinker Bell, and the Crocodile. Tinker Bell is particularly delightful, an innovation possible only in a cartoon. And running her close honors for audience appeal is the dog-nurse, Nana, who takes such loving care of the three Darling children. You hear Bobby Driscoll's voice as Peter, Kathryn Beaumont's as Wendy, while Hans Conried supplies the vocal villainy for Captain Hook.

As usual in a Disney cartoon there is a supply of lilting music, but it is super-usual music which suits its subject completely. For everyone who has read "Peter Pan" or seen it on stage, this film is a must!

Captain Hook, arch villain of literature, is one of Disney's great characters.
"ah-h! my Ivory Bath

it's a pleasure...
pure pleasure!"

Yes, you get more lather... faster... in an Ivory bath!

You should be pampered at your bath time—and Ivory is the soap to do it! For Ivory's always right in sight, floating there beside you. And Ivory makes such creamy heaps of lather so easily. Why, Ivory makes more lather, faster, than any other leading bath soap!

You get famous mildness... and the cleanest, freshest odor!

You should be smoothed and soothed at bath time—and you are, with Ivory! For Ivory lather is the softest, gentlest ever—a 99⅝% pure and so mild! More doctors, you know, advise Ivory than any other soap. And how you'll love the clean, clean smell of Ivory lather. It's so fresh, so refreshing!

You get more for your money, too!

Who'd expect the world's best soap—wonderful, floating Ivory Soap—to cost less! Yet it does. Ivory gives you more soap for your money than any other leading bath soap!

99⅝% pure... it Floats

"The whole family agrees on Ivory!"

-American's Favorite Bath Soap!
ANNE BAXTER says, “Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo.” In fact, in less than two years, Lustre-Creme has become the shampoo of choice of 4 out of 5 Top Hollywood Stars! When America’s most glamorous women—beauties like Anne Baxter—use Lustre-Creme Shampoo, shouldn’t it be your choice above all others, too?

For the Most Beautiful Hair in the World
4 out of 5 Top Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Glamour-made-easy! Even in hardest water, Lustre-Creme “shines” as it cleans... leaves hair soft and fragrant, free of loose dandruff. And Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with Natural Lanolin. It doesn’t dry or dull your hair!

Makes hair eager to curl! Now you can “do things” with your hair—right after you wash it! Lustre-Creme Shampoo helps make hair a delight to manage—tames flyaway locks to the lightest brush touch, brings out glorious sheen.
A movie queen married an outdoor-type fellow and next day telephoned a Hollywood fur designer. “I’m going camping with my new husband,” she said. “I want a sleeping bag—lined with mink!”

Tony Dexter was stopped on the street by a teenager who asked him: “Aren’t you Tony Dexter—the fellow Rudolph Valentino looked like?”

A Hollywood producer and his actress wife were arguing when the husband snapped: “I’m warning you—you’ll bring out the beast in me.”

“So, who’s afraid of mice?” retorted the wife.

A gent with a cocker spaniel on a leash went to a movie theatre box-office, purchased two tickets and then led the dog to a pair of aisle seats. The dog was a terrific audience—applauding, laughing and crying.

Fascinated, the theatre manager whispered to the man: “Do you mean to tell me your dog likes this movie?”

“Yes,” said the hound’s owner, “and I’m a little surprised—he didn’t care for the book at all.”

They’re telling about one of Gregory Peck’s leading ladies in a recent film who had to wear falsies. She was known on the set as “Peck’s Pad Girl.”

A feminine star whispered it to a friend: “There are two things I can’t stand about that woman—her face.”

Will Jordan says that Marilyn Monroe is so sexy she buys perfume that repels men!

Jimmy Durante starred in a U. S. Treasury department short plugging the sale of Bonds. Later he was asked, “Did you get paid for it?”

“No,” said Durante, “but I’ve got a piece of the company.”

A San Fernando housewife went to a poultry shop for a broiler and was asked: “Do you want the Dagmar or the Dietrich?”

Robert Cummings tells about taking his four-and-a-half-year-old daughter to Santa Monica Beach the first time.

The little girl gazed at the ocean then said: “Daddy, I can’t wait to go in. But which is the deep end?”

A TV contestant told Jack Paar that his wife uses face cream, chin cream and elbow cream before retiring.

“How interesting,” mused Jack. “But how does she keep from slipping out of bed?”

Now . . . follow Lady Esther’s super-speed recipe for true loveliness!

1. Smooth Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream up your neck and face. Don’t rub! This self-acting cream takes away dirt that can turn into blackheads . . . relieves dryness. Remove gently.

2. Splash face with cold water. Blot with soft towel. You don’t need astringent. This 4-way Cream works with Nature to refine coarse pores.

3. Smooth on a second “rinse” of Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. Remove with tissue. A special oil in the cream softens and conditions your face for make-up.

4. Ready now to put on your “face.” Make-up goes on smoothly—clings for hours! You’re really pretty always.

All the vital benefits of an expensive beauty shop facial. Because all by itself Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream cleans, softens, tones and satinsizes your skin. And all in one minute! Get the Lady Esther facial habit for healthier, cleaner skin. Be lovely to look at always!
Breaking the Sound Barrier

The British are ahead of us in jet travel, so it's appropriate that they should come through with this soaring human adventure story of the first, man-killing attempts to fly faster than the speed of sound. Air scenes are superbly realized, making you feel the flyer's terror and exhilaration. The plot reminds you of many other movies about women married to men who ply dangerous trades. But its people are believable, consistent, beautifully acted: the girl (Ann Todd) who can't understand why her husband must fly jets and why her father, the manufacturer, must send men to possible death; the lonely father (Ralph Richardson); the first test pilot (Nigel Patrick), the unthinkingly brave sort who "flies by the seat of his pants"; the successful pilot (John Justin); his gallant wife (Dinah Sheridan).

Verdict: Tense, entralling tribute to pioneers of today

Limelight

If you can bring to watching this movie the same affection that its maker did to producing it, you'll find it an enchanting experience. Charlie Chaplin is looking back to his old world of the London music hall, and he's imagining—"There but for the grace of God go I"—what he might feel if his life had turned toward failure instead of Hollywood and international fame. No longer the little tramp, he's a forgotten vaudeville star, lost in drink and remembering—until he rescues a disheartened young ballerina from suicide. The exquisite, radiant Claire Bloom helps give life to the tender relationship between this oddly matched pair. Sydney Chaplin is nicely serious as the composer who also loves the ballerina, and nobody but Buster Keaton could have kept pace with Chaplin in a wonderful slapstick bit.

Verdict: Intensely personal, slow but savorsome
The Bad and the Beautiful

It takes a sharp interest in movie-making to appreciate this inside view of Hollywood. Kirk Douglas is the central, controversial figure, a producer whose co-workers wind up hating him—but can't escape his compelling influence. Barry Sullivan, ambitious young director, helps Kirk get his start, then is callously brushed aside. Lana Turner, spiritless drifter, daughter of a famous actor, is pushed into stardom with a romance that's brutally brief. Dick Powell, a novelist imported to Hollywood, also falls under Kirk's spell, and the writer's marriage to a southern belle (neatly caricatured by Gloria Grahame) is sacrificed to the producer's mania for creating good movies. Lana shows fine emotional fire, but Kirk has trouble making a cryptic character sympathetic, in spite of the switcheroo designed to do the trick.

Verdict: Fascinating close-up of Hollywood intrigues

The Four Poster

A cast that's limited to two people and sets that confines them to their own apartment may not seem a formula for a distinguished movie. But the device creates an atmosphere of special intimacy, with Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer to tell you the story of a marriage. The picture shifts easily from farce to drama to tragedy to sentimental fantasy. Top plaudits go to Lilli, giving a fluid, brilliant performance as shy bride, wise wife, a bride's restless mother, serene old lady. Rex is most convincing in comedy scenes, though he makes a full-length figure of the writer whose wife shows him the way to success in writing and living. But you find the cream of the movie in the cartoon "inter-scenes" that fill in bits of plot, bridge the years, suggest the tragedy of war and the hoopla of the jazz age. Each one is richly imaginative.

Verdict: Tender, amusing, too-talky tale of wedded lovers

April in Paris

The warm presence and notable musical gifts of Doris Day and Ray Bolger breathe life into a flimsy farce plot, and it's done so spontaneously that even the waits between numbers are easy to take. Dodo's a lowly chorine invited by mistake to represent the U. S. at a Paris art festival; Ray's a State Department underling, a stuffed shirt who gets unstarched on the gay transatlantic trip. Love dawns fast, in shipboard style, and a phony marriage that the principal parties believe to be real gives rise to a lot of dodging in and out of cabins. The confusion's straightened out in Paris that is obviously the "Faree" of the popular legend. Claude Dauphin cooperates amiably as a French entertainer turned waiter in a financial crisis. Liveliest number is a jamboeree in the galley, looking pleasantly impromptu, as a good musical routine should.

Verdict: Songs by Day, dances by Ray keep you happy

Road to Bali

The first fine bloom of the "Road" series may have worn off, but for aficionados there's still a relaxing charm about the adventures of Bing, Bob and Dottie. As usual, Crosby, Hope and Lamour give you the impression that they're making up the plot as they go along. There's the standard opening scene with two show-biz fakers judiciously getting out of town—Sydney, Australia, in this case. Before they realize what they're doing, Bing and Bob are involved in the dangerous business of resurrecting sunken treasure from an octopus-haunted lagoon, at the bidding of native prince Murvyn Vye. Bob remains the hysterical type; Bing, the boy who knows it's all in fun; Dottie, dutiful straight man (and extra-cury female). And many guest celebs pop up.

Verdict: Casual, comical, musical improvisation

More reviews on next page
movies

Outpost in Malaya
(BANK, U. A.)

Behind the headlines of trouble flaring in far corners of the world, family life goes on, and this taut British film takes you into the household of a rubber planter and his wife in uneasy Malaya. Claudette Colbert is so competent an actress, Jack Hawkins so virile and forthright, that you sympathize with both parties in the crisis. The wife feels that the planter has drifted away from her, absorbed in the battle against murderous natives who threaten the plantations. She and her son (engaging little Peter Asher) are about to go to England when an outbreak of violence turns their home into a fortress. The siege builds to a climax that solves the couple's personal problem.
Verdict: Tense, expert topical drama

Last of the Comanches
(COLUMBIA, TECHNICOLOR)

Many a good picture has used this reliable theme: The reactions of a group of people come together by chance and isolated in the face of danger. Here, desert thirst and warring Comanches threaten the weary survivors of a cavalry troop, joined by other desert travelers. All eventually make a stand at the only water hole in the region. Outstanding in the capable cast are Broderick Crawford as a tough cavalry sergeant, Barbara Hale as an officer's sister, Johnny Stewart as a friendly Indian lad, and Chubby Johnson as a cowardly traveling salesman.
Verdict: Vigorous, convincing Western

Kansas City Confidential
(U. A.)

Long practice has made Hollywood almost as facile with crook pictures as with Westerns, so it's no surprise to find the inside story of a million-dollar armored-car robbery turned into a neat thriller. John Payne shows a bit more emotion than usual as the infant deliveryman implicated in the crime. To clear himself, he assumes the identity of one of the bandits, killed by police after the hold-up, and makes his way to the pay-off spot, in Mexico. His deception is possible because the robbery, as planned by ex-cop Preston Foster, was carried out by masked men who didn't even know each other. It's a tricky situation, with the romantic touch contributed by Coleen Gray.
Verdict: Brisk, well-photographed melodrama

Androcles and the Lion
(REO)

The film version of the famous play too often bogs down in talk—though the sparkle and deep meaning of Bernard Shaw's lines are worth listening to. With his witty portrayal of Caesar, Maurice Evans comes closest to the intended spirit of the picture. Jean Simmons' Christian maiden is a winning creation, both impish and saintly, but Victor Mature brings little more than suitably classic features to his Roman-soldier role. Alan Young has the hardest assignment, as Androcles, the Christian who befriended a lion. And he carries it off well: gentle and clownish, timid by nature, brave by conviction.
Verdict: Slow-paced, but of some interest

The Lawless Breed
(COLUMBIA, TECHNICOLORE)

Generally of familiar pattern, this Western ends with an intriguing echo of "The Gunfighter." Rock Hudson, till now an amiable, bulking kid, shows a commendable increase in compose and maturity as the boy whose fondness for cards and readiness with a gun leads him into trouble. Mary Castle is unhappily cast as the wishy-washy good girl he first loves; Julia Adams gets a better break as the dance-hall gal who accompanies him into outlawry and (belatedly) becomes his wife as he tries to settle down.
Verdict: Pleasing action film of old Texas

Above and Beyond
(M-G-M)

It's possible for a movie to have too powerful a theme. Robert Taylor's performance as Col. Paul Tibbets, pilot of the plane that dropped the atom bomb on Hiroshima, creates moments of intense personal drama, almost big enough for the theme. But the story's narrated by Eleanor Parker, as his wife, and this device throws the whole picture out of focus. While Tibbets bears the chief grueling responsibility for preparations and final timing, the project must be kept a secret even from his wife. The marital discord resulting from his unexplained edginess is advanced in plot twists that suggest mistaken-identity farce.
Verdict: Strong story, unevenly treated

Hangman's Knot
(COLUMBIA, TECHNICOLORE)

We're out west again, this time sharing the adventures of a group of Confederate soldiers stranded in Nevada Territory at the war's end. Led by doughty Randolph Scott, they donned civvies to hold up a Union gold train, so now they are accused of banditry and pursued by ruthless vigilantes. Most of the fast, well-planned action takes place in the stagecoach station where the soldiers and four Yankee captives are beleaguered. Donna Reed, as a Union Army nurse, adds a romantic note. Claude Jarman, Jr., is also impressive.
Verdict: Business-like horse opera

More reviews on page 16
A Sensational "Get-Acquainted" Offer to new Dollar Book Club members!$100
UP TO $16.40
VALUE
in PUR EDITIONS

Take Your Choice of these New, Full-Size, Hard-Bound Best-Sellers

You'd Expect to Pay Up to $7.50 Each for these Books in Publishers' Editions—but You Can Have Any 3 for a Total of only $1

. . . . with FREE-Trial Membership in the Dollar Book Club!

Here's an exciting offer to demonstrate the wonderful values offered by the Dollar Book Club. Choose any 3 best-sellers on this page for only $1, with membership. Take your pick of these top romance and adventure hits, as well as deluxe library volumes costing up to $7.50 each in publishers' editions! If not delighted when you see them, return them and your membership will be cancelled, without further obligation! Otherwise, pay only $1 for all 3, and continue to enjoy member's bargain privileges. (You don't have to take a book every month—take as few as six a year!) Accept this offer now—send no money—just mail coupon below!


The Greatest Story Ever Told—Patrice Durand. A reverent, faithful retelling of the timeless story of Jesus, inspired by the Bible and those who knew with His wonderful close to you. Inspiring reading. Pub. ed. $2.65.


The Story of America in Pictures—Alan C. Collins. 675 big pages, nearly 500 vivid pictures with narrative text. The whole thrilling story of our country—its early struggles, its modern accomplishments, right up to Korea and the election of our new President. Pub. ed. $7.50.


movies
CONTINUED

Meet Me at the Fair (U-A, Technicolor) F

This tune-trimmed comedy-drama gets off to an ingratiating start, then slows down and overplays its simple story. As a braggart medicine-show man, Dan Dalley gives a lift to a lad who's on the lam from a dismal orphanage. Dan's generosity involves him in crooked small-town politics, and Diana Lynn gets into the act as a member of the orphanage board. Song numbers feature Dan, boy soprano Chet Allen (as the orphan), "Scat Man" Crothers and Carole Matthews.

Verdict: Barber-shop-style nostalgia

Tropic Zone (Paramount, Technicolor) F

Extra background color would have built up the attractions of this unpretentious melodrama. As an innocent fugitive from a political brawl in one of the Central American banana republics, Ronald Reagan arrives in another of these countries in time to help Rhonda Fleming save her plantation. (You'll recognize the good old Western motif of the girl ranch-owner.) Estelita Llamos in Latin rhythms as a café singer who's sweet on Reagan.

Verdict: Bananas sub for cattle herds

Million Dollar Mermaid (M-G-M, Technicolor) F

Fans probably expect more musical trimmings from an Esther Williams film than they get in this extravaganza. Ex is the logical choice to play Annette Keller- man, Australian-born swim champ famous at the beginning of this century. There's nostalgic charm in the sequences showing Annette as a child (Donna Corcoran) swimming to heal her crippled legs, and the grown-up Annette horrifying prudes with her one-piece bathing suit. But the story falls into the show-business formula, with Victor Mature as the carnival man who can't stand being overshadowed by her girl.

Verdict: Mild salute to a real-life star

Pony Soldier (20th Century-Fox, Technicolor) F

The soldier of the title, typified by Tyrone Power, is none other than your old friend the mountie who always gets his man. Ty plays a new recruit who must prove himself by persuading the wandering Cree to return to their reservation and give up two American hostages they've captured. Cameron Mitchell is startlingly cast as a bloodthirsty brave, but Thomas Gomez provides expected comedy relief as Ty's half-breed guide. The captives are portrayed by pretty Penny Edwards and by Robert Horton, an able young heavy.

Verdict: Stilted but often exciting

Abbot and Costello Meet Captain Kidd (Warners, Supercinecolor) F

With more song and spectacle than most Abbott-Costello vehicles, the comedies' excursion into the pirate era finds a goodly number of laughs. Charles Laughton, playing Kidd in his flattest style, makes an imposing stooge for Bud and Lou, cast as a pair of tavern flunkies. There's much nonsense about who's got the treasure map, which keeps getting mixed up with a mushy love note written by Fran Warren to tavern singer Bill Shirley.

Verdict: Plenty of fun for A & C fans

Desperate Search (M-G-M) F

Howard Keel's first Hollywood try at a straight dramatic part is unfortunately framed in a strictly gimmick sort of plot. A transport plane has crashed in a Canadian wilderness aboard it are Keel's two children, returning to their mother, his first wife; both Keel and his arrogant ex are flyers in the search. Patricia Medina has a hopeless role as the man-eating aviatix, but the highly talented Jane Greer, as Keel's second wife, and Keenan Wynn, as his knowing buddy, almost breathe life into the mechanical story. Low point is the wooden depiction of the children.

Verdict: Trick idea that misses fire

The Thief of Venice (20th Century-Fox) F

As a spectacle, this Italian-made adventure movie is often a treat to see, filled with the ancient grandeur of Venice and great crowds of picturesquely clad extras. As a story, it's less effective, getting well snarled in fictional intrigues of the Renaissance. The late Maria Montez has the kind of role that won her fame, playing a fiery slum-dweller who helps to free her city from a cruel usurper. Paul Christian plays a Venetian Robin Hood.

Verdict: Slight story in splendid settings

Thunder in the East (Paramount) F

The violence that shook India as British rule drew to a close is much too serious a subject to be used for a routine action yarn. Every nationality concerned is likely to be insulted by the stock types presented here: Americans, by Alan Ladd's money-grubbing, gun-running flyer, who won't rescue a group of Europeans until he gets their cash on the line; Indians, by Charles Boyer's gentle Indian leader, who finally discards his Gandhian principles; the French, by Corinne Calvet's fancy lady; the British, by the Colonel Blimps and their ladies. Deborah Kerr's blind heroine is a quasirealistic sentimental creation.

Verdict: Shallow and tasteless
"I soothed my husband with sandpaper!"

"Nobody'd ever call Paul Douglas a meek husband," Jan Sterling explains, "and he was pretty irate at the 'junk' I picked up at auctions...that is, until I showed him how lovely it was underneath."

"Then he admitted all the sanding and scraping was worth while. But, oh, what it did to my hands! And what a relief it was afterwards to smooth on soothing Jergens Lotion!"

"We worked like beavers getting settled and unpacking barrels filled with scratchy excelsior. Again I blessed Jergens. It works so fast! See for yourself why: Smooth one hand with quickly absorbed Jergens..."

"Apply ordinary lotion or cream to the other. Wet them. Water won't 'bead' on the hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion as it will with an oily care.

"My hands are always smooth and soft for close-ups with my favorite leading man." No wonder Jergens Lotion is preferred by screen stars 7 to 1!

Use Jergens Lotion to keep your hands lovely, too. See why it's the hand care used by more women than any other in the world. 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.

Remember JERGENS LOTION... because you care for your hands!
Beautiful, Heavenly Lips For You
WITHOUT LIPSTICK

Easy to Use
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, this new Liquid Liptone contains no grease—no wax—no paste. Just pure, vibrant color. Truly, Liquid Liptone will bring to your lips color-beauty that's 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 usually suffices for an entire day or evening.

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

PLEASE TRY SEVERAL SHADES AT MY INVITATION
You cannot possibly know how beautiful your lips will be, until you see them in Liquid Liptone. These exciting colors that contain no grease or paste give your lips a tempting charm they have never had before. Choose from the list of shades below. Check coupon. Mail it at once and I'll send you costume sizes of all shades you order. Each is at least a two weeks' supply. Expect to be thrilled. You WILL be!

Liquid Liptone
SEND COUPON for generous Trial Sizes
PRINCESS PAT, Dept. 3102
2709 S. Wells St., Chicago 16, Ill.
Send Trial Sizes of the shades I checked below. I enclose 50¢ coin for each one.

☐ JEWEL—Sophisticated ruby brilliance.
☐ MEDIUM—Natural true red—very flattering.
☐ GYPSY—Vibrant deep red—romantic.
☐ REGAL—Elegant rich burgundy.
☐ CYCLAMEN—Exciting pink—romantic for evening.
☐ ORCHID—A cool fuchsia pink.
☐ ENGLISH TUT—Inviting coral-pink.
☐ CHECKETONE—"Magic" natural color for cheeks.

Mrs. 
Address 
City 
State 

SOAP BOX:
I'm just a little weary of reading...that favorite, Bing Crosby, is a "meanie" when it comes to signing autographs. I've been a fan of Bing's for nearly twenty years. Every year...Bing has answered my letters and...enclosed an autographed photo...For twenty years, he has given of his golden voice, unique brand of comedy and charming personality...He's entitled to privacy...He's also entitled to a few little faults...

GERTUDE CHART
New Britain, Connecticut

What's all this about Zsa Zsa Gabor? She's only played a few minor roles, but we read about her all the time...

JOHN COATES
Provo, Utah

My girl friends and I just saw "Because You're Mine" with Mario Lanza...he was wonderful...Why does everybody tell stories about him?...any man who can have a bunch of teenagers crying over his singing is really good...We give three cheers for Lanza...give him a fairer chance with the public...we are his fans...

VIRGINIA NOLAN
Upper Montclair, New Jersey

I am a Marine out here in Korea and...I speak for a great number of the Marines here...In your September issue you had "Hollywood's Ten Top Pinups." Well I wanted you to know you excluded one of the best of them all. I don't know how you pick your pinups, but we fighting men pick them by who takes the time in answering and sending out pictures...I wrote Miss Betty Hutton...and within one month I had an 8x10 with three poses, personally signed...That's our idea of a pinup girl!

PFC. STANLEY GIBERT
c/o FPO San Francisco, California

...If Paramount and Warners...lose Betty Hutton and Doris Day, they might as well burn up the studios, because they will have lost everything. Please take my advice and get them back.

BETTY HARDIN
Inez, Kentucky

A sincere "Thank You" to M-G-M for giving us "The Merry Widow." It was a genuine treat to sit back and relax and enjoy Lehar's music once more, as well as the superb cast and production.

MARY FOSTER CONOVER
Poughkeepsie, New York

I live in a little town way up in the mountains where I never dreamed I'd even see a movie star, much less my favorite, John Agar. But yesterday, I did, thanks to Movietown, USA. John was so sweet. So were Una Merkel and Barbara Ruick.

HELEN CUBRAN
Kremmling, Colorado

I am writing...in defense of B pictures. I have seen several...that thought were terrific. One was "Valley of the Eagles" and another, "Storm Over Tibet"...I think Hollywood ballyhoo the wrong pictures. Why not give the little unknown pictures and players a break?...

MRS. J. E. TALLEY
South Pasadena, California

CASTING:

...The ideal movie would be Marge and Gower Champion, Betty Grable and Dan Dailey all dancing and singing in one big musical. Then movies would really be better than ever.

SAL RAE NORRIS
Columbus, Ohio

...they are looking for a singing Rhett Butler for the musical version of "Gone With the Wind." The only person who has the looks, voice, build and personality for the part is certainly Howard Keel...

MRS. GLORIA SIKES
Brooklyn, New York

Why doesn't some studio make a film about a female baseball player—a comedy with...Jean Peters or Miss Gaynor?...Such a plot would be different...

B. E. CHANEY
Massillon, Ohio

...I saw John Derek in "The Family Secret" and I think he played the part beautifully. But he certainly does not look like a murderer. Really, could not those Hollywood producers find him nice parts than they do? Why don't they give him good parts taken from the classical books like "Green Mansions"...and let him play...a young romantic man?

LILLA R. BOBESUS
Detroit, Michigan

What are the big bosses out in Hollywood trying to prove? It makes me sick to see all of the nation's top heartthrobs such as Rock Hudson, Scott Brady and Robert Wagner appearing in Westerns. Rock Hudson and Scott Brady are two of the sexiest men in the movie capital, and to see them making love to a horse is very repulsive. Also, I read recently that Robert Wagner, my favorite, is going to be in a Western. Can't you just see him playing a cowboy?

WANDA SACKES
Myrtle Beach, South Carolina

(Continued on page 20)
Feel it on your fingertips!

Rub it into the palms of your hands!

You can feel that Shasta Shampoo is right for your hair!

From the second you open the jar, you can feel that creamy-soft Shasta is going to do wonderful things for your hair.

Rich but not oily, creamy but not sticky, Shasta is the very softest of the cream shampoos...gives you billows of rich, lasting lather that cleanses your hair like no ordinary soap shampoo can do.

No other shampoo is so femininely right for your hair. So when it's important for you to look and feel your best, be Shasta-sure your hair is soft, sweet, feminine!

P.S. Just a little Shasta gives you a lot of lather. Don't waste it.

New Shasta

the Softest of the Cream Shampoos
Make your hair obey the new soft way

No oily after-film ... just soft shimmering beauty

Now ... try the only hairdressing that makes hair obey the new soft way ... With miracle Curtisol — so amazingly light, so penetrating it never leaves oily "after-film"! Just a touch "sparkles" hair, prevents dryness and split ends, frizziness after a permanent. Gives you "easy-do" hair instantly. Even after shampoo! No wonder women prefer Suave 7 to 1.

End dry hair worries with miracle Curtisol — Only Suave has it

created by Helene Curtis
foremost name in hair beauty

(Continued from page 18)

Why doesn't U-I put Jeff Chandler in a musical picture? He sure can sing, and boy! does he sing "Black Magic!"

JOY EDWARDS
Athens, Georgia

Not long ago, I saw the picture, "Island of Desire," and all my girl friends and I couldn't get over Tab Hunter. All we have to say is, "Oh, man, what a living doll!" We also think Anne Francis is a little doll and would think it wonderful if they could be teamed up in a picture ...

JOAN DICK
Cliffside Park, New Jersey

Why don't they put Susan Cabot, Susan Ball and Faith Domergue in a picture as sisters, or even triplets? They all look so much alike that I get confused when I see them ...

RHODA SANDERS
Chicago, Illinois

QUESTION BOX:

I would like to know who played Chapmaine in "What Price Glory" in the Twenties. Was it Renee Adorée or Dolores del Rio?

AUBREY ALBERCHT
Brooklyn, New York

That was Dolores del Rio, Renee Adorée played in "The Big Parade." —ED.

Is it true that Mary Pickford has completed the movie, "The Library," and at the preview the shots of her were so poor that it was shelved?

DEAN RANDALL
East Orange, New Jersey

No. The film was never put into production with Mary Pickford. She canceled out when the producers decided to make the picture in black and white instead of Technicolor. —ED.

I really enjoyed the show, "Mickey." Could you please tell me who played the role of Mickey. Did she do her own singing? ...

GAY ANN HARRIS
Gardiner, Montana

Lois Butler. And she did sing for herself. She is now married and retired for the time being. —ED.

... a question that has been puzzling my friends and me for a long time ... Are Rex Cameron and Randolph Scott brothers? ...

KAY SANTILLO
Ellwood City, Pennsylvania

No, they're in no way related. —ED.

I say the Spanish dancer in "Snows of Kilimanjaro" is the same actor who dances with Susan Hayward in "With a Song in My Heart." My friends disagree. Who's right? ...

EVELYN WINTERS
Seattle, Washington

You are. It was Richard Allan. And he's equally good in "O. Henry's Fall House," —ED.

... to express my enjoyment of "The Way of a Gaucho" . . . wonderful acting and story . . . beautiful scenery . . . If the book (Continued on page 22)
FOUR LEADING AMERICAN DESIGNERS SHOW WHY

Only a PLAYTEX® Girdle lets you look as SLIM as this

... and feel as free as this!

Jane Derby, famous for sophisticated style: "I design for slender elegance—but I want you to be comfortable. I suggest a Playtex Girdle!" It's naturally slimming, and the cloud-soft fabric is so comfortable next to your skin!

Invisible

PLAYTEX

FABRIC-LINED

Girdles from $4.95

Other Playtex Girdles from $3.50
(Prices slightly higher outside U.S.A.)
At department stores and specialty shops. Playtex, known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube.
ONLY with **SHADOW WAVE** patented 1-step lotion

**NO NEUTRALIZER**

**NO TIMING**

**NEW CURLERS**

FRENCH-STYLE—END PAPERS ATTACHED

**WAVES AND NEUTRALIZES IN ONE APPLICATION**

1. Roll curls on French-style curlers—no resetting.
   The only curlers that give you the hair style you want while waving. Use again and again. So soft you can sleep on them!

2. Apply lotion—no rinsing—just let dry.
   The only lotion that waves and neutralizes without timing, rinsing or resetting. One single lotion right for every type of hair.

3. Brush into springy, soft, long-lasting curls.
   When dry, simply remove curlers—no resetting—just brush and the set becomes a lovely, lasting wave.

$2.25 • Complete Kit including curlers...
plus Fed. Tax

$1.50 • Refill...
plus Fed. Tax

**SHADOW WAVE**

**HOME PERMANENT**

(Continued from page 20)

ground music is recorded, would you please tell me the title.

   **JEAN HOUSE**
   St. Paul, Minnesota

   The music was scored only for the picture by Twentieth, and it has not been either titled or commercially recorded.—ED.

   In “Because You’re Mine,” weren’t the lady and gentleman who asked Mario Lanza for his autograph his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cocozza?

   **KAYE KOHLER**
   Denver, Colorado

   *In a word, yes.*—ED.

   I would like to know if Marisa Pavan sang a song in “What Price Glory” and was it her own voice? I would also like to know the name of the song.

   **MARIE GRASSO**
   Springfield Garden, New York

   She sang it herself, and it was “My Love, My Life,” which was written by Jay Livingston and Ray Evans.—ED.

   I have been so interested in movies . . . that I started a collection of movie magazines. I now have over two hundred and would like to put them to good use. Is there any way in which I could send them to the boys in Korea?

   **MARY A. BARBARENA**
   San Francisco, California

   The Army tells us that it has a regular service which supplies magazines to men stationed overseas. And we were unable to locate any organization that handles such donations. But you could mail them directly to servicemen (stationed in or out of the country) whom you or your friends know.

   —ED.

   I have just seen the show, “Just For You.” Please tell me who played Bing’s girl and boy in it.

   **EMILY SNYDER**
   Grants Pass, Oregon

   His daughter was played by Natalie Wood, a teenager who has been in movies since she was a tot. The son was Robert Arthur, who is in his mid-twenties and whose greatest unhappiness is that he looks too young to be his age in pictures.—ED.

   **The Youthful Bob Arthur**
If you’re neglecting dry skin... watch out!

by Rosemary Hall
BEAUTY AUTHORITY

...I am always amazed at some women. They spend hours nursing plants, exclaim with horror if a begonia wilts. But these same women do nothing to keep their own dry skin from getting thirstier, flakier, more withered... and just plain wrinkled.

If you're neglecting dry skin, let me caution you... you're adding years to your face! Perhaps you think skin care is expensive, time-consuming? Well, there is a dry skin care that costs pennies, takes less than five minutes a day, and will make you look like a new woman!

I'm talking about Woodbury Dry Skin Cream, with its amazing new penetrating ingredient, Penaten! Penaten carries the lanolin and other rich softening oils in the cream deep into the important corneum layer of your skin.

While many creams just stay on the surface of your skin, Woodbury penetrates—so quickly—five minutes' care is all you need!

here's a simple routine I recommend:

With your fingertips, cream this rich Woodbury Dry Skin Cream in tiny circles about your eyes, nose and mouth, over your cheeks and forehead. With firm upward strokes, work the cream over your throat and neck. Leave it on for five minutes, then... tissue off!

Dry lines and rough flakes will be gone. You'll notice a fresh new bloom in your face, and others will notice it too! Try Woodbury Dry Skin Cream. It costs only 25c to 97c plus tax. The results are priceless.

Dear Rosalind,
Just finished filming my new R.K.O. Radio Picture "Montana Belle".

Now to answer your question: I use Woodbury Cold Cream! It has a marvelous new ingredient—Penaten! They say it penetrates deep into pore openings—loosens every trace of make-up. And I believe it does! I've used the most expensive face creams and nothing's ever made my skin so fresh and smooth as Woodbury Cold Cream! Try it! Kindest regards,

Jane Russell
Dial Soap keeps complexions clearer by keeping skin cleaner!

Dial's AT-7 (Hexachlorophene) removes blemish-spreading bacteria that other soaps leave on skin.

The cleaner your skin, the better your complexion. And mild, fragrant Dial with AT-7 gets your skin cleaner and clearer than any other kind of soap. It's as simple as that. Of course Dial's bland beauty-cream lather gently removes dirt and make-up, giving you scrupulous cleanliness to overcome clogged pores and blackheads. But Dial does far more!

Here's the important difference: when you use Dial every day, its AT-7 effectively clears skin of bacteria that often aggravate and spread surface pimples and blemishes. Skin doctors know this and recommend Dial for both adults and adolescents.

Protect your complexion with fine, fragrant Dial Soap.

Now available in Canada

 Casts of Current Pictures

ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET CAPTAIN KIDD—Warners, Directed by Charles Lamont; Rocky Stonebridge, Bud Abbott; Oliver Johnson, Lou Costello; Captain Kidd, Charles Laughton; Lady Jane, Fran Warren; Capt. Barney, Hilary Brooke; Bruce Martingale, Bill Shirley; Morgan, Len Erickson.

ABOVE AND BEYOND—MG-M, Directed by Melvin Frank and Norman Panama; Col. Paul Tibbets, Robert Taylor; Lucy Tibbets, Eleanor Parker; Maj. Upton, James Stewart; Maj. Gen. Vernon G. Brown, Larry Keating; Capt. Parsons, Larry Gates; Marge Bratton, Marilyn Erskine; Maj. Harry Bratton, Stephen Dunne; Gen. Samuel E. Roberts, Robert Burton; Dr. Ramsey, Hayden Rorke; Dr. Van Dyke, Larry Dobkin; Dr. Fiske, Jack Raune; Dotch Von Kirk, Jonathan Cott; Thomas Forber, Jeff Richards; Bob Lewis, Dick Simmons; W'att Duzenbury, John McKeen, Radio Operator, Patrick Conway; Paul Tibbets, Sr., Christie Olsen; Driver, William Lester; Mary Malone, Barbara Ruick; Gen. Curtis E. LeMay, Jim Backus.

ANDROCLUES AND THE LION—RKO, Directed by Chester Erskine; Lavinia, Jean Simmons; Andrew, Alan Young; Captain, Victor Mature; Ferranti, Robert Newton; Caesar, Maurice Evans; Megara, Elsa Lanchester; Leontus, Reginald Gardiner; Menagerie Keeper, Gene Lockheart; Editor, Alan Mowbray, Stphano, Noel Willman; Cato, John Hirt; Centurion, Jim Backus; Metellus, Loln Gilmore.

APRIL IN PARIS—Warners, Directed by David Butler; Dynamite Jackson, Doris Day; S. Winthrop Peters, Ray Bolger; Philippe Fauguet, Claude Dauphin; Marcus, Eve Miller; Francois, George Givot; Secretary Sherman, Paul Harvey; Joshua Stevens, Herbert Dunn; John, Vincent Price; William, William Millner; Joseph Weinraub, Raymond Largay; Tracey, John Alvin; Cab Driver, Jack Lomax.


BREAKING THE SOUND BARRIER—U.A., Directed by Anthony Suzanne; John Ridgfield, Ralph Richardson; Swan Grafton, Ann Todd; Tony Grafton, Nigel Patrick; Philip Peck, John Justin; Jess Peck, Donah Sheridan; Will Sparks, Joseph Tomelty; Christopher Ridgfield, Dennis Elliott; Windy Williams, Jack Allen; Fletcher, Ralph Michael, A.T.A. Officer, Vincent Helm; Confronters, Douglas Muir, Leslie Phillips; Test Bed Operator, Robert Brooks Turner; Peter Makepeace, Anthony Snell; Baby John, Jolyon Jackley.

DESPERATE SEARCH—M-G-M, Directed by Joseph Lewis; Pierre Helton, Howard Keel; Julia Heldau, Jane Greer; Nora Stead, Patricia Medina; B ruddy, Keenan Wynn; Wayne Langmuir, Robert Burton; Dan, Lee Akers; Janet, Linda Lovell; Lou, Michael Duigan; Stewardess, Elaine Stewart; Detective, Jonathan Cott; Ed, Jeff Richards; Communicator, Dick Simmons.

FOUR POSTER, THE—Columbia, Directed by Irving Reis; John, Rex Harrison; Abby, Lilli Palmer.

HANGMAN'S KNOT—Columbia, Directed by Roy Huggins: Matt Stewart, Randolph Scott; Molly Hull, Diana Reed; Jamie Greer, Claude Jarman, Jr.; Cass Bumbray, Frank Faylen; Captain Petersen, Glenn Langan; Lee Kenper, Richard Denning; Ralf Babister, Lee Marvin; Mrs. Harris, Jeanette Nolan; Plankeet, Don Bevans; Guiseppe, Ray Teal; Smitty, Gunnu "Big Boy" Williams; Martell, Monte Blue; Egan Walsh, John Call; Hank Fletcher, Reed Hoes.

KANSAS CITY CONFIDENTIAL—U.A., Directed by Phil Karlson; Joe Ralfe, John Payne; Helen Foster, Colleen Gray; Timothy Foster, Preston Foster; Tony Romano, Lee Van Cleef; Boyd Kane, Neville Brand; Pete Harris, Jack Elam; Andrews, Howard Neagle; Tomasso, Mario Stittoli, Teresa, Dona Drake; Mrs. Crane, Helen Kleeb; Mrs. Rogers, Vivi Janis; Olena, Ted Ryan; Morelli, George Wallace; Daz, Don Orlando.

LAST OF THE COMANCHEES—Columbia, Directed by Andre DeToth; Sergeant Matt Trainor, Broderick Crawford; Julia浪row, Barbara Hale; Little Knife, Johnny Stewart; Jim Starbuck, Lloyd Bridges; Rusty Potter, Mickey Shawghnessy; Romney O'Rourke, George Mathews; Denver Egan, Hugh Sanders; Martinez, Ric Roman; Henry Ruppert, Chubby Johnson; Billy Creel, Martin Milner; Proctor Satterlee, Milton Parsons; Corporal Floyd, Jack Woody; Black Cloud, John War Eagle; Major Launing, Carleton Young; Lieutenant Floyd, William Andrews.
impertinent interview

BY MIKE CONNOLLY

“What truth is there to the rumors that you and Ben are headed for a marital bust-up?” I put the question to Esther Williams.

Figuring there isn’t a better way to find out the score than to ask the players, I visited the set of Esther’s newest picture, “Dangerous When Wet,” on the M-G-M lot to get the facts about what’s what between her and her husband, Ben Gage.

“Rumors, rumors!” Esther looked at me hard and long. And then she made a firm statement. “The gossip columnists can break us up all they want. Let them all have their ‘good copy.’ It won’t make a bit of difference to us, because Ben and I will always be together!”

It was a little tough arguing back with a gal who looks as lovely as Esther does in her swimming togs, but I said: “There must be some basis for the stories. After all, too many people have phoned me that they have seen you and Ben tiffing in public...”

“Tiffing!” Esther snorted. “Actually, the word is not strong enough. We were having real knock-down arguments! And so what? Doesn’t every married couple? And because they do, does it mean their marriage is breaking up the very next edition?”

Printed rumors of the crash of a marital craft are an everyday thing in Hollywood, and Esther and Ben have suffered silently through their share. But I have never before seen Esther as upset as she is over the latest. In the past, she has accepted these whisperings as part of the price she must pay for her status as a glamorous star and has shrugged off the mongering with a laugh. But not this time.

“It’s different now,” she said. “My two little boys” (Benjy, three, and Kim, two) “are growing up and I can’t bear to think that they might read the break-up stories or hear of them from their playmates. I’m going to put up a fight this time!”

Hollywood gossip says that the arguments between Esther and Ben sometimes start when he enjoys a few nips before dinner and occasionally after dinner. “But Ben can do anything he wants,” Esther added, “because as far as I’m concerned we’ll be together till death do us part. You see, we’ve never forgotten our marriage vows.”

That’s why I say you can relax. For I have a feeling that Esther can fight as well as she can swim.
One of these girls has discovered this wonderful complexion secret...

She's washing her face... Like many girls and women, she's washing with soap and water in the ordinary way—carelessly. If that's what you're doing—stop! You could do so much more for your skin! You should know Palmolive's complexion secret.

She's getting a lovelier complexion... She's using Palmolive in a way that leads to softer, smoother, more radiant skin. By cleansing properly, she's doing what skin specialists have proved is the best way to help guard that Schoolgirl Complexion Look!

100% Mild Palmolive Soap Helps You Guard that Schoolgirl Complexion Look!

Palmolive's Beauty Plan
Is Far Better For Your Skin Than "Just Average Care" With Any Leading Toilet Soap!

Yes, Softer, Smoother, Lovelier Skin—that Schoolgirl Complexion Look—can easily be yours. 36 leading skin specialists have proved it in actual tests on 1285 women. What's more, these doctors found that Palmolive's Beauty Plan is unquestionably better for your skin than "just average care" with any leading toilet soap. Palmolive is one soap that is 100% mild! No wonder it provides such tender care for babies' skin, for your skin!

Change to Palmolive's Beauty Plan... massage Palmolive's 100% mild, pure lather onto your skin for 60 seconds, 3 times a day. Rinse and pat dry. In 14 days or less, you'll have a softer, fresher looking skin! You need no other beauty aid. Let 100% mild Palmolive Soap help you guard that Schoolgirl Complexion Look! *No therapeutic claim is made for the chlorophyll.

Nature's Chlorophyll*

Is In Every Cake Of Palmolive Soap... That's What Makes Palmolive Green!

100% MILD! DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE BRINGS OUT BEAUTY WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR SKIN!
ONE OF THE MOST DIFFICULT fashion problems stars constantly face is that of clothes their profession requires. We all know the reasons for this. A leading actress is photographed nearly every day of the year. And unless she’s careful—and practically keeps a “time-table” of what she was wearing and when, she may appear a half dozen times over a few months in the same outfit, by the time the photos reach magazines or newspapers! Maybe it never occurs to the fans that a movie gal has to face the costly fact that each time she appears publicly she must have a change of wardrobe—or what appears to be a change! You and your family repeat your “good things” again and again, but the buying plan of a movie star to be different—and most stars have at least a few suits or gowns that are terribly expensive that they must find ways to use over and over. Some of Hollywood’s better dressers who are also maavad for fine clothes (sometimes the two don’t go together) like Arlene Dahl, Mona Freeman, Diana Lynn, Greer Garson, Irene Dunne, solve their problems by buying copies of French originals or, like Betty Hutton and others, “stretch” their evening dresses for seasons by wearing them first long, then shortening them, adding a little jacket or dying them to a new shade.

Hats had the best of it at the big cocktail party director Chuck Walters tossed for Earl Blackwell, who heads that famed “Celebrity Service” in New York. On hand were Leslie Caron in a shortish black taffeta cocktail dress . . . Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas . . . Marilyn Maxwell with Paul Box . . . Nina Foch, Mike O’Shea (not Virginia Mayo’s spouse), Charlotte Greenwood, Ann Sothern with Dick Egan—and Louella O.P. in one of those new and sooooo expensive crystal mink capes, plus a blush-gray lid trimmed with a deep blue feather.

Another sparkling event and slightly off the beaten path (or rather off the bride-path) for Hollywood, was the opening of the Horse Show—a very fancy, ceremonious, black-tie affair, at which a regiment of the Royal Canadian Police furnished extra color and a thrill to not only “the horsey set,” but a nice mingling of stars and socialites. Amidst the music, the presentation of the colors, the gloved and bejewelled applauders were Dan Dailey with Beets Wynn; Mervyn LeRoy with his daughter Linda; the Cecil de Mille; the Jack Beutels with their four-year old daughter; Elyse Knox with Tom Harmon; Liz Dailey with Bob Neal; Lucille Ball and her ever-lovin’ Desi Arnaz. Georgiaanna and Ricardo Montalban. Irene Dunne was a standout in a ravishing imported Italian gown of green and gold satin stripes, with a wide floating skirt and a bare, strapless top. Arlene Dahl was in white satin—a ball gown with a deep red velvet sash, and at her waist—a diamond sunburst.

Ava Gardner was home ill that night “Snows of Kilimanjaro” had its Hollywood preem, and too bad. Her ravishing beauty and her great performance got her more raves from top Hollywood brass than she ever reaped before. Event was real glitzy with such stars as Jeanne Crain (in red chiffon, along Grecian lines); Anne Baxter, in crisp pink satin, with John Hodiak (and without cigar!); Zsa Zsa (in a form-fitting Schiaparelli job of black velvet) with George Sanders; Rhonda Fleming, also in black velvet, with a yoke and shoulder straps of heavy white lace; Diana Lynn, stunning in very decolleté, slinky black velvet and a very long and wide and snowy white ermine stole! There too were Jan Sterling (stunning in dark red taffeta) and Paul Douglas; the Charlton Hestons; Vera-Ellen (in tight-waisted sapphire blue satin) with her new beau, Russ Severin. Tab Hunter escorted Gloria Gordon, daughter of producer Leon Gordon. More who enjoyed the picture and the late supper the Darryl Zanuck threw at Romanoffs afterward were Joan Crawford, Bob Mitchum, Lita Baron and Rory Calhoun, Ty Power and Linda Christian, the James Masons, Debra Paget, Bob Wagner with Debbie Reynolds, and Dawn Addams.

Just for a bit of a change, let me tell you who is wearing what—but not to dinner! In “The Farmer Takes a Wife,” Betty Grable cut things in a burlap-potato sack skirt and old-fashioned bloomers. Does a dance in ‘em yet! . . . Virginia Mayo has a dreamy new nightgown of black lace—real lace. Across one shoulder, embroidered in pale pink are the words, “I Love You.” Michael O’Shea gave it to her . . . Marie Wilson, who always wears ‘em low, really raised a few eyebrows at a party one night in a gown cut down to—well Marie calls it, “Everything I Have Is Yours” . . . Lana Turner is curious about her wardrobe for “Latin Lovers.” And here’s the twist: Even though the film is in Technicolor, all of Lana’s clothes will be in black and white! Gowns, suits, negligees—even the bathing suits! . . . Marilyn Monroe is mad for some of the naughty duds she dons in “Gents Prefer Blondes.” One is a diamond-studded bathing suit—what there is of it. About another outfit Marilyn giggles, “It’s even better than that. It’s like a black silk stocking all overl—and just as clingy—and has jewels dangling from it in all the right places”—Robert Taylor was spied buying a gorgeous chiffon and lace negligee with nightie to match—and ordering it monogrammed with merely an “M.” That doesn’t stand for Barbara (Stanwyck) or Ursula (Thiess)—so . . .

Denise Darcel has been here for a long time and never threw a party—but when she finally gave her first, she made up for lost time! Over two hundred made it up the steep hill to the house where indoors and out, bars and buffet tables kept most of the cocktail guests there until three ayem! Denise was gay as all git-out and provided plenty of “stags at eve.” A party with lots of extra, unattached males is a rarity around Holly- wood—in case you didn’t know! Some of the guests lined up on a daredevil “confidential information” into my shell-pink ears — and confidential it will have to stay! Twos on hand were Pat Nerney (Mona Freeman’s ex) with Peggy Ann Garner, Nina Foch with Hugh Grant, Scott Brady with Pat Knight. Also there, were Cesar Romero, John Hudson, Helmut Dan-tine and Lex Barker.
Be Lux-lovely in gorgeous mink...

This MINK COAT can be yours!

$150,000.00 MINK PRIZES
in Four Weekly Contests
20 MINK COATS
Hundreds of rich Mink Stoles
and magnificent Mink Scarves

This is your opportunity to own and wear gorgeous Mink! Every week for four weeks, Lux will award 5 first prizes—each a luxurious mink coat! Plus 10 second prizes—each a dramatic mink stole! And 75 third prizes—each a perfectly matched scarf! These furs are of the most prized quality... because they were created by nationally famous Annis Furs, distinguished furriers since 1887. Hurry—enter this week's contest now. It's easier than you think to win a precious mink—for your very own!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

_HINTS TO WIN_

_Hollywood stars_ depend on gentle Lux facial for quick new beauty.

Lux Soap care has Skin-Tonic Action... makes skin look smoother, fresher, younger.

Try Lux today! Here's how easy it is to write a winning entry: "I use Lux Toilet Soap because it's the complexion care of famous screen stars. I find the Skin-Tonic Action in Lux care really works... makes my skin softer, dewy-fresh."

Here's all you need to do to enter:

1. In 25 additional words or less, complete the statement: "I use Lux Toilet Soap because..." Use entry blank below or plain paper. Print or write plainly and include your name and address. With each entry enclose two wrappers from any size Lux Toilet Soap. Send as many entries as you wish in each contest. Mail to "Lux Contest, Box 321, New York 46, New York." Use adequate postage.

2. There are four weekly contests, closing January 25th, February 1st, February 8th, February 15th. All entries received will be judged in the first week's contest. The entries will be judged in each week's contest as received. Entries for final contest must be postmarked no later than February 15th. Entries must be original work of contestant, submitted in own name. Julies' decisions final. See entry blank available at most grocers for detailed rules.

_Rhonda Fleming_
co-starring in
"TROPIC ZONE"
A Paramount Picture
Color by Technicolor

ENTER EACH WEEK FOR EXTRA OPPORTUNITIES TO WIN!

Complete this statement in 25 additional words or less... "I use Lux Toilet Soap because..."

Mail to LUX CONTEST, Box 321, New York 46, N. Y.

Name________________________Address________________________

City________________________Zone____State____________________

With each entry enclose two wrappers from any size Lux Toilet Soap.
New! a shampoo that
Silkens your hair!

Picture you... after just one shampoo... with hair that
shimmers under even the softest light. Picture you with hair
that's silky soft, silky smooth, silky bright!

New lightning lather — milder than castile!
This silkening magic is in Drene's new lightning lather! No other
lather is so thick, yet so quick—even in hardest water!

Magic! because it flashes up like lightning, because it rinses
out like lightning, because it's milder than castile! Magic!
because this new formula leaves your hair bright as silk, smooth
as silk, soft as silk. And so obedient.

Just try this new Drene with its lightning lather... its new, fresh
fragrance of 100 flowers. You have a new experience coming!

NEW EXPERIENCE...

to see your hair so silky soft,
so silky bright... to feel the
magic of this lightning lather—
milder than castile. No other
lather is so quick, yet so thick.

New Lightning Lather—
a magic new formula that silkens your hair.

Milder than castile—
so mild you could use Drene every day!
RITA TAKES THE COUNT

If it's consolation Rita needs, she's getting it from gallant Count José Maria de Villapadierna, who's been her constant escort in Spain.

• Apparently the fight is over. As for the winner, no one seems quite certain. Rita won her terms—a divorce, custody of Yasmine and $50,000 a year for the child's support. However, if she actually expected to resume marital life with the unpredictable Prince Aly Khan, she was the loser in the final round of the international Battle Royal.

Rita evidently believed that Aly was the soul of sincerity when he came to call in Hollywood. Soon after his departure, she packed her bags and flew to Paris, admitting that a reconciliation was not impossible. But still another quarrel followed. Rita walked out announcing, “He's a playboy, while I work all year round in Hollywood.”

When she left Aly for what appears to be the final time, Rita proceeded to Spain. Soon her name was being linked with that of Count José Maria de Villapadierna, reportedly an old friend of Aly's. He is tall, handsome and forty. And extremely chivalrous when it comes to protecting Rita from fans, reporters, and would-be suitors. Answering persistent rumors that she may next become a Countess, Rita says, “We're just friends.”
Smith

Scott Brady and Dorothy Malone frolic by the pool of the new Sahara in Las Vegas. Their romance still has people guessing

Dale Robertson, lunching with Lola Albright at Twentieth, says stories of his marital rift were exaggerated.

With Karen Sharpe and Elaine Stewart at the Masquers' Revels, pert Piper Laurie looks like a wistful bride—just the role gossip hints for her.
INSIDE
STUFF

CAL YORK'S GOSSIP
OF HOLLYWOOD

TWO'S IN THE NEWS: Best of all, Piper Laurie likes to travel and go to the movies. And best of all, if those dates are serious, she'll be doing some of same with David Schine, son of the hotel-and-chain-theatre owner ... They may have quarreled and maybe it was just that the spaghetti was good, but Joyce Holden and Dok Stanford in a dark corner at the Villa Nova never looked happier ... Following a five-year absence, Helmut Dantine's back. Vera-Ellen's got him—at least for dating purposes. The provocative Austrian says he's a little older and a great deal wiser (we don't know what that means, either!) ... Ann Blyth's a bright star. Palmer Lee is newest and handsomest of U-I's leading men. Put them both together, which they are these days, and what do you have? A publicity romance ... Unpredictable Jane Wyman's marriage to her orchestra leader Freddie Karger really rocked Hollywood. One week previous the evasive Jane was redecorating her home and the masculine touch was conspicuously missing. And everyone is just as pleased as can be over this union.

ACCORDING TO CAL: When you meet her in person, the soft and soothing tones of Lori Nelson's voice make her sound just like Ava Gardner ... People were saying Scott Brady made a mistake in turning down that role at U-I and washing up his contract there, but Scott says 'tain't no mistake. He has a picture coming up at Twentieth plus a couple of other outside films ... Time to time, rumors have Marge and Gower Champion heading for New York to do the choreography for a Broadway musical. But with their

more pictures on next page
INSIDE STUFF

CONTINUED

M-G-M pictures such hits you can bet they'll be kept busy on the sound stages in Hollywood . . . Dale Robertson tried to talk Tab Hunter into changing his name. And when Tab told him it had already been changed, Dale tried to talk him into changing it back again!

GENIAL GENTS: It's Bob Hope's crack after returning to Hollywood from making that smash hit in London's Palladium: "I just got back from England and your money sends regards to everyone!" . . . According to Red Skelton: "If the John Hodials have another baby, Anne Baxter (who now smokes 'em!) will pass out the cigars" . . . It's Jack Benny's definition of the most practical man in the world: "A guy who would throw away a Marilyn Monroe calendar—because it was no longer up-to-date!" . . . Clifton Webb said it to Barbara Stanwyck when they 'were trying to think up a title for their new picture. It concerns the sinking of the Titanic, only the names can't be used. Cliffoy boy suggested: "Bottoms Up!"

IT'S MERELY MONEY: When she was at Warner Brothers, Joan Crawford received $250,000 per picture. Eventually they came to the parting of the ways. A settlement was made because, "Crawford's name no longer draws at the box office." Believing poor scripts can kill any star, Joan went out and set up a terrific independent deal for herself. By the time the now sensational "Sudden Fear" completes its run, Joan's percentage alone will net her around $800,000. Needless to say, every studio in town is trying to get La Crawford under contract again.

EVERYONE'S AMUSED BY: Those "dirty" looks Terry Moore's casting in Mitzi Gaynor's direction these days. It all revolves around rumored reasons concerning that fabulous top studio executive . . . The silly scuttlebut that the Humphrey Bogarts were such rabid Stevenson fans, they fired their vegetable man when he voted for Ike . . . That fan letter received by Ray Milland, which reads: "Am looking forward to seeing your picture on television when I get out in 1963." It was signed: "The Thief."

HOLLYWOOD HIGHS: Carleton Carpenter and Barbara Ruick's recording of "No Two People." No two people have ever been better . . . Ethel Merman's admiration for Donald O'Connor's talent. She even came to the studio on her first day off to watch him do a number for "Call Me Madam" . . . Marlon Brando's stirring speech as Marc Antony in "Julius Caesar." Hundreds of extras (who understood every word) applauded like mad . . . Ann Sheridan's "Academy Award" performance. She kept right on acting during a scene for "Flame of Timberline," when a bee flew into her bustle!

HOLLYWOOD LOWS: The disheartening waste of Van Johnson's name and talent. His glorified bit in "Plymouth Adventure" gives credence to the rumor that he won't resign when his M-G-M contract expires . . . The casting of Ray Bolger opposite Doris Day in "April in Paris." Talented and terrific the dancing comedian is, but as a romantic lover he makes a charming story seem ridiculous . . . The way gossips are trying to make a romance item of Barbara Stanwyck's friendly and professional interest in her young co-worker, Bob Wagner.

ACCORDING TO CAL: Robert Horton has every director on the M-G-M lot trying to reserve his services for future pictures . . . By the time you read this, that secret we promised Angela Lansbury we'd keep—may be public property . . . Pity poor Rock Hudson! He's torn between sex and selfishness. Marilyn Monroe looked at his hide-away house in the hills while he was in Europe and now she wants him to forfeit his lease so's she can buy it . . . Janet Leigh is exhausted from making so many movies, she says she'll have to have a baby to get a good rest. Tony promises to cooperate . . . Glimpsed at a recent Palm Spring tennis tournament: Ginger Rogers and Jacques Bergerac holding hands. Ginger is taking French lessons now that handsome Jacques has an M-G-M contract. After all, a gal does have to understand a guy—just in case he pops the question.
PIPE OF PEACE: Currently all’s well with the Frank Sinatras. To prove it, he escorted Ava to Africa where she’s making “Mogambo” with Clark Gable. The night before their last Hollywood flare-up, the Sinatras and the Gottfried Reinhardts went to Chasen’s for dinner. Frank and the producer rode in one car alongside of Ava and the producer’s wife in another. At red light intersections, Mr. S. gaily leaped out of his car, dashed over and bussed the beautiful Mrs. S.! Tempestuous though it may be, no one doubts their burning love for each other. On the other hand, sometimes the turn it takes is mighty confusing to everybody!

BEHIND THE SCENES: Reading in a column that Robert Wagner took Barbara Stanwyck to Romanoff’s, some of Debbie Reynolds’ prize pixie friends tried to induce her to finagle a date with Robert Taylor! ... Run don’t walk to the nearest newsstand when Steve Cochran’s next interview appears. He’s calling it “Sex After Six;” a subject he finds interesting at any time.

IN CASE YOU CARE: From Canada, Gary Cooper goes to Mexico and then heads for England. He’ll be out of the country for eighteen months or more, which could be for tax purposes ... Three non-professional wives altered an edict. Mrs. Ray Milland, Mrs. Jimmy Stewart and Mrs. Fred MacMurray (so improved in health) did a TV coffee commercial, the money going to charity ... When Tony Curtis went to pick up Janet Leigh in a beauty parlor, he kiddingly called out: “Here I am, Mrs. Schwartz.” Two fat ladies bearing the same name came running out of their booths!

TRUTH ABOUT FEUDS: The usual mischief mongers would have you believe there’s feudin’ and a-fussin’ between Doris Day and Peggy Lee, who’s now at Warners too. ’Tain’t so. Doris wouldn’t feud with anyone. Besides, each songbird is terrifically talented in her own style of singing, but so opposite in type and temperament that they couldn’t possibly be rivals for the same roles ... It probably makes better copy to say that “Gentlemen Prefer Blondes,” and Marilyn Monroe and Jane Russell prefer to ignore each other away from the camera. The truth is, the “Big Four” (as the gang on the set refers to ’em) happen to like each other very much.

LIGHTS, CAMERA, ACTION: Alan Ladd is Hollywood’s greatest ambassador of good will. Reports on his careful consideration of everyone during the making of “Red Beret” are an object lesson in diplomacy for other actors making pictures in Europe ... The cast and crew of “Remains To Be Seen” was taken to task for kidding June Allyson. As a groovy young bandsinger, she wears skintight, low-cut gowns and all the glamour trappings. Whenever she took a step, everyone wolf-whistled at Junie and she got so embarrassed it affected her performance ... As background music for U-I’s “Sioux Rising,” the studio decided to use a special theme song. Jeff Chandler, who does a big switch and plays a cavalry officer in this one, suggested: “Sweet Sioux!”

FOR YOUR INFORMATION: Judy Garland’s favorite singer is Ann Sothern. Her inimitable style reduces Judy to tears every time Ann sings at a Hollywood party ... Jack Benny gives the most lavish tips in Hollywood. Actually a very generous guy, he’s sensitive about having his “stingy” radio character confused with his true self ... Leslie Caron loves the ridiculous way George Hormel’s eyebrows grow together and won’t allow him to “make alterations” ... Susan Hayward really lived up to a redhead’s legend for having a temper, when a top studio executive invited her to a private screening and didn’t invite husband Jess Barker ... Burt Lancaster finally relented and posed for group shots when his family visited him on the Fiji Islands where he was shooting “His Majesty O’Keefe” ... Marlon Brando does a highly amusing impersonation of James Mason which he tried out the first time the Masons invited him to dinner! The reviews on “John Brown’s Body” were so great for Tyrone Power, he says: “They read as if I’d written them myself.” (Continued on page 78)
A beauty with brains, Marilyn Monroe might still be unknown if she hadn't figured out the campaign that launched a new sex era.

There was no mystery about Mitzi Gaynor until she went into the dance that left Hollywood gasping—and won her a new contract.

Is Hollywood carrying

Monroe's not-so-demure doctrine has started a new siren trend. But over-exposure, warns Sheilah, has ruined many a film!
Sex too far?

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

- Pronounce sex backwards and you come up with excess. And that's exactly the state of affairs in Hollywood, which is going all out in a hysterical effort to sensationalize—only here we call it glamourize—the female of the film species. It's a wild-eyed pageant of sex on celluloid and off—the like of which hasn't been seen since the decline and fall of the early motion picture empire.

A blonde bundle, sixty-five and one-half inches high, soft and cuddly all 'round—and I don't have to tell you her first name is Marilyn—is the spearhead of this new type of Monroe Doctrine. Open your mouth, remove the underwear, pose in the nude, show your legs, show your bosom, split your skirts, V to the waistline, front as well as back, and never mention anything quietly domestic—this is the snowballing formula for success in Hollywood, which now believes nothing succeeds like sucsex.

There is only one top movie star in Hollywood who refuses to be stampeded by Miss Monroe—Betty Grable, the Queen of Curves at Twentieth Century-Fox, before the throne was kicked out from under her glammer gams by the bold, brash newcomer. When needled with "How about that Marilyn taking over the studio?" Betty replied nonchalantly, "More power to her. There's always plenty of room at the top." Brave words. But I'm told Betty burned a bit when the MMmmm girl stepped into her dancing shoes for "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

And Olivia de Havilland says, "There's a big difference between vulgar and (Continued on page 84)
They were just old friends—until Cupid steered them to hamburgers and a brand new “Love Song”

BY RUTH WATERBURY

- It's great when you can write a love story about a couple of wonderful people. And it is really great when such a story is a Photoplay exclusive—like this story of Jane Wyman and Freddie Karger, which Janie told me one rainy November afternoon, less than a week after she and Freddie had eloped to Santa Barbara.

The Wyman-Karger love story began in mid-October. Or at least, that's when the love began. It began on one of those evenings at which California is particularly expert, an intense blue evening, highlighted with a big, golden moon, and a temperature not hot, not cold, but simply perfect.

There's always something in bloom in southern California. In October, it is a riot of chrysanthemums, and their spicy scent drifts along the evening air. And there's always something singing, too, and in autumn that's usually the doves, trilling softly from the tall palm trees.

Ordinarily Jane Wyman, a girl with a love of living, would have been aware of all these things—but on this particular night, she wasn't. She was too beat. As she stretched out her long, lovely legs against the floor boards of a car, buzzing toward Beverly Hills, she was conscious only of gratitude that she was being driven home and that there, she could just relax. (Continued on page 87)

As musical supervisor at Columbia, Freddie Karger worked with Jane Wyman on her songs
Their children—Janie's two and Freddie's one—sent this wire: "We're so happy to have our mommy and daddy together"
Here is my untold story, and in it I
am shouting my thanks to the highest-paid
teachers in the whole wide world

the things I’ve
learned

by Robert Wagner

...and the guys who helped me

DAN DAILEY
ALAN LADD

CLIFTON WEBB
CLARK GABLE

- I’m going to write this myself. R.J., my friends are going to say, you’re crazy! So, maybe I’m crazy, but I’m going to write. Sure, I’m only twenty-three, but Mr. Shakespeare, move over!

I guess you could call this “things that haven’t been told yet.” And it’s time they were nosed about. Not that this is a story that’s not fit for the printed page, because it is! I’m going to write about all the inside stuff I learned from the “older men.” (Definition of an older man? Anybody over twenty-three.)

I’m going to tell the “untold story” of one boy-actor (that’s me) who learned about life and how-to-be-happy-though-young from a handful of swell guys—more than he ever could have absorbed from twenty-three straight years of books and theories.

As an author, I’m going to dedicate this little set of notes to the guys who squared me away. They’ll probably be surprised to see their names on the printed page, but I want to make sure they get full and just credit.

What guy wouldn’t be grateful for the chance to shout out loud his thanks for what he’s learned from the highest-paid teachers in the world? And for free, yet! Dan Dailey, Alan Ladd, Dick Widmark, Clifton Webb, Macdonald Carey, John Hodiak, one and all, I thank you!

R.J. (I say to myself), you’re on a bandwagon! You bet I am, R.J. (I reply to myself). Sounds corny,
I know, but it's hard for a guy like me to put into words my gratitude. But, I mean it—I'm grateful, and I'll tell you why.

I've always been nuts about the picture business. I've always wanted to be an actor. As a little kid, I used to come home and act out all the scenes from the movie I'd just seen. Imagine me in the middle of the living-room rug with my knickers on playing Humphrey Bogart in "High Sierra." Brother, with knickers, that's ambition!

As I grew up, I wanted to act even more. By the time I was seventeen, I was ready to mow-em-down. And I almost did, only not quite in the way I'd planned.

I managed to wangle an appointment with a big studio casting director, Solly Biano of Warners. I slicked down my hair and splashed myself with some of my pop's best shaving lotion (though I didn't shave much then). I hopped into my V-8 with great confidence and dragged out to the studio, which I was about to conquer single-handed.

The cop at the gate (Continued on page 91)
Neither time nor Hollywood has changed Dodo. She's the same happy Day, with a love for people, an infectious laugh, and an unbreakable habit of originating wild nicknames.
Once there was a lonely little girl who found a friend in a strange city. Years later, she again needed friendship . . .

AND ALONG CAME DODO

BY MARY GOODWIN

I had been brushed off. I had written to Doris Day three times, in care of Warner Brothers Studios. Weeks had gone by with no answer, and my husband had said, “You see? Movie stars are all alike. They have no time for their old friends.”

It made me a little sad, remembering our first meeting. I was twelve, lonely and friendless in a new town. The neighborhood to which we had moved, in a Cincinnati suburb, seemed to be filled with nothing but boys at an age when they definitely do not care for the companionship of girls.

I was sitting alone on my front steps, feeling sorry for myself, when along came Dodo on a bicycle. She was wearing a sports jacket and a visored cap, and her face was covered with freckles and aglow with youthful friendliness.

“Hi!” she called to me. “Want to play softball with the gang?” There was no doubt about it. I’d found a pal.

Now, again, I was friendless in a new neighborhood, a new state. The only person I knew in the entire city of Los Angeles was Doris Day. But, with my notes unanswered, I was resigned to chalking off Dodo as a casualty of time and distance.

Then, one day, there was a big fire at Warners Studios. My husband and I have an apartment only a few blocks away in the Toluca Lake district and, attracted by the fire engines (Continued on page 103)
She was shy and retiring. But somehow, everyone always knew Dixie Lee was right behind Bing and their boys

- There was something about the rarely-seen, self-effacing little Dixie Lee Crosby that left an imprint on our town and in the hearts of the American people. Perhaps it can best be expressed by an elderly woman who wrote me shortly after Dixie was buried. “Movietown has lost lots of wonderful people. But Dixie was different,” she said. “It just seemed to me that when Bing or the boys were mentioned or seen about, somehow—I can’t explain it—you ‘felt’ Dixie.”

She’ll continue to be felt.

Back in 1930, Dixie Lee was a witty, beautiful young girl, in the midst of a zooming career. A “friend” gave her this advice: “Don’t marry the guy. If you do, you’ll probably end up supporting him all of his life. He’ll never amount to anything.” The man she was told not to wed was a little-known singer with Paul Whiteman’s orchestra; his name, of course, is Bing Crosby.

In those days nobody could have predicted that Bing would grow into an American institution—one of the most famous men in the world, and a person of such wealth that it has become a stock gag with comedians. He was, in those days, a playboy with a fondness for firewater that seemed destined to wreck whatever career he had. But Dixie married him.

Twenty-two years later—this past October—Bing was returning from Europe, where he had made a picture. In June, Dixie had had a serious operation. The doctors discovered she had cancer. ’Tis said that nobody told Dixie the nature of her ailment. However, several others and I knew; but we wouldn’t print it. We loved Dixie and wouldn’t publish anything that might be discouraging to her.

(Continued on next page)
DIXIE
CONTINUED

Here, in these pictures, is a lifetime of living for Dixie Lee, who for

The Crosbys, in 1933, with first-born, Gary. But Dixie was always to long for a little girl, too

Friends said of Bing, "He'll never amount to anything." But marriage to Dixie brought success—and, in 1934, two more sons, twins—Philip, Dennis

By 1941, pictures of Dixie and Bing dancing were a scoop. This photo caused an "incident"

After her operation, she continued to ail. But when Bing arrived in Los Angeles, Dixie was at the station to meet him. Against medical advice, she got out of a sickbed to be at the train when her man came home. The strain was too much for her waning energies. The next day she collapsed and then went into a coma. Bing kept a constant bedside vigil. But the words that he would have doubtless given all of his fame and fortune to hear never came from Dixie. She remained in a coma until she died.

It is my guess that Dixie knew she had cancer. She was too intelligent not to have known. Last fall she wrote her will, leaving her half of the multi-million Crosby fortune to her loved ones. More significant is that less than a year ago she gave one of her rare parties, inviting seventy-five old friends. It was as if she wanted to take a last look at them all together. Not one member of the press was asked. I confess I was a bit hurt, because, more than a news source, I considered her my friend. I called Dixie the next day and told her so.

"I'd love to have had you, Hedda," she said. "But I didn't dare. It would have brought the rest of the press down not only on me—which wouldn't have mattered—but on Bing. Knowing you as well as I do, I was sure you'd understand." And I did.

That was Dixie. Always thinking of the welfare of those dearest to her.

Dixie was buried on November 4, her forty-first birthday. A crowd of fans waited outside the Good Shepherd Church in Beverly Hills, where the services were to be held. They were very solemn, and lacking in the usual curiosity-seeking of fans. They had come to pay tribute to Dixie, whom they had rarely, if ever, seen. But they loved her, and not necessarily because she was Bing's wife. To them, she represented a girl who had given up a brilliant career to devote her life and energies to her "five boys." She always referred to Bing as one of her "boys," too.

Bing, flanked by the four handsome, stalwart sons Dixie had given him, was on the point of collapse when
twenty-two years ruled quietly as Mrs. Bing Crosby

he entered the church. During the funeral ceremony, he sat with bowed head before the casket blanketed with orchids and white gardenias. He prayed; and as he prayed, he brushed away tears. It was difficult to see in him the debonair, carefree Bing whom the world knows. He was just another man deeply grieving for a girl who had stuck to him through thick and thin for twenty-two years. No one could say what ran through his mind during the Solemn Requiem High Mass.

Twenty-two years is a long time. During that period, the Crosbys, like all other married couples, had their ups and downs. Finances were not a cause for worry. After their marriage, Bing's career advanced at a rapid pace. He could provide his family with all the happiness money could buy; but there are some intangibles in human life that the wealth of emperors cannot purchase. For some reason, Dixie seemed to suffer from an acute loneliness. She was completely devoted to Bing and their four sons; but that was not enough, as great as it was, to obliterate some mysterious yearning in her nature. It may have been a sense of incompleteness for not having fulfilled her career in show business. Bing gave her every material thing her heart desired—even a stable of horses. But show business, once in your blood, is hard to oust. Jimmy Durante once told me that the great regret of his life was having his wife quit work once he began to earn enough to keep them both. The desire for self-expression is deeply rooted in all of us; and once the possibility of doing it is cut off, frustration sets in.

I asked Dixie about this several years ago. "Career!" she hooted. "What do you think I've got now? Haven't I got my hands full raising my five boys?"

As time rolled by, she became increasingly shy. In her last years she saw very few friends; her rare appearances in night clubs sent the management scuttling to the telephone to alert the photographers. Getting an interview with her was almost impossible. I remember Bing's astonishment when he came home two years ago and found me sitting in the (Continued on page 94)
By Fred Brown

The threat to the tony curtis—janet leigh marriage

Tony himself asks the question and ponders the answer—will Hollywood wreck his marriage?
A budgeted income means that Tony and Janet can't live up to gossips' expectations—and that's just one of their problems!

- A FEW WEEKS AGO, a recently-divorced actress in Hollywood was casually scanning the grist from the day's gossip columns. Suddenly, her attention focused on an item and froze there as she read:
  "What's with the Tony Curtis-Janet Leigh marriage? At a party last night, Janet kicked Tony so hard on the shins he had to sit down the rest of the evening."

The actress read the printed words again. She had been to the party mentioned and knew the item wasn't true. What's more, as a friend of Tony and Janet she realized how much in love they are, how happy in their marriage. But what of the others who read it, those thousands who don't know these two kids personally as she does?

Perhaps she was thinking back on her own Hollywood marriage and the myriad problems and pitfalls, rumors and gossip that beset it. She mused, half aloud, "Why can't they let them alone? Will Hollywood wreck their marriage?"

Tony himself has recently been giving serious thought to these questions.

"Sure," he admits, "like any other married couple, we have our little differences. Maybe I don't like a dress Janet likes; sometimes it's a (Continued on page 100)
LOVE STORY

BY STEWART GRANGER

as told to PAULINE SWANSON
Deborah Kerr and Tony Bartley have a different love story—in which their love was never blind. But Cupid was!

- This isn't my own love story—which I really prefer above all others—but it comes next. And, if I weren't slightly prejudiced, it would come first. I hasten to add that it happened before I met, wooed and won—which still amazes me—my wife, Jean Simmons. That taught me a lot of things.

In mid-winter of 1945, I was in England, busy with picture-making, and going out with companies to entertain the troops. Romantically, I was as blind as a bat. In fact, I was inclined to think that so far as actors and actresses were concerned, they were, by the nature of their profession, so busy making love on the stage that they couldn't be serious about real romance.

Among my friends were two people whom I greatly admired. One was Deborah Kerr, whose gifts as an actress are as great as her own charm. We had met in London in 1943, when I worked with her in rehearsals for "Heartbreak House," her first West End play. I was pulled out of the cast for a picture before opening night and she went on to do the play with Robert Donat as her co-star. But we kept in touch and were good friends.

The other person was Tony Bartley. Now do you see where this story is heading?

I had known Tony during my own war service days. I knew, as everyone in England knew, the legend of the Biggin' Hill Boys—a squadron of Spitfire pilots, commanded by Tony, who, in the terrible days when the Nazis were poised just across the channel, hurled themselves against the best the Luftwaffe could send and saved England. (Continued on page 86)
ARE

They're as used to the powder puff as the prettiest girl. But do their he-man muscles revolt?

John Wayne held a powder puff in one hand, a mirror in the other, and painstakingly dusted his nose. He grinned self-consciously when he caught someone watching. "Have to take the shine off," he explained. Then he added, "If I could make as much money as a prop man as I do being a movie actor, I'd still be prop- ping for John Ford."

Even those who have been around ac-

Burt Lancaster takes many a risk to prove himself a real-life athlete.

Rock Hudson is no softie. He's an ex-truck driver who will fight at the drop of a Hollywood "pretty boy" label.

Tab Hunter, a new star, has his studio worried for fear he'll break his bones while putting his horse, Out on Bail, over hurdles.
Actors for a long time are often startled when they see big handsome he-men of the wide open spaces primping and prancing in make-up before they go into a scene. It's all part of the job, of course, but it brings to mind some memorable words of the late John Barrymore. “It's okay for a woman to sit in front of a mirror and powder her face and curl her hair—you expect that,” said Barrymore. “But for a man, it's unnatural. It's just plain sissy stuff.”

Is it? The men in this country seem to think so. Joan Fontaine, discussing the shortage of actors in Hollywood, provides a theory. “It's because American men are not proud to be actors,” she maintains.

Well, you wouldn't say that Burt Lancaster, for instance, is ashamed of his trade, although sometimes he is embarrassed by it. (Continued on page 97)
Reams have been written about Miss Betty Grable the star. But now meet "Mommie"—Mrs. Harry James, proud parent of Vicki and Jessica

- Betty Grable and Dale Robertson had just finished a scene for "The Farmer Takes a Wife" and, at long last, lunch was called. They were late that day—not breaking until after one o'clock. The crew watched as Betty and Dale strolled leisurely off the set. They knew that when the two stars neared the telephone, the pace would quicken. As usual, Betty reached their goal before Dale. "Mothers first," she reminded him with a grin. "Stand in line, Pa."

A lengthy conversation later, she put down the receiver. "Everything's okay at the James," she reported. "Now you can check on your daughter."

"You sure haven't changed much," said Dale in mock sadness. He well remembered the time they had appeared together in "Call Me Mister," and Betty kept the telephone line busy with four and five calls a day to the James residence. "I'm a worrier," she'd explain, "And it's so reassuring to hear that everything is all right."

To most people in Hollywood, Betty is Mrs. Harry James—an extremely talented girl who happens to be a movie star. It's never been a secret that she prefers home to studio, and during her recent long absence from the screen, it was rumored that she might go into permanent retirement. The idea was no doubt tempting. For during that time, Betty had the opportunity to enjoy her home and children fully for the first time in their lives. She took them on picnics or to the Beverly playground, where there is a miniature train and merry-go-round and Ferris wheel. She took them shopping and, of course, to the races. Both girls naturally love that sport which is such a passion with their parents, and Vicki even pores over the Racing Form and picks her winners. On one occasion, Betty took Vicki with her when she went to the races in San Francisco. "She was so good," says Betty, "it was like traveling with a girl friend."

Fame is fine with Betty and she's grateful for the success she has had. But this other life of Betty's—her private life—is the one she values above everything else. And she prefers that the spotlight be kept away from Vicki and Jessica. "I want them to lead normal lives," Betty maintains.

Betty made her own professional debut at the early age of seven and she isn't sure she wants that sort of childhood for her girls—unless they want it. For instance, when Vicki was six, she took a few piano lessons—from the same teacher who had taught Betty to put over her songs. But Vicki showed little aptitude and no interest and the lessons were stopped. "I didn't see any point in forcing her," Betty explains. "I was coaxed to take dancing lessons. My mother would promise me that I could ride horseback if I would take them. That bribe never failed! If I could go riding on Sunday, I'd go to dancing classes weekdays. It worked out fine for me and I'm grateful to my mother." (Continued on page 90)
Steve Cochran

Bachelor in defensive armor . . . red peppers in Irish stew . . .
first parachute jump . . . a red plush carpet on concrete . . .
rivets flashing against steel girders . . . magnetism in the rough
A young Adonis in battered denims ... the brooding silence of a desert night ... boxing gloves on a velvet cloak ... ivy, growing on Greek columns ... the haunting beauty of gypsy music ... a serious cavalier
In the old days, stars made up so heavily you couldn't see the players for the paint. Now they're doing what comes naturally.

BY BUD AND BETTY MILLS GOODE

- Change! Revolution is more the word! For in the turbulent Twenties the make-up on the Hollywood face was judged more by its weight than by the artistry of its application. Beauty was truly skin deep. But the Hollywood face has come into its own. Today's use of powder and paint has been reduced to a minimum and the 1953 key to beauty is naturalness.

The question came up during a meeting of movie executives at the very start of Marilyn Monroe's career. And for a change, it wasn't the form divine that held the moguls' attention, but Marilyn's piquant face.

"Here we have another Jean Harlow," (Continued on page 74)

JOAN CRAWFORD, who is now one of the sleekest and suavest members of the movie colony, shudders when she looks back on herself as she was when she first came to Hollywood. She wanted attention, and she got it—with the heaviest eyelashes and the curviest lips in town. But social leaders like Mary Pickford—who was at one time her mother-in-law—ignored her until she let her own vividly exciting beauty show through the make-up Hollywood dictated.
RITA HAYWORTH could never, by any stretch of the imagination, have been called plain. But she was definitely on the dumpy side before she learned to make the most of her own potential. Once she knew what she wanted, she went all out. A new hairline, a new hair color, X number of pounds dropped off—and the obscure dancer was transformed into a goddess of the form divine and a princess of glamour on two continents.

BETTY HUTTON used to think that she had to dress flamboyantly and make up heavily in order to have her appearance match her bubbling personality. But studio executives convinced her that the real Hutton buoyancy would show up even more effectively if she shed the gew-gaws and kept the cosmetics down to an absolute minimum. And now, there's nobody who's surer than Betty of precisely how right the studio moguls were.
Who made us love the sweater? Hollywood sweater-girls! What's fashion's newest love? The sweater-look—brand-new knitted clothes. On Valentine's Day and every date, be his sweetheart in a love of a sweater-fashion!
LONG-STEMMED roses for a sweetheart in an exciting sweater-dress and jacket! Svelte Lisa Ferraday says, “Thees sweater-look, it is vairy continental!” as she opens box of roses from her escort of the evening. She will take off the jacket for dancing, to reveal an enchanting, off-the-shoulder dress with a ribbed, softly flared skirt. Lass o’ Scotland, in pebbly wool chenille. 10-18. Under $40. Lisa pins her Photoplay Star to glove cuff.

SWEET SWEATER-GIRL Ava Norring is a delightful date in any outfit, sensational in a scoop-neck, jewel-encrusted evening sweater by Rosanna. “I love its new look of elegance,” she tells the lucky man with whom she’s tete-a-teting in a “small cafe.” Ava wears the gay, white wool top (32-38, under $15) with a brown, quilted nylon McArthur skirt. 10-18. Under $10. She clips her Star to her ring. Lisa and Ava are both in 20th’s “The Snows of Kilimanjaro.”
"SWEATER-SEPARATES are great for outdoor dates!" Ava says as she and her dog, Napsu, greet a friend for a strolling date in the park. Ava is natty and warm in Jantzen's oxford gray Khara-fleece skirt, long-sleeved turtleneck sweater, sleeveless green vest. Star's on collar of Jubilee white alpaca coat. Skirt, 10-18, under $12; sweater, vest, 32-40, each, under $9. Coat, 10-18, $30

"MOVIE STARS have movie dates, too!" the girls laugh as they are "caught in the act" of being escorted to the exciting, three-dimension "Cinerama" film. And both look very chic in the new, dressed-up sweater mood! Lisa's pale blue Wyner jersey ensemble couples a petal-appliqued strapless dress with a daytime jacket (Minx Modes, 7-15, about $35). Ava's chic navy Fashion Towne suit in the same wool jersey is slim, fitted, piped in chartreuse. 10-18. Under $50. See their Photoplay Stars?
THE STARS' LAST WORD on the new sweater-look: “It's Hollywood-glamorous!” Here, lovely Lisa proves the versatility of knitted fashions with exciting sweater separates that can be dressed up or down. Lisa is the perfect hostess when she entertains at home in a dramatic, barberpole-striped drawstring skirt and lovely white, pebble-stitch knitted blouse. Both, by Goldworm, are chic when accessorized Lisa's way with dramatic gold jewelry—and each looks just as well in a casual, sporty mood or worn with different skirts or blouses. Top, 32-38, under $8; skirt, S-M-L, under $17. Her Star is clipped to bracelet
SO EASY TO SEW! Now you can have for your very own an exact replica of the exciting new spring suit designed for Doris Day by Leah Rhodes to wear in her new spring movie, Warners' "April in Paris." At right, Doris poses in the smart tweed suit with slim, pocketed skirt and easy-shoulder, cutaway jacket. With it, she wears a simple blouse of wool jersey, with pique collar and cuffs to match the jacket's cuffs. Above, your exclusive sneak preview of Doris Day wearing the ensemble in the movie. Make it in sizes 10-20 in the same beautiful fabric, a California herringbone wool, in tan like hers; or wine, brown, gray or blue, about 54 inches wide, approximately $5 a yard. Size 14 takes only 2\(\frac{7}{8}\) yards for the suit and 1\(\frac{1}{4}\) yards of 39-inch jersey for the blouse.
Her dates with Fernando Lamas would seem to prove Arlene's heart isn't entirely in her work. But friends of both scoff at
Not even a new romance can convince Hollywood that Arlene Dahl has lost the heart she controls as well as she does her career

• When Arlene Dahl’s marriage broke up late last summer after a stormy, headline-making year, Hollywood sad singers tuned up for their sob songs. “Arlene is too ambitious to put anything into marriage,” they said. “And too beautiful. That face and figure can’t help attracting men like flies. But no man who calls himself a man is going to stand still for all the competition.”

Then they made a prediction. “Arlene is headed for a life as the richest and the most beautiful spinster in town.”

Arlene was too busy to comment—too busy being seen socially with the most attractive men in town. She was also busily cementing her heady new start on the career that was threatened when M-G-M terminated her contract.

And what lay ahead for Arlene in the romance department? When, at first, she seemed unconcerned, her friends wondered. Even when tall, dark Fernando Lamas entered her life, they still wondered.

Arlene and Fernando began appearing together in Hollywood nightspots soon after the names of Lana Turner and Lex Barker were being linked by columnists. At first, it seemed a turn-about-is-fair-play attitude. However, even when Lana and Lex began being seen with other people, Arlene and Fernando remained a devoted twosome.

It has been said that the lovely Miss Dahl may not wait for her (Continued on page 79)

BY EVE FORD

Arlene, the business woman, and a model who wears a Dahl-designed negligee at a showing for buyers

LOVE?
SECOND CHANCE

BY

JANE WILKIE

As the man on the flying trapeze, Cornel Wilde proved you can't keep a good man—or actor—down!

- Not too many months ago, a dashing, dark-eyed actor swooped across the nation's movie screens on his flying trapeze and made a graceful landing right smack in the middle of the hearts of a million palpitating movie fans. As far as the younger moviegoers were concerned, this handsome daredevil was a discovery. Their discovery. And what they wanted to know was why hadn't somebody told them about this marvelous Cornel Wilde before.

Well, somebody had told them—or at least their older sisters—long before Cornel made his sensational comeback in "The Greatest Show on Earth." Anyone over twenty can remember that half a dozen years ago, the magazines of America were liberally peppered with his pictures—acting, eating, laughing, loving, sneezing and snoozing. He was a top man on the popularity polls after he played the role of Chopin in the picture, "A Song to Remember" nine years ago. And because of the smoldering melancholy Cornel brought to the composer's life, every album of Chopin's records was sold right off the shelves of music stores all through the country, and bop got edged out of first place on the Hit Parade.

Hollywood rushed to offer Cornel Wilde its hottest movie scripts—and for the next few years, the film world was his personal oyster. Then, gradually, the familiar sad old story began to unfold. New faces moved into prominence, new players jockeyed for position, and Cornel began to be overlooked. He had the examples of dozens of other Hollywood careers to go by, and he knew the pattern—the tremendous flush of popularity, the decline, a long slump, perhaps, and then (for the solid performers), the needle pointing little by little upward once more, and the return to a comfortable place in the gallery of filmdom's dependables. But knowing what to expect didn't make the reality any easier for Cornel.

That initial dip worries all actors. Why wouldn't it? Though some are willing to take anything— (Continued on page 98)
It was February 14, that day when hearts just automatically beat a little faster. In a corner of the classroom was a large box, covered with bright red crepe paper. For three days, its presence had created a great deal of excitement. Our eyes could not seem to resist straying from our books to that box. Now the morning had arrived and lessons were temporarily forgotten. The teacher stood beside her desk to hand out the precious Valentine messages. And as she called the names, there were giggles and blushes and shy sighs.

I tried to be nonchalant as I tore open a large envelope I'd received. Noting the signature, I glanced across the room at Billy, who had asked me to be his Valentine. All of a sudden, he had become completely absorbed in his history book. Billy was the boy who'd waited after school for me every day for weeks, asking me to ride home on his bicycle. At that time, we lived only a block-and-a-half from school and, being far from senile, I was well able to get home under my own steam.

But each day he was there, the picture of devotion, smiling his invitation out of innocent blue eyes. No female can long resist patient adoration, and Billy knew it instinctively, even then. So that day I got on his bicycle. (Continued on page 101)
It's never been so easy

to have such a divine complexion!

no wet sponge

no greasy fingertips

no spilly powder

In 5 seconds—Angel Face gives you a “perfect complexion”

in a slim, smart Mirror Case

your powder and foundation—in one!

It smooths on with a puff—and stays!
Today’s most popular complexion flatterer! With just a touch of the fluffy puff, Angel Face gives a soft-tinted, velvety finish that’s smoother than plain powder—and much more clinging. Because Angel Face by Pond’s is powder and foundation in one! Never drying, never shiny. “Angel Face gives my skin the soft fresh look I want,” the lovely Marchioness of Milford Haven says.

It can’t spill in your handbag! Carry your Angel Face the way you do your lipstick. In its neatly hinged ivory-and-golden Mirror Case, Angel Face has everything you need for a heavenly new make-up—mirror, puff, and your powder and foundation in one. “I carry an Angel Face in my handbag always,” says Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. In your choice of 6 soft skin tones. Pond’s Angel Face Mirror Case—$1.00

*plus tax

Also in the sweet blue-and-gold boxes—$0.59, 59c
Sandpaper Hands feel Caressable in 10 Seconds!

Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion

Absorbs Like A Lotion... Softens Like A Cream!

Now—in just 10 seconds! ...“Sandpaper Hands” are smoothed and softened to lovely “Caressable Hands” with lanolin-enriched Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion! Your thirsty skin seems to drink up Cashmere Bouquet—it dries without stickiness, leaves your hands so caressably smoother, softer, younger-looking! And of course, they’re romantically scented with the famous Cashmere Bouquet “fragrance men love”!

NEW! Cashmere Bouquet French Type Non-Smear Lipstick!

Stays Moist! Stays Bright! Stays On!

25¢ and 43¢

What should I do?

YOUR LETTERS ANSWERED

Dear Miss Colbert:

I have been going steady with a boy from my school for five months. I’m very much in love (Mother calls it “puppy” love), and I’m sure he loves me, but he is very jealous and enjoys hurting my feelings.

We broke up about two weeks ago because a boy I know asked me to help him pick out a birthday gift for his mother. I didn’t see why I should refuse to do this little favor. My boy friend either saw us, or someone told him about this shopping trip.

The next time I walked into The Drippy Faucet (our hangout) with a girl friend, my beau went out the back door. He said he didn’t want to stay in the same building with me until I had apologized.

I apologized and now we’re going steady again. But I don’t feel right about it. I think he was wrong to get so mad. I think he might have given me a chance to tell him about the shopping trip before embarrassing me in front of our gang.

Am I right?

Devonne M.

Dear Devonne:

It seems to me that, if you are wise, you will transfer your affections from this hot-headed boy friend to someone capable of playing fair.

Boys and girls should be taught one cardinal principle of life: no human being owns any other human being. This boy feels, obviously, that you are his property.

Psychologists know that this ultrapossessive trait is caused by insecurity, but that just has nothing to do with you. You aren’t responsible, so certainly you shouldn’t have to bear the brunt of his resultant ill nature.

Better pick out a beau who will bring you pride and happiness instead of misery.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty and until two years ago, I had never had a date in my life. During high school I was shy and introverted. After graduation, I took a job in a big office where I worked with many girls, and boys of my own age and I began to act more natural with fellows.

There were two in particular that I liked. I had a few dates with each one, but nothing much came of it. Then Mike went into service and asked me to write to him. I wrote to him—and how I wrote. I sent him every quip I heard, especially if it happened to be a little wicked. I think I wanted to give the impression that I was sophisticated. Actually, I didn’t understand some of the things I wrote until months afterwards when I was re-reading the carbon copies. I nearly died.

When Mike came home on leave, he didn’t even call me although I had been
writing to him twice a week and he had been answering. He did call one of the other girls in the office and had several dates with her.

Now here is what’s bothering me! I’m not in love with Mike, and never will be. He wasn’t a “romance.” But I don’t like the idea that he may have shown my letters to some of the other boys, or that he may have the wrong impression of me. What can I do to correct this? Would it be corny to ask for my letters if he still has them?

Van B.

Dear Miss B:

I’m a great believer in the candid approach. You have made a mistake. You understand the nature of the error and you won’t repeat it.

Suppose this boy had heard you trying to learn to play the piano. Few people produce bearable music during the early days of finger exercises, so you might have offended his ears. When you had mastered a difficult piece of music, wouldn’t it then be sensible to ask him to listen to you?

Learning to write letters and learning to be simple and unaffected are merely two exercises in the process of developing a personality.

You might write this boy a straightforward letter, much like the one you have written me, explaining your high school difficulty and then your inclination to be a shade too bold.

Nothing would be lost by a sincere confession, and much might be gained. Even if you had no responsibility from the boy, you would have faced a problem with courage and honesty, and that’s a great foundation for social success.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

My husband and I have a serious problem concerning our daughter. She is twenty-one and is going steady with a boy who doesn’t amount to beans. He won’t work, has never worked in his twenty-three years, and is supported entirely by his mother. The boy says he sees no reason to “kill himself off” when he can live on an allowance.

He lies to my daughter, borrows money when he runs short on a date and then “forgets” to repay the loan. He dates other girls, but makes a dreadful fuss if my daughter dates other boys.

Our daughter is an only child, but is usually sweet and tractable. She has an excellent reputation, and is holding a responsible job.

She insists that she is madly in love with this wastrel, and because she is twenty-one, there is nothing we can do if she decides to marry him. At least, I haven’t been able to think of anything.

Can you?

(Mrs.) Hazel M.

(Continued on page 81)
Exotic Bouquet

Now at lowest price!

Bouquet

Cashmere Soap

Now at lowest price!

Bouquet

Cashmere Soap

Cashmere Bouquet is proved extra mild... leaves your skin softer, fresher, younger looking!

New Cashmere Bouquet Soap—with the lingering, irresistible fragrance of Cashmere—so exquisite and so thrillingly different, it is ideal for all types of Cashmere—dry, oily or normal and for the exciting busybodies you know for sure will find it heavenly.

And Cashmere Bouquet gives your skin this

Exciting Bouquet

Only one soap gives your skin this

Aromatizes your skin with the

cashmere men love!

Now at lowest price!

Cashmere Bouquet

Cashmere Soap

Cashmere Bouquet is proved extra mild... leaves your skin softer, fresher, younger looking!

New Cashmere Bouquet Soap—with the lingering, irresistible fragrance of Cashmere—so exquisite and so thrillingly different, it is ideal for all types of Cashmere—dry, oily or normal and for the exciting busybodies you know for sure will find it heavenly.

And Cashmere Bouquet gives your skin this

Exciting Bouquet

Only one soap gives your skin this

Aromatizes your skin with the

cashmere men love!

Now at lowest price!

Cashmere Bouquet

Cashmere Soap

Cashmere Bouquet is proved extra mild... leaves your skin softer, fresher, younger looking!

New Cashmere Bouquet Soap—with the lingering, irresistible fragrance of Cashmere—so exquisite and so thrillingly different, it is ideal for all types of Cashmere—dry, oily or normal and for the exciting busybodies you know for sure will find it heavenly.

And Cashmere Bouquet gives your skin this

Exciting Bouquet

Only one soap gives your skin this

Aromatizes your skin with the

cashmere men love!

Now at lowest price!

Cashmere Bouquet

Cashmere Soap

Cashmere Bouquet is proved extra mild... leaves your skin softer, fresher, younger looking!

New Cashmere Bouquet Soap—with the lingering, irresistible fragrance of Cashmere—so exquisite and so thrillingly different, it is ideal for all types of Cashmere—dry, oily or normal and for the exciting busybodies you know for sure will find it heavenly.

And Cashmere Bouquet gives your skin this

Exciting Bouquet

Only one soap gives your skin this

Aromatizes your skin with the

cashmere men love!

Now at lowest price!

Cashmere Bouquet

Cashmere Soap

Cashmere Bouquet is proved extra mild... leaves your skin softer, fresher, younger looking!

New Cashmere Bouquet Soap—with the lingering, irresistible fragrance of Cashmere—so exquisite and so thrillingly different, it is ideal for all types of Cashmere—dry, oily or normal and for the exciting busybodies you know for sure will find it heavenly.

And Cashmere Bouquet gives your skin this

Exciting Bouquet

Only one soap gives your skin this

Aromatizes your skin with the

cashmere men love!

Now at lowest price!

Cashmere Bouquet

Cashmere Soap

Cashmere Bouquet is proved extra mild... leaves your skin softer, fresher, younger looking!

New Cashmere Bouquet Soap—with the lingering, irresistible fragrance of Cashmere—so exquisite and so thrillingly different, it is ideal for all types of Cashmere—dry, oily or normal and for the exciting busybodies you know for sure will find it heavenly.

And Cashmere Bouquet gives your skin this

Exciting Bouquet

Only one soap gives your skin this

Aromatizes your skin with the

cashmere men love!

Now at lowest price!

Cashmere Bouquet

Cashmere Soap

Cashmere Bouquet is proved extra mild... leaves your skin softer, fresher, younger looking!

New Cashmere Bouquet Soap—with the lingering, irresistible fragrance of Cashmere—so exquisite and so thrillingly different, it is ideal for all types of Cashmere—dry, oily or normal and for the exciting busybodies you know for sure will find it heavenly.

And Cashmere Bouquet gives your skin this

Exciting Bouquet

Only one soap gives your skin this

Aromatizes your skin with the

cashmere men love!

Now at lowest price!

Cashmere Bouquet

Cashmere Soap

Cashmere Bouquet is proved extra mild... leaves your skin softer, fresher, younger looking!

New Cashmere Bouquet Soap—with the lingering, irresistible fragrance of Cashmere—so exquisite and so thrillingly different, it is ideal for all types of Cashmere—dry, oily or normal and for the exciting busybodies you know for sure will find it heavenly.

And Cashmere Bouquet gives your skin this

Exciting Bouquet

Only one soap gives your skin this

Aromatizes your skin with the

cashmere men love!

Now at lowest price!

Cashmere Bouquet

Cashmere Soap

Cashmere Bouquet is proved extra mild... leaves your skin softer, fresher, younger looking!

New Cashmere Bouquet Soap—with the lingering, irresistible fragrance of Cashmere—so exquisite and so thrillingly different, it is ideal for all types of Cashmere—dry, oily or normal and for the exciting busybodies you know for sure will find it heavenly.

And Cashmere Bouquet gives your skin this

Exciting Bouquet

Only one soap gives your skin this

Aromatizes your skin with the

cashmere men love!

Now at lowest price!

Cashmere Bouquet

Cashmere Soap

Cashmere Bouquet is proved extra mild... leaves your skin softer, fresher, younger looking!

New Cashmere Bouquet Soap—with the lingering, irresistible fragrance of Cashmere—so exquisite and so thrillingly different, it is ideal for all types of Cashmere—dry, oily or normal and for the exciting busybodies you know for sure will find it heavenly.

And Cashmere Bouquet gives your skin this

Exciting Bouquet

Only one soap gives your skin this

Aromatizes your skin with the

cashmere men love!

Now at lowest price!

Cashmere Bouquet

Cashmere Soap

Cashmere Bouquet is proved extra mild... leaves your skin softer, fresher, younger looking!

New Cashmere Bouquet Soap—with the lingering, irresistible fragrance of Cashmere—so exquisite and so thrillingly different, it is ideal for all types of Cashmere—dry, oily or normal and for the exciting busybodies you know for sure will find it heavenly.

And Cashmere Bouquet gives your skin this

Exciting Bouquet

Only one soap gives your skin this

Aromatizes your skin with the

cashmere men love!

Now at lowest price!

Cashmere Bouquet

Cashmere Soap

Cashmere Bouquet is proved extra mild... leaves your skin softer, fresher, younger looking!

New Cashmere Bouquet Soap—with the lingering, irresistible fragrance of Cashmere—so exquisite and so thrillingly different, it is ideal for all types of Cashmere—dry, oily or normal and for the exciting busybodies you know for sure will find it heavenly.

And Cashmere Bouquet gives your skin this

Exciting Bouquet

Only one soap gives your skin this

Aromatizes your skin with the

cashmere men love!

Now at lowest price!
I suddenly realized she had let her brows grow back to their natural shape. And it looked great! So I told Dorothy Lamour that we should try it, and that's how natural brows returned to Paramount.

But today's lovely young stars do not resort to extremes to attract attention. Three of M-G-M's popular new stars, Debbie Reynolds, Pier Angeli, and Leslie Caron, are typical examples of the fresh, well-scrubbed look.

"Pier's lack of make-up has caused some comment," says make-up man Bill Tuttle of M-G-M, "but she knows what she's doing. Her beauty is completely natural and is best left alone. She looks striking with just the barest touches of make-up — almost no lipstick at all. This emphasizes her magnificent eyes instead of her mouth, and the effect is most exciting."

Debbie Reynolds and Leslie Caron also wear very little make-up. Yet with a slight emphasis upon eyes and mouth, the petite French star becomes the sophisticate, and Debbie turns in to the girl-next-door. Small amounts of make-up artfully applied can do and do create whatever effect is wanted.

"In the Mack Sennett days," says veteran make-up man Fred Phillips, "clown-white make-up was necessary for many shots. This was because the film was insensitive and needed a bright reflecting surface to register. Sirens like Mabel Normand wouldn't be found dead without their dead-white faces.

"You would never think technical developments in film would affect the looks of millions of American women. But that's exactly what happened. Around 1928, a more sensitive film was developed. It required far less light—and, consequently, much less make-up."

Today, because film is so sensitive, and natural beauties like Jane Russell and Mona Freeman are so perfect, they can face the cameras without any powder base whatsoever. Leading glamour gals like Lana Turner, Ava Gardner and Linda Darnell, who are definitely not the "girl-next-door" type, achieve their sophistication with very little cosmetic trickery but much subtle artistry.

The Hollywood face has changed in two ways—for technical reasons, and because the stars these days want to be—and look—themselves as much as possible on screen and off. Rita Hayworth, when first thrust on the Hollywood scene, was a far cry from the bewitching beauty she is today. She came from nowhere to glamour. Rita first appeared as a plump, dark-tressed Spanish type with a low hair-line. This, she hated. What a striking change she has undergone! Raised hairline, slimmed down, re-colored and restyled hair plus proper use of make-up have helped her achieve stardom—and become a Princess!

On the other hand, Jane Wyman has moved in the other direction. Jane earned her first success as a glamorous "show girl" type. Then her blonde curls were sheared and her false eyelashes dropped. As a result, her particularly unique quality of natural sophistication was revealed.

Betty Hutton, who used to slap the make-up on so heavily it covered all her freckles, and used to pile her hair into architectural fashions, has toned it all down. Now, her own vibrant personality really comes through. And, incidentally, the freckles do too.

The Flapper, the American girl of the Twenties, overdid everything—her face, her dress and her figure. But as soon as she began to get smart she began to look smart!

The keynote to smartness and beauty today is the accent on naturalness. Take a look at June Allyson, Janet Leigh, Jane Powell and Debra Paget. But it takes brains to achieve the ideal effect—not just born good looks. The idea is to accentuate your best features and still look yourself. The wonderful thing about this is it gives every girl her own personal and exclusive look.

Typical of the natural beauty is Liz Taylor and typical of the exclusive look is Doris Day. What irony, that fortunate Liz, whose face is copied by so many, complains of her heavy eyebrows. "I don't see why they have to be so hairy," says she. "Give me eyebrows like Liz Taylor's," say the starlets to their make-up men.

As for Doris Day, the natural look is revealed on her face a thousand times over. Her love for the sun has gifted her with countless freckles, and each one, whether large or small, speaks right up and demands to be seen. At one time it was the despair of the studio.

"Please, Dodo," the executives begged, "cover your face in the sunshine. We can't cover the freckles for the camera."

"No," Doris firmly retorted, "the fans like my freckles—and so do I!"

The revolution in the Hollywood Face has led to revelation! A revelation of natural beauty. And if that's good enough for the Hollywood stars, there must be some wisdom in it for every girl everywhere.

Check yourself on the following eleven points suggested by the Motion Picture Make-up Artists. Their formula—the formula of the stars—will help you to look natural and be beautiful.

1. Forget what you consider your bad feature—accentuate your good features!
2. A great amount can be accomplished by make-up, but it must never be obvious. It's better if you don't know the correct application, not to apply it at all. Observe the stars and observe the ads in this magazine for ideas.
3. Since most people see you in profile or a three-quarter view, always carry your make-up through, such as bringing out your lip-line to the end of the mouth, and applying mascara to the last little lash.
4. Generally applying your make-up with an upward curve gives you a pleasant expression.
5. Follow the natural line of the brow in shaping, but more important, be sure to do away with retracting hairs under the brow line—never on top. Keep brow line clear and clean.
6. Blondes must be extra careful, for their make-up tends to be unusually obvious. Blondes, in applying eyebrow pencil should use ordinary lead pencil and apply to a hair at a time.
7. For true beauty, hair, lashes, brows and lips must balance. If you have light hair don't exaggerate dark brows or lashes.
8. Your lips must be subtle—never appear like a danger sign!
9. Always use a make-up base bearing some pigmentation as your own skin.
10. To determine shade of eye shadow for you, follow the true tinge of color already around your eye.
11. Always start your make-up on the base of a shining-clean, well-scrubbed face.

THE END

Who are your favorites? Send in your votes for the stars you want to see in Photoplay
Mothers' Day
BY JANE CORWIN

The stork doubles up on delivery service and Judy and Jane each have girls the same day

JANE POWELL always has been a girl whose prayers get answered. So, when she announced months ago that she hoped her second baby would be a little daughter, those who know Janie best were pretty sure she'd get her wish. And she did! Geary, Jr.'s kid sister, Suzanne Ilene, made her bow on November 21. And Janie's been crooning her happiest lullabies.

The Santa Monica hospital where Suzanne made her debut was abustle with the news. And the first callers (outside of her pop, Geary Steffen) to welcome her in person were Liz Taylor and her husband, Michael Wilding, who were more than casually interested in babies themselves at the moment. Suzanne had done little more than catch her first breath in the world when Mike and Liz stopped by to coo at her through the glass partition.

Mother and daughter are doing just fine now, thank you—and both Gearys—Senior and Junior—think it's fine to have a couple of charming gals around.

At the Lufts', Judy Garland and Sid name the baby Lorna

JUDY GARLAND—one of the prettiest babies on record, herself—has the knack for producing baby girls who look just exactly like her. Liza Minnelli, Judy's five-year-old, is a dead-ringer for her mom—and now along comes Lorna Luft, who's another carbon copy of them both.

If Lorna is the kind of little baby who believes in omens, she might find a significant one for her own future in the picture her mom contracted to make while she was waiting for Lorna to be born. Just before Judy went into the hospital, Sid Luft (he's her agent as well as her husband, you know) and Jack Warner signed Moss Hart to do the musical version of "A Star Is Born" for Judy. It's to be chockful of wonderful songs—and neither Baby Lorna nor Mother Judy could ask for a more exciting "welcome-to-the-world" gift.

Judy will be hard at work on the movie—the first she's ever made for any studio other than M-G-M—just as soon as she's strong enough to be up and about.

But the chief concern in the Luft household now is not Judy's career—as important as that is—but the health and welfare of both Judy and Lorna.
Eugenie Haven's ring: a family diamond.

She's Engaged

All their friends know that charming Eugenie Haven of New York and Ernest Greeff of Quogue, Long Island, will be married in March at St. James' Church in New York. But they're not telling anyone their honeymoon plans!

She's Lovely

Eugenie Haven has that typical "American girl" attractiveness. She is tall and slim, with a complexion that is radiant, and beautifully smooth.

She uses Pond's

"I love the way Pond's Cold Cream makes my skin feel satiny... so very clean. I don't think there's anything as good as Pond's for my skin," Eugenie says.

A fascinating, immediate change can come over your face!

Every night be sure to give yourself this double skin-helping Pond's treatment:

Soft-cleanse—swirl satiny-smooth Pond's Cold Cream all over your face and throat—generously. Swirl up from your throat to your forehead. Tissue off—well.

"I've found such a wonderful care for my skin" Eugenie says

"I never realized how much better my skin could look—really smooth and so much clearer—until I began using Pond's Cold Cream," Eugenie says. "It's so good to your skin... you must try it, too!"

Especially if you've hated to see your skin look harsh and rough, have a "muddy" look—see how daily Pond's Creamings can help your skin.

This famous cream is an exclusive formulation of skin-helping ingredients. These ingredients work together on your skin as a team—in interaction. And, as you use Pond's Cold Cream, you help both sides of your skin.

On the outside—embedded dirt and old make-up are cleansed from pore-openings—immaculately. And, at the same time, your skin is given special oil and moisture it needs regularly. Your skin feels silky-smooth, never harsh, never feels "dried out."

On the inside—the circulation is stimulated... helping the skin to repair itself and refine itself. Use Pond's Cold Cream every night, as Eugenie does. You'll be delighted with the difference in your skin, as it becomes so smooth, fresh, glowing!

Today—get a large jar of Pond's Cold Cream—see your skin improve.

Soft-rinse quickly with more skin-helping Pond's Cold Cream. Tissue off again—lightly. Your face is immaculate, glowing.
exciting NEW pictures! off-guard candidsof your favorite movie stars

STAR CANDIDS
1. Lana Turner
2. Betty Grable
3. Alan Ladd
4. Gregory Peck
5. Rita Hayworth
6. Esther Williams
7. Elizabeth Taylor
8. Cornel Wilde
9. Frank Sinatra
10. Cary Grant
11. Peter Lawford
12. Bob Mitchum
13. Burt Lancaster
14. Bing Crosby
15. Shirley Temple
16. Dane Clark
17. June Allyson
18. Ronald Reagan
19. Dana Andrews
20. Glenn Ford
21. Greer Garson
22. Roy Rogers
23. Sunset Carson
24. Monte Hale
25. Kathryn Grayson
26. George Kelly
27. Diana Lynn
28. Dolores Day
29. Montgomery Clift
30. Richard Widmark
31. Mona Freeman
32. Wanda Hendrix
33. Perry Como
34. Bill Holden
35. Bill Williams
36. Barbara Lawrence
37. Jane Powell
38. Gordon MacRae
39. Ann Blyth
40. Joan Castle
41. John Wayne
42. Yvonne de Carlo
43. Aidie Murphy
44. Don Dailey
45. Janet Leigh
46. Farley Granger
47. Tony Martin
48. John Derek
49. Gray Madison
50. Ricardo Montalban
51. Mario Lanza
52. Joan Evans
53. Scott Brady
54. Bill Lawrence
55. Vic Damone
56. Shelley Winters
57. Richard Todd
58. Vera-Ellen
59. Dean Martin
60. Jerry Lewis
61. Howard Keel
62. Susan Hayward
63. Robert Mitchum
64. Coleen Gray
65. Artie Aylsworth
66. Tony Curtis
67. Tim Holt
68. Piper Laurie
69. Debbie Reynolds
70. Penny Edwards
71. Jane Courtland
72. Gene Nelson
73. Jeff Chandler
74. Rock Hudson
75. Stewart Granger
76. John Barrymore, Jr.
77. Debra Paget
78. Dale Robertson
79. Marilyn Monroe
80. Leslie Caron
81. Pier Angeli
82. Mitzi Gaynor
83. Marlon Brando
84. Aldo Ray
85. Tab Hunter
86. Robert Wagner
87. Rusty Hambleton
88. Jeff Hunter
89. Harry Morgan
90. Marge and Gower Champion
91. Fernando Lamas
92. Arthur Franz
93. Johnny Stewart
94. Oscar Werner
95. Keith Andes
96. Michael Moore
97. Gene Barry
98. John Forsythe
99. Lori Nelson
100. Ursula Thiess
101. Elaine Stewart
102. Hildegarde Neff
103. Dawn Addams
104. Zoo Zia Gabor
105. Barbara Ruick
106. Shelley Winters
107. Helene Stanley
108. Beverly Michaels
109. Joan Rice
110. Robert Horton
111. Dean Miller
112. Rita Gam
113. Charlton Heston
114. Steve Cochran

WORLD WIDE, Dept. PH-6
63 Central Avenue, Ossining, N. Y.

I enclose $ for candid pictures of my favorite stars and have circled the numbers of the ones you are to send me by return mail.

NAME

STREET

CITY ZONE STATE

(March of Dimes)

(Fight Infantile Paralysis)

JANUARY 2-31

(Continued from page 35)

Mr. Big: Ask any up and coming young actor which star he’d like most to be like and you get one answer, Cary Grant! They see all his pictures, they study his acting technique, they even buy clothes where Cary shops. Recently, an actor new to Hollywood introduced himself at a party. "Mr. Grant," he said politely, "would you mind telling me what cuts your hair?" Always the realist, Cary answered: "Not at all—anybody!"

Date with Fate: When Aldo Ray tested for "The Marrying Kind," Jeff Donnell assisted him. He had no friends in Hollywood, so Jeff and her radio-producer husband rented him a room in their valley home. Later, when his career was set, Aldo moved to Malibu Beach. Time passed, now Jeff and her husband are divorcing. Until his own divorce became final, Aldo never dated anyone. Recently he and Jeff began making appearances together in public. Friendship or romance, Hollywood is asking. Cal says: The important thing is that two very nice and very lonely people found each other.

Stalking the Stork: Hungry lunchers watched with amusement when Shelley Winters and Ruth Roman greeted each other at Romanoff's. Both pregnant and both looking at it, they exclaimed in unison: "What's new?" . . . Elizabeth Taylor and Michael Wilding are building a wishing well for their baby. It's a wonderful idea! Every time a guest throws in a coin a kind wish goes with it. By the time he's twenty-one—young Wilding could be a millionaire! . . . There's a new baby at director Charles Vidor's house—a baby monkey. They sent away for him and so help us—he arrived wearing diapers.
Too Busy for Love

(Continued from page 67)

California divorce to become final—that she just might proceed to Nevada, divorce Lex and marry Fernando. However, Arlene’s head often manages to work in collaboration with her heart. After a number of dates with Fernando, she announced the possibility of doing a picture together—a remake of a successful Irene Dunne-Charles Boyer film.

And so Arlene continues to balance the experts. Only a few short months ago when she left M-G-M, a few chronic pessimists were proclaiming that her career was all washed up. Arlene fooled them. Within a period of a week, she had signed a bigger and better contract with Paramount and established herself as a corn in two other fields—as a syndicated columnist and a manufacturer of lingerie. Professionally, she was far from washed up. And personally?

“Don’t worry about Arlene,” said one of her friends. “The Dahl is the most beautiful girl in pictures today. And for my money she’s the brightest . . . if not the brightest, certainly the best organized.”

The occasion was a party at “the Dahl’s” new bachelor-girl house high in the Bel-Air hills. It was an afternoon tea arranged by Arlene to introduce her most recent lingerie models to fashion buyers.

“Just look at this house,” the friend went on. “You probably wouldn’t believe it, but there wasn’t a stick of furniture in the place at ten o’clock this morning.”

At this point—some five hours later—Arlene’s formal living room, and the dining room in view just beyond, were elegant beyond words with deep piled pewter grey carpets, custom made draperies of white satin, chairs and sofas in pewter and white; tall, red-gold lamps with white shades. Even Arlene’s pet poodle (pewter grey, incidentally) had a handsome new collar.

And the hostess, her red gold hair and white skin set off dramatically by a taffeta dress of pewter grey, was ravishing.

The whole scene was a miracle of feminine allure carefully and concisely arrived at. Everything was in its place, and exactly right for its place. A cigarette ash in any of the new, white ashtrays seemed an affront to the hostess’ perfectionist tour de force. A man’s pipe would have gone out in protest.

Lex Barker, the man in Arlene’s life for the tumultuous year and a half just passed, was not there. They had separated a month earlier. Arlene fleeing to her gilded hilltop bird-cage, and Lex to bachelor diggings near his studio. Within a couple of weeks Arlene was to go to court to divorce her handsome Tarzan on the grounds that he called her a “bitch from Minnesota” once locked her out of their home, and sulked when she was busy with her career.

And Lex been there, in light of this complaint, he no doubt would have been “sulking.” For Arlene was almost too busy with her career to come to her own party. Not only had she readied a new house for a big “do” in something less than two weeks, but she had just finished “Caribbean” for Pine and Thomas, going immediately into wardrobe and make-up tests for her role opposite Bob Hope in “Here Come the Girls.” She also had supervised the preparation of a new winter lingerie line, worked long hours on its exploitation, and kept up with her daily beauty column.

If she was tense and tired, she didn’t look it. “Probably had a nap,” her friend put in. “Arlene always has a nap.” If she was unhappy, it didn’t show. In fact she was radiant. Forty winks couldn’t do that.

One cannot help but wonder what makes

---

Are you in the know?

When a girl changes schools, what’s a good move?

☐ Try stalking the stag's
☐ Pick yourself a pal

As “the new girl,” you’ll be noticed—but don’t expect a brass band greeting. (Your new classmates may be shy, too!) Why not ask one gal to share a Slurp Special at the local fast food place? Rimelye, you’ll be buddies. Getting okayed by the ladies first—leads to meeting the boy-people. Same as the confidence you need, on certain days, begins with the comfort you get with Kotex. This napkin (so absorbent!) has softness that holds its shape. Made to stay soft for hours and hours!

What to do about the Spaniel Type?

☐ Rush away screaming
☐ Linger and learn

Adoring Eggbert—always underfoot! A good kid, but you don’t get his message; you’re too busy torching for frost-hearted Ted. Should you ditch Eggie? Better linger. You’ll learn how to charm other gents. And at trying times, learn about poise from Kotex and that safety-center—(your extra protection). In all 3 absorbencies: Regular, Junior, Super.

Which “look” is best for lasses with glasses?

☐ Uncluttered
☐ Dramatic
☐ Coquette

If you’ve got specs before your eyes, choose headgear becoming to your face type. Dodge severe or frilly-silly effects. Keep your brow uncluttered. A soft, simple hairdo plus a small or medium trimmed chapeau should suit you. For a smooth look on calendar days, let Kotex keep you outline-free. You’ll see—those flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines!

More women choose Kotex® than all other sanitary napkins

Have you tried new Delsey® toilet tissue—now nicer than ever! Each tissue tears off evenly—no shredding. It’s luxuriously soft and absorbent—like Kleenex® tissues. And Delsey’s double-ply for extra strength.

P.S. Have you tried new Delsey® toilet tissue—now nicer than ever! Each tissue tears off evenly—no shredding. It’s luxuriously soft and absorbent—like Kleenex® tissues. And Delsey’s double-ply for extra strength.
Which of these skin problems spoils your appearance?

How you, too, can
Look lovelier in 10 days
...or your money back!

Doctor's new beauty care helps your skin look fresher, lovelier—and helps keep it that way!

If you aren't entirely satisfied with your skin—here's the biggest beauty news in years! A famous doctor has developed a wonderful new home beauty routine.

Different! This sensible beauty care owes its amazing effectiveness to the unique qualities of Noxzema. This famous greaseless beauty cream is a medicated formula. It combines softening, soothing, healing and cleansing ingredients. That's why it brings such thrilling results.

Quick! Letters from women all over America praise Noxzema's quick help for rough, dry skin; externally-caused blemishes.

Like to help your problem skin look lovelier? Then try this:

1. Cleanse thoroughly by ‘cream-washing’ with Noxzema and water. Apply Noxzema, then wring out a cloth in warm water and wash your face as if using soap. See how fresh your skin looks the very first time you ‘cream-wash’—not dry, or drawn!

2. Night cream. Smooth on Noxzema so that its softening, soothing ingredients can help your skin look smoother, lovelier. Always pat a bit extra over any blemishes to help heal them—fast! You will see a wonderful improvement as you go on faithfully using Noxzema. It's greaseless. No smeary pillow!

3. Make-up base. ‘Cream-wash’ again in the morning, then apply Noxzema as your long-lasting powder base.

Noxzema works or money back!

In clinical tests, it helped 4 out of 5 women with discouraging skin problems. Try Noxzema for 10 days. If not delighted, return the jar to Noxzema, Baltimore. Your money back!

Special Trial Offer: For a limited time, you can get 40¢ size Noxzema for only 29¢ plus tax—at drug or cosmetic counters.

Arlene tick. What quality has she—or perhaps, what feminine activity was left out—which enables her to keep her fabled beauty unmarred, her complexion unruled in the face of almost unbelievable pressure, both personal and professional? It is possible perhaps to approach an answer with a second look at her story.

Before she was twelve years old, a schoolgirl in Minneapolis, Arlene herself has testified that she knew just what she wanted out of life—she wanted to be an actress. She was beautiful even then, and she was ambitious, just as her mother, Idelle Dahl, was beautiful and ambitious, wanting for her daughter all the things she had missed in life. Visiting Hollywood with her parents when she was twelve intensified Arlene's earlier resolve.

She went back to school, but only her dramatics classes warranted her full attention. At fifteen she was appearing on children's radio programs as a professional; her high-school graduating class voted her "most likely to succeed."

Her rare beauty, rather than her budding talent, won her her first jobs—as a model in Chicago's smallest stores. Heady wine for a girl not yet twenty, but for Arlene they were just stop-gaps. She was headed for New York—and the theatre. And there she managed to land a part in a musical show. A short run there, another there and between, more modeling. More stop-gaps.

It was a hard-working life with no time for love, but it was by no means meanless. Such beauty as Arlene's attracts men in the words of the old song "like moth around the flame."

"Come here," Arlene's beauty said, and men came and admired her. "Here—and no further." Arlene's ambition pushed love away. And then she came to Hollywood, on the wave of good notices for her performance in "Questionable Ladies." Here she met Lex Barker—just as ambitious, just as beautiful, if a man can be called beautiful, as she was.

Lex fell in love. And something new happened to Arlene. She found it increasingly harder to follow. "Come here" with "Here—and no further."

Close friends who saw Arlene constantly during the period of Lex's wooing say that she was in constant conflict—with herself. "Do I love him enough?" she would ask, over and over again. How could she be sure? It was the first time. And so, after a false start or two, they were married.

The marriage was doomed from the start. Photographers dispatched to cover their life together in their honeymoon home returned to report not honeymoon bliss, but a contest to determine who's best profile would be turned toward sensitivity.

Lex, the outdoor man, went swimming alone, walking alone. Arlene's beautiful skin is allergic to the sun. He came home too many times to wait and wait while Arlene gave interviews, posed for pictures, dictated her column. He found himself, when Metro's decision to drop Arlene drove her into an around-the-clock struggle to re-cement her career, spending even his leisure hours alone.

He sulked, understandably. He left—once. twice. But he came back.

The last time, he didn't come back. And if Arlene cared, it didn't show.

What next for this "most beautiful" girl? Professionally, undoubtedly, she will get to and stay at the top. Her acting improves with every picture. Her ambition and her organizational talent will serve her to success. But in the realm of the heart?

Here the prospects are not so bright, whether or not she and Lamas decide to wed. Before she can love and be loved, marriage and have a successful marriage, Arlene will have to discover—at least uncover—her heart. The End
What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 73)

Dear Mrs. M.:

Perhaps, since your daughter is an only child, and since you are completely devoted to her, you have indulged her in every wish she has expressed from babyhood.

It is natural for the human being to seek to assert itself. So your disapproval of this boy may have given your daughter her first opportunity to prove she is an individual. Let us hope that the boy is of secondary consideration, and that his true meaning for your daughter is that of rallying point for her eagerly-sought maturity.

If you could explain to your daughter that you regard her as a woman, capable of making her own decisions sensibly, perhaps she will feel that she has won her point without continuing her romance with this unpleasant man.

I'm sure your daughter loves you and her father very much, and if you will relax your pressure upon her, let her use her own well-developed good sense, and assume that this is merely a passing phase, she will no doubt react favorably.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty-seven years old and have been married ten years. My husband is a fine man and we get along happily together, but we have been unable to have children for some reason which doctors can't diagnose.

Now we have the opportunity to adopt a little one, but my husband is opposed to the idea. He says it is too great a gamble, and that he would always feel dubious about the child. I have pointed out that he and I might have a child who would be different from either one of us in nature, but that we would love the baby just the same.

I feel that our home is threatened by this conflict. How can I dispel my husband's fears and convince him that our greatest happiness lies in taking this child? Our doctor has assured me that he will not permit us to take the baby unless it appears to be in good health and of sound mind.

Please help me to realize my heart's desire.

A Friendly Woman

Dear Lady:

Every woman in the world can sympathize with your eagerness to adopt a child, because since it began it has been the ultimate aim of a woman to become a mother.

However, marriage is an equal partnership and any major undertaking should be entered into with equal enthusiasm by both husband and wife. In your marriage vows you promised to cleave unto your husband alone. This sentence means more than mere physical faithfulness; it implies that, in all things, you and your husband will consider one another above all others.

Bringing up a child is, at least, a tremendous sixteen to twenty-year job. Such a job must have the active cooperation of both parents.

It seems that only unhappiness could come to all three of you, if you insisted upon taking a child when your husband desires not want. In all differences of opinion, there must be a final vote. Let your husband's voice decide this if you truly love him, and you wish to avoid giving him the feeling that an unknown child is more important to you than he is.

Claudette Colbert

Unmarried Women as Well as Wives

Should Benefit by These Intimate Facts!

For years, modern-thinking women have realized that vaginal cleanliness is a must. It's just as necessary as brushing one's teeth or taking a bath. The big problem is what is right to use for a cleansing antiseptic douche solution. What product can a woman be sure is powerful enough, deodorizing yet soothing and absolutely safe to body tissues? Any woman worried about this intimate problem should read these facts and find out why Zonite is a perfect solution.

Developed by a famous surgeon and scientist

The Zonite principle was developed by a famous surgeon and scientist. The first in the world to be powerful enough yet positively non-poisonous, non-irritating.

Scientists tested every known antiseptic-germicide they could find on sale for the douche. No other type liquid antiseptic for the douche of all those tested proved so powerful yet harmless as Zonite. And Zonite is more than an antiseptic and germicide. It is also an amazing cleansing and healing agent. Because of this, Zonite may be used as often as needed without the slightest risk of injury.

Zonite's Miracle-Action

Zonite completely deodorizes. It guards against infection. Zonite kills every germ it touches. It's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but Zonite immediately kills all reachable germs. It flushes out waste substances and leaves the vaginal tract so clean and refreshed. Costs only a few pennies per douche. Worth a fortune to feminine charm and health. Always use as directed.

Tests made under methods developed in a government research laboratory

Tests of Zonite's safety to body tissues were made to meet strictest scientific standards. Zonite, as used in the douche, was put twice daily for three months into rabbits' eyes. Not the slightest irritation appeared. During the tests, Mr. Bunny lived like a pampered prince. He never had it so good all the while he graciously helped prove Zonite is absolutely harmless to him—harmless to you. In fact, Zonite is wondrously soothing.

Zonite

This Ideal "All Purpose" Antiseptic-Germicide Should Be in Every Medicine Chest

rabbit eye tests prove

ZONITE'S ABSOLUTE SAFETY
to body tissues in
feminine hygiene

FREE! Mail coupon for free book. Reveals
intimate facts and gives complete information on
feminine hygiene. Write Zonite Products
Corp., Dept. P-23, 190 Park Avenue, New
York 17, N. Y. *

Name _____________________________
Address ___________________________
City __________________ State ______

*Offer good only in U. S. and Canada
Tragedy had struck home. But from far away places came the happiness Roy Rogers and his family needed.

BY KATHERINE KINGSLEY
among the rest. She was part Choctaw Indian, the matrons informed Dale. “Roy has Choctaw blood, too,” Dale replied. And a vivid memory of the child stayed with Dale.

In August, Robin was taken ill. She died two days before her second birthday. Roy and Dale threw themselves into work in an attempt to assuage grief with activity. It was Roy who suggested they adopt a baby girl “to take the place of Robin.” Dale answered mechanically that no other baby could take Robin’s place. But she began to think about it, in spite of herself.

On another trip to Texas, Roy suggested they visit the children’s home. Doe was still there—and ready for adoption. The Rogers weren’t certain they would be allowed to have the child, but Dale wrote a letter to the home telling how much she and Roy and the children needed the baby. During their rodeo appearance in New York, they received a call saying that their request had been granted.

The adoption of Sandy was an unexpected event. For a long time they had felt that Dusty needed a brother. And for over a year they had planned. Wherever they toured, they visited orphanages, seeking a boy in Dusty’s age group. They were on a personal appearance tour after the New York closing when Roy received a call from a woman in Kentucky.

She told him that her daughter was a cerebral palsy victim. She was poor; she had three children of her own and acted as foster mother to fourteen wards of the state. Tickets to the show were out of the question, but if she brought her daughter to the arena, would Roy say hello to her?

As they talked, the conversation took a more personal turn and soon Roy was telling her of the search for a brother for Dusty. The woman said that she had such a little boy on her farm—one of the state wards. “Why don’t you bring him along when you come?” Roy suggested.

So Roy and Dale met Sandy. And Sandy, forgetting his natural shyness when he found himself with his hero, sauntered over and said, “Howdy, pardner.” It was a case of mutual love at first sight. The next day, Roy and Dale visited the judge, signed papers and claimed their new son.

The new members of the Rogers family have settled in beautifully. Dusty is busily teaching his brother the simple things that we assume all children should know. As for Little Doe—the children’s beloved Dodie—she is the queen of the household. The queen who ravishes her subjects with a grin: two teeth, front and center.

It’s a full house, but there’s always room for one more in the Rogers’ hearts.

THE END
voluptuous, and some of these girls don’t seem to realize the difference.” But Livvy must be mentally amending those words a little, because her agents are looking for “something feminine and glamorous.”

Of course, nudity and the flaunting of the female form divine is nothing new. Eve started it, and down through the centuries, the fair sex, from the Duchess of Alba to Mata Hari, has used its undraped assets for propaganda, power or passion. But the Duke of Alba, unlike Tyrone Power, didn’t take to the strip act, and threatened to paint portraitist Goya in his own blood. Ty’s reaction to the furor following the published photos of wife Linda’s undraped marble form, was a proud smile of possession, plus a place of honor for the sexy statue in his garden by the swimming pool. Their guests have a look—then cool off in the water.

But to get back to the theme that Nature by any other name spells Monroe: The sudden rise of the luscious beauty was no accident. She was under contract three years ago to Columbia, labeled an all-American girl—the kind who lives next-door—and she got exactly nowhere. Because this beauty has brains, she sat down on her delectable derriere and figgered out why—and she came up with a sex campaign as deliberate as D-Day.

Vulgar? Of course! But everyone flocks to her films. So . . .

Jane Wyman tossed out drummer and Mother Hubbards, split her skirts and wore leotards in “Just For You.” And now you’ll find her at most benefits in long opera hose and abbreviated panties.

Mitzi Gaynor, an ingenue if ever I saw one, performed an almost indecent dance on the stage here in “Jilly.” Now she’s doing blush-making things with a tassel. And her studio, which was on the verge of not picking up her option, did a figurative double-take, and picked her up, tassel ‘n’ all.

Corinne Calvet shrewd French gal, directed world-wide attention to her mammary assets with a million dollar law suit against Zsa Zsa Gabor, whom she claimed she didn’t have enough to hang a bra on. When Corinne made “What Price Glory,” she even dared to tangle with director John Ford, who wanted her blouse over her shoulders. But as fast as John pulled it up, Corinne wriggled it down.

When dyeing her brown hair blonde didn’t land Anne Baxter in “Gents Prefer . . .” she agreed to keep her hair yelow for “My Wife’s Best Friend,” and, to clinch her new sexiness, Anne The Dignified “did a belly dance in one sequence.

Is Hollywood Carrying Sex Too Far?

Terry Moore was nothing at Columbia, even in a picture with Glenn Ford, until a fellow male friend told her that the best way to avoid being a bust was to show it. Now little Terry is bustin’ out all over.

Vanessa Brown, former quiz kid, believes her brains are a terrible handicap on the road to stardom. “I was caught like a rat in the trap of my I.Q.” So about six months ago, Vanessa performed a mythical operation, and made over her outlook almost as completely as any schnoz remodelled by her plastic surgeon husband, Doctor Robert Franklyn.

But I suspected a little trickery was afoot when Vanessa’s high powered press agent called to say that she was posing completely nude for a camera magazine. It’s in his last baby she’d been letting herself go. “To get to chic,” she flipped, “we have a Monroe at the studio.”

And Jeanne, who thinks she’s as smart a girl as the next, sat down to do some calculating on the why of Marilyn’s zoom boom. And she came up with the fact—and I don’t know how smart this is—that Marilyn is minus children and has never had a dime-shot layout in the magazines. So now it’s taboo to talk to Jeanne about her charming kids or to take pictures of them with her. And I think that’s a pity, because there was something mar-donna-like about Jeanne with her brood. And what’s sauce for the goose could make a goose out of Crain.

Esther Williams is another femme star to put her kids out to pasture in the name of publicity. Her popularity isn’t as high as it was a year ago, and she sincerely believes—or maybe her studio does—that she has overdone the open-air-girl routine, which comes naturally. Esther is now calculatingly going in for glamour.

Joan Crawford used to have a ball with her quartette of kids for the press, and with homey domestic shots. But Joan has a keen nose for a trend. And since she practically invented glamour for the screen, she’ll be in there pitching till the Angel Gabriel blows his horn over Hollywood.

When Lamas let Lana down with a verbal thump, that she’s our insular world, she didn’t cry—not in public anyway. Like

an event you won’t want to miss!

Tune in FEBRUARY 9—The LUX RADIO THEATRE’S Presentation of America’s Most Popular Motion Picture for 1952 —— the Winner of PHOToplay’s Gold Medal Award

This stellar event can be heard over the Columbia Broadcasting System—Consult your local paper for time and station

For the results of the Gold Medal Awards nation-wide poll read the March issue of PHOTOPAlY

On Sale—February 6

Noreen • Super Color Rinse
PHOTOPLAY
ANNUAL - 1953

More Exciting Than Ever!

At newsstands now only 50c

☆ 112 PAGES ☆ 190 PICTURES Many in full color ☆ 500-STAR ROUNDUP ☆ DOZENS OF LIFE-IN-HOLLYWOOD FEATURES

Get PHOTOPLAY ANNUAL

At your newsstands or use this handy coupon—

PHOTOPLAY
Dept. WG-253
205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

Send me ............ copy (copies) of PHOTOPLAY ANNUAL 1953 at 50c each postpaid. I enclose $ 

Name: 

(Address: 

City: .............. State: ...) 

(Please Print) 

P

85
Tony was reaching his peak when there was a tap at the door and Deborah looked in. The tap was proof to take us back to the clubhouse. I beckoned her in. "I have an Air Force type here who's feeling a bit low," I said. "Can't we take him back to supper at the club?"

I thought, in this new bright-eyed innocence, that what Tony needed was an hour or so with a lively crowd to take his mind off his troubles. I looked around him—and blinked. His smile was gone. He was smiling and alert. He looked as if he thought Brussels were the most delightful place in the world. He said he knew a "gay little place" where he would like to take us for supper.

"I'm afraid Miss Kerr is a bit fagged..." I began.

But Miss Kerr never felt better, nor hungrier, nor more like seeking out a "gay little place." She said so herself.

After a very long and very gay evening old-blind-bat-Granger earnestly thanked Deborah for being so sweet and kind to a poor lonely chap with troubles, I think I even used the word "motherly."

Nonsense, she had enjoyed it, she said. And she added: "He's sweet and he doesn't look at all like a murderous fighter."

And still I didn't get it.

Our troupe spent a week in Brussels and every day Tony and Deborah and I were out shopping, sight-seeing, going places and doing things. They didn't ask me to please go away somewhere and get lost, and it never occurred to me.

The "Gaslight" company next went to Eindhoven, recently bombed and terribly depressing. There we found an Air Force fellow with a message for Tony. If we wanted any eggs Tony wanted to know, he had a friend, a farmer, nearby. He was thinking of us, he added, and Brussels was deadly without us! And eggs!

From Eindhoven we went to Lille and then back to Brussels at which Deborah seemed strangely pleased. In Brussels, Tony was waiting—but not for us. I was quite surprised to get going together after every performance, but somehow I wasn't asked. It seemed a bit odd.

It was several weeks later, back in London, that the truth finally hit Granger over the head. Deborah and I were back at work in films, and I read over my morning tea a gossipy item in the Times to the effect that Commander Tony Bartley, his leave drawing to a close, seemed rather loath to leave London. That seemed more than odd to me. Tony not anxious to get back into the air? It didn't make sense. The next sentence opened my eyes. The reason, the item intimated, was his growing romance with screen star Deborah Kerr.

I called Deborah at once. "Is this true?"

I demanded.

"Well, yes..." she temporized. "I think we both know..."

I had supper with the two of them one after that. But this time it was not as it had been in Brussels, gay and carefree. There was a love that had blossomed again. Tony was being shipped to the States and from there to the South Pacific.

For months, all her friends suffered with Deborah. There was almost no news. But at any rate, there was no bad news. There was almost all that could be said. Then she telephoned in great excitement. Tony had a ten-day leave. He was going to hitch a ride on a transport plane and fly home to see Deborah. Tony was busy with engine troubles, monsoons and a few other delays, Tony finally came roaring into London just one day before his leave expired. Time for marriage, even if no time for a honeymoon.

And so they were married, with all Tony's old squadron on hand. And Granger—if anybody cares—on location, sitting on a base! That was in South Wales, waiting for the rain to stop.

The end of the war erased one hazard. Tony was safe. But it left another. All he knew was flying and most of what he knew was war. What could such a man do in peacetime? The answer seemed to be an offer from Vickers Armstrong Aircraft in India. But his wife was a film actress in England. It was an old story of one marriage and two careers.

They found the intelligent solution. Tony went to India. Deborah stayed in London. Then Deborah received a magnificent offer from M-G-M in Hollywood. She wanted terribly to go, but she wouldn't go without Tony. So he went to America, too, and faced another crisis.

Here on a visitor's visa, he couldn't even try to find work in America. He didn't want to be just Mr. Deborah Kerr. And she didn't want him to. She watched for a chance to help him. It came when Metro assigned her to star in "King Solomon's Mines." That brought Granger back into the story, incidentally, if only as a first-hand witness. We were to co-star. Don't "prison" meant going to Africa. Deborah, very sweetly and firmly, issued a ultimatum. She would love to do the picture, but she couldn't consider going to Africa without her husband. And since America on a visitor's permit, she couldn't get back once he had left, why...?

That did it. M-G-M bigwigs did some fast work, and a bill was rushed through the House of Representatives which took away the uncertain status of a visitor and, according to its sponsor, was proper recognition for "one of our greatest allies' greatest heroines."

In a couple of weeks I was in Africa and had a half months in Africa with Tony and Deborah and since then Deborah and I have made two films together. Although I had known the Barleys well before, I found that I had only discovered the meaning of what a marriage could be.

I know now that I was a privileged character to tag along during the beginning and growth of their love story, although it was a while before it dawned upon me that I was Cupid. The End
So They Were Married

(Continued from page 38)

Jane had been acting all day long at Columbia in "League Song." She had arrived at 7:30 A.M. to be on the set at nine. Her lunch hour had been spent in the Columbia portrait gallery, posing for publicity stills. When the day's shooting was over, she'd had a vague steak somewhere at a vague restaurant, en route to the Masquer's Club, where she was to rehearse for a benefit. The rehearsal had taken until ten.

Fred�e Karger, driving the car, was just as tired as Jane. Musical supervisor for Columbia, he had worked all day alongside Jane, first at the studio, then over-seen the musical arrangements on the songs she was to do for the benefit. Handsome, talented and very much the quiet gentleman, it had been simple, male courtesy which had made Freddie suggest he drive Jane home.

Fred�e and Jane had known one another since the Thirty's, before Jane knew Ronnie Reagan and before Freddie had married a young legal student, who then became Polly Karger. Back there in the Thirty's, they were both trying to catch a co hold in Hollywood.

Now in the Fifties they were both established, Jane, the more famous, of course, as people before the camera always are—Miss Wyman, big box-office star, Academy winner, mother of Maureen and Michael Reagan, and, since 1948, the ex-Mrs. Reagan.

Freddie's success will be greater, he behind-the-camera-kind, but very, very solid. It was 1945 when he first signed with Columbia—and you know how very successful that has been in all its musical ventures ever since. Like Jane, he, too, had a daughter and similarly, he, too had a divorce.

But neither of them gave any of that a thought when Jane reported to Columbia last August for the first of the conferences on "Love Song," and Freddie sat in on them, because she sings in the picture. They had been running into one another at parties for years—and nothing had sparkled in either of them.

Until that October evening, when Cupid turned up in the guise of a hamburger, and they both saw that.

The chances are good that you haven't hard much of Barney's Beanyery, which is being worked at the same old stand in Hollywood for better than thirty years. It's a little, un-glamarous, warm and wonder-
l. It's on a section of Santa Monica Boulevard which the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce will thank you for ignoring. It's just because in a boom town, this particular stretch of an otherwise pleasant thoroughfare has simply not progressed.

All the Chamber of Commerce can say in its favor is that it is a wonderful outlet, trade-wise, between Hollywood and Beverly Hills.

Which, of course, was the reason Fred�e's car was parking along it, but Jane, at lunch, and seeing one particular little old lady looking toward the wall, took its call, bright sign, "Barney's Beanyery," nothing else in her mind. Now she was restless, a remembrance of things past, but the sunny afternoon, she stook it for something else.

"I'm hungry," she announced.

"So'm I," said Freddie. "Want to stop at Barney's Beanyery?"

"Would you think I was crazy if I said like to stop right here at Barney's Bean?"

"Fred�e, do you remember how our old gang used to come in here, back in the Thirty's?"

"Sure. The hamburgers were a dime, the fee was a nickel, and we'd talk all evening for the expenditure of twenty cents, get double enjoyment from the extra spending money you make with these smart, new cards. Not only is it easy to get money of your very own, but you'll find yourself making new friends of the folks who order these marvelous greetings in low-priced assortments. All you do is show samples to people you know. They sell themselves.

You Need No Experience to Earn $50 or More! Imagine offering a deluxe box of 14 of the newest Birthday, Get-Well, Congratulations and other cards—all for only $1.00. This all-star, all-occasion assortment pays you up to 100% cash profit. It's easy to sell 100 boxes in your spare time and make $50.00 for yourself! Other exciting values at 21 cards for $1, Novelty and Humorous Cards, Stickers, Gift Wrappings, and Personalized Items double and triple your earnings on every call.

Send For Samples Today! Send no money—pay nothing to your mailmen. Just send the coupon. We'll rush 3 leading 1953 Assortments to you Fee TRIAL, and FREE Personalized Samples. You can start earning for yourself or your favorite organization and at Barney's Beanyery get your samples. Mail the coupon AT ONCE!

STUART GREETINGS, INC. 325 W. Randolph St., Dept. 70 Chicago 6, III.

MAKExtra Money
with CHILDREN'S WEAR

Introduce mothers to adorably styled, long-wearing dresses—including famous Dan River Ginghams, and T-shirts separate, mix-and-match styles, playwear, nightwear for children, school and pre-school ages. Huge selection AT LOW PRICES.

FREE Big Discount coupon below for Big Discount, sent with every Frock. Send coupon to make extra money and get your own little dresses without any penny cost—just spare time. Mail coupon now.

STUART GREETINGS, Inc., Dept. J-2351 CINCINNATI 25, OHIO

HARFORD FROCKS, Dept. J-2351 CINCINNATI 25, OHIO

[Advertisement text continues with details about clothing, discount opportunities, and sales.]
Jane giggled. "Even at that we could barely afford it. And isn't it too bad that none of us ever come here now?"

"I come here, often. The place hasn't changed a bit, the food is just as good as ever, the coffee is real, and so is the talk. So even though it may set me back all of ninety cents to drag you in here this evening, I'm game, particularly when I think how Barney will jump out of his skin at sight of you."

They climbed up the worn wooden steps, into the shabby, warm room, with the four-sided counter in the middle of it, the stools in front, Barney, himself, presiding behind it all.

"Barney won't recognize me," Jane whispered. "The last time he saw me I was a blonde and I wore feathers, bows and beads all at the same time on the loudest-colored dresses I could find."


Well, the place was a madhouse after that. Not only did Janie have to have the best steak in the house, the coffee was as good as Barney's wonderful coffee and she and Fred-die and Barney began yakking about old times so furiously that you couldn't tell which of them was talking, or which listening. That, is until Janie blew it.

She blew it by asking, "Remember that vaudeville with all the Teeth we used to call the run-away horse?" His name was Fred something. Whatever became of him?"

"I remember him well," Barney told her. "He was Freddie's uncle, you know."

As Jane tells about it now, she still turns pale, even though her eyes dance with laughter. "It was just one of those horrible moments when you can't do a thing," she says. "What I did was to turn to Fred-die and say, 'Should I go quiet?' He said, 'I think we both should. It's late and we've got another tough day ahead of us.' So we did. He brought me home, he said, 'Goodnight, Janie' politely at the front door. I was most polite, too, you may be sure, and as I climbed the stairs toward my bedroom and heard his car driving away, I thought drowning was much too good for me. The next morning, as a kind of subconscious penance, I guess, I ordered all the hangings in the whole house taken down and sent to the cleaners. I had the rugs taken up, too."

"The next day I had straight dramatic scenes all day, so I didn't see Freddie, but the day after that, he dropped down to the set and said, 'Could I get you to go to dinner with me tonight?' Providing you leave my relatives out of the conversation."

"Well, all right already," Jane said, being of sound mind and fairly young. "You'll pick me up after shooting time?"

"That I will," said Freddie.

She didn't ask where they might be going, and neither did he. But she was very glad it didn't turn out to be Romanoff's or Chasen's or any of the glittery places. It proved to be the Naples, a little Italian place, virtually across the street.

"Oh, but the food is great! The wine is excellent and any one trying to be pretentious would be an idiot."

Again, Jane had the best time she had had for months. She and Freddie talked shop, they talked children, they talked music and then he took her home, quite early, being aware of that 7:30 A.M. call.

Three days later they had the same sort of date—only it was down toward the beach this time. Two nights later they were back at the Naples.

Now this was not the glamour treatment and Janie found herself more relaxed than she had been any time since she stopped being Sara Jane Fulks.

Because, as you see, one of the things no glamour girl can ever hope for is whether she is being taken out because of herself—alone, or because of dear popularity. The Strip places, the swank few "upper drawer" restaurants swarm with photographers and columnists. Over-night, you become the "newest twosome." Over a week, you become an engagement speculation, or even a "secret marriage" possibility.

It wasn't until their third date that Jane had found out what it was that had kept Fred-die so unaffected and full of humor in Hollywood's frequently phony atmosphere that he had been happier, Freddie had taken his daughter, Terry, who is just six months younger than Jane's Maureen back to live with his mother. And he's moved in with his mother, too.

His mother and her sister had shared a house, since retiring from vaudeville where they had been a sister act. They were delighted to have Freddie around, and they could make him play the piano for them evening after evening, while they put on impromptu acts in the front parlor. Eleven-year-old Terry, a ballet student for more than four years, happily joined in so that there was practically a continuous performance always going on.
"Of course, a girl vocalist would help our act," Freddie said.

Jane didn't answer that. She didn't dare. She thought of her own formal house, even though the curtains were down, the walls half-painted, and the carpets up, and an almost prostrating loneliness swept over her again.

"I've got to break this up very early this evening," she said, finally. "My scenes tomorrow are really tough."

"I know. I skimmed over the script late this afternoon. I'll take you right now.

They left the Napels. It was one of the evenings when the fog had rolled in from the sea, cold and damp, obscuring almost everything. Jane was blue—but only for a moment. For as they drove bustling out Santa Monica Boulevard, straight by Barney's, Freddie proposed to her.

"No, I can't tell what words he used," Jane says, beaming. "It was too enchanting and too personal. But I made myself hold out three days before I said yes. Freddie brought Terry over to meet Michael and Maureen meanwhile, and it was heavenly that they all went for one another. Mike, in particular, has sometimes been difficult about some of my escorts, but he adored Freddie at once.

"The night we told them our plans was Hallowe'en."

Actually, on Hallowe'en night, they did not expect to be married the next day. They both had work to do, and they knew it. But somewhere, mid-afternoon, they didn't want to waste any more time before they belonged to one another. Freddie had already been talking to his closest male friend, Dick Quine, about the best and quickest way to get married. They did have their licenses in hand, their blood tests made. So the moment the last shot of the lay was finished that Saturday, November 12, away they sped to Santa Barbara, with the Quines in attendance. They took off unexpectedly that Freddie forgot to pack a razor and Jane had only one change of clothes, but they spent their fast week-end honeymoon at the San Ysidro Ranch.

The very first wire we received," Janie tells you, her eyes tender with devotion, "was from the three kids. It was the first time of any of them had ever sent. It was signed with their three names and I can only think of the poor operator trying to type it down from them. But what it stated astounded us. They said, 'We're so happy to have our mommy and daddy together!'

And the kids didn't stop there. When Reggie and Jane came back to her house on Sunday, because they both had to work bright and early Monday, they found several notes by Maureen and Michael had had the house done with flowers, largely and-picked and therefore uneven as to size, unbalanced as to arrangement but entirely loving. They discovered, too, the Freezers had gone down to a drug store and picked up a thirty-five cent recording of "The Wedding March" which they set hiring as Jane's key hit the look.

It was such a dreamy home-coming," Jane says, "that Freddie never noticed the lack of curtains, or the missing rugs."

Jane's glad she had all that work done, pever, for the house is now on the market. She and Freddie want a much simpler place, where their rambunctious youngers can barge around without restraint. Karger and her sister can stage their p r opaque acts in a living room that will be free of a play room. It won't be a "mudroom" house; it won't be "period" either. It will be, Jane thinks, a home.

All this, imagine, because of a hammer in a little joint around midnight of mid-October evening. Some operator, at guy, Cupid!"
Greaseless
SUPPOSITORY
offers ideal, never method for
FEMININE
HYGIENE

(Continued from page 55)

It was her mother's confidence and courage that sustained Betty in the difficult times before she finally established herself as a top star. However, around on Betty Grable is a star who knows the motion picture business backwards and forwards, Mrs. Harry James has one thing on her mind—her family.

According to Betty, her girls are almost exact opposites. Vicki, she thinks, will be tall like her daddy, and she has red hair and a light sprinkling of freckles, whereas Jesse is blond and tiny—more like her mother's build. Vicki, incidentally, is already worrying about the freckles; she wears a cap with a visor and more willingly endures applications of zonitors' deodorizing oxident than Jesse, three years younger, to keep the tommy of the family. Both girls sunburn quickly, and their mother has explained that little girls have to take care of their skin. Different as they are, the girls play happily together. Although Jessica struggles to emulate her big sister who can climb higher, swing higher, run faster, and in general do everything better, there is no jealousy.

"I guess I am very lucky," Betty says, "to have such good children. They are never a problem. Oh, of course they do things they shouldn't now and then. But the morning Vicki was running around without her slippers. She knows I have told her not to do that, and that she will be punished. I haven't had time to do anything about it yet, but she promises to be good, but actually I think that she will be deprived of something she wants, and she will accept it."

"I never bribe them. For instance. I would never say, 'If you do this, I will give you that.' I believe in making them understand, because I have learned that children are very happy if they are not spoiled. My girls don't cry. They never have tantrums."

During the school year, the children go to bed at eight, but in summer, they stay up until nine. And they love it. They keep a regular summer schedule; after breakfast, they go outside to play, come in for lunch at noon, then go out again until three. They always have dinner with their parents. After dinner, there is television, or perhaps Vicki will read Jesse a story.

In the James household, every holiday is a special day for the children. Betty decorates the dinner table to suit the occasion, whether it is a birthday or Valentine's Day. On Hallowe'en, she and Harry wander about the neighborhood with the girls while they ring doorbells and fill their paper sacks. At Easter, Betty hides the Easter eggs for them, and on the Fourth of July, she buys fireworks and lets the children stay up to see them.

After the long period of being together during her suspension, it was equally hard for Betty and the girls when mother had to go back to work. But Vicki never hid her tears, as they always try to do.

That, their mother feels, is typical of her children. They have an almost adult understanding and acceptance of things. They know nothing about glamour—Betty is just "Mommie" to them—but they do understand about her work.

As, for instance, last June, when it was time for the final exercises at Westlake, the girls' school both children attended. Betty simply explained that she could not go.

"I could see tears in Vicki's eyes as she turned away," Betty remembers, "but she tried to keep them from seeing them, tried to protect me!"

Even when working, Betty spends as much time as possible with her girls. Every Wednesday and Sunday, they dine out, and sometimes go to a movie, if there is a suitable one Betty always watches their hair herself, sets it, and puts each girl under a dryer with a magazine. Like all youngsters, they like to play at being grown-up and their mother, remembering how she used to dress them, now on her sister's high-heeled shoes, lets them have access to her belongings.

She buys all their clothes, and loves to take them shopping with her. Both girls have definite likes and dislikes, and both love pretty clothes. Harry and Betty seldom go out in the evening and rarely entertain, but on the few occasions when they do dress up in their best, the little girls are thrilled and excited. Recently, when Betty went ready to go out, went in to kiss them good-night, Vicki cried, "Oh, Mommie, you look just like a bride!"

Jesse said softly, "Very, very pretty, Mommie." They love to feel the material of her dress or wrap, and they always notice if she is wearing anything new, even if it's only a pair of earrings.

"I don't get things for Vicki if Jesse can't have them—like roller skates, for example," Betty says. "Vicki can swim and Jesse can't, but I don't let Vicki go in the pool except with Jesse and me. I never show any favoritism, so there is no jealousy.

"I don't know much about modern psychology," Betty will tell you. "I have a lot of fun when they are grown. I don't talk down to them, I treat them as adults. And they are wonderful company for me when Harry is away. I've talked about my method of punishment, which is simply to deprive them something which is generally enjoyed. And I usually I very seldom have to resort to it."

"But don't get the idea that there is anything namby-pamby about them—they are two tough, healthy, happy children."

When she's working, Betty likes to stay busy. It makes the day move more swiftly toward six o'clock. "This is the happiest hour of my day," she says. "Every night when I turn into the driveway, I 'too' my horn and out of the front door, they come tumbling—the two girls and the two dogs."

You don't need to read any books on psychology to know that here is a happy family—and that the main reason for that happiness is the eagerness with which Betty Grable doffs her glamour with her screen costumes, to play her favorite role, that of Mrs. Harry James, or just "Mommie," to Vicki and Jesse.

Betty's Other Life

HERE'S WHERE YOU CAN BUY PHOToplay STAR FASHIONS

JANTZEN
Schuerman's, Inc., St. Paul, Minn.

FASHION TOWNE
Mabley & Carew Co., Cincinnati, O.

McARTHUR
Stern Brothers, New York, N. Y.

GOLDWORM SPORTSWEAR
Arnold Constable, New York, N. Y.

LASS O' SCOTLAND
Wm. Filene's Sons Co., Boston, Mass.

CALIFORNIA WOOLEN
Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.

ROSANNA SPORTSWEAR
Franklin Simon, New York, N. Y.
The Things I've Learned

(Continued from page 41)
looked startled when I whirled into the parking lot, but I just breezed by with a wave of my hand. He didn't have a chance to do his duty, I was parked and inside looking for the Casting Director's door.

There it was, in big, black letters. Sally Biano, Casting Director. I offered to open the door and she said, "I'm R.J. Wagner, and I want to see in pictures."

Mr. Biano about fell out of his chair and gave me a double-take, as if to say, "No. Nothing like this. He didn't offer to open the door, then looked me up and down, and for no good reason had a coughing fit. He then said with a very straight face, "Okay, Boy, read this, and we'll see if you are an actor." And I did.

It was going better than I'd planned. There was I with a script in my hand. I didn't dare say, "What do I do now?"

But, oh! Reading from a script for the first time must have sounded like a 78 rpm record on a 33 rpm turntable. The words came out one after another all right, but there was a full-two-minute pause between each page. "Thank you," said Mr. Biano, "we'll keep your name on file."


It was a couple of years later that something really happened. Agent Henry Willson sent over his card during a cloveeting session with the piano player in the Gourmet Restaurant. I love him to this day and I still ball junking around with the pianist. Henry heard me and invited me (and my parents) to come to his office to talk over a contract.

That's how somebody coming after me for a change!

But that's how it began. Shortly, I got a ninety-day option contract at Twentieth. I'm proud to say I'm still there.

But my name in the business cinema really began a long time before I signed at Twentieth. At least part of it did, and that's where Alan Ladd comes in. He encouraged me, even the first time I met him. One of my very first schoolmates. I've ever had came from Sue Ladd, Alan's wonderful wife. Sue said one day that Alan and I looked alike, in fact, looked enough alike to be bros. My parents even enough to go on for years, because I always thought of Alan as one of the best

I consider myself a pretty lucky guy for having known Alan as long as I have, and to have learned so much from him. "You can make it on your own, Kid," he always said and believed. What's more—I have made it on my own.

A lot of the "authors" have written stories saying it was my dad who paved the way for me. Let me be the first to say, tain't so. McGee! Sure, my dad's the greatest, but he didn't hold any magic key that opened the door. He offered me better things than that kind of help, because my dad has been with me one hundred per cent. We've had a man-to-man relationship, even during the days when Dad wasn't around, by relieving an actor. He never really opposed my career, just questioned it. I've held my own magic key, and I'm proud of it.

But, McGee again. He and I have opened any gallery without a lot of help from a lot of guys. Like Alan. "An actor," he used to say, "is the guy who carries the ball over the line. But he isn't any good without the team, the job is the team and you are the hero. Remember, you can never do it alone!"

He's right. In fact, the crew's most important an actor. And I've gotten to know the crew because that's the way to learn the picture business. The men in the

For advertising information, write to Publisher's Classified Department, 9 South Clinton Street, Chicago 6 (Feb-Wa)
DO YOU NEED MONEY?

$40.00 IS YOURS

for selling only 50 boxes of our 300 greeting card line. And this can be done in a single day. Free samples. Other leading boxes on approval.

Many surprise items. It costs you nothing to try.

Mail coupon below today.

crew know the business. If they didn't, they wouldn't be there. And most of them, you'll find, have been around for a good number of years. Any newcomer eager to learn (that's me), can get plenty from the grips, the soundmen, and the electricians.

Take that time I was in my first Western as an example. I had a special piece of business where I raced in, read my lines, jumped on my horse and tore off. Well, we did it a couple of times and each time it seemed to get worse. That horse got to look a mile high and it just seemed I had too much to do in too little time. Everything went wrong.

I was sitting there moaning to myself and worrying about the next take when a grip came up behind me and put his hand on my shoulder.

"R. J.," he said, "take it easy. That boss hasn't bit anyone this year." (It was January 2nd.) We laughed. I felt better.

Then the soundman came over. "Hey, R. J., I'm only human," he said, "and can only mix that stuff with two hands. I take it easy on me, will ya' ol' pal?"

Then to top it all the electrician came up. "Speedy" Wagner, he said, "I gotta keep the lights on you. Wouldn't you like to slow down a bit? Try one thing at a time . . . " We all laughed. I had just been plain too eager in every department.

The next take went okay. It was simple. I just followed the directions the crew had given me. Take it easy, and do one thing at a time. Yes, sir. Those guys are great teachers. That's why I spend every free moment hanging around the lot.

Now, Dan Dailey's a different kind of guy, and a different kind of teacher. ("What's the kid talking about," he'll say when he reads this, "I didn't teach him anything!)."

First time I got to know Dan was when we worked together in "What Price Glory." I played Dan's "bat boy." I carried his pack (plus mine), his rifle (plus mine), his helmet (plus mine), and assorted odds and ends. Then the guy took the prop man to put a little extra weight in the pack. A little extra weight! I was loaded. I spent more time on the floor than on my feet!

I'll get even some day! And I'll get even for all the other gags the guy's pulled on me, too. Like teaching me to water ski. Dan's a great athlete, and as a water skier he is tops. We spent some time at Lake Arrowhead last year learning the sport. "Swell, Kid," he'd shout, "you're doing great." I thought so. I even got where I could stay on my feet.

I was determined to learn as many tricks on water skis as Dan knew, and came the day when I thought I had him. Out across the lake I chased him, copying everything he did. Then suddenly, as we'd finished all the tricks in the book, Dan spins around and starts doing them backwards!

Dan's sort of indirectly responsible for helping me to become a Wagner—buyactor—now-on-own! By that I mean, I'm now my own cook, bottle washer, and housekeeper, I've got my own apartment. Mom and Dad planned on moving to La Jolla, so I decided I'd get an apartment in town. A big one, so they could come up whenever they wanted, and share it with me. (Dad's also going to share the rent when they're in town, so who could pass up this bargain?) Only catch though, no apartment.

We looked and looked, but you-know-who solved the problem. Dan, natch! He called suddenly one day to announce there was a vacancy in his building. The vacancy now has been filled by one R. J. Wagner, coming in with tennis racquets, piano, diving gear, water skis and record collection.

Most of all, I guess I'm grateful to Dan for his advice, "If you are going to work in this business, don't fool around. Work!"

That's what I'm doing. I go to every movie I can. (That's my homework, yet.) I listen, I watch, and I practice. Especially my singing and dancing. I want to be a song and dance man. A fellow's got to do something on personal appearances. Can't just stand around with egg on his face.

That's where Mac Carey comes in. A nicer, more helpful guy you'd never want to meet. We went on a movie tour recently and what did we do? We put on a thirty-five-minute song and dance skit, called "The 3 Bs" (Bach, Beethoven and Boogie). Yep, I sang and danced.

My friendship with Macdonald Carey goes way back to a first bit I had in "The Lawless." I was dancing behind Mac throughout my whole scene. Of course, this made it my scene. A bunch of friends and I went to see the picture when it came out.

"Okay," I whispered when Mac and I were about to come on, "my scene is coming up." We waited and it went! Mac looked great. Me—I had a mighty photogenic shoulder.

Mac and I still get together for laughs or

Pull up a chair . . .

. . . and listen to the exciting, factual True Detective Mysteries radio program every Sunday afternoon.

You may win $1,000.00 Reward

for information leading to the arrest of a fugitive criminal named and described on the program. Hear the details about this $1,000.00 reward on TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

Every Sunday afternoon on 527 Mutual Stations

You'll want to read "THE CO-ED AND THE PROWLER"—of the long, eight-year search and successful arrest of the murderer of a pretty co-ed. In the current issue of TRUE DETECTIVE Magazine out now.
practice. We don't want to get rusty. That would be fatal for me. I'm going to be a song and dance man if it kills me!

Since I'm giving out big votes of thanks, I couldn't overlook Dick Widmark, Clifton Webb and John Hodiak for the help they've given me. If it weren't for a piece of advice John gave me early in my career, there might not have been any career.

I was nothing in those days, but I did land a part in a picture. Only catch was — and it was a big one — I had to wear a catcher's mask over my face. Well, I argued to myself. It was a part in a picture.

My agent didn't feel that way. "Oh, no," he said, "we don't handle bit actors."

So there was I, with an agent and a chance for a part. But if I took the part, the agent said he'd leave me flat. Gee, what to do? So I asked Hodiak. "Go into the picture," was his advice.

I took it and I've never regretted it. After the picture was finished, I had no agent, but I had the one hundred and fifty dollars I earned, and I bought a Screen Actors Guild card. Now I was ready!

Then Famous Artists Agency signed me up and things looked pretty bright. Not financially, though. I was in debt to my family for about seven hundred and fifty bucks which they loaned me to become an actor. Christmas was around the corner and I wanted to spend for a couple of presents, so when the ninety-day test option was offered by Twentieth, I signed.

Working at Twentieth with Dick Widmark in "Halls of Montezuma" was another one of my first experiences. And a great one. In one scene, I was supposed to follow him in a running sequence. I gave it everything I had. Too much, I guess. Because out I went.

"Look, Kid," said Dick, "take it easy. The idea is to be seen. Follow my pace." Gee, he didn't have to tell me that. But if he hadn't, I might still be a blur on a ninety-day option. Thanks, Dick.

And thanks to Jimmy Cagney, too. Everytime I stop to think of the swell and great actors I've worked with, I get weak in the knees. That Cagney cracked me up! He's so thingy, I guess. Just working next to him in "What Price Glory" made me feel like I was all teeth. But watching him work so close up was payment enough. A guy couldn't get better training anywhere. And although I've never worked with Clark Gable, I'll always remember his advice about the picture business.

As for Clifton Webb, I just say tops! We finished "Stars and Stripes Forever" together, not so long ago. Just working next to him in "What Price Glory" made me feel like I was all teeth. But watching him work so close up was payment enough. A guy couldn't get better training anywhere. And although I've never worked with Clark Gable, I'll always remember his advice about the picture business.

As for Clifton Webb, I just say tops! We finished "Stars and Stripes Forever" together, not so long ago. Just working next to him in "What Price Glory" made me feel like I was all teeth. But watching him work so close up was payment enough. A guy couldn't get better training anywhere. And although I've never worked with Clark Gable, I'll always remember his advice about the picture business.

Clifton worked above and beyond the call of duty with me. In reading my lines I sometimes take off like a shot, but Clifton just said, "Easy does it, Robert," and we pulled along like old V-8.

Speaking of V-8's, that's the only way I could top Clifton. We spent time between scenes playing word games (you know, Clifton's got a terrific vocabulary. He'd pull out something like "syzygy" and I had to retreat into my hot-rod lingo to keep even. So "syzygy" he'd say for one point and I'd say "counterpots" for a tally. Then Clifton comes up with "quintessence," and I'd say "flat-head." Clifton immediately answered, "Robert J."

But I really had him on the ropes with the hot rod layout. At the end of one promised, I gave him a jargon of jargon terms; he gave me a dictionary.

Well, that about winds it up. Since a rock might fall on me before I get a chance to tell you guys how grateful I am for all your encouragement, I wanted to make sure everybody heard about the stuff that up until now has been just between you and me. It's no longer secret. And that's the idea.

Tom Ee
Dixie

(Continued from page 47)
garden interviewing Dixie while a photographer got pictures of her and the boys.

"Do you know that she's been refusing to do this for five years?" said Bing.

"Yes," I replied. "But this is the first time I've asked her."

"Well," said he, "you've done something I couldn't do."

On that afternoon Dixie was in a gay, bubbling mood. But the old gray witch of loneliness was often with her. That was perhaps why she drank more than was good for her. This kept her friends worried. I revealed this to Bing, warning that Dixie wouldn't mind, because she was a honest, forthright woman and would want me to tell the truth. She bothered nobody; and I never heard her condemn anyone for his failing. With such a precedent, it would ill befool me to point up her one weakness. But it should be known that during her pregnancies about the only thing Dixie could keep in her stomach was brandy.

You'd have thought after a couple of children, she'd have called it quits. But you didn't know Dixie. Doggedly she continued until she had her husky quartet of sons. Each of them is a tribute to her upbringing. Dixie could be—and was—a stern disciplinarian. So her children, despite the cradle of fame in which they were born, are completely unspoiled.

"I think I'm going to be a star," she laughed in later years, "that Ruth Etting must have known that I was a real amateur. She voted for me."
The award was a four-week engagement at the College Inn. Wilma got herself an agent and changed her name to Dixie Carrol (later she changed it to Dixie Lee). Out of the blue came an offer for her to play in "Good News." Dixie practically sneered. Singing in a small night spot among friends was one thing; but tackling a musical headed for Broadway was quite another. Her agent had to force her.

In New York, as destiny would have it, the star of the show got sick; and Dixie took her place. "The band," she used to muse gleefully, "was hysterical over my dramatic touch. Some of those boys thought I'd do one number right." In her frank way, she had notified the producer that she was no great shakes as a dancer before going with the show. This violated one of the basic axioms of show business: Always say yes when you're asked if you can do anything. Her agent pointed this little matter out, but it never took with Dixie. She had to be the garish garments and her job.

Nevertheless, the musical proved a good showcase for her. Motion pictures were changing from silent to talkies, and Hollywood was falling on its face trying to get Bing Crosby and the others to sing. Before long the movies signed Dixie.

"In Hollywood," she said, "I suddenly found myself a big shot because I was a Broadway star. Yes, I'd been on Broadway more than seven years.

Despite her self-disparagement, she had the quality of a true star. Her career was on a rapid upgrade when she met Bing. At that time Bing was working on the Renier project and Arley and Holly Hall. Both these girls had dated the singer and found him attractive. But Bing often broke dates with them. This burned Dixie, who had a proud independent streak. Why should this two-bit crooner to break dates with her friends? She wanted to meet him—but only to give him a piece of her mind.

Finally she met Bing. Even then he had the garish garments and nonchalance for which he is now famous. "He was a bad dancer," Dixie recalled afterwards. "He liked me, I think, because I could dance."

But the crooner, who's charmed the

Kidney Slow-Down May Bring Restless Nights

When kidney function slows down, many folks complain of nausea, backache, headaches, dryness and loss of pep and energy. Don't suffer restless nights with these discomforts if reduced kidney function is getting you down—due to such common causes as strain and strain, over-exertion or exposure to cold. Minor bladder irritations due to cold or wrong diet may cause getting up nights or frequent passages. Don't neglect these discomforts if they persist. Try Dean's Pills—a mild diuretic. Used successfully by millions for over 50 years. It's amazing how many times Dean's give happy relief from these discomforts—help the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters flush out waste. Get Dean's Pills today!

NOW! AT LAST AN

Anti-Dryness SHAMPOO

created especially

to combat Dryness,

Dullness, Brittleness

Now—a LOTION shampoo that is a veritable beauty treatment for dry or semi-dry hair.

Helene Curtis Milky Shampoo contains a precious ANTI-DRYNESS ingredient that lubricates as it cleanses... combats brittleness and flaking scalp due to dryness... imparts a sparkling, jewel-like luster to even drabbest and driest hair.

Once you see how thrillingly different this NEW ANTI-DRYNESS lotion shampoo makes dry hair look and feel, you'll never go back to less modern ways. Try it today. At all drug stores, cosmetic counters and beauty salons—59¢ and $1.

Helene Curtis
milky shampoo

The Anti-Dryness, Lotion Shampoo

Dixie

and knitting; knitting, rocking, and gesmining. Dixie had sat there three days while Bing was out playing golf. So she went home. And who could blame her? In fairness to Bing, I must point out that he was not neglectful by intent. He had many friends for whom Dixie did not care.

As a big wheel in show business, he had become practically a citizen of the world, while Dixie had retired further and further into the gray witch of loneliness. Bing was constantly meeting people, doing benefits, and attending to business affairs. This required much of his time. He was proud of his success; but it did not detract from his loneliness. Dixie was born in Chicago; her real name was Wilma Wyatt. From what I can gather, her childhood was quite normal, except for that touch of shyness which was with her all her life. She didn't like the rigid discipline of school and early cast her eyes on show business. She began taking singing lessons from Benny Miroff.

One day her father saw a newspaper notice of an amateur contest being conducted by Ruth Etting. "This is your opportunity," he said. So Dixie went into enter that contest. Young Wilma was so timid that she changed her name so her schoolmates wouldn't know if she tried and lost in the competition.

And they did and nervous, she laughed in later years, "that Ruth Etting must have known that I was a real amateur. She voted for me."

The award was a four-week engagement at the College Inn. Wilma got herself an agent and changed her name to Dixie Carrol (later she changed it to Dixie Lee). Out of the blue came an offer for her to play in "Good News." Dixie practically sneered. Singing in a small night spot among friends was one thing; but tackling a musical headed for Broadway was quite another. Her agent had to force her.

In New York, as destiny would have it, the star of the show got sick; and Dixie took her place. "The band," she used to muse gleefully, "was hysterical over my dramatic touch. Some of those boys thought I'd do one number right." In her frank way, she had notified the producer that she was no great shakes as a dancer before going with the show. This violated one of the basic axioms of show business: Always say yes when you're asked if you can do anything. Her agent pointed this little matter out, but it never took with Dixie. She had to be the garish garments and her job.

Nevertheless, the musical proved a good showcase for her. Motion pictures were changing from silent to talkies, and Hollywood was falling on its face trying to get Bing Crosby and the others to sing. Before long the movies signed Dixie.

"In Hollywood," she said, "I suddenly found myself a big shot because I was a Broadway star. Yes, I'd been on Broadway more than seven years.

Despite her self-disparagement, she had the quality of a true star. Her career was on a rapid upgrade when she met Bing. At that time Bing was working on the Renier project and Arley and Holly Hall. Both these girls had dated the singer and found him attractive. But Bing often broke dates with them. This burned Dixie, who had a proud independent streak. Why should this two-bit crooner to break dates with her friends? She wanted to meet him—but only to give him a piece of her mind.

Finally she met Bing. Even then he had the garish garments and nonchalance for which he is now famous. "He was a bad dancer," Dixie recalled afterwards. "He liked me, I think, because I could dance."

But the crooner, who's charmed the
Bingry.
Barbiturates. He never succeeded about:

ances constantly breeds goldfish you're of ties.

never babies marriage. But to the end of her days, Dixie never took any credit for Bing's phenomenal success. "Nobody, including me, ever helped him get anywhere," she would say.

But marriage brought new responsibilities. It is to Bing's credit that he measured up to them. He began to take his work seriously, and the public took him to its heart. The talent was there all the while; but his new position in life was the factor that brought it out. And Dixie, no less of what she said, was in there pitching for him all the way.

Success in show business is seldom devoid of tragedy. An actor, unlike a shopkeeper, can't look up his work, go home and forget it. He belongs partially to the public; never completely to himself. From every direction he is pulled by adoring fans or people who want to get on the bandwagon of success. He is expected to keep all his old friends and constantly make new ones; otherwise you're a snob. You have to make appearances here, there, everywhere; otherwise you're considered an ungrateful heel. Your every move becomes news; you live in a goldfish bowl. And as you progress you work harder and harder, because success breeds success. You have to be better and bigger, and nobody is ever satisfied with what you've done. Dixie's life revolted almost completely around her family, especially Bing. She was in love with him until the day she died.

Dixie had but a handful of intimate friends. Perhaps the closest was Mrs. Alan Laid. Her public appearances were so rare that she almost became a myth. Several years ago, she and Bing went to Ciro's and made news when he objected to being photographed with his wife. I asked Bing about the matter.

"It wasn't a matter of just being photographed," he snorted. "I'd just started dancing with Dixie and didn't want to stop to have my mug mapped for publicity."

"But I've been told," said I, "that when you were in Jasper Park making a picture recently, you'd pose for anybody that pointed a camera in your direction."

That was different," he explained wearily. "Those people seem to get a kick, out..."
WENT
colds, firm

The

tradespeople!

I

NAME

"bachelor's

STATE

give

Supervised

City

INQUIRIES

you.

tree

LEMS,

mean

I

I

VAPOR-CRESOLENE

$4.00

If

MAX

1

VAPO-1

CO.,

New

Dollars;

one

Virginia$, 200.00

and

coins,

night

Get

Regular

Suits,

(2.

Mrs.

With

big

[to

Mr.

Sycamore

Street.

Regular

and

medals

and

heart

satisfaction

in

money-request

of

why

and

saved.

to

big,

as

hurt,

Breathe

with

Daughter

whooping

Breathe

red

coins.

big,

coins.

old

Seventy

Vaporizer

to

write

Syracuse.

With

Ribbons,

whooping

By

DELUXE

Put

sent

eliciting

NOSALENE,

Vaporizer;

NOSALENE;

Vaporizer;

it

 benefactor,

sight,

enlarging.

and

Intelligence.

as

seen

in

Vaporizer.

NOSALENE,

Vaporizer.

1021

I

WENT

TO

YOUR

WEDDING

HIGH

NOON

WORLD

WIDE

Dept.

PH

63 Central Avenue, Ossining, N. Y.

Enclosed find $1.96 for 4 PROM RECORDS checked below

1018

1020

1024

1026

1027

Name

Address

City

State

HEMSTITCHER

Hemstitch any sewing machine with this handy

attachment! We wear, table mats, table cloths,

smocked pillow cases, smoking jackets, etc.,

for children and adults. Special offer! Buy

and try it! Retail, $1.00. Send $0.50 deposit

for each. Includes: directions, instructions,

and three spools of thread. Order now.

MINT BUTTON HOLER

When you button up your clothing this

spring or fall, don’t risk skipping a button;

Send No Money—Here's our plan: Send your

address and pay $0.85 plus postage on

arrival. Or, send $1.00 with order, and we will

attach button postpaid. You risk nothing. Satisfaction guaranteed. 1.00.

LEELANE CO., Dept. HH-23, Box 517, Kansas City 10, Mo.

Borrow

$50

to

$500.00

Cash

in

a

Hurry

Mail

Today

American Loan Plan

Dept. TW-2

Requires no bond. No personal or collateral security.

American Loan Co., 219 City National Bank Bldg., Omaha 2, Neb.

Name

Address

City

State

Borrow

$400.00

For a Half Dollar

I will Pay Cash for Old Coins, Bills and Stamps

Post your self! I pay!

I paid $40.00 to Mrs. Lavette of Texas, for a single Copper Coin Stamp. I

willingly pay $10.00 for a few old coins. I will pay big prices for all kinds of old coins, medals and stamps.

I Will Pay $100.00 for a Dime

104R. Made: $100.00 for Mr. Nettie Crooks. Hunter, Buick metal nickel.

and hundreds of other unusual coins for cash, bids to $100.00. Checks are acceptable. I will pay $100.00

for a 5 by 5, 50 cents for a 5 by 20, 25 cents for a 2 by 2, and 5 cents for a 1 by 1.

Refer to the

B. Max Mehl, 357 Mehl Bldg., Fort Worth, Texas

(Largest Rare Coin Establishment in U.S.)

of being photographed with me. Why—the slightest idea. But if posing with me makes them happy, why should I object? I suppose it's part of my business. But when Dixie and I go out, I want to be just like any other married couple seeking a little fun."

As Dixie's world narrowed, Bing's expanded. For relaxation he took up golf, which meant many more hours away from home during his spare time.

Many girls would have been content with having money to buy anything they wished. Bing was not interested in Dixie. They had three homes. But one desire of Dixie's was never fulfilled. She loved her four sons dearly, but she always wanted a little girl, too.

She and Bing shared a sense of humor that rarely failed them. When he ordered the biggest television screen he could find and had it installed in her room, Dixie said, "It's too close to the eyes." She pointed to a tree out in the yard. "To really enjoy this set, I'd have to have a seat there." Next day Bing had a chair latched onto the tree. But, of course, Dixie never used it.

The Crosbys, like all married couples, had their differences. About once a year we got the report that they were divorcing. I never believed these rumors and always denied them. Bing, being a Catholic, doesn't believe in divorce; and they had too much at stake with their four sons to risk a break-up. Once a divorce rumor got started when there was a kind of division of community property. This gave Bing a laugh. I believe the most serious rift between the Crosbys came in 1950. Bing went to Europe ona "bachelor's vacation." Dixie really wanted to accompany him—but not with a retinue of his cronies. Bing admitted that she was a bit peeved at him for not taking her along and denied any divorce plans. Their lawyer said relations between the couple were "strained," but there was hope for a reconciliation when the crooner returned from Europe. Meanwhile, Dixie indignantly reported, "We've had no quarrel. Bing wanted to go to Europe. I had to stay here with the kids. I hear from him nearly every day. And as far as I know there'll be no separation until either he or I give the green light. But," she added, "with a couple like us, anything or nothing can happen."

This time when Bing returned from Europe, Dixie was not at the station to meet him. But whatever the difficulties, the marriage was soon sailing in smooth waters again. Then Dixie, figuring if Bing could do it, so could she, told her secretary to arrange to go to Europe and had herself a ball.

They covered a lot of ground, stopping at thirty different hotels, and traveling around 20,000 miles. In Paris they bought a station wagon and drove through Europe. This was the first time since her marriage that Dixie had been absent from her home for more than four weeks; and she cut that trip short to return for the graduation of her only child abroad. Dixie never for a moment forgot her family and friends. She returned home laden with gifts. The boys got the station wagon.

About a year ago, Harold Grieve reorganized Dixie's bedroom. "I must have five big, comfortable chairs in here for my five boys," she told him. "This is where they relax." And over that home will always hover her spirit—that shy, generous girl who has been the core of one of our greatest showmen and the lives of four wonderful sons. With God's help, Bing and the boys will carry out the pattern Dixie set for them. The End.
“Are Actors Sissies?”

(Continued from page 53)

And no one has heard Robert Taylor and Dan Dailey complain about their calling. Humphrey Bogart and Erroll Flynn like being actors. And Gregory Peck would never be happy if he had to do anything else. However, they all try to compensate for the frills and furbelows of their film careers by leaning over backwards in private life to be very, very masculine.

To go back. That's where I got Audie together with a friend. I couldn't sleep, he'd kick the covers off, roll over and say, "Let's go hunting." And before he could reach for a gun, Carole Lombard was dressed and ready. Down came a duck—not as early as 5:00 A.M.

Burt Lancaster risked his beautiful neck not so long ago, proving his masculinity. A girl photographer was taking pictures of him. "Do you want me to do one of your tricks," Mr. Lancaster? she cooed. "Burt's an obliging fellow, so he jumped on to a twelve-inch balastrade outside Hal Wallis' office, and posed up-side down over the balustrade. As you can see below almost passed out.

A rugged guy like Brod Crawford has to find an outlet for the restrictions and physical frustrations of his trade. His, of course, is hunting. He gets out after working in a picture, both guys, who are the same weight and age, go to a gym and beat each other up! Or try to.

It may very well be to explode bottom up virility that Robert Mitchum and Humphrey Bogart get involved in barroom brawls. At one time, Howard Hughes hired a man to follow John Hi-Ell Bob wanted to fight the guard! Bogeey has barred the Stork Club and El Morocco from his list of New York fight rings. He's had a battle in each.

Tyrolean enjoys his relief in flying. When Ty was tops at Twentieth, boss Darryl Zanuck bought an expensive Beechcraft plane for him to fly about in. But after a flight from South America to Africa, the plane developed a leak. The wings were bucking a bad storm when the gas tank started to leak, and everyone had to take off his shoes and drop 'em overboard to prevent a nail in a shoe striking a spark. Men nowadays are no longer afraid of flying. Dan Dailey. Rock Hudson likes to swim, ride horseback, play tennis and golf. He hates the term "pretty boy" and makes no bones about it. Cornell Wilde compensates for the lack of hair on his head with his film by urging at fencing instructor Fred Caven——every day between films.

Jimmie Stewart talks like a boy scout in the society, and on his own time—mean he's kind of a simpleton and brave. At the beginning of the last war, Jimmee joined up as a private, rose on his own merits to a colonelcy. He was decorated for bravery for ever-so-many flying missions. He still flies, but like Gable, he's had it in the air, although that old feeling did come back when he was making "Bend of the River." They fought him cloning into an open plane for a sightseeing trip over the Columbia Gorge.

In the old silent days it was easy for a sissy to masquerade as an actor. But the talkies killed off all the severe cases. A true Aristophanes voice emerging from a deep hairy chest sounded the death knell, just the same, the boys, embarrassed by the powder puff routine, spend a lot of time off stage proving they're as rugged as the butt they play. And they're as rugged indeed.

Lex Barker uses Max Factor body make-up for his Tarzan role, but doesn't get the idea that he's a sissy. To keep his torso in gleaming condition, Lex not only exercises in the morning, but in between scenes on the set you'll find him twisting and gyrating and chinning. It was fat around the middle that eliminated Johnny Weissmuller from the Tarzan series. Lex isn't taking any chances.

Gregory Peck is not strong. He injured his back rowing for the University of California at Berkeley. And, more recently, he snapped his side with a leaky pipe, so he couldn't do the work

But don't undersell him on the masculine front. Would a sissy ride the rapids down the Rogue River for eight days in a small boat? Would a tenderfoot teach himself to climb on Chacoan pyramids for the wild, uproarious Western, "Duel in the Sun"? He went all the way, even to riding a horse up some steps and into a hotel.

Errol Flynn has brittle bones. He has already broken his foot three times, and dislocated his back more than once. Still he has a compulsion to keep on and on. He guards the floor of his yacht, the why of all the fights gets into, legally and fiscally. The only person he ever was afraid of was his first wife, Lili Damita. And he's over that now, demanding a reduction. The huge tax-free salary he pays her.

Richard Montalan goes in for weight lifting, and chinning, as an antidote from swooning for cinematic sweethearts. Keenan Wynn has his mania for flying. Dan Dailey. Rock Hudson likes to swim, ride horseback, play tennis and golf. He hates the term "pretty boy" and makes no bones about it. Cornell Wilde compensates for the lack of hair on his head with his film by urging at fencing instructor Fred Caven——every day between films.

Jimmie Stewart talks like a boy scout in the society, and on his own time—mean he's kind of a simpleton and brave. At the beginning of the last war, Jimmee joined up as a private, rose on his own merits to a colonelcy. He was decorated for bravery for ever-so-many flying missions. He still flies, but like Gable, he's had it in the air, although that old feeling did come back when he was making "Bend of the River." They fought him cloning into an open plane for a sightseeing trip over the Columbia Gorge.

In the old silent days it was easy for a sissy to masquerade as an actor. But the talkies killed off all the severe cases. A true Aristophanes voice emerging from a deep hairy chest sounded the death knell, just the same, the boys, embarrassed by the powder puff routine, spend a lot of time off stage proving they're as rugged as the butt they play. And they're as rugged indeed.

The Next Starves—New Scientific Advance

At last! A new medication called Clearasil is so effective it brings entire new hope to pimple sufferers. In skin specialists' tests on 202 patients, 95 out of every 100 were cleared up or definitely improved.

Amazing Starring Action. Clearasil is greaseless and fast-drying in contact with pimples. Starves pimples because it helps remove the oils that pimples "feed" on. Antiseptic stops growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples.

Instant Relief from embarrassment because Clearasil is skin-colored. And Clearasil is greaseless...stainless.

Thousands Hail Clearasil. So many boys, girls, adults found that Clearasil works, it's become the largest-selling specific medication for pimples in America.*

Reader's Digest reported on clinical tests using Clearasil type medication.

Guaranteed to work for you as it did in doctors' tests or money back. 59¢. Economy size 98¢. Get Clearasil at drugstores.
PROPORIONIZED
HALF-SIZE
FASHIONS
CATALOG
FREE!

ENJOY BETTER fit and youthful styling...and save money, too!
Shop by mail from the new big Hayes Style Catalog
Advancing in Proportionized Half-Size Fashions. Flattering
clothes, coats, suits, housedresses, corsets, slacks—all
corrugated proportionized for YOUR half- or
large size, in sizes 14½ to 26½. Mail the coupon now
for your copy of the Hayes Style Catalog featuring
Proportionized Half-Size Fashions. It's FREE.

PROPRIETOR

POTASSIUM SUFFERERS: Has everything failed to bring
temporary relief from scales, lesions and itching? Then write to:
FREE Proprietary for FREE information and sample.
Dr. S. W. CLARKSON, Dept. 58, Oakland, Calif.

WANTED! CHILDREN'S PHOTOS

For Calendars • Billboards • Magazines

Your child's photo may bring you as much as $250
exciting attention to fine domain. Boys and
girls 6 months to 18 years old. Let your child, too,
have this excitement, for his future looks attrac-
A BOOK everyone who likes to draw
could have. It is FREE, no obligation. Simply address
FREE BOOK

'How to Make Money with Simple Cartoons'

CARTOONISTS' EXCHANGE

Dept. 592
Pleasant Hill, Ohio

SECOND CHANCE

(Continued from page 69)

play any part at all—just keep working.
Cornel Wilde is not made that way. He's
an actor's actor, and behind him are not
only years of experience in radio and
in stock, but an enviable record on Broad-
way, including the role of Tybalt in Law-
rence Olivier's production of "Romeo and
Juliet." In 1948, while his career was still
skimming the top, he was asked to be released
from his full contract at Twentieth, and to be
given, instead, a contract for just one
picture a year. He thought that would give
him a chance to pick the cream of the
script, and not the sludge. But it just didn't
work out that way.
And, as though having his career go
shaky wasn't enough, his marriage to
Patricia Knight began to fail, just about
the same time. There was a pathetic irony
in the collapse of this marriage. For in
Cornel's earliest days in Hollywood,
when the going was really tough, he and
Pat got engaged, the colony's most destined
couples. But, strangely, after Cornel's suc-
cess, things at home never seemed to be
the same.
There are some who say that it was
always more than not only Cornel's tremendous ambition for himself, but also for Pat, as well
—that shattered the marriage. He insisted on
having her in every shot and every inter-
view. To get her into pictures, he wrote
her a screen test himself—and rehearsal
her in it for three days. And when she
was cast in a film, Cornel was at her
side constantly—coaching her, giving ad-
vice, trying to keep her the center of men. After their breakup, he said, "That was
the trouble. I interfered too much."
They spatted and reconciled and spatted
again during those last few shaky months,
and Cornel tried to keep Pat. All he did, he
did out of devotion.

When he and Pat finally separated, it
seemed that his world was at an end. Cornel
came to a failure as an actor, as a husband,
and as a father to his daughter Wendy.

Distracted and unhappy, he set off
for Europe to make pictures. But the tale
that was pomme1ing Cornel Wilde still had
a blow or two left.
The picture, which was scheduled to be
made in London, never even got started.
And Cornel's attempt to make the plat-
form made working on the script—cutting, revising—
while the producer and the backers bick-
ered. It was a wasted six months, except for the nostalgic pleasure Cornel found just in
being there. By this time he had spent
so much time as a boy. He avoided
the brighter spots in Paris, and instead,
wandered alone along the banks of the
Seine, pondering the ugly question of
his marriage and his career.

There was his daughter Wendy to think about,
and there was that huge question mark as
to whether he was right in refusing
those offers of more lucrative pictures.

Discouraged, he went back to New York,
where he saw Pat a few times. They
agreed then to divorce, and Cornel re-
turned to Hollywood.

The days were continued. But even
though he wasn't working in front of
the cameras, Cornel wasn't wasting his
time. "I'm not the kind of guy who sits
around," he says. He kept his eyes open
for a screen role, and spent much of that
time writing plays of his own. He went on
with his painting (he is a highly skilled
amateur—not just a Sunday dabbler) and he
kept his fencing sharpened up.

He continued to turn down poor scripts,
and he kept reminding himself, over and
over again, that he had to learn patience.
He tried to pretend that he didn't mind
the fact that the columnists never men-
tioned his name anymore.

For consolation through it all, he had
one thing he knew would never fail him:
his ambition. He was certain that his day
would come again.
It did—with the offer of the role of
Sebastian in "The Greatest Show on Earth."
But even that wasn't all smooth sailing.

Cecil B. De Mille had interviewed Cornel,
questioned him and studied him, and—
signed a French actor for the part.
Then one day Milton Pickman (now
with De Mille) gave Cornel the part of Sebastian at Colum-
bia), who had originally suggested Cornel for
Sebastian, telephoned him. It seemed
the French actor had been having so much fun
learning the trapeze work that he had neglected his studies. De Mille wanted to see Cornel again. Mr.
Wilde was skeptical.

Here was a movie with Betty Hutton, Jimmie Stewart, Dorothy Lamour, Charl-
ton Heston, and on top of all these stars,
a full-blown circus. What could possibly be left in the way of a role for
him? But when De Mille told him about the part of Sebastian, he would feel
the excitement welling up inside him. It
sounded like a great challenge. De Mille
said he thought Cornel should play the
troll, straight, rather than a Frenchman.

"But I can do a French accent," said
Cornel.

De Mille waved aside the suggestion.
"I've yet to hear an actor do a convincing
accent," he said. "I think it's better not to
try."

"Would you do me a favor?" said Corn-
el, and see a picture called "Centennial Summer"? I played a
Frenchman in that, and

The next day De Mille called him up.
"Great," he said. "You'll play it as a
Frenchman."

Then on the grueling work on the
trailer, Cornel was the last major mem-
er of the cast to be signed, and already
Betty Hutton had three months of practice
behind her. Cornel had only two weeks
before the show, and was in Cincin-
ti, where shooting would begin in the
midst of the Ringling Brothers Circus. After
four days of it, he was tempted to throw in
the towel. Just looking down from the
trapeze platform made him feel
Cornel dizzy. The platform itself was
rickety, and so small that his heels and
knees hung over the edge.

Physically speaking, his most difficult
scene was the one where he hung by
his knees, caught Betty Hutton in mid-air
and then pulled her face up to his for a love
scene that lasted three minutes. Profes-
sionally, it was the first, and
though Betty is no heavy-weight, they
could not hold her, with their arms bent
for longer than forty seconds. De Mille de-
cided to throw out the scene, and then Billy
Schwer, the trapeze artist who had been
coaching Cornel, spoke up.

"I think Cornel can hold her," he said.
De Mille snorted. "That's ridiculous," he
said. "If regular catchers can't do it, how
can I expect it of my cornets?"

But Cornel did it—and he did it five
times for that many takes. All that mor-
ning he had been practicing, holding
the one hundred and sixty-five pound Billy
Schwer. So that when he let his shoulders
and knees shed, Betty's weight was al-
much a relief after Billy's.

By that time, rushes were being seen in
Hollywood, and the word was getting
around that Cornel's performance was
great. When he got back to the coast to
finish filming the picture, he found that
Elsa Maxwell’s
Etiquette Book

This Famous Hostess Writes About Good Manners

Elsa Maxwell, the famous hostess to world celebrities, is being showered with praise by Hollywood stars for her splendid etiquette book. In Hollywood they are calling it the most useful and entertaining book on the subject ever written. One of the readers of this remarkable book too, will join the stars of Hollywood in your praise of this fascinating guide to good manners.

A Social Education

Elsa Maxwell’s new book is different from the usual dry-as-dust etiquette volume. It’s gay! It’s up-to-date! It’s just chock-full of the type of information that you can put to immediate use. It brings you a thoroughly sound education that will enable you to live a richer, happier life.

Here are the answers to all your everyday etiquette problems. By following the advice contained in this book you know exactly how to conduct yourself on every occasion. Here you find important suggestions on good manners in restaurants — in church — in the theatre — on the street — and when you travel.

ONLY $1.00
You owe it to yourself to have the information contained in Elsa Maxwell’s Etiquette Book. The price of this splendid book is only $1.00 postpaid. Order TODAY.

BARTHOLOMEW HOUSE, INC., Dept. P-253
205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.
Send me postpaid a copy of ELSA MAXWELL’S ETIQUETTE BOOK I enclose $1.00.

NAME ____________________________
STREET __________________________
CITY ____________________________ STATE __________________________

NAME PRINTED
CASH
FREE CASH
FREE SAMPLES

SEND EMPIRE’S BIG, COLORFUL LINE OF GREETING CARDS
All-Occasion Boxes—14 cards also. Fast money-makers; Easter, Comic books—now Golden Camee Notes; children’s Play Notes — Name-printed stationery, naskins $1. Cost nothing to try. Make 80¢ fast. Write for free catalog. Samples for trial order.

EMPIRE CARD CO., 202 Fox St., Elmira, N.Y.

Lovingly used DRESSES

ASTHMA

WRITE FOR NO-COST TRIAL OFFER!
IF YOU SUFFER FROM BRONCHIAL ASTHMA
PAROXYMS, from coughs, sneezing, wheezing — write quick for daring No-Risk, No-Cost Trial Offer. No matter if you consider your case hopeless! — Write Donald NACOR, 117-I State Life Bldg., Indianapolis 4, Ind.

NAME ____________________________
POSTCARD BRINGS FREE CATALOG

Allied Mail Order Co., Inc., Dept. 116-A
120 Christopher Ave., Brooklyn 12, N. Y.

RUPTURE-EASIER

A strong, form-fitting washable support. Back is too adjustable. Stays up front. Adjustable leg strap. Soft, flat grain pad. No steel or leather bands. Provides real relief. Offered at just 49c, this item is sold as used after the operation support. For men, women and children. Mail orders give measure around the lowest part of the abdomen and state right or left side or double. We Prepay Postage Except on C.O.D.s. Over 400,000 Satisfied Users!

10 Day Trial Offer
Money-back in 10 days if you are not satisfied. Delay may be expensive—ORDER TODAY!
PIPER BRACE CO.
811 Wyandotte, Dept. W-23 Kansas City 6, Mo.
The Tony Curtis-Janet Leigh Marriage

(Continued from page 49)

movie we disagree over. And I always tell her what I think. But that doesn't mean our marriage is on its way out. Not by a long shot.

"The only way two married people can get along is to let off steam occasionally. It's good to get your opinions out in the open; it clears the air. But even while we're doing this, we never forget we're in love and have each other."

Tony and Janet feel—and admit—there will always be marital problems they must solve together. Like most American families, the problems of Janet and Tony are not the serious rifts that suddenly become amplified in importance when they find their way into print. Economic problems that arise from that illogical American tradition, prevalent especially in Hollywood, of keeping up with the Joneses" whether you can afford it or not. And keeping two careers in the same family free from conflict.

Being human, they've found too, it isn't easy to be a movie hero or heroine twenty-four hours a day. But long age, they recognized all these threats to their marriage. And everything is under control.

They believe, is the most dangerous of all.

Tony is a nice, even-tempered guy. His friends, his employer, his co-workers and the world will always make their comments on much such personal things. Tony tells them, Tony went to the party in question, despite the pain he felt. Tony is like that—he seldom disappoints a friend.

Once there, he moved about for a while, greeting friends. But at one point, Tony felt the pain in his ankle becoming so acute that he had to sit down and rest.

It was as simple as that. Yet the incident gave rise to rumors that not only had Janet kicked Tony and caused the injury, but that their marriage itself was in jeopardy.

"For according to Janet, Tony continued, his usual smile now replaced by an expression of dead earnestness. "In the first place, when two people really split up, it's not just because of one argument they may have had at a party. He usually doesn't rooted and has to do with more than one night's incident. Our friends know us so well that they don't believe these things. But what about those of you who don't know us? How can we make them understand?"

In Hollywood, Tony has found, success sometimes has a way of backfiring. In his own case, it is ironic that the town which branded him a "career" was sometimes it's, he should now supply the ingredients to give him concern for his marriage happiness. Gossip, he feels, is the most serious wrong of all, but there are other problems and here is how Tony and Janet meet them.

"When you're a movie star," Tony explains, "everyone thinks you make astronomical sums of money. They read about the salaries of top-bill actors, actresses and think every actor is well-heeled. Gee, Janet and I are practically newcomers in this profession and don't make nearly as much as people think we do. Yet some expect us to live by a Hollywood code that is more emotional than economic. When we make compromises, they don't always understand us."

For instance, we occasionally hear the accusation that movie couples do, when one person is away from home. I feel this was the case for me away because I have no interest in anyone except my wife. Maybe we're old-fashioned, but our parents operate this way, and why shouldn't we?"

As for "keeping up with the Joneses," Tony and Janet don't even try, thus eliminating at once possible financial pitfalls. Pin other Hollywood marriages have fallen into by living beyond their means.

"We don't own a home yet and I can't give Janet a Cadillac. We know what we can afford and we live within our income. And we both agree that if we ever find ourselves behind, maybe we do fall short of what's expected of us as stars maintaining our proper place. It's a temptation, but we won't do it on the cuff. We believe, anyway, that a married couple's first concern should be making good, and not worrying about material things rather than on the experiences we can share together every day as individuals."

Our marriage problem is that everybody is full of advice for us," Tony avers, "some sincere, others not. And if you don't listen, right away they start saying you're taking it 'big.' So we listen. Then do what they want to do, because we've criticized it for it. But by making up our own minds, we take full responsibility for whatever we do. And after a while, you come to find out who are your real friends, whose advice is worth listening to."

"To me, our friends are the most valuable things we have and we choose them carefully. They're not just my friends of office, they're personal friends."

"And when we're growing up as they sometimes do to some Hollywood marriages, Tony is confident it will never threaten his."

"It may be a little more difficult at times because, after all, one career is usually easier to run than two. But I believe two people with careers can help each other if they recognize their problems and use judgment. There are just as many ex-

ative things as long as two careers are working in the same family as examples of failure."

First of all, you must remember that the Hollywood marriage is concerned with belongs to a person you love, so as soon as it becomes more than a professional interest you hold in it. People in our business are high-strung; that's why we become so emotional. But it's hard to be coldly honest instead of purely emotional. But if you're really honest with yourself at all times, two careers can work and to advantage.

"Why the heck do I have just finished working together in 'Houdini' and it proves my point. Janet is a good actress and it helps any actor's performance if he scenes with someone who's responsible and has the ability he respects; all the
Don't Be My Valentine

(Continued from page 70)

on the bar in front of the seat, and then that big adolescent hulk put his arms around me and went sailing off. How was I to know he could steer no-handed?

That was one of my first encounters with a would-be wolf. And since then, I've come to the conclusion that all men aren't wolves. If their fangs sometimes show it merely means they want to be wolves, and they begin early in life to plan campaigns which are so subtle and clever that a girl needs to educate herself in the womanly art of self-defense.

February 14 is a very special day, yet many people have little respect for the sentiment.

Every day is Valentine's Day as far as some men are concerned—and the majority of these fellows are the wolf-types.

That can be a sad fact for womanhood. When a girl is young and first begins dating she is usually confused and scared, and if she's going with boys her own age they are often insecurities as she. But when she grows older and begins to think she can take care of herself, it is this very self-confidence which might be her Waterloo, because by that time she's going with men who know all the ropes. This breed can be doubly dangerous, and while I hope men are here to stay, I consider many of them self-scheming goats.

I learned my lessons when I reached Hollywood. I don't mean by this that Hollywood has more wolves than any other town. The men here have the same lines, the same techniques. The only difference is that they're generally better looking and wear more expensive suits. Inside their crafty heads, they're men, like everywhere else. I didn't hit the "would-be"
...They used to call her

FAIRLY

"I LOST 2 POUNDS
Now wear size 9 Dress" "My doctor said the Junex
Plan made sense and was
safe." I lost 2 lbs., now wear
size 4 dress. It was easy, Junex
is a blessing to overweights.
Everyone is not alike. Your
experience may or may not be the same, but
Jenex is Guaranteed to reduce you.
No Brushing—Nothing
No Calorie Charts

Junex tablets safely curb hunger—
provide bulk your stomach needs,
new, safe ingredients helps curb appetite. You lose
that craving for extra portions,
extra snacks, yet don't feel hungry.
In clinical tests, fat folks gained fat from hips, waist,
before, average, everywhere. Deli food, foliow
simple directions.

Lose Ugly Fat in 10 Days!

After

Get satisfaction from Junex package or return to dealer for
delivery. Don't plan on "tomorrow's diet." Get Junex today. $5.50. Drug & Dept. stores.

junex
RECORDING PLAN

REMOVAL HAIR

Refunds I1 guarantee — Juneex and Junex Specials
From DOL and FIVE for first order and five for each
order. Your name may be on record without
penalty. Change name on record. Hair of mine. Just return this advertisement with$5 for change
name and $5.50 for first order. In addition: Dale June and below the signature of the
person, please write:

JENEX HIR SPECIALIST
360 Broadway — Dept MY2, N. Y., 12, N. Y.

$10 $10 $10 $10 $10 $10 $10 $10 $10 $10

Extra Money EVERY DAY

MAKE $10 AND MORE every day, new variety
Curtain Rakes, Clicker Curtains, All Occasion Cards, Gift Wrap, Wrapping, Napkins, Gift Items,
FREE Catalog and Portfolios, Samples approval. WRITE TODAY.

ELMIRA GREENING CARD CO., Elmira 35, N. Y.

COLON TROUBLES

FREE BOOK Tells Facts

Learn about Colon troubles, Stomach con-
ditions, Piles and other Rectal ailments.
Causes, effects and treatment are explained

FREE Catalog

Avoid Dangers of Delay

RECTAL AND COLONIC DISORDERS

and Aliments

Full-sized living costs down! See newest and finest guaran-
teed textile values at lowest prices! ANYWHERE! Beautiful, stylish, exciting and
novelty designs, special gift lines and household items... for
entire family and home. Thrifty thousands already see these
Carolin Mills for worth while shopping, best savings! Get our
handsome "The Renewal Free for each
buy!" Just send your name and
address to

SOUTHERN CAROLINA MILLS
Dept. 231, Spartanburg, S. C.

Rayon-Nylons

SAVE ON COTTONS

...used to want a report every time I came
home from a date. "Did he kiss you?" she
always wanted to know. If I was coy about
it, she'd glare. "How many times?"

If you're not a "Sink or Swim" type, you're
a more tangible fashion. She was on when I
arrived home. Or else I'd lean against the
derbroad and in exactly thirty seconds
for the night and stand beammg at my date. "Won't you come
in for a cup of coffee?" she'd say.

I could always discover the wolves from
their attitude toward my family, and
their prettiness. He was a pretty good rule for every girl.

If he is at ease, that doesn't resist
their occasional presence, you have
too much to worry about.

I often think how uncertain I used to believe
my first day of dating and
wish there were some way of
helping the teen-agers who are now going through
the same thing. Sometimes men can make
you feel awfully Inadequate and unsure,
and this translates unfair. If you
refuse to let this type kiss you,
he responds by saying, "Oh come now, we're
here for a good time, aren't we?" This
is the type that I feel has never had a good time.
The idea that his presence wouldn't be
a wrestling bout. He never will learn
that because of his insinuation and
disrespect for a girl's wishes, he loses all
chances with her. Even worse is the change
of personality to the girl itself. Aren't we
Victorian?" he says. "I didn't know you
were old-fashioned." Your answer to this
is that you're prudent, not a snob.

I'm sure most men instinctively
want to respond to the girl as
a type that I recognize this type
after the first few sentences.

Then there is the man who appeals
to a girl's sympathy. He
remembers and writes about his miserable childhood, his
alcohol mother, the bad breaks in his career,
his lack of friends, the fact that nobody
understands him. This is a direct appeal
to the girl as a creature who can
fuss over and mother. But I figure if they haven't any friends
there must be a good reason for it.

Some men make a business of old world
and I've seen them and have
John Valentine. I recall one man who
had taken me to dinner in town a few
times. I found him quite charming, but
after a girl's date a few men she develops an insatiable
month.

This one's approach screamed, "Caution!"

"I've found an enchanting place way
out in the country," he said only a few
weeks after he'd met me. "Gypsy violins and
all that sort of thing like they
and take you there." I decided to take him up on it
as a test, but under my own terms.

When he came by to pick me up on the
appointed evening there were two friends
of mine and we had a very good
Valentine kind. I recall one man
who had taken me to dinner in town a few
times. I found him quite charming, but
after a girl's date a few men she develops an insatiable
month.

This one's approach screamed, "Caution!"

"I've found an enchanting place way
out in the country," he said only a few
weeks after he'd met me. "Gypsy violins and
all that sort of thing like they
and take you there." I decided to take him up on it
as a test, but under my own terms.

When he came by to pick me up on the
appointed evening there were two friends
of mine and we had a very good
Valentine kind. I recall one man
who had taken me to dinner in town a few
times. I found him quite charming, but
after a girl's date a few men she develops an insatiable
month.

This one's approach screamed, "Caution!"

"I've found an enchanting place way
out in the country," he said only a few
weeks after he'd met me. "Gypsy violins and
all that sort of thing like they
and take you there." I decided to take him up on it
as a test, but under my own terms.

When he came by to pick me up on the
appointed evening there were two friends
of mine and we had a very good
Valentine kind. I recall one man
who had taken me to dinner in town a few
times. I found him quite charming, but
after a girl's date a few men she develops an insatiable
month.

This one's approach screamed, "Caution!"

"I've found an enchanting place way
out in the country," he said only a few
weeks after he'd met me. "Gypsy violins and
all that sort of thing like they
and take you there." I decided to take him up on it
as a test, but under my own terms.
And Along Came Dodo

(Continued from page 43)

and smoke, we walked over to watch the flames. As we turned into Rowland Avenue, I grabbed Marty’s arm convulsively. Careening toward us on a bike was a small boy wearing a leather jacket and a visored cap. His face was covered with freckles and freckles.

“Marty!” I gasped. “I’m sure—that’s got to be Doris Day’s son.”

“Don’t be silly,” he calmly rejoined. “Doris doesn’t live around here. Her son doesn’t ride a bike and live on a block and play with a bunch of kids. They probably live in a big mansion in Beverly Hills, and Terry plays alone in a minicircus pool.”

I was still thinking about this kid—Dodo Day in miniature—almost comical in his exact resemblance, as we watched Warners’ large Stage Twenty—one burn to the ground. And somehow I got into conversation with a man standing nearby. I told him I had played with Doris when we were little girls, and now I was almost sure I had seen her son on a bicycle.

“It probably was her son,” he said. “She lives down the street. Why don’t you look her up?”

I mentioned the unanswered letters.

“She never got them,” he said. “If you sent them to the studio, they were thrown away with her fan mail which comes in such volumes that it might be a matter of months before your letters come to her attention.”

“Tall” that sounded logical.

“Look,” he went on. “I’m an assistant director and I know Doris well. She would never brush off an old friend. Give me your name and phone number and I’ll have her call you.”

Only an hour after we got home from the fire I had a phone call from Dodo and we made a date to meet. Yet, the next day as I walked the three blocks from our apartment to Doris’ bright apartment to have lunch with her, I was a little uncertain. What if a glamorous movie star and a middle-class hausfrau possibly have in common?

What will we talk about? I couldn’t help wondering.

What did we talk about? I couldn’t say.

Words tumbled over each other, as they do every time we meet or talk on the telephone. Doris was the boy all right—I loved telling my husband—and Alma Kappelhoff, Dodo’s mother, was still the same dear woman who took us to the movies ever Saturday and was always because she had trouble separating us from our seats when the picture rolled around the second time.

It didn’t seem at all necessary to talk about the years we’d been such good pals, but those happy days had left the inevitable mark of youthful friendship upon us. We had not gone to the same school, nor had too many friends in common, but we had shared our experiences and exchanged bashful confidences. It was, miraculously, as though nothing much had happened in between—certainly nothing as important as Doris’ rise to stardom.

We told each other about our husbands and were delighted to discover both are named Marty. And when my Marty and I dropped by the following Sunday, our husbands hit it off immediately and became fast friends.

The Melchers are daytime people. They go to sleep early and get up early, just as we do. There is so much home, another point we have in common.

The kitchen is a favorite gathering place in the Melcher household, with everybody hanging over the coffee-pot and exchanging stories and bright conversation. It’s wood-paneled and comfortable, and a grand place to relax. The window sills are bright with paper geraniums which Doris
CINERAMA — Cinorama Productions. Eastman Kodak color: An amazing new movie technique, using three curved screens and special sound, takes you right into the action. No story, but plenty of thrills: a roller-coaster ride, opera at La Scala, an air tour of the U. S. (F) January

BLOODBLOODS OF BROADWAY — 26th Century-Fox. Technicolor: Bouncy musical set in Damon Runyon’s raffish world. Hillbilly Nizzi Gaynor hits Broadway as the protegee of bookie Scott Brady, who’s trying to outwit an investigating committee. (F) January

EIGHT IRON MEN — Kramer, Columbia: Realistic story of one day on the Italian front, with good talk, but more talk than action. Bonar Colleano, Lee Marvin and Richard Kiley stand out among the believable G. I.’s. (F) January

EVERYTHING I HAVE IS YOURS — M-G-M, Technicolor: Marge and Gower Champion achieve stardom in an easygoing musical of show-business marriage. With Monica Lewis. (F) December


IRON MISTRESS — Warners. Technicolor: Alan Ladd stars as Jim Bowie in a dashing adventure yarn of early New Orleans, with Virginia Mayo as the worthless beauty who inspires him to fight his way to riches. (F) January

IT GROWS ON TREES — U-I: Honey fantasy in which housewife Irene Dunne finds money sprouting in her back yard. Dean Jagger and Joan Evans are among the family circle. (F) December

HELLCATE — Lippert: Grim, gripping drama set in an inhumane desert prison of the 1860’s, with Sterling Hayden as an innocent convict, Ward Bond as the stern commandant. (F) December


MY PAL GUS — 26th Century-Fox: Engaging story of parental love, with Richard Widmark and baby baritone George Winslow as father and son, Joanne Dru as an understanding teacher. Audrey Totter is Dick’s greedy, estranged wife. (F) January

OPERATION SECRET — Warners: Confused but often suspenseful story of the French underground and the Red threat. Cornel Wilde, Steve Cochran and Phyllis Thaxter play maquis. (F) December

PLYMOUTH ADVENTURE — M-G-M, Technicolor: Halfway successful attempt to humanize the Mayflower saga. Spencer Tracy is the cynical captain; among the voyagers are Gene Tierney, Leo Genn, Van Johnson. (F) January

RAIDERS, THE — U-I, Technicolor: A brisk but conventional Western finds Richard Conte out for revenge on murderous claim-jumpers; Vivienna Lindfors pleads for peace. (F) January

SECRET PEOPLE — Lippert: British thriller with Valentina Cortesa, Andrey Hepburn as refugees duped by radical agents. (F) December

STEEL TRAP, THE — 20th Century-Fox: Nerve-racking suspense. Joseph Cotten as an abscender, Teresa Wright as his wife. (F) December


AGAINST ALL FLAGS — U-I, Technicolor: Ransacking action story set on Madagascar. In off-handed style, Errol Flynn plays a buccaneer who’s really a British Navy officer; Maureen O’Hara is a fiery lady pirate. (F) January

BECAUSE OF YOU — U-I: Loretta Young and Jeff Chandler team appealingly in a sobby story of a loving mother with a past. (A) December

BLACK CASTLE, THE — U-I: Not very horrible horror story. Gallant Richard Greene and evil Stephen McHattie chase each other through a castle haunted by Lou Chaney and Boris Karloff; Paulette Goddard plays the helpless heroine. (F) January

UNDER THE RED SEA — RKO: Record of ocean floor exploration by Dr. Hans Hass and his expedition, with fascinating shots of coral reefs and marine life—and phony touches that keep it from riveting “Kon-Tiki.” (F) November
Ladies—here's your chance to get a whole new wardrobe given to you as a bonus—WITHOUT ONE CENT OF COST TO YOU! This amazing new plan offers your choice of over 150 smart street dresses, afternoon frocks, tailored suits, and even includes charming "mother & daughter" matching styles. Besides getting these gorgeous clothes, you can make up to $100 in a month just by wearing and showing them to your friends! It's just like getting paid for being the "best dressed" woman in your neighborhood! Just imagine that!

ANY DRESS-SIZE CAN "MODEL" A FASHION FROCK
You do not need any previous "experience." It doesn't matter what your dress size is—Misses, Half-Sizes, Juniors, Stouts—you can qualify for this thrilling chance to make big money just by wearing original Fashion Frocks! You know, yourself, when you meet your friends, the talk is bound to get around to "clothes" sooner or later. And it will be sooner when they actually see you wearing these beautiful new Fashion Frocks! Your friends will want to know where you got them...if they, too, can get flattering new styles like yours. And when you tell them about the magnificent fabrics, colors, patterns and weaves—from which you chose your own dresses—you'll be helping spread the good news about Fashion Frocks. It's our way of advertising!

NO OBLIGATION OF ANY KIND!
It costs you absolutely nothing to investigate this unusual fashion offer...to learn how you can add to your income and receive stylish new dresses as a bonus. All without door-to-door canvassing or taking more than a few spare hours now and then. The coupon below will bring you full details—without obligation of any kind.

DON'T WAIT! OPENINGS LIMITED
This NEW plan is so sensational that openings are limited. So hurry! Fill out the coupon and send it in before the quota is filled. There is no obligation, not a penny to pay!

FASHION FROCKS, INC.
Dept. L-2053 Cincinnati 25, Ohio
In Canada, NORTH AMERICAN FASHION FROCKS, LTD.
2163 Parthenais, Dept. L-2053, Montreal, P. Q.

PASTE THIS COUPON ON POSTCARD MAIL TODAY!

FASHION FROCKS, INC., Dept. L-2053, Cincinnati 25, Ohio
YES, I'd like to be one of the women who get the chance to make up to $100 in a month for wearing and showing Fashion Frocks. Without obligating me, please send everything I need WITHOUT COST.

Name: ________________________________
City: __________________ State: ________

Address: ______________________________

Age: ________ Dress Size: _______

If you live in Canada, mail this coupon to North American Fashion Frocks, Ltd., 2163 Parthenais, Montreal, P. Q.
"FOR 25 YEARS I've been a steady Chesterfield smoker," says prominent tobacco farmer Pearsall L. Rogers. "They buy the world's best tobaccos and make the world's best cigarette."

Pearsall L. Rogers  MULLINS, S.C.

AND NOW—CHESTERFIELD FIRST TO GIVE YOU SCIENTIFIC FACTS IN SUPPORT OF SMOKING

A responsible consulting organization reports a study by a competent medical specialist and staff on the effects of smoking Chesterfields. For six months a group of men and women smoked only Chesterfield—10 to 40 a day—their normal amount. 45 percent of the group have smoked Chesterfields from one to thirty years for an average of ten years each.

At the beginning and end of the six-months, each smoker was given a thorough examination including X-rays, and covering the sinuses, nose, ears and throat. After these examinations, the medical specialist stated...

"It is my opinion that the ears, nose, throat and accessory organs of all participating subjects examined by me were not adversely affected in the six-months period by smoking the cigarettes provided."

Remember this report and buy Chesterfields—regular or king-size.

Buy CHESTERFIELD—Much Milder
PHOTOPLAY

MARCH

20¢

Marilyn Monroe Was My Wife

JAMES DOUGHERTY
New! a shampoo that Silkens your hair!

Picture you . . . after just one shampoo . . . with hair that shimmers under even the softest light. Picture you with hair that’s silky soft, silky smooth, silky bright!

New lightning lather — milder than castile!

This silkening magic is in Drene’s new lightning lather! No other lather is so thick, yet so quick—even in hardest water!

Magic! because it flashes up like lightning, because it rinses out like lightning, because it’s milder than castile! Magic!

because this new formula leaves your hair bright as silk, smooth as silk, soft as silk. And so obedient.

Just try this new Drene with its lightning lather . . . its new, fresh fragrance of 100 flowers. You have a new experience coming!
Prompt action can often help head them off

AT THE FIRST SIGN of a sneeze, cough or tickle in your throat, gargle with Listerine Antiseptic... quick! You may spare yourself a long siege of a cold or sore throat due to a cold because Listerine Antiseptic fights the infection as an infection should be fought... with germ-killing action.

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs, including those called "secondary invaders" (see panel below). These are the very bacteria that often are responsible for so much of a cold's misery when they stage a mass invasion of the body through throat tissues. Listerine Antiseptic attacks them on these surfaces before they attack you.

Remember that tests made over a 12-year period showed that regular twice-a-day Listerine users had fewer colds, and usually milder ones, than non-users; and fewer sore throats.

So, get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, and between times, when you feel a cold or sore throat coming on. Lambert Pharmacal Company Division of The Lambert Company, St. Louis 6, Mo.

Gargle LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—to get after these germs

Tests showed that even fifteen minutes after Listerine Antiseptic gargle bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces were reduced up to 96.7%; an hour afterward as much as 80%. Among bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces can be many of the "secondary invaders," some of which are shown at right. These are the very germs that can cause so much of a cold's misery when they invade the body through throat tissue.

And to be Extra Careful about Halitosis (bad breath)

Use LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC... no matter what else you do

Do you know why Listerine Antiseptic is better? Because the most common cause of Halitosis is germs... that's right, germs start the fermentation of proteins always present in your mouth.

Listerine kills germs that cause that fermentation... kills them by the millions. Brushing your teeth doesn't give you this antiseptic protection. Chlorophyll, chewing gums don't kill germs. Listerine does.

That's why Listerine stops Halitosis instantly... and usually for hours. That's why Listerine Antiseptic averaged four times better than the leading chlorophyll products it was tested against.

So, if you want really effective protection against Halitosis... no matter what else you may use... use an antiseptic... Listerine Antiseptic, the most widely used antiseptic in the world.
HIGHLIGHTS

Altar-Bound (Ann Blyth) ........................................ 33
Inside Stuff ....................................................... 34
Will Maturity End Jane's Appeal? (Jane Powell) ......... 36
Behave Yourselves! .............................................. 38
This Is Delora (Debra Paget) .................................... 40
Not-So-Perfect Gentlemen ..................................... 44
Marilyn Monroe Was My Wife .................................. 46
Hollywood Never Looked Better (Rock Hudson) ......... 50
How I Trained My Husband ................................. 52
Collectors' Items No. 3 (June Allyson) ...................... 54
Photoplay's Gold Medal Winners ............................. 56
Photoplay Star Fashions ....................................... 62
Is It Really Love? (Pier Angeli, Kirk Douglas) ........... 68
Look Who's Here (Susan Cabot, Craig Hill) ............... 70
Highly Terry (Terry Moore) .................................... 72
Their Marriage Is A Laugh (Wendell Corey) ............... 92

FEATURES IN COLOR

Humphrey Bogart ............................................... 31
Dan Dailey ......................................................... 31
Darlene Dahl, Fernando Lamas ................................. 31
Zsa Zsa Gabor, George Sanders ............................... 35
Anne Baxter, John Hodiak ...................................... 35
Tab Hunter, Denise Darcel ...................................... 35
Jane Powell ......................................................... 37

SPECIAL EVENTS

What Should I Do? Claudette Colbert 10 Laughing Stock . Erskine Johnson 30
Readers Inc. ....................................................... 13
Impertinent Items . Mike Connolly 16

Cover: Jane Powell, Star of "Small Town Girl"—Natural Color Portrait by Apger

Tony Gray—Editor
Beverly Ott—Managing Editor Ron Taylor—Art Director
Charlotte Plummer—Coordinating Editor Rena Firth—Associate Editor
Suzanne Nicoll—Assistant Editor Norman Schoenfeld—Art, Art Director
Jessica Bradt—Fashion Editor Jacqueline Neben—Promotion Manager
Fred Sammis—Editor-in-Chief

HOLLYWOOD EDITORIAL STAFF: Sylvia Wallace—Editor. Toni Noel—Managing Editor
CONTRIBUTING STAFF: Maxine Arnold, Jerry Asher, Ruth Waterbury
HOLLYWOOD ART STAFF: Phil Stern, Sterling Smith

MARCH, 1953  VOL. 43, NO. 3

PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHED MONTHLY by Macfadden Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y.
EXECUTIVE, ADVERTISING AND EDITORIAL OFFICES at 602 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Editorial Branch office, 1100 B. W. A. Building, Beverly Hills, Calif.; David A. Wise, Publisher; Fred R. Sammis and S. N. Hummelman, Vice Presidents; Meyer Fiskin, Secretary and Treasurer; Irving E. Madamian, Chairman, Executive Committee; Advertising offices also in Chicago and San Francisco.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: $2.00 per year, U. S. and Possessions, Canada $2.50 per year, $4.00 per year all CHANGE OF ADDRESS 6 weeks before moving, please, when possible, essential. When mailing address has been changed. Address change can be made only if we have your old, as well as your new address. Write to Photoplay, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 602 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y., for new mailing labels.

MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage and will be carefully considered, but publisher cannot be responsible for return of unsolicited material.

PHOTOPLAY is published at 602 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Copyright, 1953, by Macfadden Publications, Inc. All rights reserved under International Copyright Convention. All rights reserved for other than American Copyrights. Title trademark registered in U. S. Patent Office. Published for the Propiedad Literaria y Artistica, Ltd., traducción reservada en todos los paísesamericanos de Color Printing Company.

Member of the True Story Women's Group
You can see at a glance... it's the land of romance!

Sultry beauties... Latin lovers... fiestas and fandangos... flaming feuds... tropic magic! Grab your sombrero and let's go.

MGM's Marvelous Made-in-Mexico Musical!

Technicolor

Sombrero

Ricardo Montalbán, Angelina Gessman, Cyd Charisse, de Carlo

Directed by Norman Foster, Produced by Jack Cummings

Based on the novel "A Mexican Village" by Josefina Niggli

Hear the hits on the M-G-M Records!
Use new **White Rain** shampoo tonight—tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!

It’s like washing your hair in softest rain water! This new gentle lotion shampoo pampers your hair... leaves it soft as a cloud, bright as sunshine, and so easy to care for!

A romance causing much speculation is the one between Ginger Rogers and her young French protégé, Jacky de Bergerac. Slim, trim, platinum blonde, Ginger, who never grows old, made her first trip to Paris a year ago, where she met twenty-five-year-old Jacky, who at that time was escorting Evelyn Keyes around the gay French capital. The charming Gallic man-about-town was manager of an automobile agency, but Ginger thought he ought to be in the movies. They were both house guests in Italy of John Perona, the suave owner of Manhattan’s exclusive El Morocco.

The more she saw of Jacky the more Ginger became convinced that Hollywood needed him. She got in touch with head men at M-G-M and told them she’d found a potential actor worth cultivating, and, since the studio officials had high respect for Ginger’s judgment, they gave the French lad a contract and brought him to Hollywood. The first thing he had to do was learn English, and Ginger has been his personal language tutor. Marriage? Ginger laughs that question off, but they’re always together. And when they’re dancing at the Sunset Strip night spots they seem oblivious of everything but themselves and the music. Hollywood whispers that Ginger has once again lost her heart.

The feud is on between Pamela Mason, wife of the fascinating James, and Zsa Zsa Gabor. It started when the lovely Hungarian passed on to others some gossip intended for her ears alone. When Pamela heard that Zsa Zsa had... (Continued on page 6)
By MARY MARATHON

Rosemary Clooney’s vivid personality seeped right through the microphone onto stacks of platters of “Come On-A My House” and “Botch-A-Me,” records which swung her to the top of the list of singing artists and focussed the eyes of Hollywood upon her. Paramount invited her to come on to their lot for a screen try and almost in the next breath Rosemary romped off with a starring contract. After seeing “The Stars Are Singing,” Rosemary’s first picture, I can well understand why this bright newcomer to Hollywood is the talk of the town! She’s a treat for your ears and she’s very easy on the eyes!

Starring with Rosemary in this sprightly Technicolor picture are Anna Maria Alberghetti and Lauritz Melchior. Youthful Anna Maria, introduced by Bing in “Here Comes The Groom,” won the immediate and enthusiastic acceptance of screen fans and critics. This golden-voiced youngster can act and she’s gay, too. In “The Stars Are Singing,” it’s a kick when she joins Rosemary and her pals in a singing commercial. Lauritz Melchior? His role of “Papa Poldi,” a former Metropolitan Opera great who has been licked by a swelled head, has overtones of gentleness but he gives it the Melchior vigor we’ve come to expect. And he’s in lusty voice! Talking of voice, there’s one character in this show that doesn’t have much of a speaking part, but he’ll slay you! His name is Red Dust, world’s laziest and funniest—dog!

For good measure, there’s a heart-warming story. Katri (Anna Maria) in seeking out Papa Poldi, lands in the Greenwich Village apartment where Terry (Rosemary) has gathered ‘round her a merry group of young hopefuls who are struggling toward success in the entertainment world. Being a stowaway, Katri is to be deported. Terry and her gang, along with Papa Poldi, say “no can do”... then swing into action with the vigor of a detachment of Marines. Just leave your worries on the doorstep and direct your feet to the sunny side of screen entertainment when “The Stars Are Singing” comes your way!

* * *

Mention of Marines, which I did a few sentences ago, reminds me that I’ve another fun picture to report on—“Pleasure Island.” Here we have 1500 Marines, not engaged in war on “Pleasure Island”—just a bit of skirmishing among themselves to capture the attentions of three lovely girls. What delightful odds! How come 1500 men and three girls? On a South Pacific Island lives Roger Halyard, British Copra grower, with his three pretty, young daughters and a housekeeper. Except for Halyard and his agent, the island is practically manless. Suddenly the Marines appear to construct a landing strip. It’s a riot thereafter! Halyard, so VERY correct, almost loses his mind as well as his three darling daughters. The girls have a fine time! The picture is in Technicolor, which is special when a South Pacific Island is the locale. Leo Genn plays the father, Elsa Lanchester the housekeeper, Joan Elan, Audrey Dalton and Dorothy Bromiley, those three lovelies, are the darling daughters.

* * *

Next month I’ll be ready to give you the details on “Pony Express,” starring Charlton Heston, Rhonda Fleming, Jan Sterling and Forrest Tucker. It’s a vivid picturization, in Technicolor, of the most colorful era in our nation’s history—a tribute to those rugged men of vision, Buffalo Bill Cody and Wild Bill Hickok! More anon.
The magic mist
that keeps hair softly in place all day

Now comes a new way to keep your hair perfectly in place—all day, all evening. Simply press the button—and the magic mist of Helene Curtis Spray Net keeps your hair the way you set it—softly, naturally . . . invisibly . . . for that new, smoother look.

Millions of women are finding that Helene Curtis Spray Net is the perfect answer to wispy, straggly, unruly hair. Protects your hair-do unfailingly—utterly without stiff-looking lacquers or greasiness.

Won’t harm hair—brushes out instantly. Takes less time to apply than lipstick. Get Helene Curtis Spray Net today!

Regular Size $1.25  New Large Economy Size $2

At all Drug Stores, Cosmetic Counters and Beauty Salons

continued

what hollywood’s whispering about

talked, she said critically, “Why can’t she keep her big mouth shut?” Zsa Zsa loves nothing better than a feud so she picked up the ball and ran with it. She’s got one other feud going in a big way with Corinne Calvet who sued her for $1,000,000 for telling a columnist that “that Calvet girl is not French, but English.” The suit is still pending with each gal sounding off plenty.

Fernando Lamas recently launched a campaign to meet Marilyn Monroe. He says he just loves blondes, although he’s been dating red-headed Arlene Dahl. Hollywood can’t forget that he was head over heels in love with blonde Lana Turner for awhile. Marilyn so far has shown no interest in Lamas.

Will the current bust-up between Donald O’Connor and his wife Gwen be the final one? They’ve separated several times but have always gone back together. The latest rift appears more likely to be permanent. Also, the break between Gregory Peck and his wife Greta in Europe. They’ve quarreled before too, but not too seriously. However, this time may be the one that breaks the camel’s back, as they say. Gene Kelly and his wife Betsy also find European climate not conducive to marital harmony. There’s been talk before about Gene’s interests outside the home, but the girls in his life were never a threat to Betsy’s peace of mind until now.

Mickey Rooney’s fourth bride, Elaine Mahnken, is interested in a movie career. Will her desire to be a film star outrun her will to be a good wife for Mickey? This has happened before to the pint-sized comedian who seems always to be seeking marital happiness and never quite finding it. Will this be the successful marriage?

The May-September romance of Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Wagner budded when they both were working in “Titanic” at Twentieth. Despite the twenty years difference in their ages, Bob seems fascinated with Barbara and vice versa. They have eyes only for each other when they go dancing at Mocambo and other bright spots.
The night-life of the party in

She's Back on Broadway

A Song'n Dancin' Delight from Warner Bros!

Starring

Virginia Mayo * Gene Nelson * Frank Lovejoy

Steve Cochran * Patrice Wymore * Orin Jannings

Produced by Henry Blanke

Directed by Gordon Douglas, Musical Numbers Staged and Directed by LeRoy Prinz, Musical Direction by Ray Heindorf
Hollywood Party Line

BY EDITH GWYNN

Don't remember when there's been a month more crowded with galas of all kinds—openings, dinners, dances—premieres of palatial hotels and not, not! Believe me, kiddies—the past few weeks, any gal who gets around Tinseltown, could have used three wardrobes! Esther Williams and Ben Gage celebrated their seventh wedding anniversary with an intimate little soirée—cocks and for Marie McDonald and Harry Karl, Denise Darcel, Jeff Donnell and Aldo Ray, the Jim Backuses and the Dick Wessons.

Probably the most nostalgic evening shared by a lot of celebs was the night old-timers Blossom Seeley and Benny Fields opened at the Coconut Grove. The first time in many a year the two had worked together. (Betty Hutton's picture, "Somebody Loves Me," is based on Blossom's life, if you recall.)

Piper Laurie, in mauve taffeta, was there with David Schine, whose family runs the Ambassador; The Ed Wynns; The Jack Bennys; Tony Martin and Cyd Charisse; the Jeff Chandlers (Mrs. C. in gray chiffon—to match his hair, I guess); the Jerry Lewises; Gracie Allen (in a beautiful emerald-green evening gown of full-skirted taffeta, tight bodice of matching chiffon slightly draped and very decollete, yet having long tight sleeves) and George Burns, who did the "introducing" honors . . . Undoubtedly the biggest shin-dig was the one staged by CBS to open its vast new television studios in the heart of Hollywood. They only seated a thousand people for dinner! It made one realize how hard it's getting to distinguish between video and film notables. So many are both these days. Marie Wilson fooled everyone by not wearing a gown cut down to her ankles and concentrated on a new hair-do of short, tight curls; Lucy Ball and Desi Arnaz, who keep coming movie bids out of their hair, beaming about the baby, which arrives before you read this. A pal asked Keith Andes, "You've got a cigar?" Keith flipped, "Who do you think I am—Anne Baxter?"

Somewhat smaller was the party Jerry Lewis threw for his Patti's birthday—and how did he manage to keep it a surprise from her? When he rushed her into La Rue, she had no idea he'd taken over the entire Terrace Room and hired a band—and that the party was already ON! Not only did Jer' and Dean Martin give out with their craziness antics, but Lewis gave his wife an affectionately inscribed loving-cup—and inside the cup was a diamond and emerald necklace! Patti wore a gown of black and white, black bodice topping a full skirt of organza. Dean Martin's Jeanie was lovely in white lace, embroidered with crystal beads. On hand were Spike Jones and his Mrs.; Dinah and George Montgomery; the Norman Taurogs; Mona Freeman, and lots more.

Next day, for no special reason, Spike Jones gave his ever-lovin' Helen, a bright red rabbit coat, lined with candy stripes of red and white. These brightly dyed rabbit jobs (everything from tiny boleros to big, full sports coats) are the rage around here. They're perfect—day or night—for any time of year. As for "any time of year"—it's too bad that some of the prettiest and smartest fashions worn by Hollywood's stars, are those never seen by the public. These clothes have no particular "season" and are picked to please the stars themselves. Olivia de Havilland sometimes entertains a few guests wearing a dramatic coachman coat of midnight blue satin, the full skirt sweeping along from a tiny, fitted waistline. Sleeves are short and cuffed, lapels very wide.

Joan Caulfield loves a similar get-up for small parties. Her housecoat is slightly fitted, has elbow-length, full push-up sleeves, is double-breasted (four big, dark-red bone buttons) and its floor-length swoosh is very full. Joan's is of a mixed red, blue and gray heavy linen—so rough it seems tweedy when the weather is cool. Anne Francis likes to loll in smartly tailored slacks, topped by feminine (but not fussy) blouses or shirts. With tobacco-brown trousers, her blond beauty is accent by a coral semi-tailored blouse of soft silk, short-sleeved, shawl-collared. With it she wears a huge coral chiffon hankie pinned into the inside of her trouser pocket, and a large "flower" of coral beads at her throat.

Told you ages ago about what fun Van Johnson and ETHEL Merman were having with their dueting around at private parties—and we betcha they'd get their wish to do it publicly one of these days. Well, they sure did—at a big-time benefit staged by members of the congregation of the All Saints Episcopal Church in Beverly Hills. Van and Ethel teamed for "their first public appearance." Other performers included Barry Sullivan, Dotty Lamour and Debbie Reynolds. Lina Horne closed the bill. No one "follows" Lina.

This must have been "Merman month"—because if it wasn't a party for her, she was giving one. Her farewell to Hollywood (until fall) was the dinner dance she tossed at Romanoff's, for about seventy! Clifton Webb, the Johnsons, Jane Wyman and Freddie Karger, Joan Crawford—with a short, short, short hair-do—the Darryl Zanucks, the Walter Langs and Richard Greene were some on hand. Also Zsa Zsa Gabor and Joan Fontaine, both in flaming red. Gabor's gown was of satin, Joan's was lace. . . . Red was the color of the month—saw Dotty Lamour in fire-red lace and Lori Nelson in a red Persian print.

Somewhat smaller was the party Jerry Lewis threw for his Patti's birthday—and how did he manage to keep it a surprise from her? When he rushed her into La Rue, she had no idea he'd taken over the entire Terrace Room and hired a band—and that the party was already ON! Not only did Jer' and Dean Martin give out with their craziness antics, but Lewis gave his wife an affectionately inscribed loving-cup—and inside the cup was a diamond and emerald necklace! Patti wore a gown of black and white, black bodice topping a full skirt of organza. Dean Martin's Jeanie was lovely in white lace, embroidered with crystal beads. On hand were Spike Jones and his Mrs.; Dinah and George Montgomery; the Norman Taurogs; Mona Freeman, and lots more.

Next day, for no special reason, Spike Jones gave his ever-lovin' Helen, a bright red rabbit coat, lined with candy stripes of red and white. These brightly dyed rabbit jobs (everything from tiny boleros to big, full sports coats) are the rage around here. They're perfect—day or night—for any time of year. As for "any time of year"—it's too bad that some of the prettiest and smartest fashions worn by Hollywood's stars, are those never seen by the public. These clothes have no particular "season" and are picked to please the stars themselves. Olivia de Havilland sometimes entertains a few guests wearing a dramatic coachman coat of midnight blue satin, the full skirt sweeping along from a tiny, fitted waistline. Sleeves are short and cuffed, lapels very wide.

Joan Caulfield loves a similar get-up for small parties. Her housecoat is slightly fitted, has elbow-length, full push-up sleeves, is double-breasted (four big, dark-red bone buttons) and its floor-length swoosh is very full. Joan's is of a mixed red, blue and gray heavy linen—so rough it seems tweedy when the weather is cool. Anne Francis likes to loll in smartly tailored slacks, topped by feminine (but not fussy) blouses or shirts. With tobacco-brown trousers, her blond beauty is accent by a coral semi-tailored blouse of soft silk, short-sleeved, shawl-collared. With it she wears a huge coral chiffon hankie pinned into the inside of her trouser pocket, and a large "flower" of coral beads at her throat.

Told you ages ago about what fun Van Johnson and ETHEL Merman were having with their dueting around at private parties—and we betcha they'd get their wish to do it publicly one of these days. Well, they sure did—at a big-time benefit staged by members of the congregation of the All Saints Episcopal Church in Beverly Hills. Van and Ethel teamed for "their first public appearance." Other performers included Barry Sullivan, Dotty Lamour and Debbie Reynolds. Lina Horne closed the bill. No one "follows" Lina.

This must have been "Merman month"—because if it wasn't a party for her, she was giving one. Her farewell to Hollywood (until fall) was the dinner dance she tossed at Romanoff's, for about seventy! Clifton Webb, the Johnsons, Jane Wyman and Freddie Karger, Joan Crawford—with a short, short, short hair-do—the Darryl Zanucks, the Walter Langs and Richard Greene were some on hand. Also Zsa Zsa Gabor and Joan Fontaine, both in flaming red. Gabor's gown was of satin, Joan's was lace. . . . Red was the color of the month—saw Dotty Lamour in fire-red lace and Lori Nelson in a red Persian print.
Beautiful Hair

BRECK

There are three Breck Shampoos for three different hair conditions

Each one of the three Breck Shampoos is made for a different hair condition. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. The next time you buy a shampoo ask for the Breck Shampoo for your hair condition. A Breck Shampoo will help bring out the soft, natural beauty of your hair.

The Three Breck Shampoos are available at Beauty Shops and wherever cosmetics are sold.
What should I do?

YOUR LETTERS ANSWERED

Dear Miss Colbert:
I am nineteen years old. About a year ago I met a boy in the Air Force. We fell very much in love and wanted to be married, but we had known each other only a short time. He had his orders to leave for Germany, and the pressure of my parents' ideas and our worry over being parted for a long time decided us against marrying then.

At first we wrote every day, but finally I didn't hear from him for a long time. Then a dreadful letter came, saying that we should forget each other. He said that he still loves me very much, but that things were bad in Germany and that he has turned out to be the sort of person I shouldn't know. He still has two more years over there, and he says that in two more years he will have changed so that I won't understand him at all.

Please tell me what I can do or say to make him realize that if I lose him, I don't want to live. I think my family might be able to arrange a trip for me next summer if you think it would be a good idea for me to go over there and try to straighten things out. He is my life and all I have to live for!

Corinne A.

Dear Corinne:
Oh, come now, let's not get desperate! Don't you realize that the real reason you are making so much of this breakup of your romance with a boy you scarcely know is that you are—in an indirect way—punishing your parents for not permitting you to marry?

It's a little foolish for a girl of nineteen to announce that a boy she has known only a short time is her life and all she has to live for. Each human being has the development and the destiny of his soul to give real meaning to his life. I don't think you should consider a trip to Germany, this boy has indicated that he would rather not continue his relationship with you; that being the case, how would he feel if you showed up at his base? Probably he has a new girl friend and your trip would result only in embarrassment.

Better find a new beau, and when you allow yourself to think of the Air Force lad, you should regard that romance as just one of the many maturing encounters you will experience before you marry.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:
I have a problem which quite a few other girls probably have, too. I have two older sisters, one is eighteen and the other is sixteen. I am fourteen. My oldest sister, Marian, is quite popular with the boys, but the other one, Stella, isn't so fortunate. She does have some dates, but not many. My problem is that I'm quite popular.

I hope that doesn't sound braggy, but I have to explain our difficulty. Mom often refuses to let me go out because

New Cashmere Bouquet French Type NON-SMEAR LIPSTICK

Now your lips can be more exciting...and stay that way all day long! Just smooth on new Cashmere Bouquet French Type Non-Smear Lipstick and see how the color flows on your lips so easily, so evenly, so luscious-bright! And it won't smear, won't dry, and won't come off!

New Cashmere Bouquet is the French Type Non-Smear Lipstick you can use with confidence...for lips that call for kisses, that stay soft and creamy-smooth, that won't tell secrets!
Stella's pride and feelings are hurt.
All of our dates are very informal, such as going to movies, or get-togethers in our homes, where our parents know exactly where we are and with whom.
We have always been a very close family and of course I don't want dating to break up this wonderful bond, but do you really think it's fair for Mom to prevent me from having dates just because Stella isn't as much in demand as Marian and I are?
Ariadne O.

Dear Ariadne:
Yours is rather a common problem. A great many family misunderstandings are caused by the attempt of a loving and well-meaning parent to spare the feelings of one child to the detriment of another.
I have letters from uninterested children who must take music lessons in order to play with a brother or sister who is a wizard. I have letters from brothers of totally different temperaments who are sent to the same technical school by a sentimental mother who wanted the boys to stick together.
Each human being is unique and his progress should not depend upon the progress of another simply because the two belong to the same family.
Your middle sister has probably not developed as rapidly as you have, despite the fact that she is two years older. Usually a popular girl is one who has begun to take a definite and sensible interest in boys. An unpopular girl, frequently, doesn't really want to be popular, although she might deny this. She may be more interested in other activities than dating.
I believe it is the job of a mother to study each child individually, and to interpret the differences between them. If your middle sister were made to understand that your dates were a part of your life and cast no reflections upon her life, suggested no shortcoming, she might be very happy to stay at home and amuse herself in some way that she really enjoyed.
Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:
I am married to a wonderful man fifteen years my senior. I am twenty-three, and the mother of a beautiful little daughter.
My problem is that I have always had a terrible temper. Sometimes, to get what I want, I have had tantrums and thrown myself on the floor, screaming and crying. I simply haven't been able to stop myself.
Until recently, my husband has tried to pacify me by giving in to my whims. He has been wonderful.
Recently, he read in a magazine that a beauty expert advised a girl to use a paddle, and use it conscientiously, to remove excess poundage from her hips. Well, you see I have rather fleshy hips, so my husband suggested that I try this.
(Continued on page 12)

**CORDIALLY** welcomed by 11,000 STANLEY Party Hostesses daily, STANLEY Dealers are held in particularly high esteem. Women everywhere like the fun and shopping convenience of a STANLEY Hostess Party which the STANLEY Dealer is so glad to arrange in any home. They like the many QUALITY PLUS Products to lighten housekeeping tasks and to improve personal grooming which the STANLEY Dealer demonstrates at these Parties. Have you a favorite STANLEY Dealer? If not, we suggest you make the acquaintance of one of these friendly Dealers right away. You, too, will find your STANLEY Dealer a person well worth knowing.

**IT'S FUN TO HOLD YOUR OWN STANLEY PARTY**
STANLEY Hostess Parties are by long odds the most popular of all within-the-home shopping parties. No home is too little, no group too small . . . and Hostesses get wonderful Dividend Gifts. To arrange for your own STANLEY Party, phone or write your STANLEY Dealer, your nearest STANLEY HOME PRODUCTS Branch Office, or communicate direct with STANLEY'S Home Office in Westfield, Mass.

STANLEY LEADS With More Than 150 Quality Plus Products: Dusters, Mops, Brushes, Waxes, Polishes, Cleaning Chemicals to make housework easier. Toilette Articles, Bath Accessories, Personal and Clothing Brushes and a wealth of other items for personal grooming.

**Originators of the famous**
**STANLEY HOSTESS PARTY PLAN**

**STANLEY HOME PRODUCTS, INC., WESTFIELD, MASS.**
**STANLEY HOME PRODUCTS OF CANADA, LTD., LONDON, ONTARIO.**
(© by Stanley Home Products, Inc. 1933)
Enriches your hair with beauty
... instead of drying it

TWICE AS MUCH LANOLIN is the reason

Gives hair twice the twinkle. Leaves it so manageable your comb is a magic wand! Even in hard water, gets hair so clean you can feel the difference—soft and sweet as love's first kiss. Come on, give your hair a fresh start in life... with the shampoo that gives you twice as much lanolin as any other leading brand. Try it today—from 49¢.
Haven't you noticed a resemblance between lovely Joan Evans and Marilyn Monroe? They can pass for sisters, for both have the face and figure.

CHARLES BLACK
Belmont, Trinidad

Almost every article written about a young and eligible female movie star (and too, one that isn’t so young and eligible for that matter) praises, among other things, the fact that she writes to the boys in service... A great morale builder, says Hollywood. Just wondering why the bachelors of Hollywood don’t follow suit and write some friendly notes to the women in service; especially those overseas... (or is the grass really greener on the U.S. side of the ocean?)

PFC. ELIZABETH J. HOLMES
C/o Postmaster, APO 503
San Francisco, California

Well, Hollywood has its new king! John Derek’s good looks qualify him for the throne, but his sensational acting ability makes the throne his place in Hollywood.

BETTY GARRARD
Macon, Georgia

Why, oh why, won’t Hollywood men cut their hair?... why it hangs down over their ears and neck? My favorite example is Rock Hudson... I’m quite sure he’d be just as handsome without all that hair!

NANCIE ANDERSON
Silver Springs, Maryland

“The Snows of Kilimanjaro” was excellent, but I’m tired of reading about how good Ava Gardner was. She was good, but not half as outstanding as Susan Hayward. Let’s give Susan some credit, too... Tab Hunter was outstanding in “Island of Desire,” but it looked silly to see a boy that looks eighteen play opposite a woman about thirty-four... let’s see him with Debbie Reynolds, Lori Nelson or Barbara Bates.

LYNN FISHMAN
Altadena, California

CASTING:
I heard John Agar sing in a theatre in Chicago and I think he has a wonderful voice. Why doesn’t some studio give him a chance to play in a musical?

CAROL MUELLER
Chicago, Illinois

Why, oh why, doesn’t 20th Century-Fox ever produce any more fine musicals? I’d give anything to see them make one on the life of Ted Lewis, starring their one and only Dan Dailey. Dan could really put ribbons on a part like that...

BETTY BEACHCORN
Seattle, Washington

I think Robert Mitchum is one of the best actors on the screen... but I wonder why it isn’t possible for him to play in a picture with that fiery Marilyn Monroe...

PFC. LOWELL GREEN
Landsbut, Germany

I think some of those directors and producers must have birds in their heads... Why don’t they put someone like Doris Day and Frankie Laine together in a big musical? They can sing and they don’t sound like a rooster with a split throat like some of the stars.

CAROL TIMMINS
Johnston City, Illinois

I think the book “Ben Hur” would make a good movie. Gregory Peck as Ben Hur, Deborah Kerr as Mary, Stewart Granger as Joseph, Ursula Thiess as Ben Hur’s wife.

PERRY D.
Waterbury, Connecticut

Since Betty Grable likes horses so well, why not star her in a musical Western? She could sing and dance and ride horses, too.

SHIRLEY HARRISON
Dunbar, West Virginia

QUESTION BOX:
Could you please tell me who played in the “Black Rose.” I said Wanda Hendrix and Tyrone Power had the leads, but my sister said I’m wrong. Please settle this point.

FLORENCE TRZESNIEWSKI
Milwaukee, Wisc.

Tyrone Power, Orson Welles and Jack Hawkins were cast in the three leading masculine roles, and the leading feminine part was played by Cecile Aubrey.—ED.
Now... follow Lady Esther’s super-speed recipe for true loveliness!

1. Smooth Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream up your neck and face. Don’t rub! This self-acting cream takes away dirt that can turn into blackheads...relieves dryness. Remove gently.

2. Splash face with cold water. Blot with soft towel. You don’t need anstringent. This 4-way Cream works with Nature to refine coarse pores.

3. Smooth on a second “rinse” of Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. Remove with tissue. A special oil in the cream softens and conditions your face for make-up.

4. Ready now to put on your “face.” Make-up goes on smoothly—clings for hours! You’re really pretty always.

Lady Esther

4-Purpose FACE CREAM

So easy. Just think... with one face cream alone you can give your skin all the vital benefits of an expensive beauty shop facial. Because all by itself Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream cleans, softens, tones and satinsizes your skin. And all in one minute! Get the Lady Esther facial habit for healthier, cleaner skin. Be lovely to look at always!

Lady Esther Complete Creme Make-up

All you need for all-day loveliness! New Creme Make-up plus 4-Purpose Face Cream! Depend on this Terrific Twosome for flawless, radiant skin.

After your facial

Generous Compact
50¢
Plus Tax (Slightly Higher in Canada)

(Continued from page 13)

I saw “The Lusty Men” and it seems as though I’ve seen it before... It was on the order of... “Bronco Buster”...can you tell me if “The Lusty Men” is patterned after another movie?

Marilyn Riedel
Minneapolis, Minn.

“The Lusty Men” is not a remake of any other film. The only connection between it and “Bronco Buster” is that they both dealt with rodeos.—ED.

In our newspaper last year there was an article by a columnist... saying that Jeanne Crain was to star in a movie called “Something for the Birds.” A movie is now out with that title, but Jeanne Crain is not in it and I would like to know why.

Velma Teachout
Seattle, Washington

There was a cast change after the announcement was made because of the pending birth of Jeanne’s little girl.—ED.

Could you please tell me whether or not Doris Day is Peggy Lee’s sister?

Carolyn Del Curto
San Francisco, Calif.

No, they are not related.—ED.

Could you please tell me what the letters R.K.O. stand for?

Linda Brown
Oakland, California

The letters R.K.O. stand for Radio Keith Orpheum.—ED.

Could you tell me who the leader was of the original Dead End Kids? Was Leo Gorcey in the original group? If so, was he the leader? Was Huntz Hall with any other gang? If so, who was the leader?

Bon & Earlene Lacefield
La Center, Kentucky

Leo Gorcey and Huntz Hall were both in the original film called “Dead End” in which they portrayed the Dead End Kids. Leo Gorcey was considered the leader. This, however, was only the first film in which they used the name Dead End Kids. They later appeared in other films and were called the Bowery Boys.—ED.

Enclosed is information concerning the producing of the “Life Story of Father Baker”...and a remake of “Ramona”...I think they would make money and bring happiness to everyone...I think they would be up for Academy Awards...Tosti Amoroso
Lancaster, N. Y.

“Ramona” has been made as a motion picture three different times, so your hunch that it would make a successful film is certainly a good one.—ED.

I would like to know who played the part of the young steward in the picture “Encore?”

Lois Reploge
Roaring Spring, Pa.

That was Jacques Francois.—ED.

Could you please tell me if Stewart Granger was playing a double role, as both kings in “Prisoner of Zenda?”

Linda Behr
Washington, Indiana

(Continued on page 18)
The Screen Achievement of 1953...

Columbia Pictures
PRESENTS
RITA HAYWORTH
STEWART GRANGER
in
SALOME
COLOR BY
Technicolor

Screen Play by HARRY KLEINER • Produced by BUDDY ADLER • Directed by WILLIAM DIETERLE • A BECKWORTH Corporation Production
impertinent interview

BY MIKE CONNOLLY

"WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO PROVE," I asked Anne Baxter, "by smoking cigars? Did it ever strike you that your fans might be repelled by it and disappointed in you?"

I got a quick answer. Our Annie is on an "Express Yourself" kick. She has, accordingly, given up trying to be the First Lady of Hollywood. She won an Oscar for her intense emoting in "The Razor's Edge," and what did she gain by it? Some more tear-stained roles.

So now Annie has decided to let her hair down and quit being a lady. And for Annie, this apparently consists of smoking cigars, wearing low-cut gowns, showing off her legs, plus making risqué remarks.

Yup, Annie's got nice legs, in addition to other natural attributes! And she's bound and determined to show 'em off. Her first move in this direction was a blonde dye-job on her hair with the hope of landing the role of Lorelei in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Marilyn Monroe got the part instead of Anne. But Annie isn't giving up!

Lunching with her at Romanoff's and discussing the "new Baxter," I think I learned exactly when and where our girl decided that she must "express herself"—i.e., to be the gal who puffs on stogies and defies convention. Anne steered me away from any discussion of her separation from John Hodiak by talking about her steam bath treatments—and how her glamour-kick began.

"I ran into a friend of mine in the steam room," Anne recalled. "She's an actress—and a very beautiful actress. But she wasn't at all beautiful there in that steam room! There she was bereft of all the props women keep on hand to enhance their looks or to create the illusion of looks they never had.

"No makeup, of course, and her hair was stringing down over her eyes in the dense steam. And you know what? She was absolutely lost! And then I realized something."

What Annie realized then and there was that this famous beauty was no more beautiful than many other women—just wise enough to be sure her fans never saw her off-guard; she exhibits herself only after a tender decoration job.

Annie promptly set out to prove this theory on herself with all the glamour aids at a star's command. Like a window dresser at work, Annie is busy "expressing myself."

At the moment, I'm not sure I can find Annie behind the wrappings.
“Captivating” is the word for Mona Freeman’s beauty.
Eyes that almost speak—soft skin that’s enchanting.
Easy to see why directors cast Mona for romantic young roles.

“Here’s my care for smoother skin ... Lux!”

says Mona Freeman

For lovelier skin, try this star’s daily Lux Soap care—it has beautifying Skin-Tonic Action!

Mona tells you that lovelier skin can be yours. "I find just a few seconds for daily Lux Soap facials keep my skin sparkling."

Gentle Skin-Tonic Action in Lux care helps skin retain natural moisture. And this makes even dry skin look more luminous ... more alive.

Discover the quick new beauty this Lux Soap care can give your skin. Try it ... see for yourself. Daily Lux care, with Skin-Tonic Action, is guaranteed to make your skin definitely smoother, definitely fresher. You’ll see this new beauty—or Lever Brothers Company will gladly refund your money.

Mona’s glamour sparkles—even off-screen. Her tip: "Fresh skin adds to any girl’s charm—daily Lux facials are a must for me!"

Mona selects daffy blue hat. "Feminine colors flatter a fresh skin!" Here’s her way to a fresh skin ...

“Lux facials work wonders! I cream in a rich Lux lather ... rinse warm, splash cold. My skin simply glows!"

Nine out of ten screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap—for complexion, for daily beauty baths, too. Try this! fragrant white soap that is Hollywood’s favorite. You’ll discover ... life’s lovely when you’re Lux-lovely!

Mona Freeman co-starring in RKO Radio’s "ANGEL FACE"
Too Fat?

here's an easy way to reduce
—says Barbara Hale

No Drugs... No Diet... Results Guaranteed! Excess weight may ruin your health and your looks, too. Lovely movie stars lose weight the Ayds way—why not you? In fact, you must lose pounds with the very first box ($2.98) or your money back!

Proved by Clinical Tests. With Ayds you lose weight the way Nature intended you to—without dieting or hunger. A quick natural way, clinically tested and approved by doctors, with no risk to health. With the Ayds Plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—have a lovelier figure.

Controls Hunger and Over-eating. When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat what you want—all you want. No starvation dieting—no gnawing hunger pangs. Ayds is a specially made, low calorie candy fortified with health-giving vitamins and minerals. Ayds curbs your appetite—you automatically eat less—lose weight naturally, safely, quickly. Ayds is guaranteed pure. Contains no drugs or laxatives.

New Loveliness in a Few Weeks. Users report losing up to ten pounds with the very first box. Others say they have lost twenty to thirty pounds with the Ayds Plan.

SLIM THE WAY THE STARS SLIM

readers, Inc... (Continued from page 14)

Yes, Stewart Granger did play both Kings parts.—ED.

Could you please tell me who played Susie the messenger girl in... "Rainbow Round My Shoulder"? Also, who was the other young girl who sang all through the picture?...

CATHY SMITH
Brno, N. Y.

Susie, the messenger girl was portrayed by Barbara Whiting, and Charlotte Austin was the singer.—ED.

My friend and I had an argument. She said that Esther Williams does not swim, and that somebody does it for her in films. I say that she does swim. Can you tell me which one of us is right?

LUCY BUTZEN
Sheboygan, Wisconsin

You are! Esther made the 1939 Olympic team. She was also with Billy Rose’s Aquacade and the San Francisco World’s Fair Aquacade.—ED.

I should like to know if the enclosed picture which illustrated a story in an adventure magazine is Dale Robertson.

MONA LOVEALL
Los Alamos, New Mexico

Our guess is that it is, Many of Hollywood’s stars were models before they achieved screen fame.—ED.

Could you please tell me if William Reymonds played the party of Tony Curtis’ best friend in "Son of Ali Baba"? What are his next pictures? Could you give me some information on him, please?

DRAKE GROVES
Lowell, Massachusetts

Yes, he did. You can see him now in "The Lawless Breed" and in "Mississippi Gambler." He’s six feet tall, weighs 170 pounds, has blue eyes, and dark brown hair. Is married, likes to read, listen to music and swim.—ED.

Some time ago I saw the picture "Ten Tall Men." I would like very much to know who the beautiful blonde was who appeared only once during the picture... She makes all of the so-called beautiful and sexy women in Hollywood just plain Janes in comparison...

WANDA SPRHOUSE
Kerrville, Texas

That was Mari Blanchard. She was recently signed to a long-term contract by Universal-International.—ED.
"Several scenes in 'I Confess' called for rain," Anne Baxter explained. "But the weather was so lovely, we had to make our own rain. After being drenched by the studio hose, I prayed for some 'gentle rain from heaven'!

"When it finally rained, I worked outdoors in sopping wet clothes for days! My skin just couldn't take it without soothing Jergens Lotion. It kept my face and hands beautifully soft.

"Making these windy ferry-boat scenes chapped my skin raw, but Jergens Lotion rescued me again—and so quickly—cause it's absorbed instantly! See why: Smooth one hand with Jergens...

"Apply any lotion or cream to the other hand. Then wet them. Water won't bead on the 'Jergens hand' as it will over a lazy, oily skin care.

"For close-ups, my skin was always soft and properly romantic, thanks to Jergens Lotion!" No wonder Hollywood stars choose Jergens Lotion 7 to 1!

Use Jergens regularly on your skin. You'll see why more women buy Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world. 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.

Remember JERGENS LOTION... because you care for your hands!
Let's go to the movies
WITH JANET GRAVES

For brief reviews of current pictures see page 110
For complete casts of new pictures see page 108

Hans Christian Andersen
BOLDFN, RKO; TECHNICOLOR

Intentionally, this is no biography, but an airy, romantic extravaganza that Andersen himself might have written. The great Danish fairy-tale writer here becomes a village cobbler, interpreted lovingly by a subdued Danny Kaye. He's run out of town because his story-telling lures the children from school; so he goes to the big city—"Wonderful Copenhagen"—where he falls humbly in love with a beautiful ballerina. This is Jeanmaire, a new sort of ballet dancer, more earthy than ethereal. In humorous and tender scenes, she shows off a delectable personality; but it's her spirited grace in the ballets that earns her special plaudits. Farley Granger's Byronic good looks suit the role of her husband. With exquisite color and a brilliant Frank Loesser score ("No Two People," "Anywhere I Wander" and many more), the picture's full of magic in sight and sound.

Verdict: Prodigal serving of sheer enchantment

Moulin Rouge
U. A., TECHNICOLOR

This utterly different story of another artist does remain close to the facts, following an unhappy life from which sprang immortal paintings. José Ferrer assumes an elaborate make-up to play Toulouse-Lautrec, dwarfed by a childhood injury that stopped the growth of his legs. Though Ferrer's portrayal is meticulous, it's lacking in heart, and the personal drama proves less absorbing than the surging impressions of Paris in the eighties—the cafés, the streets, the entertainers, drifters and derelicts that Lautrec painted with such affection and pity. In brittle, effective style, Colette Marchand plays the street girl too warped by the slums to return Lautrec's love, and Suzanne Flon is quietly charming as the girl who loves him too late. Again, the use of color is the big attraction; greens and mauves often flare up in haggard faces, just as in Lautrec's pictures.

Verdict: Vivid story of a painter and his world
My Cousin Rachel

In a setting of gloomy cliffs, old houses and slow-motion surf that naturally recalls "Rebecca," another Daphne du Maurier best-seller unfolds on the screen. But character limitations keep Olivia de Havilland and Richard Burton from rivaling the memorable lead performances of the earlier movie. Olivia's the enigmatic lady who may or may not have poisoned her bridegroom; Richard's the cousin and foster son of the deceased, veering from suspicion to abject devotion and back again in his attitude toward the lovely widow. Audrey Dalton (like Burton, a newcomer from England) has the minor role of Olivia's youthful rival; George Dolenz acts the suave continental as Olivia's closest friend. The darkly romantic atmosphere is satisfying, but a hero who's pretty much of a weakling and a heroine whose character is deliberately left undefined are no great assets.

Verdict: Elegantly mounted mystery with a cheating finish

The Stooge

Like "That's My Boy," the new Martin-Lewis picture gives the two comics credible characters to portray, rather than just gags to run through. Well, maybe Jerry is a little on the fantastic side from time to time, but he puts the chief accent on pathos. Dean's practically the villain of the piece, a swell-headed singer-comedian who insists he can become a vaudeville hit on his own. He breaks off with his old partner, then flops completely as a single until Jerry strays in to become his stooge. Actually the mainstay of the act, Jerry is kept in the background. He gets no billing; he serves cheerfully as Dean's valet backstage; he covers for his partner when Dean shows up drunk. The situation outrages Dean's wife (Polly Bergen). Jerry's girlfriend (Marion Marshall) and the partners' agent (Eddie Mavoff), all of whom help bring about the happy ending.

Verdict: Fanny and touching vignette of show business

The Mississippi Gambler

All the ingredients for high adventure are here: the whistle of the steamboats, the stately turning of the paddle wheels, Tyrone Power (just the gent to wear costumes with an air) flipping cards and flourishing rapiers. Piper Laurie peering from under ruffled parasols. But the plot wanders aimlessly, with sundry characters slipping in and out of the film to no apparent purpose. Ty, it seems, has set about making his fortune as an honest gambler on the riverboats. Money and skill with the sword give him an entrée in New Orleans society, but he's less lucky in love. The aristocratic Piper chooses to marry a banker (Ron Randell), who proves less scrupulous than the gambler. Julia Adams, as a lady in distress whom Ty befriends, looks more assured in a role subordinate to Piper's, and John McIntire has his moments as Ty's wily partner, an old professional.

Verdict: Handsome, fitfully exciting ante-bellum antics

Never Wave at a Wac

We've all met the hero who's an obnoxious type until the Army makes a man of him. Now meet his twin sister. A frivolous, self-centered lady well-known as a Washington hostess, Rosalind Russell joins the WAC only to get to Paris and keep an eye on her officer fiancé. She's happily convinced that her senator father (Charles Dingle) and her big-brass pals will wangle her a commission and a fast pass home. But she's been framed. Pop, intent on humanizing her, leaves her to plug along as an average recruit. Laughs are plentiful, though both Roz and the writer make the heroine a caricature instead of a person. Paul Douglas, as her bluff ex-husband, intervenes in her Army career, and Marie Wilson has some bright scenes as a burlesque queen who's a better soldier than the socialite is.

Verdict: Roudy but respectful tribute to the female G. I.

More reviews on next page
I dreamed I went to the Circus in my maidenform bra

I'm the Circe of the circus...the gal in the gallery with the gala Maidenform figure! Clowns jump for joy in the center ring—and the applause is all for my curves...circled so smoothly, so spectacularly by circular-stitched Chansonette®!

Shown: Maidenform's Chansonette®, in your favorite fabrics...from 2.00
Send for free style booklet, Maidenform, New York 16
There is a maidenform for every type of figure®

movies CONTINUED

Forbidden Games
(TIMES FILM)

Best direction: René Clement
The dialogue is French, with English titles. But this overwhelming movie tells its strange story in pictures stronger than any spoken language. Boldly mixing humor with terror, it focuses on a little war orphan, portrayed by Brigitte Fossey in one of the most remarkable performances ever given by a child. She loses her parents when Nazi planes strafe a road jammed with refugees. A peasant family near-by takes her in, and their young son (the winning Georges Poujouly) becomes her special protector. For both children, the little girl in particular, the fact of death has a looming importance; they make a secret game of creating a cemetery for animals, beginning with Brigitte's puppy, killed in the strafing. There's a shock element in this, as the two mimic religious ceremonies and steal crosses to put over the graves, but its implications are innocent and heart-rending. The family's Hatfield-Coy feud with the clan next door and a low-brow Romeo-Juliet affair play a rough obbligato to the main theme, but it's the children who are unforgettable.
Verdict: Amazing tragicomedy of war

Stop, You're Killing Me
(WARNERS, WARNERCOLOR)

To fans who remember the hilarious "A Slight Case of Murder," this new version of the gang farce may seem less sharply outlined than the original. But there are still plenty of laughs in the story of the prohibition-days beer baron who's trying to be a respectable citizen after repeal. Broderick Crawford's a likable roughneck as the poor fellow who must round up enough cash to save his brewery, at the same time coping with four corpses that are cluttering up the house. Claire Trevor gives an expert, good-humored performance as his devoted wife, whose gaudy past keeps showing through her genteel pretensions, But Virginia Gibson, as the couple's daughter, and Bill Hayes, as the young state trooper she wants to marry, make

(Continued on page 24)
a Bright, New Outlook for Dull, Dry Skin

by Rosemary Hall

How often have you been depressed at the sight of rough flakes on your skin? Skin that holds make-up in grainy blotches...looks dull and adds years to your face!

Gloom won't chase dry skin away. But, here's how you can put a fresh glow on your face, no matter how dry your skin is now! For as little as twenty-five cents, you'll find the best dry skin care money can buy—Woodbury Dry Skin Cream!

And, here's why I recommend Woodbury Dry Skin Cream: While most dry skin creams contain lanolin and other softening ingredients, some creams simply deposit them on the surface of your skin. But, Woodbury contains Penaten, a penetrating ingredient that carries the rich, softening oils deep into the corneum layer of your skin.

Penaten helps these oils penetrate so quickly, five minutes' care is all you need! But use it every day! You'll be rewarded with a fresh, youthful bloom you never dreamed possible.

Here's a simple routine to follow:

With fingertips, smooth the cream into your skin. Leave it on for five minutes...tissue off...and look in your mirror. I promise you the loveliest surprise you've seen in years. Try it tonight. Woodbury Dry Skin Cream comes in sizes from 25¢ to 97¢, plus tax.

Dear Louise,

Watch for my new picture, Paramount's "Boy Express"—in Technicolor!

As to your other question, I do have a favorite Cold Cream—Woodbury! It has a wonderful ingredient called Penaten that penetrates deep—loosens every trace of make-up! My face has never felt so clean, so smooth. I've used more expensive creams, but none better than Woodbury Cold Cream.

Do try it! Love,

Rhonda

Rhonda Fleming writes home!
The Little World of Don Camillo  
(1. F. E.)  
A  

The popular book has been turned into a movie at once rollicking and inspirational, shot in Italy by a French-Italian troupe. (Again, the dialogue’s French, with English titles.) The long-faced, buck-toothed Fernandel, star of many a good French movie, makes a doughty figure of Don Camillo. This village priest is on the closest of terms with his God, addressing Him frequently and always receiving forthright answers. Don Camillo is engaged in a running combat with the Communist mayor (burly Gino Cervi). Deep inside, the adversaries like and respect each other, but they war bitterly and often even bodily for the allegiance of the townspeople. Maybe this portrait of a red who has a secret streak of devoutness is wishful thinking, or maybe some Italians do translate communism into terms the Soviets would never approve. In any case, there’s no doubt where the movie-makers’ sympathies lie. Once more, a family feud has a pair of young lovers doing a Romeo-Juliet act.  
Verdict: Sunny comedy on a big theme  

The Man Behind the Gun  
(WARNERS, TECHNICOLORE)  
F  

Randolph Scott’s association with well-made Westerns has earned him a spot among the top box-office stars, and his latest is up to the Scott standard. In pre-Civil War days, he’s an Army major who gets into civvies to foil a plot in California. A conspiracy’s afoot to turn the southern half of the state into a separate country, ruled by the pro-slavery plotters, and it’s Randy’s job to identify, outwit and outshoot the ringleaders. Patrice Wymore’s under wraps as the school-marm heroine, but Lina Romay has a livelier assignment as a dance-ball owner. Even the ladies get into the big-scale brawl that winds up this lavish melodrama. Traditional comedy trimmings are provided by Alan Hale, Jr., and Dick Wesson.  
Verdict: Fancy, fast-moving horse opera  

No Time for Flowers  
(VKO)  
F  

This seems to be the month for comedy on un-comic subjects. Now a movie shot in Europe by an American company actually manages to find laughs behind the Iron Curtain, in enslaved Czechoslovakia. In deliberately unbecoming costumes at first, Viveca Lindfors charmingly portrays a staunchly Communist government secretary, horrified to find herself working for (Continued on page 26)
$40,000 in cash!
For Your True Stories

What one event in your life or in the life of a friend is most memorable and significant? Tell it to TRUE STORY MAGAZINE. You don't have to be a skilled writer.

For full details of this famous annual contest
Get
March
True Story
Magazine
At Newsstands Now

And don't miss—
★ JAIL BAIT ★ MY CHEATING HUSBAND ★ MY CHILD WAS MOLESTED ★ BRIDE OF EVIL

For the greatest true stories in America, read
March
True Story
at your newsstand today

I was afraid of my shadow
...now I am the most popular woman in town

Are you shy . . . timid . . . afraid to meet and talk with people? If so, here's good news for you! For Elsa Maxwell, the famous hostess to world celebrities, has written a book packed solid with ways to develop poise and self-confidence.

This wonderful book entitled, Elsa Maxwell's Etiquette Book contains the answers to all your everyday social problems. By following the suggestions given in this book you know exactly how to conduct yourself on every occasion. Once you are completely familiar with the rules of good manners you immediately lose your shyness—and you become your true, radiant self.

Win New Respect
Win new esteem and respect from your friends—men and women alike. Take less than five minutes a day. Read one chapter in this helpful etiquette book in your spare time. In a very short period you will find yourself with more self-confidence than you ever dreamed you would have. You will experience the wonderful feeling of being looked up to and admired. Gone will be all your doubts and fears. You will be living in a new, wonderful world. You will never fear your own shadow again!

Go Places—With Good Manners
Good manners are one of the greatest personal assets you can possess. Good jobs, new friends, romance, and the chance to influence people can all be yours with good manners. Ladies and gentlemen are always welcome . . . anywhere. And the most encouraging thing about good manners is that anyone can possess them.

A Gay, Entertaining Book
Elsa Maxwell's new book is different from the usual dry-as-dust etiquette volume. It's gay! It's up-to-date! It's just chock-full of the type of information you can put to immediate use. It brings you a thorough social education, that will enable you to live a richer, happier life.

Here in clear, straightforward language are the answers to all your everyday etiquette problems. Here you find important suggestions on good manners in restaurants—in church—in the theatre—on the street—and when you travel.

In this book Elsa Maxwell covers every phase of engagements and weddings. Here is everything you need to know about invitations, gifts, the wedding dress, the attendants, the reception, etc. The bride who follows the suggestions contained in this up-to-date book need have no wedding fears. She will be radiant in the knowledge that her wedding is correct in every detail.

Only $1.00
The price of this book that puts you at ease no matter where you are—and opens the door to achievement and success—costs only $1.00. And we pay the postage! Take advantage of this truly remarkable bargain. Mail coupon below for your book—TODAY.

BARThOLoMEW HOUSE, INC., Dept. WG-353
205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.
Send me postpaid a copy of ELSA MAXWELL'S ETIQUETTE BOOK. I enclose $1.00.

NAME
Phone Print

STREET

CITY
STATE

2
"Made up!"

"Natural Beauty"

With Magic Touch, a new, wondrously beautiful complexion becomes "your very own"... so natural-looking, so flawless-appearing, with each little imperfection hidden, yet never a trace of that "made up look."

1. So easy to put on—
   Such magic blending!

Rub your fingers lightly over creamy Magic Touch. Then with gentle strokes, smooth it on face and throat, beginning with forehead. Replenish the cream on fingertips as needed. No clumsy sponge or puff, no liquid to drip or bottle to leak, no powder to spill.

2. So soft on your skin—
   So pleasant to use!

Blends like magic, without streaking. (Smoothing with finger-tips gives perfect color-depth control—longer smoothing lessens color.) Your skin will feel so velvety soft—look so naturally youthful, fresh and clear. Magic Touch is new. Don't confuse with other cream or stick make-ups.

3. Flawless beauty—
   Natural-looking loveliness!

Look in your mirror! Your complexion is flawless, alluring. For a dewy, fresh look, use Magic Touch without powder. Powder over lightly for a long-lasting, smooth mat-finish. (Magic Touch is never oily or greasy looking—even without powder—and always looks natural.)

... by CAMPANA

6 magic shades

movies

CONTINUED

a pro-American boss. Played in a debonair manner by handsome Paul Christian, this young man is in fact assigned by the secret police to test Viveca's loyalty. To corrupt her austere red ideals, he plies her with lipstick, nylons, pretty clothes and pretty words—and you can imagine what happens to both young reds when love enters the picture. Character roles of freedom-loving Czechs and matter-of-fact secret police are all nicely acted in key with the lightness of the story. The script's a very clever one, but unfortunately clumsy direction blunts too many of its points and keeps the picture from being outstanding. (Long-time movie fans will compare it unfavorably with the old Garbo-Lubitsch film "Ninotchka".)

Verdict: The laugh's on the Communists

The Importance of Being Earnest

(RANK: U.A.; TECHNICOLOR)

A

This impeccable British version of Oscar Wilde's famous farce is strictly the canned play, concentrating on the impish lines and steady crackle of epigrams, with no effort to whip up a movie pace. Take it on its own terms, and it's pleasant entertainment, acted in formal and flourishing style. Michael Redgrave's the gay blade who's been leading a double life, posing half the time as his respectable brother Ernest (actually non-existent). When his pal Michael Denison (who juggles the lines a bit more lightly than Redgrave) decides to pose as Ernest, too, in order to further a courtship, the plot gets inordinately mixed up. Edith Evans, as a stately dowager, Margaret Rutherford, as a sentimental governess, Joan Greenwood and Dorothy Tutin, as co-heroines, all get into the spirit of the thing.

Verdict: Polished nonsense, slow and talky

The Hoaxters

(M-G-M)

F

Though this vigorous documentary runs only thirty-eight minutes, it's likely to arouse more interest than many a feature picture. With shrewdly selected and interwoven newsreel clips, it draws a parallel between the Barker who sells snake oil on the midway and the totalitarian bosses whose hypocritical promises have led one country after another into slavery. The havoc wrought by fascism, nazism, Japanese militarism and communism is swiftly surveyed. Set against it are all the steps the United States has taken to defend itself and other free countries. Howard Keel, Robert Taylor and other M-G-M players take turns at the narration, but the historical figures and events shown provide the chief drama. While there are no brilliantly imaginative touches, the movie's structure and camera trickery resemble the efficient technique typical of the best kind of American advertising.

Verdict: Fact-packed brief for democracy
Blackbeard the Pirate

Just one more picture in the current pirate cycle, this adventure tale draws its prime entertainment values from the virile appeal of newcomer Keith Andes, seen earlier in "Clash by Night," and from the lush charms of Linda Darnell, admirably designed to fill the variety of costumes she's managed to cram into her shipboard luggage. But Robert Newton, never exactly the reserved type, outdoes himself in the title role; his mugging actually slows down the action, which is on the repetitious side to begin with. Blackbeard, it says here, is carrying on a minor war with Sir Henry Morgan, buccaneer who's supposedly gone straight. As Morgan's ward and perhaps girl-friend, Linda makes a model hostage on Blackbeard's ship. Keith comes aboard in the guise of ship's doctor, but it's hard to tell just what he's up to.

Verdict: Blood-and-thunder melodrama

The Redhead from Wyoming

Fresh touches in casting and characterization give added interest to what is otherwise a routine Western. Maureen O'Hara has a familiar role as the fiery saloon operator who innocently becomes a partner in her lover's nefarious schemes. But William Bishop, usually the good guy, enjoys a change of pace as the bland-faced politico, planning to advance his ambitions by starting a war between established ranchers and the newcomers who want to move in on the range. Alex Nicol, last seen as a heavy, takes on proper western mannerisms to play the casually heroic sheriff, and Alexander Scourby makes a believable character of the arrogant cattle baron who turns out to be not such a villain after all. Palmer Lee is seen briefly but to good effect as a pal of the sheriff's.

Verdict: Pleasant tale of the old West

Angel Face

Though Jean Simmons has an intriguing role in this suspense drama, as the deceptive young lady of the title, co-star Robert Mitchum isn't so lucky. He's supposed to be a knowledgeable fellow; he's skeptical about Jean from the start, convinced that she's bound to commit murder sooner or later; but he's still around to play the patsy when the violent event comes off—not exactly as planned. Jean is the unfortunate victim of a galloping father fixation. Her novelist dad (Herbert Marshall) is contentedly living on the wealth of his second wife (Barbara O'Neil), whom Jean openly despises. Mona Freeman's a little awkward as the good girl whose devotion to Bob finally wears out, and attractive Kenneth Tobey has scant opportunity, playing Mona's consolation prize.

Verdict: Thriller with a neat twist or two

Outsells them all because it
Exels them all!

lovely, long-wearing Cutex

- Spillpruf Cutex wears much longer because it's the only polish with Enamelon—a "miracle" ingredient that gives lasting non-chip wear!
- Original Spillpruf bottle can't spill! Protects nice things; 15¢ plus tax.
- Stay Fast Indelible Lipstick stays on till you take it off. Never smears!
- "Moisturizing Action" in creamy-rich Stay Fast keeps lips softer, smoother. 29¢ plus tax. Both in a beautiful range of this season's loveliest colors!

IT'S THE BEST... YET COSTS LESS!
That's Hollywood For You

BY
SIDNEY SKOLSKY

I look at Marilyn Monroe and can’t help thinking that for a guy who retired, Joe DiMaggio became a very active fellow. Arlene Dahl knows what she is doing every minute. Most annoying are visitors on a movie set who talk about the great television show they saw last night. I’ll bet the bankroll that if “The Member of the Wedding” had been made in Italy, it would be hailed a masterpiece. To give you an idea of the Hatfield-McCoy feud: Watch Zsa Zsa Gabor and Corinne Calvet at a party; with Zsa Zsa saying, “Sure, she’s a sensation. She has her backless gown on backwards!”

I defy you to name me an actress on the screen who portrays low-down sex better than Gloria Grahame. Right out loud Esther Williams calls her giant husband, Ben Gage, “Biggest.” Rosemary Clooney, Ethel Merman and Mary Martin are three singers who pay attention to the lyrics, which is why I love them. When asked why she talks so much, Shelley Winters talked back with “I get carried away with the sound of my own voice.” Marie Wilson said: “Every man loves his native land, whether he was born there or not.” Terry Moore doesn’t like nightgowns.

According to the movies, there isn’t an old-time actress who doesn’t want to make a comeback. Well, Theda Bara is one who is satisfied to have had her days of glory. I’m weary, so weary of hearing how much better movies were in the good old days. I now quote a Finley Peter Dunne remark, “The past always looks better than it was; it’s only pleasant because it isn’t here.” I’m a pushover for a good movie about Hollywood and I’m going to see “The Bad and the Beautiful” again. I’ll bet that bankroll I won a few paragraphs above that Shirley Booth wins the Oscar. Despite her success in the movies, Miss Booth prefers the stage. She says: “It’s true that, unlike the theatre, millions of people everywhere can see me; the trouble is I can’t see them.”

Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh remind me of a couple of kids who are playing at being movie stars. I love a Sunday afternoon shortly after the rain has stopped. Then I can clearly see the Hollywood hills before the Monday morning smog gets busy. Gals tell me that Charlton Heston has s.a., and I take their word for it. I can tell you the Hollywood story in a sentence: The struggle to be a success, then getting there and finding out it isn’t sufficient.

When Jane Russell was the mystery guest on “What’s My Line?” blindfolded Hal Block asked: “Are you famous for more than one thing?” Robert Wagner combs his hair carefully before going to bed, and insists that he likes to sleep in a draft. Ava Gardner rubs lipstick on you so nicely when she kisses. I don’t know why, but Michael Wilding calls Liz Taylor “Drawers.” George Jessel says: “The picture business is like sex—when it’s good, it’s wonderful; when it isn’t so good, it isn’t so bad either.” Mitzi Gaynor was never as good as she is in “Bloodhounds of Broadway.” Starlets appear and look good until Lana Turner walks into the room. Then the champ retains her title. I am aware that falsies are now well known, but Julie Harris has her derriere built out to make her more sexy.

I guess even Tony Martin wishes he could act like he sounds when he’s singing. I’m not sent by Johnnie Ray. Deborah Kerr claims you have to play a dipso, nympho or dope fiend to win an Academy Award. I like William Wellman’s reason for not directing “Plymouth Adventure”: “I’m not interested in how America was founded. I’m only interested in how America is going to be saved.” Jan Sterling and Paul Douglas always look as if they belong together. When will they be together in a movie? Hero Rock Hudson, six-feet-four, played all love scenes for “The Golden Blade” sitting. If they stood up, their lips couldn’t meet.

Perfect picture pair: Jan Sterling and Paul Douglas
YES, BARBARA STANWYCK uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo. In fact, in less than two years, Lustre-Creme has become the shampoo of the majority of top Hollywood stars! When America’s most glamorous women use Lustre-Creme Shampoo, shouldn’t it be your choice above all others, too?

For the Most Beautiful Hair in the World
4 out of 5 Top Hollywood Stars
use Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Glamour-made-easy! Never was hair care easier or more rewarding. Even in the hardest water, Lustre-Creme Shampoo foams into lavish, deep-cleansing lather that “shines” your hair as it cleans... leaves hair soft and fragrant, gleaming-bright.

Will not dry hair! Wonderful Lustre-Creme doesn’t dry or dull your hair—even if you want to shampoo every day! Lustre-Creme is blessed with Natural Lanolin to make up for loss of protective oils ... bring out glorious sheen and highlights in your hair.

Makes hair eager to curl! Now you can “do things!” with your hair—right after you wash it! Lustre-Creme Shampoo helps make hair a joy to manage. Even flyaway locks respond to the lightest touch of brush or comb. No special after-rinses!

Fabulous Lustre-Creme costs no more than other shampoos—
27¢ to $2 in jars or tubes.
It will live in your heart forever

Only Walt Disney could unlock all the robust adventure and hilarious laughter of James M. Barrie's Peter Pan. It sweeps you away to a land beyond imagination where adventure never ends—the Never Land of Captain Hook's pirates, of pixie Tinker Bell, Indian braves and fabulous mermaid lagoons.

Walt Disney's

PETER

Pan

A New Achievement in Cartoon Entertainment

Here is everyone's Great Adventure of all time. To see it—to know Peter Pan—is to keep youth in your heart forever.

Laughing Stock...

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON
(See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel" on your local TV station)

Two temporary Hollywood bachelors were exchanging their troubles at a café. One said: "My wife is spending the season in that gambling town, Las Vegas."

The other replied: "With me it's slightly different. My wife is spending in Las Vegas this season."

Hollywood Confucius say: "As any movie starlet knows, a Jane is only as good as her weakest mink!"

Anne Baxter's flip quotes about her famous architect grandfather, Frank Lloyd Wright—"On his wedding night he wore nothing but a red sash"—reached Wright via a friend, who asked him what he thought of his Anne.

Wright put on a perplexed look and said, "She's a delightful child but I can't quite remember whether she's my daughter or my granddaughter."

Someone asked Ethel Merman if she preferred the wide open spaces of the West over little old crowded New York. "Look," she replied, "the terrace of my penthouse in New York is twice as big as some of the ranches I've seen in San Fernando Valley."

A friend's explanation of Mario Lanza's shortage of that greenery: "He spends money like it's going out of style."

Bill (Hopalong Cassidy) Boyd gave a group of kids this sage advice: "Kids, you must do your own growing no matter how tall your grandpapa was."

Hearing that a seventy-one-year-old gent had married a girl of twenty-five, Wally Vernon quipped: "Isn't that sorta like buying a book for somebody else to read?"

Groucho Marx asked his five-year-old Melinda: "What do you do at school?"

Melinda replied: "We paint and we go to the little girls' room."

Ed Wynn says he saw a Western movie on TV that was so old the hero was riding a dinosaur.

Overheard at Ciro's: "Two things slow her up—making up her face and her mind."

Jess Barker, married to flame-tressed Susan Hayward, was asked to write a preface to a magazine article titled, "Gentlemen Still Prefer Blondes."

"Preface my eye," replied Barker, "you mean epitaph."

Jackie Coogan's reaction to a Hollywood wolf with a young starlet: "There goes Adam and Naive."
At one time or another, what woman hasn’t thought it would be “fun” to run a dress shop? Well, here’s your chance to do exactly that—without disturbing your normal daily routine, without cluttering up your home with space-consuming “stock”. Here’s a down-to-earth, money-making opportunity for women of any age—and without any business background. You can go into this interesting business without laying out a single penny of your own money in advance. The only requirement is spare time! Fashion Frocks supplies everything else you need to set yourself up in a profitable dress business that can bring you up to $150 in a month.

Imagine a “Dress Shop” you can tuck under your arm and take right along with you to luncheons, bridge parties, church affairs—or even to the corner grocery. That’s the way Fashion Frocks’ Portable “Dress Shop” works. You simply show exquisite Fashion Frocks to friends and neighbors, relatives and acquaintances at any time that suits your convenience.

When women discover how easy it is to order these stunning styles through you…when they see the rich fabrics, warm flattering colors, and the dazzling array of weaves and patterns…they simply won’t be able to pass your “Dress Shop” by! Your customers will choose from classic suits, casual sports-wear, dressy two-pieces—all such outstanding values that many will buy 3 and 4 at a time. Your Fashion Frocks’ “Dress Shop” features a complete range of sizes, too…Misses, Half-Sizes, Juniors, Stouts.

Your Customers Choose From Nearly 150 Styles and Fabrics!

Coupon Brings You This Portable Profitable “Dress Shop”!

Fill out the coupon below and mail it in. Fashion Frocks will send your portable “Dress Shop” ON APPROVAL. You’ll get a magnificent Presentation Portfolio showing over 150 Fashion Frocks, at prices every woman can afford. Style cards in color, complete with swatches that demonstrate the exact quality, color, weave and pattern of the wonderful fabrics. In short, everything you need to set yourself up in a profitable dress business…all yours ON APPROVAL. But don’t delay or you may be disappointed. Openings are definitely limited!

FASHION FROCKS, INC. (Dress Shop Division)
3305 Colerain Ave., Cincinnati 25, Ohio

Your Own Lovely Clothes Cost You Nothing!

On top of the thrill of operating your own dress business at a BIG PROFIT, you can be the best dressed woman in your neighborhood—without paying one cent for your clothes! You can qualify for your own personal wardrobe given as an extra bonus. It’s almost like being paid just for wearing beautiful clothes!

PASTE THIS COUPON ON POSTCARD MAIL TODAY!

FASHION FROCKS, INC. (Dress Shop Division)
3305 Colerain Ave., Cincinnati 25, Ohio

Please send me by mail the complete Fashion Frocks’ Portable “Dress Shop” ON APPROVAL, so I can get started right away on this chance to earn up to $150 in a month.

Name ________________________________
Address ________________________________
City & Zone __________________ State ______
Age ____________ Dress Size ____________
"ah-h! my Ivory Bath
it's a pleasure... pure pleasure!"

Yes... Ivory means more lather, faster!
When you're in an Ivory bath, you're in for pleasure from the start! That floating cake of Ivory is so handy. And so suave! It makes floods of creamy lather without a bit of coaxing. Why, Ivory Soap makes more lather, faster, than any other leading bath soap!

Ivory means famous mildness, and such a clean, fresh odor!
It's delightful—the way silky Ivory suds soothe you as you soak! They're so pure... so mild... gentle as a kiss. More doctors, you know, advise Ivory for skin care than any other soap! And there's extra pleasure in that clean, fresh-smelling Ivory lather. It leaves you full of pep... right in step!

Yet wonderful Ivory costs less!
Too good to be true? It is true! Mild, wonderful Ivory gives you more soap for your money than any other leading bath soap!

99 4/100% pure... it Floats

"The whole family agrees on Ivory!"

America's Favorite Bath Soap!
She knew what she wanted—now Ann Blyth is planning to be wed to Dr. James McNulty

- For many, many months, all of Hollywood has been worrying about romance for Ann Blyth. Gossips have tried desperately to link her name with that of any one of a handful of eligible young men. And while the town wondered—and even fretted a little, for everyone agreed that Ann was ready for romance—she went quietly on in her own way, dreaming and waiting. And planning.

  In a town where marriages are too often tossed aside as casually as last year's Easter bonnet, Ann has held firmly to her ideal—a union that was solid and real and lasting. Her hope chest has been a real hope chest, filled with the linens and laces and silks with which she has always yearned to deck her home, and wrapped round tenderly in her dreams and prayers.

  She has had no set picture of what the man she'd one day marry would look like. "It doesn't matter whether he's tall or short, or dark or blond." But she cherished a picture of tenderness and humor and understanding.

  It may be a slight to the movie community that Ann has made her choice not from among the dashing heroes of the screen, but that she will go to the altar, instead, with Dr. James McNulty, a Los Angeles obstetrician. But Ann knows now why she was waiting. And she has the warmest wishes of all of Movietown.
Guys and Dolls: Although there wasn't a romance between Barbara Stanwyck and Ralph Meeker, he called her first when the New York Theatre Guild signed him for an important play. Incidentally, Barbara is working harder than ever before in her career. After finishing the story of the Titanic sinking, she is scheduled to do two more pictures in quick succession and nary a moment for rest. The oh-so-beautiful Lana Turner and Lex Barker are now dating openly. However, local skeptics are of the opinion that they aren't serious, not Miss T. anyway. She has confided to intimates that she tried harder than ever before to make her marriage stick with Bob Topping. She doesn't want to lead with her vulnerable heart all over again.

Fernando Lamas and Arlene Dahl are doing a picture together; bets are even they'll end up as Mr. and Mrs.

When Zsa Zsa Gabor was in England there were rumors she'd lost her heart to a titled Londoner. But Zsa Zsa's telling everyone now she loves only her husband, George Sanders.

Undressing Rooms: Doris Day is taking her slow sweet time deciding whether she'll remain with Warner Brothers. With final option time practically around the corner, the anxious studio is proffering tempting goodies, current one being an elegant new dressing room complete with ceramic doves cooing on the roof. Marilyn Monroe now has the number one dressing room on her lot and while the local ladies of the contract ensemble are holding their tongues, what goes on in those pretty heads is something else again! Jeanne Crain for one, waited years before she finally rated a place in the star dressing-room building.

Dan Daly, here with lovely socialite Nancy Smith, is as puzzled as ex-wife Liz over reconciliation rumors, says. "We hardly see each other"

Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas may or may not waltz down the aisle together—but they make an attractive pair on the dance floor at Ciro's
It's True That: Filmtown is distressed over the Anne Baxter-John Hodiak marriage breakup. Their joint statement that the decision to separate "is a painful one," gave this sad news added poignancy . . . Steve Cochran has a new name for the house he lives in. After his own self he whimsically calls it—"Cock Run" . . . Robert Wagner's public won't be having those intimate peeks into his new apartment. Because he will share it with his parents when they're in town, Bobby boy's issued a no-photographs edict . . . Before he left Hollywood, Marlon Brando braved the cold Pacific and taught himself to surfboard ride by practising with an old-fashioned ironing board! . . . When Shelley Winters called Vittorio Gassman in Italy to tell him the doctor had definitely named the day the baby would be born, her excited husband exclaimed: "What time?"

Embarrassing Moments: Ann Blyth asked Cal to print this story and hopes Martin and Lewis read it. Appearing with the famous comedians on their radio show, the beautiful one lost an earring. She was so upset Dean and Jerry got on their hands and knees and hopelessly combed the studio. When gentle Annie got home and opened her purse—there was the missing bauble! That's when she remembered she took it off in the phone booth. Brave gal that she is, Ann still can't face the ribbing she knows she'll get if she calls up those magnificent madmen.

Shorties: Marilyn Monroe has the answer for those who criticize her best undressed pictures. "What about girls in Bikini bathing suits on the public beaches? At least my reasons are professional!" . . . (Continued on page 74)
WILL MATURITY END JANE'S APPEAL

BY EVE FORD

Jane Powell faces the most dangerous challenge in her career! Will she be able to leap the hurdle from teen-age roles to screen maturity?

When Jane Powell was nineteen, she remarked that she would dearly love to act her age on the screen. At that time, she was portraying sweet young things approximately three years her junior. “Just my own age, that’s all I’d like to be,” Janie said wistfully. “But since I’m short and I do look young, it’s all right. My day will come.”

Jane’s day has come. And, ironically enough, it may prove a threat to her career with which she never reckoned. The once-dreaded “awkward age” is no longer a problem for child stars. Deanna Durbin shattered the jinx for all when she sailed through adolescence with grace and ease. Both Elizabeth Taylor and Jane have done likewise. However, once Deanna reached maturity, she set out to prove it through her screen roles. And she promptly wrecked her carefully built status as a big-time star.

Liz Taylor has been more fortunate. She has passed the crisis and is now established as a glamorous, exciting woman. It is Jane who must still meet the challenge set by the Durbin downfall. And for Jane it will also be difficult, for she has grown up the same wholesome type.

Deanna Durbin tried glamour and failed. What will happen to Jane Powell? How long can a star play a growing girl when she is a housewife and the mother of two? How long will the public accept her in such parts when aware of her matronly role in private life? And if she should make a change in her screen personality—what then? (Continued on page 102)
Revelation of the private life of Ingrid Bergman shocked many fans and brought her great disfavor—and the same fate may befall the Sinatras.

—A frank and forthright warning to the stars who make headlines—
the wrong headlines—

BEHAVE YOURSELVES!
BY HEDDA HOPPER

• When stars get into trouble, they complain that we newspaper people have the advantage over them. We can get our side of the story into print; they can't. This is not true. Any honest reporter would rather have the truth straight from the horse's mouth than be forced to get the story from roundabout sources.

Last fall, just before she left for Africa, Ava Gardner had two fracases with Frank Sinatra that supplied plenty of headline material. All sorts of veiled hints were printed about the matter. Rumors, some of them lurid indeed, flew thick and fast. The public was given just enough of the news to whet its appetite. Ava was furious over some things she read. Reporters kept digging. I finally got hold of her and begged her to tell me the truth of what had happened. I even promised to let her approve the story before it was sent to the papers. But she wouldn't give an inch other than to say, "It's a personal matter. I don't want to discuss it." I explained that was no way to keep reporters out of her hair. She was hot copy. Something was certainly going to be printed about her. Why shouldn't it be the truth?

That made no impression. "Why," she demanded to know, "can other people get away with murder and every time I wash my hands I make a headline?" But more important than the headlines are the letters that follow.

Before me on my desk is a letter typical of those that have been flooding my office for months. It's from a lady who lives in San Antonio, Texas. She has a problem. I dump that problem squarely on Hollywood's doorstep. And I label it: "To Whom It May Concern."

"I have a small daughter," the lady writes, "and it is my intention to keep her away from motion pictures as much as possible—altogether if I can. In doing so, I know that I'm depriving her of a lot of pleasure. But how can I teach my child one set of morals at home, then let her see certain movie stars, glamorized and successful, flaunt that moral code in the face of the world—and get by with it? To impressionable youngsters it must seem that misdeeds pay off handsomely."

The lady added that she was setting an example for her daughter by refusing to see any picture in which anybody of questionable character appeared. If you multiply her by thousands—and you can—you will understand how star indiscretions have resulted in tremendous damage to an already tottering box office. More important: How is the improper behavior of stars affecting the lives of people, particularly the youth? (Continued on page 103)
There's no great mystery about Debra Paget. All she asks is the right to live her own life in her own private way who is "afraid of life"—that's the phrase they're using most often—could pull off an act as convincing as that one, if it were just an act.

It's all very simple from Debra's own point of view: What she does on-screen is for public consumption. But what she does on her own time is her own affair.

She isn't trying to pull a Garbo—to build up a mysterious legend about herself. All she wants is what any other good-looking girl does—the chance to be herself, express herself—without comment.

And this applies to the question of dating more than to anything else. There are stories in the papers now—for the first time—of Debra's being seen around Hollywood with a man. His name? Bob Wagner. Now, Bob's playing opposite Debra in "Stars and Stripes Forever," and it's a perfectly natural thing for a couple of people who've been working together to see each other occasionally when their work's done. It happens all the time. And it doesn't necessarily spell romance.

Her dates with Bob Wagner are still business as far as Debra is concerned, and the columnists can say just as much about them as they'd like to.

The much discussed question of whom she's been kissed by—and when—and why—is something else again. For all she's been accused of living a cloistered life, Debra Paget is just as romantic as the next girl. But romance does not flourish in the spotlight's glare.

When the time comes—and it will—Debra will be more than willing to let the world know what her heart is up to. But in the meantime—and that may be a long meantime—she's going to keep on operating on a tried and true old principle: kissing's nice—but it isn't nice to kiss and tell.

THE END
Thunder rolling in distant hills... a trip to the moon on the New York "El"... Dagwood sandwiches and vintage wine... Wagnerian music at a prize fight... romantic verse, carved in granite
Alan is in "Desert Legion" and "Shane"

ALAN LADD

The lion in the lamb . . . friendly faces in a strange town . . . the love interest in a murder mystery . . . logs crackling in a fieldstone fire-place . . . a country gentleman in grease paint . . . humor without barbs
NOT-SO-PERFECT

Who are the rudest men in Hollywood? This is a tough one to answer. So many men qualify. Surprised? So was I—at first. Now I'm immune. It doesn't bother me—too much—seeing Scott Brady sit while the girl stands. Or hearing Mario Lanza use truck-drivers' language on the set. I'm used to Lex Barker's ungentlemanly talk about marriage, and Prince Aly's tirades to the press against Rita. It's accepted for a Latin lover like Lamas to announce the breakup of his romance with Lana, although the lady is supposed to dish out that sort of thing. I'm even used to Peter Lawford's too obvious boredom with people he considers "not right." I may wince when Stewart Granger calls Jean Simmons "a stupid child." But I don't think I'll ever be able to understand Steve Cochran when he's in an "I-can't-be-bothered-to-be-polite" mood. And to many people that appears to be most of the time.

Mario Lanza's language is so highly seasoned that when he does report for work the set usually has to be closed to visitors. If Mario whispered his naughty words, he wouldn't be so shock-making. But his powerful lungs carry the explosions to the next set! One thing you can say for Mario is that success hasn't changed him. He was just as rude before he was famous. For instance, there was an incident in a restaurant, relayed by someone who knew him when. Mario couldn't get quick service, and he wanted to attract the waiter's attention. He did. But in a manner that was somewhat lacking in dignity. The pity of it all is that Mario can be perfectly charming when he wants to be.

Rock Hudson and Yvonne DeCarlo are friendly now, which seems to prove Yvonne is the forgiving kind. It was through Yvonne that Rock landed his first important part—the unknown him with the important her in "Tomahawk." But he ignored her all during the shooting, and one day she was so mad that she ordered him out of her car. There are two sides to every story, but Rock, whether intentionally or not, added insult to Yvonne's battered ego by dating Susan Cabot, who (Continued on page 100)

Perhaps Farley Granger doesn't "see" anyone—but he's missing a lot of fun by not snapping out of his daydreaming.

If Mario Lanza whispered while he worked, that "no visitors" sign wouldn't be needed.
GENTLEMEN  BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

Maybe they leave you languishing when you see them on the screen, but take Sheilah’s word for it, you’d leave some of these glamour guys flat if you dated them in private life.

Scott Brady may be a “diamond in the rough”—but rough edges can be tough on dates!

“Polite” society is given the shock treatment when Marlon Brando is around!

When star actresses go out with Steve Cochran they acquire that “lost” look.

Fernando Lamas’ romantic line is smooth but he’s not so hot in a “farewell” scene.
Feature Attraction
Exclusive to Photoplay
Our marriage was a good marriage...it’s seldom a man gets a bride like Marilyn...I wonder if she’s forgotten how much in love we really were.

Marilyn Monroe and I were married for four years, and if we had stayed married, it’s a cinch that today I’d be Mr. Monroe. I like it better the way it is. I’m married again and have three tow-headed daughters. I have a good job with the Patrol Division of the Van Nuys police force, and all four females in my house are content to stay on board and let me steer their ship. I’m the captain and my wife is first mate, and I have a crew any man would be proud of.

Marilyn and I could have had a life like this, and the first two years of our marriage I thought we would. But when things began busting apart at the seams it turned out to be another story.

Our marriage was a good marriage in those years before I went into the maritime service. It's seldom a man gets a bride like Marilyn—girls don't come very often like her. She was only a kid, just turned sixteen, and she’d had a pretty rough life. There’d been nothing for her to hang on to until she became Mrs. Dougherty, and then she felt secure for the first time. She used to tell me if anything happened to our marriage she’d go to the Santa Monica pier and jump off.

I’d laugh and say, “Why always the Santa Monica pier, baby? Couldn’t you use some other pier?” And then she’d put her arms around me and tell me how much she loved me.

She has told the press that our marriage was one of expediency, that she was never happy with me. I wonder if she has forgotten how much in love we really were.
She used to sit and talk for hours about her childhood, and many times she told me she'd never felt secure until she married me...

If we'd stayed married, it's a cinch that today I'd be Mr. Monroe. I like it better the way it is...

We had our arguments, sure, but they never lasted long, and I don't think two people were ever happier when they were making up. Neither of us could stand being mad at the other for very long.

You probably know by now about her childhood, how her mother was so sick and shifted from hospital to hospital, and how Marilyn stayed with her mother's friends, or friends of her mother's friends. She never knew her father; she never knew a real home. There was nothing she could call her own.

I came into the picture when Marilyn was living with Doc and Grace Goddard. The Goddards were friends of my family. We'd lived next door to each other during the depression days and I used to make blueprints of Doc's inventions. We stayed pretty close after my parents moved away from that neighborhood, and when I was twenty, Marilyn moved in with the Goddards and their two daughters. I was working the "graveyard shift" at Lockheed at the time, and our house was near the school where Marilyn and one of the Goddard girls went. She and Bebe used to come to our house after school was out and wait for me to wake up. Then I'd drive them home.

I never paid much attention to the kids. They were only fifteen, and five years is a big difference when you're that young. I had a special girl then—she was Queen of the Santa Barbara Festival—and when I looked at Marilyn, I didn't even see her. I guess I subconsciously concentrated on her age so much that I didn't realize, at first, what a beautiful child she was.
On day when I woke up at the usual hour of 3:00 P.M., I found a note pinned to my pillow. It was from Grace Goddard. She wanted me to take Marilyn out dancing that night and to get a date for Bebe.

I remember I felt pretty foolish about it, and until the evening really got started I thought I was robbing the cradle. But I found that Marilyn was a pretty mature kid in the way she thought and spoke. It was probably the result of her uncertain life; she knew much better than the average adolescent that life isn’t all sweetness and light, and although she was awfully naive about some things, her mentality was much higher than most girls’ in their ‘teens.

Despite her age, I enjoyed the evening and began to date her frequently. I don’t think she ever went out with another man after that. We went dancing and to the beach and the fun house, and fishing up at Lake Sherwood. We did all the things kids do when they’re in love. For we were in love by that time, head over heels. I broke off with the other girls I knew almost immediately. Marilyn was different from the others; she was sweet and innocent, and I must admit that she inflated my ego. She had a typical adolescent crush on me, things like liking me in white shirts, and being fascinated by my moustache.

She told me once that she’d heard of me long before we began dating, when she first started at Van Nuys High School. When I was there, I was elected president of the student body purely on my promise of a swimming pool for the (Continued on page 75)

I must admit that she inflated my ego — she had a typical adolescent crush on me
A MAN CAN GO A LONG WAY BEFORE HE FINDS WHAT HE WANTS MOST. FOR ROCK HUDSON, A

- Home sweet Hollywood. Or was it? They'd be landing any minute now, but from San Bernardino the ceiling had closed in below them. And where were those lights of home he'd missed so long?

Rock Hudson was disappointed. More disappointed than when—after bucking a blizzard in Iceland and twenty hours of headwinds across the Atlantic—his plane had landed at Idlewild Airport in New York and the field there, city-side, had been closed in too. Just a lot of country. No lights. Nothing but heavy darkness.

"How do you feel about the 'warm' welcome in England, Rock?" reporters had asked. "What about those hot protests British Equity made about you starring in 'The Sea Devil' over there?"

This he could answer.

"How does it feel to be home, Rock?"

This he couldn't. "Great," he'd said. And then the growing lump in his throat was answering for him...

Now they were going through the clouds, and there she lay—The City of the Angels shimmering brightly
Even the presence of Yvonne De Carlo couldn't make the Channel Islands seem like the Hollywood he missed.

Even the presence of Yvonne De Carlo couldn't make the Channel Islands seem like the Hollywood he missed.

TRIP ABROAD BROUGHT HIM CLOSER TO HOME

down below—a jeweled welcome for him. "There's Atlantic Boulevard!" he called out eagerly, with an enthusiasm that the ex-trucker once named Roy Fitzgerald certainly never thought he'd feel while viewing Atlantic Boulevard from any angle, having delivered too many loads of dried beans thereon. But what a thrill now. He knew every curve, every green light.

About green lights, this ex-trucker from Winnetka, Illinois, felt he knew plenty anyway. Those lights down there now—in a way they (Continued on page 89)
How I trained

“Anytime you want your man to do something, smile at him.” How little mother knew Dean!

BY MRS. DEAN MARTIN

- “But Dean, you can’t just tell your guests to go home because you’re tired! You’ve got to be diplomatic about it.”
  “Okay, honey. Next time, I won’t mention a word about their leaving.”
  That was several months ago. Dean kept his promise. And how!
  Nowadays, when we have a party and he gets tired, he simply excuses himself, and a few minutes later, returns in his pajamas to say good night and to describe where his room is—in case anyone wants to come up and tuck him in. Usually they get the hint.
  Getting Dean to do things isn’t always as easy as I had hoped for when we were married at Herman Hover’s house in Los Angeles, on September 1, 1949. Just before the wedding, my mother had whispered, “Anytime you want your man to do something, just smile at him sweetly and he’ll melt.” How little mother knew Dean!
  For two years I’ve been smiling at him, trying to make him eat more slowly, since I was afraid that if he didn’t, both of us would have ulcers by the time we were forty. Dean would, because of his eating habit; I, trying to keep up with him. But at last I found a solution: Instead of sitting opposite him at the table, I now put the TV set in my old place and switch on his favorite (Continued on page 86)
There was no choice. Jerry had to be taught a lesson in tidiness—or else I'd have to go on picking things up after him for the next sixty years, every time we went on a trip. So I determined to teach him the hard way.
The minute he stepped into the shower—the clothes he'd worn the last few days, as usual, strewn all over the hotel room—I called the desk clerk to send a porter up.
A couple of minutes later, the boy knocked on the door.
"Everything on the floor and chairs goes to the cleaners," I ordered.
"Everything?"
"Everything!"
And so off he walked, with all of Jerry's suits, his shirts, socks, shorts and what-not.
He had just left when Jerry stuck his head out of the bathroom door. "Oh, Pa-a-a-atsy—would you mind brushing off my blue suit, please?"
"Sorry, but your blue suit is at the cleaners, dear."
"Well—I'll wear the grey one."
"That's at the cleaners, too, Jerry."
"I guess one of the others will have to do for tonight..."
"They're all at the cleaners. And so are your shirts and socks, and ties and underwear..."
"But Patsy, (Continued on page 87)
June puts the bite on one of her homegrown tomatoes

This will send you reeling—the Powells have a pond!

**COLLECTORS**

**ITEMS NO. 3**

Soon she'll be settled on new home grounds as Mrs. Dick Powell, RFD

On the fifty-eight acre property which the Dick Powells now call home, a pert figure was dashing around excitedly. There was so much to show the photographer—the private lake, the cows, chickens, gardens and—"smell that fresh air!" she'd keep saying, wrinkling her small nose. The new house will be hidden in one of the canyons of the Santa Monica mountains—but the living won't be rugged. Between picture chores—June's latest are "Battle Circus" and "Remains to Be Seen"—the Powells expect to be very busy from now on, settling into their new home, "country style"
Nothing like a woodpile to keep home fires burning

Shh! Silence on the set—the hens are laying

"Bottoms Up!" That's Mrs. Powell's toast on dry land

Rowing is fun but canoeing with Dick would be better!
YOUR VOTES ARE IN AND COUNTED, and you—the movie-going public of America—have indicated to Photoplay your favorite performances and pictures for the year 1952. Once again it is Photoplay Gold Medal time. This year the presentation of the Photoplay Gold Medal Awards takes place February 9 at a dinner in the Crystal Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel, with Paul Douglas as the master of ceremonies. Hollywood’s leading players, producers, directors and writers will be among the hundreds of guests present. Once again, Ralph Staub is filming this gala occasion as one of his popular short subjects in “Screen Snapshots,” to be released to theatres in the coming months. Newsreels are covering the presentation of medals to the winners. And as usual, before the dinner, at 9:00 P.M. EST, Lux Radio Theatre is presenting over the CBS radio network a one-hour dramatization of the most popular picture of the year, as determined by your votes. To the winners—to Susan Hayward, to Darryl F. Zanuck and Twentieth Century-Fox Films, to Gary Cooper, to Jane Froman, to William Goetz, to Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, to Marilyn Monroe—and to the runners-up who are listed on the following pages, the editors of Photoplay offer their sincere congratulations.

Most Popular Actress:

SUSAN HAYWARD

Susan Hayward is the Gold Medal Winner as the Most Popular Actress of 1952. Her performance in the picture, “With a Song in My Heart,” carried an emotional lift to all in the audience. It was a portrayal of depth and appeal.
"With a Song in My Heart" is the Gold Medal Picture. Appearing in it with Susan Hayward were Robert Wagner (above, with Susan), Rory Calhoun, David Wayne and Thelma Ritter. In Technicolor, the Twentieth Century-Fox film won praise of all. Jane Froman, left, receives special citation for her contributions to it.

**RUNNER-UP PICTURES:**

"IVANHOE" was a spectacular version of Scott's classic brought to vivid reality, with performances of outstanding merit by Elizabeth Taylor and Robert Taylor.

"HIGH NOON" was a taut Western thriller, in which Gary Cooper appeared with Katy Jurado and Grace Kelly. It was an unusual example of artistry in film making.

"SINGIN' IN THE RAIN" was a hilarious funfest dealing with the silent-into-talkie era of movie history. Gene Kelly, Debbie Reynolds and Donald O'Connor teamed

"THE QUIET MAN" was a triumph for director John Ford as well as for its stars, John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara and Barry Fitzgerald. Humor mixed with eye appeal.

"SAILOR BEWARE" was another in the string of hits for Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis. Based on the stage hit, it was tailored to their special brand of fun.

"JUST FOR YOU" repeated the hit teaming of Bing Crosby and Jane Wyman in songs, comedy and a warm human-interest story. Ethel Barrymore and Bob Arthur scored

"I'LL SEE YOU IN MY DREAMS" starred two dependable favorites, Doris Day and Danny Thomas, in a film biography of songwriter Gus Kahn. Doris hit a new high.

"BEND OF THE RIVER" had a host of stars to insure quality—James Stewart, Arthur Kennedy, Rock Hudson, Julia Adams, Lori Nelson in romance and adventure.

Gary Cooper is the Gold Medal Winner as the Most Popular Actor of 1952, for his performance in "High Noon." Long a favorite with film fans all over the world, Gary brought sincerity and understanding to his role in one of the "different" Westerns, a film which will place on lists of the all-time bests.

SPECIAL AWARDS:

MARILYN MONROE receives a special citation for her sensational rise to stardom during 1952. At the beginning of the year Marilyn was known chiefly for her work in supporting roles in two films, "All About Eve" and "The Asphalt Jungle." By the end of the year, she was one of the best known of Hollywood stars. In rapid succession, she appeared in "Don't Bother to Knock," "We're Not Married," "Monkey Business" and "O. Henry's Full House." By the end of 1952, she was handed one of the plum roles in the top musical, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes".

DEAN MARTIN AND JERRY LEWIS receive a special citation as a team whose pictures were continually winners at the box offices all over America. Their pictures for 1952 included the hits, "Sailor Beware" and "Jumping Jacks." In spite of the dire predictions of skeptics that their popularity must decline, the Martin and Lewis team stayed right at the top in the favor of movie-goers, for their special brand of nonsense filled a need with patrons desiring fun and laughter as the basis of entertainment. At the end of the year, they were even more popular than ever before.

WILLIAM GOETZ of Universal-International is awarded a special citation for his efforts in the development of new talent in the fields of acting, writing and directing. Many of the current screen favorites received their first encouragement—in the form of important roles in important pictures—from Mr. Goetz. Those he has helped on their way include Jeff Chandler, Piper Laurie, Tony Curtis, Shelley Winters, Rock Hudson and Joyce Holden, as well as Lori Nelson, whom the readers of Photoplay voted the winning actress of the Choose Your Star contest for 1952.
Runner-up Performer:
ELIZABETH TAYLOR
in "Ivanhoe"
**The Photop lay Gold Medal Awards for 1952**

CONTINUED

Elizabeth Taylor gave haunting loveliness to "Ivanhoe" and her portrayal in this superb production was fully worthy as a follow-up for Liz to last year's success, "A Place in the Sun." An actress who has literally grown up in pictures, Liz is yearly gaining stature as a performer worthy of note.

Joan Crawford is used to winning honors, for she has, in addition to being an all-time favorite, won many awards and citations throughout her career as a motion-picture star. In 1952, Joan made the suspenseful thriller, "Sudden Fear," a movie wherein she again proved her prowess as an actress.

Debbie Reynolds is a newcomer to the lists of your most popular performers. It was Debbie's zestful and exuberant portrayal in the musical, "Singin' in the Rain," which made her one of the top-ranking actresses. In measure of years she is a newcomer to films, but Debbie has shown her worth.

Doris Day won the Photoplay Gold Medal last year for her performance in "Lullaby of Broadway," and this year she has returned to the list of favorites for her warm and sincere portrayal in "I'll See You in My Dreams." A smash hit in song-and-dance roles, Doris also scores in movie drama.

John Wayne is among top performers of 1952 for his very real contributions to "The Quiet Man," one of the best-liked pictures of the year. At home in Westerns and in fast-action adventure movies, John brought a natural and down-to-earth reality to his role of ex-prize fighter returned to Ireland.

Robert Taylor followed his triumph in the epic "Quo Vadis" with another excellent portrayal in the Technicolor spectacle, "Ivanhoe." A long-time favorite, Bob has become known as a capable and adept actor as well as a romantic ideal. His name on a movie marquee is a quality guarantee.

James Stewart portrayed a Western hero in the outdoor adventure film, "The Bend of the River," and his own style of deliberate underplaying was a major reason for the great success of the picture, which landed on the list of the most popular films. He's a repeat winner from past years, too.

Stewart Granger came to America from England with his reputation solid as an actor, and he lived up to everyone's expectations with his performance in "Scaramouche," a movie in which he combined a devil-may-care gallantry with just the right touch of romance. He performs with wit and warmth.
PHOTOPLAY’S STAR

Suited to the stars, and to every gal, siren or sweetie! The stars show off their spring suits, co-starred with new shoes and stockings!

HOLLYWOOD SWINGS INTO SPRING, suited divinely in the most tempting array of glamour-duds this side of the silver screen! Dazzling Virginia Mayo, right, gives star-billing to a suit that’s packed with fashion news: a three-piece, blue-lilac honey by Swansdown, with a pebbly wool boucle jacket, a matching smooth worsted skirt and a short-sleeved wool jersey blouse in the same color, 10-18, about $75. Her red rabbit stole by Harold J. Rubin. Wear Right gloves. John Frederics’ Charmer hat. Coro jewelry. The leg excitement: Bur-Mil Cameo Nylonist hose in “Chit-Chat” shade. Brand-new Jacqueline cobra-and-suede pumps. Virginia’s next: “She’s Back on Broadway”

MARJORIE STEELE, looking like the first breath of spring, steps into the season wearing a casual worsted suit by Rosenblum of California. The slim grey skirt has a walking pleat in front; the jacket’s checked in gold and grey—and features the easy, box silhouette. About $55, 10-18. Glentex striped satin scarf. Carol Deb jewelry. Inqber grey bag. Margo’s hose, sheer, non-run Burmilace with the soft face-powder finish. Her keen casual step-in shoes, by Vitality, beige calf with crepe soles. Marjorie is the bride in “The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky,” one of two stories in RKO’s “Face to Face”

BUY PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS IN STORES LISTED ON PAGE 107 • FOR STORE NEAREST YOU WRITE TO PHOTOPLAY FASHION EDITOR, JESSICA BRADT
SUITED TO THE STARS

Coral wool boucle jacket doubles as topper, has striped taffeta lining, bow; navy gab skirt. Lou Schneider, 10-18, about $45. Wear Right gloves. Hose, “Gossip,” coral beige. Fashion-wise Bare-Foot Originals calf sling pumps

Monica Lewis, RKO lovely, in "Head to Toe Glamour" for spring, 1953

Making like a white-collar girl, the Lewis goes trim in Handmacher Shepherd check classic, white linen collar-ed, 10-20, $65. Downelle gloves. Coro jewelry. Daytime nylons, "Secret." On her toes in Paradise patent pumps


She's a "chic chic" in adorable luggage bolero suit by Socony in washable Palm Beach cloth, 10-16, $25. Carol Deb jewelry. Wear Right gloves. Korby Originals blouse. "Scandal" tone hose. Red Cross beech-tone calf pumps

Thrush Monica ends on a high note, modeling day-or-date suit of Tebilized slub shantung by Jaunty Juniors, 9-15, about $30. Coro jewelry. Seamless Run-Resist nylons. Paradise navy calf sling sandals, trimmed in white

ALL NYLONS IN THIS ISSUE, BUR-MIL CAMEO'S NEW "TALKING TONES." DANI HATS. INGBER BAGS
She's "framed in fashion"—and what a picture she makes! Marjorie Steele winds up our suit section in high style... and her "cook-suit" is a real buy! Slim skirt, full-length coat and blouse are basis of a whole spring wardrobe; the ensemble, under $50.

The coat and skirt are crisp navy faille; the coat lined to match the pale blue, printed shantung blouse. Donnybrook, 8-16. Red kid Grace Walker sandals show off new-for-street bare look. With 'em, of course, nylons to match the bareness: Bur-Mil Cameo Ballet Toes

Marjorie's Hat by Dani • Inger Bag • Carol Deb Jewelry • Wear Right Gloves
SUITED TO NANCIE

Photoplay's piquant Scholarship Winner, Nancie Brown, has a new twelve-piece wardrobe, specially selected for her by famous West Coast designer Stephanie Koret, of Koret of California. For Nancie's busy daytime activities at the Pasadena Playhouse, Koret chose their charcoal-gray wool, Pair-Offs, below. Cinch-waisted skirt, stole (spencer jacket not shown) are subtly striped in muted rainbow colors. Evenings out, Nancie goes "soft" in black velvet-teen skirt, cutaway bolero and white Dacron blouse, pleated collar. Koret styles to be had at stores everywhere.

SECRET OF THE New "Outer-Look"... the New FORMFIT "Under-Look"

The story of the new "Outer-Look" begins with the bustline...it is high, naturally rounded—frankly feminine. Sheer heaven, how Formfit's Life Bras mold your curves into line...give you the most flattering "Under-Look"...yet never limit your freedom or comfort! Reason? Life Bras fit you not only for bust size and cup size, but also for degree of separation—to elevate, separate, rejuvenate perfectly. So many lovely styles...in quick-drying nylon, cool cotton, gleaming satin. At your favorite store!

Life Bras from $1.25
THE FORMFIT COMPANY, CHICAGO, NEW YORK
Is it Really Love?

Never have two people looked more in love than Pier Angeli and Kirk Douglas. Can they bridge the gaps—and make romance last?

BY GEORGE ARMSTRONG
Twenty-year-old Pier Angeli and thirty-six-year-old Kirk Douglas make the unlikeliest twosome in Hollywood since Greta Garbo dated Leopold Stokowski. It is not the difference in their ages; a sixteen-year split is not too unusual, but the thing that is widening the eyes of Hollywood's citizens is the difference in their types. It is as though Ann Blyth, five years ago, had suddenly taken to holding hands with man-about-town Greg Bautzer.

Their backgrounds are different. Kirk once worked in Schrafft's in New York; and Pier was once Anna Maria Pierangeli, who was born in Pisaro, Italy, and later studied art in Rome. But this is of little consequence. The point is that since her arrival in Hollywood two years ago, Pier Angeli, the ethereal child with the dovelike eyes, has been chaperoned by her mother to the point of exasperation. Signora Pierangeli brought with her from Italy not only her twin daughters but also the ironclad custom of her native country that until a girl is twenty-one she does not, under any circumstances, go out with a man unless her mother, or some other proper relative, accompanies her. Pier and her sister Marisa Pavan were seventeen when they first saw (Continued on page 97)
HOLLYWOOD may not speak to television, but when television makes a gift, Hollywood isn't too proud to accept it. And that's how it was with Susan Cabot. Born in Boston and brought up in the Bronx in New York, Susan made her professional debut as a singer at the Village Barn in Greenwich Village. Television snapped her up immediately—and no wonder. Eventually, a Columbia talent scout saw one of her TV shows, and sent her to Hollywood to play a lead in "On the Isle of Samoa." Columbia dropped her after that. "I can't blame them," says Susan. "I was nauseatingly cute, batting my eyelashes all over the screen." But U-I thought otherwise and promptly signed her to a long-term contract.

Susan is chock-full of talents. She was starting out to be a portrait painter and an opera singer when she felt the need for a few fast bucks; so she switched to acting. But she still plans to make the Met one of these days. And paint something that will cause a minor riot. She designs and makes all her clothes. She loves playing classical recordings by the hour and reading serious books.

Susan has almost as many moods as talents. When she first came to U-I, the hairdressers called her Paul Muni. "Poor little Susie," they said, "everything is so tragic." But she has her giddy moods too. And then, she does crazy ballet dances and sings funny songs. Oftentimes when she becomes tense and nervous about Life, Love and Career, she jumps into her car and drives for hours along the Pacific. "It always settles my nerves," she says.

She was married when she was seventeen. But it didn't work out. She says wistfully that the thing she wants most in life is "a large family."

When she came to Hollywood two years ago, Susan rented the first inexpensive apartment she could find. "Remember Martita Hunt's room in 'Great Expectations'," she says with a laugh. "That's where I live. You sit on a piece of furniture and you take your life in your hands."

Susan was teamed with Audie Murphy in "Duel at Silver Creek," and again in her last picture, "Gunsmoke." Audie taught her to shoot. At Ocean Park amusement pier, she pops away at the ducks and brings home, arms full of loot. "Just what I need for my apartment," says Susan.

CRAIG HILL was trying out for a part in a play at Laguna Beach, California, when agent Henry Willson said those magic words, “How would you like to be in pictures?” Craig said he most certainly would, and Willson said, “You’re a cinch.”

But it wasn’t so easy. Craig had managed to save up a nest egg of a thousand dollars with which he had planned to finance a stage fling in New York. Many months and many interviews later he was down to his last few dollars when Willson took him to see Director Walter Lang who was looking for a “typical American boy” to play Jeanne Crain’s boy friend in “Cheaper by the Dozen.” Craig got the part, and he also got a long-term Twentieth Century-Fox contract. Since then, he has played in six films, and won critical acclaim for his skill as Lieutenant Aldrich in “What Price Glory.”

Craig is unmarried, but he goes steady with a non-professional. He lives in a small bachelor apartment, cooks his own breakfast and often his dinner—but he draws the line at bed-making. “I made all the beds I ever expect to make in the Navy,” he says. He likes mountain-stream fishing, but not surf fishing, and all music except be-bop. He’s an expert at all the water sports, but these days, his greatest enthusiasm is for skiing.

Craig’s family moved to Laguna Beach when he was two and he grew up there with the Pacific Ocean as his front yard. He attended the University of Southern California and served one year as Seaman First Class with the U.S. Navy—then decided that he would be happy to follow the sea the rest of his life. He asked for and received an appointment to Annapolis. But after a year he changed his mind. “I realized,” he says, “that deep down I wanted to be an actor.”

In order to save up that thousand dollars, he worked as a shipping clerk, a salesman in a men’s store, and a laborer on a construction gang. Then he took a job in Laguna as a landscape designer, and ran a trucking business on the side. Although he was working twelve hours a day, he managed time to try out for plays at the Laguna Playhouse. And there, one hot night, scouting for fresh faces and new talent, sat his film future in the person of Henry Willson.

When he has stashed away enough money, Craig’s ambition is to see South America and Europe, buy a boat, and develop his “bathroom baritone.”

She doesn’t act like a siren, but she’s making Hollywood sit up and whistle—at the girl who’s even sexy when she’s sweet

- The “sexy” cycle inspired by Marilyn Monroe’s rapid success is now in high gear. Hitherto sedate Hollywood ladies are busily practicing up on the seductive walk, the half-closed eyes, the half-open mouth. But Terry Moore doesn’t need any of these acquired mannerisms to project the genuine quality in “Come Back, Little Sheba,” as the college girl who manages—for a while—to keep two men on the string, and unwittingly destroys the precarious mental balance of another.

For an ingenue and one-time child actress, this seems a surprising switch. To Terry herself, it comes as no surprise at all. When she recalls her early days in pictures, getting her first lead role at eighteen, she says, “I wanted so badly to be known as sexy at that time. Why, I introduced off-the-shoulder sweaters to Hollywood. I got named ‘Miss Shoulders’!” Only five feet two, with a trimmer figure than Marilyn’s, Terry even then was well-rounded enough to carry off such styles. But she had a bit more living to do before she could achieve her ambition. Not at all the shy type, Terry talks willingly and revealingly (Continued on page 95)
It's velvety powder and foundation in-one! More women buy it than any other complexion make-up! Proof that Angel Face flatters like nothing else! Never drying or shiny. Its creamy-smooth finish goes on much smoother than powder—stays on much longer! "Angel Face gives the most heavenly look," says the Lady Loch.

Carry your Angel Face in your handbag! Now—when the situation calls for glamour in a hurry, just smooth the Angel Face puff over your face. No wet sponge. No greasy fingertips. No loose powder—it can't spill! In 6 naturally lovely skin tones. Mrs. Nicholas R. du Pont says, "I carry Angel Face with me always."

Angel Face also comes in the sweet blue-and-gold box in two sizes, 89¢ and 59¢.*

*plus tax

In the lovely Mirror Case is everything for a complete new "complexion"—mirror, puff, and velvety Angel Face. So pleasingly priced at $1.*
INSIDE STUFF

Continued from page 35

Dinner with first wife’s four children helped John Wayne forget marital trouble

Debbie Reynolds won’t fail the boys in Korea. She sewed lace ruffles on the dungarees she has to wear while strutting her talented stuff. Poor Tab Hunter had to let his hair grow for “Johnny Ringo,” then waited four weeks until the picture started! Mutual friends are rejoicing that Olivia de Havilland and Joan Fontaine are burying their hatchets.

Odd Man Out: The many who are fond of John Wayne feel very sorry for him. Some say his estranged wife (Esperanza) is having him followed day and night by detectives. One report had him dining out with his four children he worships, when little Melinda suddenly threw her arms around his neck and exclaimed: “Oh Daddy, I do love you!” The big fellow supposedly whispered back: “I’m glad. I need love right now.” Speaking of the Wayne children, Michael, the oldest, turned military age recently. They’re great kids and their mother (Josephine) has done a fine job raising them.

Production Palaver: On the coldest day of the year Jeff Chandler had to wear shorts in a jungle scene for “East of Surnatra.” Because the goose bumps on his bare legs photographed like golf balls, they had to reshoot the scene when it turned warmer.

One Man’s Opinion: Faces were rather red at Denise Darcel’s small dinner party, Esther Williams’ nice husband, who was castigating foreign actors in Hollywood, seemed unaware that the James Mason-who-were-amongst-those-present... In John Payne’s book, he informed pals at a party, there are exactly three male stars with virile acting ability. Clark Gable and John Wayne are the other two!... According to Jack Benny: “I’m a big star in England—unless my good friend Danny Kaye happens to be in town.”

No Love Lost: Not a word leaked out, but it seems they’re not too happy with Ginger Rogers over Paramount way. Inside sources insist she wouldn’t stick to the script of “Forever Female,” which she okayed. True or false, ‘tis said the smart Miss R, has a contract clause stipulating she must never be photographed minus lipstick or eye make-up. Since she was supposed to look like an aging actress in the final scenes, they were forced to write a new ending!

Love Talk: Just how presumptuous can local columnists get in announcing Frank Sinatra will go back to Nancy? In the first place he’s married to Ava Gardner and despite discord, mad about the girl. It was torture for him to leave her in Africa but he had to fly back and test for “From Here to Eternity.” When Ava was flown to London and hospitalized with an African germ, Frank nearly blew his top. To get back to Nancy; Did it ever occur to these columnists that she might not care as she once did? So typical of her forthright quality, at a party recently she saw Ava in person for the first time. Nancy took a good long look and said, “I can’t see a single thing wrong with her!”

Wistful Thinking: Garbo confused to intimates that two requisites could bring her back to the screen. The first (natch) is a good script. The second? Montgomery Clift as her leading man! If the “King” leaves M-G-M, as rumored, Clark Gable and Joan Crawford, who were one of the greatest box-office teams, may reunite in an independent Western.

Inside Hollywood: It’s these untold stories that give Cal his biggest kick. When Judy Garland attempted self-destruction during the darkest period of her life, Bing Crosby came forward and insisted she sing on his show. Yes, it was a break for him, but it also helped take Judy’s unhappy mind away from her problems. She never forgot Bing’s kindness. Recently, when Dixie Crosby passed away, practically the first message to reach Bing was an offer from the great Garland to substitute for him on the air. She did and how!

Bunny Tale: So you can’t afford a mink coat? Well, you can still look like the most glamorous star in Hollywood, thanks to Al Teitelbaum, who is the most famous furrier in hollywood. At popular prices yet, Al’s created colored rabbit-fur coats that have the town in a tizzy. Mrs. Gene Kelly took a green one to Paris and dazzled the boulevardiers on the Champs Elysées. Tony Curtis surprised Janet Leigh with a red one which New Yorkers loved when they saw it and promptly sent orders to Teitelbaum’s Beverly Hills salon.

News and Views: Poor M-G-M was just beginning to relax from the Mario Lanza headache. When Red Skelton hit headlines by announcing he’s left home and was planning a divorce. Red, suffering from a painful ailment, was rushed to the hospital and at this writing all’s quiet on the Skelton marital front. Now that they have a six-pound son, Ruth Roman’s husband, Morty Hall, wish’d she’d give her movie career back to the Warner brothers. But his talented wife says, “The ham is still smoking!”... He’s thirty-two. Elaine Malahen is twenty-two and she’s wife number four for Mickey Rooney. He met the tall model (he did it again) just two months before he married her... Just when everyone was convinced there was smooth sailing for the Sterling Haydens, she sued him for separate maintenance and custody of their four young children... Johnnie Ray is still cryin’ “No, no” to those divorce and separation rumors. Illness kept his wife in the hospital when he road-toured... Tis said the will of Dixie Lee Crosby will dispose of an estimated $10,000,000, representing half of the fortune amassed by her husband... Only surprised that she waited so long. Teresa Wright’s friends are noncommittal about her divorce from husband-writer Niven Busch... The entire U-I lot, where she grew up, is in mourning because Ann Blyth is leaving them. At M-G-M, where she signed a fabulous new deal, they’re dusting off the red carpet.

Clark Gable was “welcome” sight when Ava Gardner arrived in Africa for “Mogambo”
Marilyn Monroe Was My Wife

(Continued from page 49)

school. Once I was elected I found the faculty was in definite disagreement with me about the project, and for years afterward, whenever there was a mud puddle in the school yard they would stick a sign in it reading "Dougherty's Swimming Pool." The legend made me a hero in her eyes and when she met me through the Goddards, I was already established in her mind as a don't sit on a white horse. I became her first love.

I soon knew that I wanted to marry her, but felt she was too much young for marriage. The war was on, and, too, that sooner or later I would be in the services and go overseas. So we talked about getting married after the war was over, and she promised to wait for me.

It might have been like that if the Goddards hadn't moved to West Virginia. They couldn't take Marilyn with them, and, in the bustle of planning to move, shifted Marilyn back with Aunt Anna once more. And then one day Grace Goddard came to see me.

"Jim," she said, "would you marry Norma Jean now?"

(I must again say that we all knew her by her real name, Norma Jean, and that I use Marilyn here only in order to avoid confusion.)

"She's too young. She's only a kid."

"But I don't understand. We can't take her back East with us, and Aunt Anna hasn't the money to keep her. It means that unless you marry her now, she'll have to go back to the orphanage, and I'm afraid she's an argument, that one. I figured I'd be in the service pretty soon, and that even if I was shipped out, I could give her a home while I was gone.

So that night, after Marilyn and I had seen a movie, I parked my car on a side street near Grace's house and asked Marilyn if she'd marry me as soon as she was sixteen. I didn't tell her then that the proposal was a thing of expedience. In my heart, it wasn't. I had wanted all along to marry her right away but had put it out of my mind because of her age, and now I had a solid excuse.

We were both awfully happy. A week before the wedding, we rented a furnished apartment on Vista Del Monte in the Valley, and moved our wedding gifts into it. She picked her double rings for us, and made arrangements to leave University High School, where she had gone after moving in with Aunt Anna, the Christian Science practitioner who had kept Marilyn before the Goddards took her in. She was in the tenth grade then, and, while I didn't like to see her leave school, there wasn't much help for it.

She turned sixteen on June 1, 1942, and we were married June 19th in Westwood, at the home of friends, Doris and Chester Powell. She was shaking so hard, poor kid, that she could hardly stand, but nevertheless she was a beautiful bride. I wasn't any too calm myself, but my brother had helped the situation by giving me a double shot of whiskey before the wedding. To this day I don't know whether it helped or hindered. I didn't drink in those days and I think I felt a little undone during the ceremony. It was a help to have it performed by old Benjamin Lincolnfielder. He was a friend of the family and despite his advanced age, he could walk up and off my brothers and me when we all went hunting.

After the wedding, we went to the Forestine Gardens, a nightclub in Hollywood. It has been printed that Marilyn that night got into a Conga line while I sat and sulked on the sidelines. The person who reported this was not even there that night. The story is not only untrue, it is the exact opposite of what really happened.

Marilyn that night was a typical blushing bride and nervous as a hen on a hot griddle. I was trying to bluff through the situation by being the life of the party, and when one of the chorus girls pulled me up onto the stage, I went willingly. With two drinks added to the double shot I'd had before the wedding, I put on a pretty good show. Or at least, I thought I did. When I came back to the table Marilyn wasn't very happy. "You made a monkey out of yourself," she said. And I think she was right.

I also think, looking back over it now, that she was glad to have some excuse to be pueved with me. She was terrified of being alone with me, and I learned later that she had asked Grace Goddard if she could be married and be "just friends" with her husband.

Aunt Anna had given her a book on marriage and she had read it from cover to cover, but it didn't make her feel any more confident. She needn't have given it a second thought; she was a most responsive bride—a perfect bride in every respect except the cooking department.

I remember I found out about that right away. The next morning we wakened in our new apartment and Marilyn, all domesticity, proudly served me a cup of her first coffee. It tasted as though she'd made it with sea water.

"What was in the cup?" I asked.

"Nothing," she said.

"Are you sure? Didn't you put some salt in it?"

"Yes, sure I put salt in it. A teaspoon."

I laughed. "Baby, this is pretty soon to be pulling practical jokes on your old man." I tried hard to keep a straight face.

"But Aunt Anna told me it would make it good." Her lower lip came out in a pout.

"Yes, honey, a pinch to the pot—not a spoonful to the cup.

I teased her about it for a long time after that, and she always got upset about it. I should have learned then to keep my mouth shut and not criticize. I think my teasing was the one thing that made her unhappy during our marriage.

She was a wonderful housekeeper and didn't have a lazy bone in her body. She darned socks and sewed on missing buttons like a veteran housewife. She banged ears a lot with the neighbors, but she never took out so much time that our apartment didn't look like a professional cleaning crew had just gone through it.

For the rest, I had to teach her a lot about life. She hung on my every word just as though I was an oracle. She did everything I wanted to do. I don't think she ever really liked to fish or hunt, but she went along with me willingly, I gave her a .22 rifle and taught her to be a pretty good shot. For a long time we kept an empty shotgun shell that she had nicked right through the middle from a distance of fifty feet.

We went around mostly with my friends, and she got along very well with them. She would shy, though, when any of them began telling jokes. She didn't like that sort of thing, partly, I guess, because she didn't understand them. I'd have to explain them to her afterward when we were alone. And during those first few months, she'd always answer my explanation with, "What's so funny about that?"

She caught on after a while, but for a long time her favorite joke was about the two..."
A fascinating, immediate change

Do women have to put up with these?...

A skin that looks coarse?
Its color muddied?
A skin that looks harsh and rough?

Free your skin... replace what it is being robbed of

Fatigue, anxiety, tensions, wind, our dry air—all continuously rob your skin of its precious natural oil and moisture. Resistant dirt—from soot, dust and old make-up—sticks in tiny pore-openings.

To cleanse pore-openings of embedded dirt... to supply oil and moisture—there is an exclusive formulation of skin-helping ingredients in Pond's Cold Cream.

Together—these ingredients work on your skin as a team—in inter-action.

As you swirl Pond's Cold Cream on generously (be sure to use gentle, firming strokes) you get the good effect of this inter-action on both sides of your skin.

On the outside, embedded dirt is loosened and lifted from pore-openings. And at the same time, your skin is given needed oil and moisture that leave it softened, smoothed, and supple.

On the inside, the circulation is stimulated, bringing up color, helping the skin to repair itself and refine itself.

Every so often you see a woman with a skin so absolutely beautiful you just can't keep from staring at her.

You can do something about your skin.

Skin deprived of its natural beautifying oils is bound to get coarser, with a dismaying drab, harsh look. And if, unknowingly, you are cleansing your skin too harshly—yet not deeply enough—your skin loses its softness and freshness even more.

You don't need to let this happen to your face—not one of you reading this page.

It is a most exciting fact that you and every woman can, easily and simply, bring a beauty to your skin it does not have right now.
You can feel your skin responding

You owe it to yourself to bring out the beauty of your face.

Can come over your face...

Feel the dry surface of your skin take on wonderful smoothness

As your skin takes up the refreshing oil and moisture in Pond's Cold Cream—oil which just suits your skin—oil which is not too heavy and not too thin—you can feel the tired little tensions ease away. You can feel your skin getting back its flexibility. You can see a clearer color coming into it.

To replace the continual thieving of your skin's freshness—each night give your skin this special treatment—to cleanse it rightly, deep—to replenish it:

**Soft-cleanse**—swirl satin-smooth Pond's Cold Cream all over your face and throat—generously. Swirl up from throat to forehead. Tissue off well.

**Soft-rinse** quickly with more skin-helping Pond's Cold Cream. Tissue off lightly. Look at your face.

This double Pond's Cold Creaming supplies smoothing oil and moisture as it cleans your skin immaculately. At the same time, it quickens circulation, livens your skin.

(Note: Thousands of women find that in the morning another quick Pond's Creaming starts their day with a delightful new freshness.)

Look your loveliest and you send out a happy-hearted confidence to all who see you

You will see the wonder of this skin-helping cream—immediately—after your very first Pond's Creaming. Use Pond's Cold Cream every night (remember, the constant robbing of your skin goes on every day). As you use Pond's, you will delight in your lovelier skin—and you will gain an attractive new self-confidence.

So many women are discovering the amazing effect of the inter-action of Pond's Cold Cream on their skin that more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.

Go to your favorite face cream counter and get a large jar of Pond's Cold Cream today.

Mrs. Ellen Tuck Astor—People always notice the exquisite look of her skin. Mrs. Astor says: "I've used Pond's Cold Cream since my early teens. It is my most helpful and most necessary cream."
having trouble with your nylons

Haven't you been embarrassed and annoyed time and again by snags and runs? Then stop washing your nylon stockings the old-fashioned way—...with soaps and flakes...start washing them with Nylast!

Now amazing new Nylast, made exclusively for nylons, actually strengthens and protects nylon stockings as it washes them. No soap, no flake can do that for your precious nylons. Why? Because Nylast contains vital ingredients by DuPont that coat each nylon thread with invisible protection against snags and runs. A survey among thousands of women proves that regular Nylast users average sixteen extra wearings! So tonight, strengthen and protect your nylons as you wash them. Cut your hosiery bills in half. Get Nylast at your favorite store or supermarket.

Nylast*

for washing nylons

A product of Seeman Brothers, makers of Air-Wick, and distributors of other dependable household products for 66 years.

* Nylast is a trademark of Seeman Brothers, Inc., 2012, Seeman Bros., Inc., N.Y., N.Y.
My Skin Thrives On Cashmere Bouquet Soap

Says...
Famous Beauty Director
(Mrs. Harry Conover)

"I love Cashmere Bouquet Soap," says this well-known beauty. "I've used it ever since childhood—and it certainly helped me. At the start of my career, as a Cover Girl, I had to have a baby-smooth, glowing complexion; and today in beauty-advising others, it's more important than ever that I practice what I preach and use Cashmere Bouquet Soap, at least twice every day."

So do as Miss Jones does (and thousands of other women, too) Give your skin this gentle Cashmere Bouquet care—for the softer, smoother-looking complexion you've always desired!

Now at
Lowest Price!

Candy Jones, Director of the Famous Conover School in New York, Reveals for the First Time Confidential Advice From Her Own Personal Diary!

1. Your posture suggests your personality type. Rounded shoulders spotlight laziness; a slouch implies a sloppy person; a lowered head shows lack of self-confidence. Perfect posture illustrates your Beauty, Brains and Breeding!

2. If you are 5'6" in your stockings, can your measurements compete with these perfect ones? Bust 34-36", waist 24-26", hips 34-36"!

3. No girl need have a "complexion complex" if she watches her diet, has plentiful sleep, gets fresh air and spends time beautifying her skin... the Cashmere Bouquet way!

MORE LATER.

Candy
Again the editors of Photoplay Magazine bring you Photoplay Annual. This year Photoplay Annual 1953 is more exciting than ever! It is a treasure-mine of information about the stars ... a real Who's Who in Hollywood. Here is just a brief description of this truly lovely book:

**HOLLYWOOD STAR DIRECTORY**—Vital statistics and pertinent information on more than 500 stars—their roles and lives in 1952. The addresses of the leading studios. Now you will know where to write your favorite stars.

**BEST LIKED MOVIES OF 1952**—Captivating scenes from the greatest movies of 1952—here are movie memories you will want to keep!


**EVENTS OF THE YEAR**—The parents of 1952 pictured with their youngsters—memorable weddings of the year—divorces of the year that made headlines—the final curtain, death robbed us of some of the nation's entertainment greats.

**NEW STARS**—30 new stars that made their mark in '52. Pictures, as well as a thumbnail description, of these newcomers. See and read about them here, and then follow their exciting careers.

**PORTRAIT GALLERY**—Thrilling full-page pictures of Janet Leigh, Rory Calhoun, Mario Lanza, Jane Wyman, Gene Nelson, Virginia Mayo, Ann Blyth and Cornel Wilde. You get all this and much, much more in Photoplay Annual 1953. This valuable collectors' item sells out every year. Get your copy—at once.

only 50¢ at newsstands
or use this coupon

**SPECIAL NOTE**

A Limited Supply of the 1952 Edition Still Available

If you were unable to obtain a copy of the thrilling 1952 edition of Photoplay Annual—here's good news for you. A limited supply of this edition is still available at only 30¢ a copy, postpaid. Why not order both the 1953 edition and the 1952 edition right now?

Photoplay Annual Washing:

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

Send me postage prepaid, the Photoplay Annuals I have checked below. I enclose $_.

☐ Photoplay Annual 1953
☐ Photoplay Annual 1952

Name: __________________________
Address: _________________________
City: ____________________________ State: ____________

help your heart fund

help your heart
asleep I'll come back and dance some more.

"Where would you sleep?" I said.
Her eyes widened. "What do you mean— where would I sleep?"

"I mean," I said, "that if you do that, you're not coming home tonight."

That won the argument, but I realized that night that I'd been feeling a few pangs of jealousy. In the first days of our marriage, Marilyn had been intensely jealous of my old girl friends, and now the shoe was on the other foot. It wasn't mainly my jealousy that worried me; it was the fact that she was so darned naive about these guys on the island. Despite all my teachings, she still would have swallowed any lines they cared to hand out.

We were at Catalina a year before I shapped out for the first trip in the maritime service. When she knew I was going to go, she spoke briefly about wanting a baby. It was the only time she ever gave an inkling that she might want a child. The rest of the time we had argued about it. I didn't want her to have one. I was in the service, but I very definitely wanted a family after the war was over. She turned a deaf ear to the whole idea. It wasn't that she didn't like children—she was a wonderful with her nieces and nephews, but I think she was afraid that she might lose her figure. At one time she had thought she might be expecting a baby, and she was distraught with worry. So for the time being, I let the problem drift, and figured to talk about it more seriously when I'd been discharged.

We went back to the mainland and stayed with my parents for a week or two before I shipped out. Marilyn took every cent out of our bank account and gave me a watch as a going-away gift. We said our goodbyes at the house, because ship departures in those days were kept secret. When I left the house she was crying and I was bawling a little myself. We might well have cried. It was the last time together that we were ever truly happy.

I hadn't been gone long when my mother, who was a nurse at a defense plant called Radio Plane, got Marilyn a job there. Marilyn wanted something to do to occupy her time while I was away, and she ended up in what they call the dope room, where the workers apply a special paint on the wing fabrics to make them stiff and waterproof. She wrote me regularly, but because my ship docked at odd places, it was sometimes three or four days before I got any mail. Then I'd stack it in chronological order and settle down for a long siege of reading and yearning. Her letters that first year were all about her work.

I sent her money the whole time I was away, of course, but I saved enough for a big blow-out my first trip home. We had it, too. The first night I was home, we stayed in a motel on Ventura St. She had told me she had a surprise for me and I didn't know what it was until she came walking into the room in a black lace nightgown. I hadn't got words to describe how she looked, I suppose you could see her looking like that in a movie some time, but with me, it wasn't the same as seeing her in a movie.

The next day, we went up to a lodge at Big Bear Lake. We had a high time up there for several days. There was snow on the ground, and I remember there was one couple who tried to teach us how to ski. Once I made a jump and went in head first and Marilyn thought I was hurt and got hysterical trying to dig me out again. One night there she ordered a Tom Collins, and then another one. It was the first time I'd seen her drink at all, and I didn't like it. I kept swallowing her drinks to keep them away from her, and the only result
How you, too, can
Look lovelier
in 10 days
or your money back!

Doctor's new beauty care helps your skin look fresher, lovelier—and helps keep it that way!

If you aren't entirely satisfied with your skin—here's the biggest beauty news in years! A famous doctor has developed a wonderful new home beauty routine.

This sensible beauty care owes its amazing effectiveness to the unique qualities of Noxzema. This famous greaseless beauty cream is a medicated formula. It combines softening, soothing, healing and cleansing ingredients.

Results are thrilling!

Letters from women all over America praise Noxzema's quick help for rough, dry skin and externally-caused blenishes.

Like to help your problem skin look lovelier? Then try this:

1. Cleanse thoroughly by 'cream-washing' with Noxzema and water. Apply Noxzema, then wring out a cloth in warm water and wash your face as if using soap. See how fresh your skin looks the very first time you 'cream-wash'—not dry, or drawn!

2. Night cream. Smooth on Noxzema so that its softening, soothing ingredients can help your skin look smoother, lovelier. Always put a bit extra over any blenishes to help heal them—fast! You will see a wonderful improvement as you go on faithfully using Noxzema. It's greaseless. No smelly pillow!

3. Make-up base. 'Cream-wash' again in the morning, then apply Noxzema as your long-lasting powder base. *externally caused

Noxzema works or money back!

In clinical tests, it helped 4 out of 5 women with discouraging skin problems. Try Noxzema for 10 days. If not delighted, return the jar to Noxzema, Baltimore. Your money back!

Of that was that I had too many. Then one night I got into a blackjack game with some college girls who were there, and Marilyn gave me the big old green eye and went upstairs. When I went up later she was in bed and crying. And then we had another argument about having children. She was still only lukewarm toward the idea.

My second trip away was sailing coastwise, and I got home more often. But these weren't happy times. I can't construct them all in an exact chronological order, but it seems every time we saw each other the gulf had widened. Soon after my first visit at home, Marilyn was photographed at her work by some Army photographers. One of them gave her a letter of introduction to a woman who owned a modeling agency at the Ambassador Hotel, and that started the ball rolling. She quit Radio Plane soon after and did nothing but modeling, and then moved from my parents' home to her own apartment, which was part of Aunt Anna's house.

Once I was home I found a script for a screen test and asked her if she was going for a movie career. She denied it and said someone had given her the script as a curiosity.

The next time I was home she asked me to drive her to a studio where she had an appointment to make a screen test. I didn't like the idea and said so. "Look," she said, "there are a thousand and one girls who are walking the streets of Hollywood who can sing and dance and act. And you want to be a movie star?" I should have known then that if she set her mind on it, she'd do it. Anyway, I sat out in the car and waited for her, and pretty soon she came out, all in a huff. "You're right," she said, "They're just a bunch of fresh guys!"

I knew she was modeling in Bikini bathing suits and pleaded with her not to do it. "Why not?" she said, "They pay me for it!" She told me there was only one girl with more money than her, but she was so happy to make money that she didn't care. She was not going to buy a new car, she was only going to buy a new motor for her car. She was letting money slip through her fingers faster than ever. She'd never had as much sense about money as Catalina. She used to use our food money to buy a whole tin of my favorite cigars. It was a gesture out of the goodness of her heart and I appreciated it, but I never could teach her the wisdom of saving money.

Once I sent her, from the Orient, one hundred dollars to buy a coat for her Christmas gift. She bought a few hundred dollars more out of the bank for the coat. After she bought one hundred dollars she'd been paid would buy a new motor for her car.

I was beginning to feel pretty helpless about the whole situation. I couldn't control what she did while I was gone, and I did put my foot down about the future. "All this business is fine, but when you get out of service we're going to have a family. You can only have one career and a woman can't be two places at one time. Kids should have security and know the mother is home when they need her."

I was wasting my breath. She thought she had security in our marriage but now there was the modeling game at the glamour that went with it; visions
a movie contract were dancing in her head. To Marilyn, it all seemed a better security than marriage. For my part, I had known she was young but thought I knew what she wanted out of life and that I could handle the situation. But I hadn't known at all what she wanted, and I wasn't handling anything.

The worst blow came when I arrived home after a trip and she told me she was leaving town with a photographer. They were going up into the mountains to take some pictures, she said, and business was business. She was sorry, but she wouldn't be at home.

The next time I got off the ship I had a pretty decent leave. It was in November, and when my leave was up I signed back on the ship so that I could be home for Christmas. I worked on board during the day and went home at night. Two nights before I was due to sail again, she wouldn't have anything to do with me. She said she had to go over to this photographer's house to see some pictures. And when I objected, she said once more, rather flatly, that she had to go see those pictures.

I went back to my ship and slept on board the ship that night.

The next day while I was working in the forecastle one of my shipmates stuck his head through the door. "Hey, Jim—your wife's on the dock!"

When I went down to see her she was as attentive as though nothing had happened. "Were you going to leave without saying goodbye?" she said.

"It didn't seem as though you cared," I said. "You had to see those pictures, so I figured I might as well go back to sea."

We patched it up—we almost had to, it was my last night before going out on my longest trip yet, a trip that was to take me around the world in more ways than one. We spent that night together and the next day I shoved off.

I remember the day the letter came. It was summer, and blistering hot. My ship was on the Yangtze River, near Shanghai, and I was leaning over the fantail, bargaining with a Chinaman on a bumboat. I'd just bought a campfire chest for Marilyn when the shout went up that the mail had come on board. I hadn't had any mail for three months, but that was normal and I'd thought nothing of it. That day there was just one letter for me, and it was postmarked from Las Vegas.

One of the guys handed it to me with a laugh. "Here, Jim. I guess your wife's divorcing you!"

I grinned. "Fat chance," I said.

It has been written that Marilyn Monroe has denied writing me a Dear John letter, and the report is quite correct. She didn't write me at all. The contents of that envelope from Las Vegas were papers from a lawyer to the effect that Norma Jean Dougherty was suing me for divorce. Would I please sign the enclosed papers and return them?

I felt as though I'd been hit on the head with a steam shovel. I had all sorts of thoughts in those first few minutes after opening the envelope. I asked the ship's officers what chance I had to telephone or send a cable to my wife, and they replied that under the circumstances, a letter would reach her just as fast. And then, after I thought more about it, I didn't even write a letter. And I didn't return the divorce papers. As the day wore on I got madder and madder, and before nightfall I canceled her allotment.

I'll never forget how upset she was about that when I saw her, months later. She had been in the hospital for a minor infection when the notice arrived. "That was, I was, lying in bed," she told me, "when the nurse handed me the envelope. How
could you possibly cut me off like that?"

"Look, baby, that's how it goes," I said. "You don't pay for anything when you're not getting it.

Anyway, out there on the Yangtze River, I opened my foot locker and looked at all the stuff I'd packed home to use for bartering. I'd bought American nail polish and all sorts of things like that to trade with the natives in return for gifts for Marilyn. I took it all out and turned it into cash, and the only thing I put back was the camphor chest I'd just bought, so I could give it to my mother.

It was the end of that summer of 1946 when I finally got back to the States. We docked in San Diego and from there I phoned Aunt Anna, who gave me the phone number of the place Marilyn was staying in Las Vegas to establish residence for the divorce. I asked the operator for the number and waited for the click on the other end of the line. Her voice came over, low and purring, not at all like the voice I remembered.

"Hello," I said. "Norma Jean?"

"Oh, hello, Bill," she said. I think she used the name Bill. It could have been Joe or Wadsworth—I don't remember. All I know is that it was another guy's name.

"This is Jim," I said.

"Oh, Jim!" she said without even a ripple. "How are you?"

"What the devil happened to your voice?" I said. "It doesn't sound like you.

She told me they wanted her to keep it low, that it sounded better that way. "They" was the studio, for by this time she was nibbling at a contract. I told her I wanted to see her, had to see her, to talk this thing over, and she said she'd be back in Los Angeles in a week or so.

It was a couple of weeks before I got to Los Angeles myself. After the ship was unloaded in San Diego I rode it up to San Pedro, the Los Angeles harbor. It was night when I arrived, but I went anyway to the apartment under Aunt Anna's where Marilyn still lived. I went in, using the key I'd kept all those months, and woke her up. Her mother was sleeping there with her that night, and I guess I scared them both, coming in like that.

I ought to mention here that Marilyn's mother has been well for years and working as a nurse herself. I understand that Marilyn has been wonderful to her in every way, and that their relationship in these past few years has made up for all the empty spots during Marilyn's child-

hood. I saw her mother, incidentally, just the other day, and realized for the first time what a really beautiful woman she is. She was walking down the street as I drove by in a police car, and she looked like a million bucks.

Anyway, that night I walked in, Marilyn came into the living room and her mother stayed in the bedroom so we could talk. Even so, the circumstances weren't right for a serious discussion, so I asked if I could sit in her car, which—ever way you want to put it—to drive us up to Thousand Oaks to see my folks.

When I brought the car back the next day we buckled down to sorting the things out. I asked her if all the things we'd gone through together didn't mean anything to her. She said of course, but that she wanted a career. She said "they" had told her she must be divorced in order to have a contract. I don't know who told her that—it doesn't make much sense—but it's what she told me. And I realize by now that the studio doesn't want her to get married. She's worth more single, and I figure this Joe DiMaggio business is all publicity.

She said she'd made up her mind that the career was what she wanted, but that she'd never love anybody else but me. She suggested that we date each other, that she wanted to go on seeing me.

"But what's the use of dating?" I said.

"I want a world and a family, " she said. It was the old, old stalemate, and it ended there. I went back to the ship and that night she drove down to the harbor. Once more a shipmate told me my wife was waiting on the dock to see me. I went down, hoping again against hope that I could change her mind. We went to a little place in Long Beach for something to eat and sat in a booth.

"Come on," she said. "Sit a little closer.

"Are you crazy, woman?" I said. "We're divorced!"

"Not yet. You haven't signed the divorce papers. That doesn't make any difference, anyway."

All through dinner we went over the same argument and then I told her I'd thumb my way back to the ship and she could take the car home. But she asked me to drive her home and said I could bring back the car the next day. I dropped her off at her apartment and said good-night and the next day I took the car back. When she answered the door I handed her the divorce papers, signed. She smiled and said, "Thanks, Jim. Thanks

"Something different"

There's nothing make-believe about radio's "My True Story." That's why it's a show that's really different. On this true-to-life program, you're likely to hear the solutions to many of your own problems—problems of hope, love, fear, jealousy. Taken directly from the files of "True Story Magazine," the heartfelt, emotional situations are experienced by real people—as real as you, your family, your friends.

TUNE IN "MY TRUE STORY"

AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS

In "FAMILY CURSE" a girl tells of her life-long curse—madness in her family. What happened when she fell in love and wanted marriage and children is a thrilling, poignant story you'll want to read in March TRUE STORY out now.
Rabbit eye tests prove

ZONITE'S

absolute safety
to body tissues in
feminine hygiene

You OWE IT TO YOURSELF to compare these wondrous benefits of ZONITE against any other product for the douche

Every woman should realize how necessary a cleansing, antiseptic and deodorizing douche solution is for vaginal cleanliness—for feminine charm and health. All we ask is that you please read all these facts about ZONITE, a product of proven quality for the douche. Then judge for yourself!

ZONITE's miracle-action

The great ZONITE principle was developed by a famous surgeon and scientist (two men held in the highest esteem by the medical profession).

Scientists tested every known antiseptic-germicide they could find on sale for the douche. No other type liquid antiseptic for the douche of all those tested proved so powerful yet absolutely safe to body tissues as ZONITE!

ZONITE is positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. In fact, it's a wondrously soothing and healing agent. Because of this, women can use ZONITE as directed as often as needed without the slightest risk of injury.

Gives BOTH external and internal protection

ZONITE gives both external and internal protection. (Full directions with every bottle.) It completely deodorizes. It leaves no lingering strong tell-tale odor in your bathroom or on your person.

ZONITE helps guard against infection and kills every germ it touches. It's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but you can be sure ZONITE immediately kills every reachable germ. ZONITE leaves the vaginal tract so clean and refreshed. Costs only a few cents per douche. Worth a fortune to women who value their daintiness and health.

Tests made under method devised in a Government Research Laboratory

The membranes of a rabbit's eye are far more delicate than found in the vaginal tract. ZONITE douche solution was put twice daily into rabbits' eyes for three months. Not the slightest irritation appeared. Mr. Bunny didn't feel the slightest discomfort—he lived like a king all the while he happily proved ZONITE is absolutely harmless to you. Enjoy ZONITE's completely safe qualities. Buy it today.

FREE! Mall coupon for free book. Reveals intimate facts and gives complete information on feminine hygiene. Write Zonite Products Corporation, Dept. PP-33, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Name
Address
City State

©1934 Z.P.C.

*Offer good only in U. S. and Canada
How I Trained My Husband

—MRS. DEAN MARTIN

(Continued from page 52)

Program. So dinner sometimes takes hours. Reminding Dean of birthdays—including my own—is an everlasting task. Since I don’t believe in obvious hints, I decided on a more subtle technique: three days before my birthday I usually ask Patti Lewis to send me a birthday card, which I open at the dinner table. Unless Dean is too involved in the TV show, he catches on.

Dean is one of the few men who can cook well and likes to do it—when he has to. I am one of the few women who neither know how to cook nor regret that failing in me. Six days out of seven this doesn’t matter. But once a week, on the cook’s night out, it presents a problem. Particularly if Dean has forgotten and invited company for spaghetti.

The first time, I tried very hard to have everything ready by the time he and his friends got home. After cooking spaghetti for two hours instead of twenty minutes or so, it practically disintegrated. I did little or better on the sauce which turned rubbery as bubble gum. When Dean came, I had but one alternative—break into tears. Promptly he fixed a delicious meal. I have successfully used that system ever since.

I haven’t always been that fortunate. A few weeks ago our television set stopped playing, and I suggested Dean fix it. When he looked at me somewhat surprised I reminded him that “...any kid can do it these days. And you, a movie and television star......” “Oh, sure, nothing to it.” And so he went to work. He experimented with tubes, wires, knobs and switches. After four hours—with no visible results—he gave up and called an experienced repair man who simply plugged it in.

Another time I managed to kid Dean into painting our house. In the process he splashed paint all over the roof, patio, chimney, window sills, dog and baby. While he was out after he had finished, I had to call the professionals to scrape off the paint, which cost us more than if they had done it in the first place.

There was the time when I thought a father should put up his son’s crib. Instructions that came with it certainly seemed adequate, and Dean set out with more tools than could have been used in constructing the Empire State Building. First he put it up inside out. After a haughty, complicated reassembly, he had reversed the parts—but the sides kept sliding down. That adjusted, he put the finishing touch to the crib by inserting the mattress—and the whole thing collapsed. Luckily, for dinner we expected my brother, who has better mechanical aptitude. Otherwise the bed and the baby might still be on the floor today.

I haven’t been much more successful in influencing Dean to keep tidy. When we were first married, he dropped his clothes wherever he took them off, and left them. Our bedroom often looked like Macy’s basement after a sale. “Dean,” I pleaded, “wouldn’t it be nicer seeing just the prettiest bedroom furniture instead of clothes flung all over the place?” Gallantly he consented to help, and did—in his own way! Nowadays, to keep the room looking neat, he does put his clothes out of view—under the bed, cushions, lounge chair, stuffed into half open drawers, and once in a while, where they belong—in the closet.

Although a star himself, at times Dean gets smitten by a Hollywood actress, like any other movie fan. The latest “case” was on Jean Simmons, whom he’s never met. After seeing her in “Androcles and the Lion,” he acted like a fourteen-year-old high school girl who’s come to Hollywood for the first time and run straight into Tony Curtis. For two weeks, morning, noon and night, it was Jean—this, Jean—that how to get him out of it? Well, I started admiring Robert Mitchum. “What a build that guy has!” I would say. After I’d made him look like rum raisin in one week, Dean stopped talking about Jean Simmons. But once, my attempts to divert his attention from other females backfired.

When I first met Dean, about four years ago, I decided he had too many girl friends. With the exception of Jerry, his agent and his business manager, he didn’t seem to have another male friend in the world. To correct that situation—and eliminate competition—I suggested he take up golf, which he did, reluctantly. Four years and several hundred rounds later he has lost all perspective about any subject but golf. All he talks about is putting, driving, tee-ing off and so forth. He’s even teaching Dino, our year-old baby, to play with golf balls.

In self-defense, I took up golf too. But I didn’t stop there. Today when he insists upon talking about the game, I start in about the outfits worn by the lady golfers. Sometimes it helps.

The secret of inducing Dean to do things, I learned, is to kid him into them.

Arguing will get me nowhere—simply because Dean won’t raise his voice, no matter what I say or do. Once he screamed—just to change his disposition. He just smiled back. “Anything wrong, dear?”

No, there’s nothing wrong with Dean—nothing that can’t be cured by insistent and constant wily persuasion. The End
How I Trained My Husband

—MRS. JERRY LEWIS

(Continued from page 53)

what in the world happened?” he asked me.

“They were scattered all over the place. I
tried to sound surprised. “Why—I thought you wanted them sent out….”

There was a long groan. “Oh, no, Patsy, you
couldn’t have…”

But I did. And since then, Jerry has
tried to be neat while traveling.

At our house in Los Angeles, tidiness is
no problem with him. It’s the first per-
manent home he’s ever had. As a kid he
was constantly on the road with his par-
ents, who are in show business too, and
later on with his and Dean’s act. He is so
proud of the home that he is meticulous
about everything. Jerry is the first to
notice a crooked picture or a book askew.

But trying to keep Jerry from letting the
funny-man within run away with him at
the dinner table has always been a diffi-
cult, uphill struggle. Slapping a pat of
butter on his wrist, then turning to the
person next to him with: “What’s the
time, Mac?” is his Number One Game.

Usually he finishes a meal by neatly
rolling up his napkin, holding it over
his face, and then letting one side drop
down like a curtain. “Finish,” he’ll scream.

This used to embarrass me no end. I
remember our first invitation to dinner
at the home of Loretta Young and her
husband, Tom Lewis. It was a party for
thirty people. Jerry was seated next to
Loretta and I was at the other end of the
table, next to Tom. Despite my fervent
hopes and prayers, Jerry went through his
usual routine, keeping everyone in an up-
ward motion. Afterwards, I apologized to Loretta.

“Don’t ever,” she said. “Jerry knows just
how far to go.”

While Jerry may get away with it when
we eat out, at home he gets angry when
our boys, Gary, seven, and Ronnie, three,
try to put on their own act. When my
little jibes at his own “funny” habits
didn’t help, I had to resort to more dras-
tic measures. The butter-on-wrist routine
unsettled me most so instead of butter
I started serving him a dollar pocket watch
with his hotcakes. This, he found an amus-
ing switch on his own gag— and it helped.

And getting the kids into the picture has
been a lot of good, too. For instance, I
eel Jerry needs spinach. Yet I know
’l l scream whenever I serve it. But he’ll
cream even louder if the kids—who
on’t like spinach either—leave anything
in their plates. What to do? Serve the
me a generous helping to all of three of
them at the same time. When Jerry starts
made faces, I point to the kids’ plates
—and he’ll smile sheepishly and eat.

As yet I haven’t fully succeeded in
making him pay attention to me at break-
fast time. Between the Los Angeles Times,
the Hollywood Reporter and the Daily
“Jerry, I can’t talk my head off and he’ll
ever hear me. So, not long after, I
sorted to new tactics: Before Jerry gets
chance to pick up his papers, I cut out
those that interest him most, par-
icularly stories about him and Dean and
hand them over after breakfast. Result:
now slurps his food so fast I still
’t keep a conversation going.

Getting Jerry up in the morning is a
problem all its own. I’ve tried to wake him
by serving hot coffee in bed and turning
the radio. No go. So now I send the
ds in as re-enforcements. After they
up on him, wipe his face with
feather-duster, fire their water pistols
his face and play the concertina from

exciting NEW pictures!
off-guard candid shots of your favorite movie stars

★★ All the selective skill of our ace cameramen went into the making of these startling candid.

★★ Handsome, glossy, full-size 4 x 5 quality prints.

Look over the list. New poses and names are constantly added. Keep your collection up to date.

Fill out and mail coupon today. Send cash or money order. 12 pictures for $1; 6 for 50c.

WORLD WIDE, Dept. PH-7
63 Central Avenue, Ossining, N. Y.

I enclose $ for candid pictures of my favorite stars and have circled the numbers of the ones you are to send me by return mail.

NAME ____________________________

STREET ____________________________

CITY ____________________________ ZONE __________ STATE __________

STAR CANDIDS

1. Lana Turner
2. Betty Grable
3. Alan Ladd
4. Gregory Peck
5. Rita Hayworth
6. Esther Williams
7. Elizabeth Taylor
8. Cornel Wilde
9. Frank Sinatra
10. Rock Hudson
11. Shirley Temple
12. Shirley Temple
13. Dean Martin
14. Perry Como
15. Bill Holden
16. Jane Wyman
17. John Garfield
18. Yvonne De Carlo
19. Adele Murphy
20. Don Dolley
21. Jane Russell
22. Jeanne Crain
23. John Wayne
24. Marilyn Monroe
25. Betty Hutton
26. Gene Tierney
27. Mel Torme
28. Tony Martin
29. John Derek
30. Gary Madison
31. Ricardo Montalban
32. Maria Montez
33. Joan Evans
34. Scott Brady
35. Bill Lawrence
36. Vic Davone
37. Shelley Winters
38. Audie Murphy
39. Vida Todd
40. Vera-Ellen
41. Dean Martin
42. Jerry Lewis
43. Howard Keel
44. Norma Jean
45. Betty Hutton
46. Helen Grayco
47. Greer Garson
48. Debbie Reynolds
49. Penny Edwards
50. Jerome Courtland
51. Gene Nelson
52. Jeff Chandler
53. Rock Hudson
54. Stewart Granger
55. John Barrymore, Jr.
56. Marlene Dietrich
57. Dale Robertson
58. Marilyn Monroe
59. Leslie Caron
60. Patric Knowles
61. Mitzi Gaynor
62. Morlan Brando
63. Alec Reyer
64. Tab Hunter
65. Robert Wagner
66. Rusty Tomlyn
67. Jeff Hunter
68. Marisa Pavan
69. Meade and Gower
70. Fontaine Lomax
71. Arthur Franz
72. Johnny Stewart
73. Tim Holt
74. Keith Andes
75. Michael Moore
76. Gene Barry
77. John Forsyth
78. Lari Nelson
79. Edward Woman
80. Brolie Steward
81. Midgadeier Neff
82. Don Aultman
83. Zsa Zsa Gabor
84. Shirley MacLaine
85. Joan Taylor
86. Helen Stone
87. Beverly Michaels
88. Joan Rice
89. Robert Horton
90. Martha Hyer
91. Rita Gam
92. Charlene Henson
93. Steve Cochran
wobbly position on his chest—he manages to stagger to the breakfast table. If only he’d have half as much trouble falling asleep! At about ten P.M., particularly when we have guests, his head drops on his chest and twelve seconds later, he snores and wheezes like a St. Bernard. In self-defense, I have tied his shoe laces together. When he does get up, he wobbles, and once or twice, he’s fallen flat on his face. This, I hope, will make him try harder to stay awake.

When we go out, getting Jerry ready on time is a major concern. He has at least three outfits for each occasion—from baseball to yachting—and he usually tries them all on, plus complete changes of socks, shirts, and what-not. And I wait, and wait, and wait.

I’ve tried to lay out his clothes for him (each time he decided on something else), sit outside in the car and honk (it doesn’t phase him), help him to dress. In desperation, I once changed my clothes fifteen times. That annoyed him so much that he actually tried to hurry up—for a while afterwards. But the only time he really got dressed quickly—on his own initiative—was on Tony Curtis’ and Janet Leigh’s wedding day. Although he had worked till 4:00 A.M. and was dead tired when I woke him, he was ready in five minutes.

I have always felt that, while a husband should certainly not take over a wife’s responsibilities, at least he should appreciate the effort that goes into them.

On Thursday and Sunday nights, our cook’s nights off, I usually take over the kitchen chores. No matter how brawny I hinted that Jerry try his hand, he just wasn’t having any. Then I resorted to a ruse which did get results—though not quite what I had hoped for.

When he came home one Thursday evening, I told him I didn’t feel well, and asked if he’d please try to fix something. Jerry prepared a tuna salad with all the trimmings, fixed a tray with olives and celery, and heated up some rolls. He set a table that could have had a page in Better Homes and Gardens. The meal was excellent and a complete success. If I’d only left it at that! But no, I had to push my luck. “How about cleaning up?”

“Clean up?” His voice sounded a bit shrill. Then he caught himself again. “Sure, Love to Patsy” . . . and he threw all the garbage under the sink.

He wasn’t much better at helping with the dishes. The easiest way out, he decided, was an automatic dishwasher. Well, I didn’t want that!

Jerry had one habit which annoyed our guests as well as me. When they visited us for the first time, he would initiate them with: “... come over to the pool, I want to show you something.” Then he’d show them in, clothes and all.

Why it was up to me to break this habit, I don’t know. You would have thought some of his pals would have gotten even. But they didn’t. So one day, I pushed. He spluttered and shouted, not only because he got wet, but because I wouldn’t let him into the house for fifteen minutes afterward. “I’ll catch you!” he yelled. (It was 92° that day!) “I don’t care,” I called back. I let him in when he promised to treat his friends as guests.

Of all the tasks, though, the most difficult was to make him drive carefully.

In the car, Jerry has no patience whatsoever. He races from stop-light to stop-light, thinks signs along the highway are for people to read, has nothing to talk about, and that the police get paid to argue with you.

To cure his speeding mania, I once threatened to get out of the car and walk. Jerry didn’t believe me, so I opened the car door. “Okay, Patsy, I’ll drive slowly!” He crawled along at fifteen miles an hour and asked, sweetly, “Now isn’t this the way you want me to drive, Patsy?”

Another time he threatened to get out. We were on our way to a drive-in movie with Janet and Tony, and Jerry had been his usual self behind the wheel. “Please, Jerry, I want to see the kids again . . .”

Jerry was in a playful mood. “You’re nagging me too much, Patsy. I’ll get out and let you drive.” He stopped the car, jumped out, and sat on the sidewalk under the street light. “Good by—ye, Patsy . . .”

This one is on me, I thought—and swishedhh—took off. When we came back five minutes later, Jerry was draped around a lamp post like a drunk. “Hi, Patsy. Hi—ya, Janet, Tony . . .”

But he must have been somewhat impressed, for in the future, he drove a little more slowly.

Getting Jerry to do things, I found out after eight years of marriage, isn’t really too different from teaching my other two children, Gary and Ronnie. And often just as much fun. The Ero 

(Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis are now in "The Stooge," a Hal Wallis production for Paramount)
Hollywood Never Looked Better

(Continued from page 51)
spelled the story of his life. And a lot of them had been green. Like a pin-ball machine, he thought. If you're lucky and connect, the whole thing lights up for you. No longer are you a trucker delivering budget-packed macaroni and dried beans.

You had to leave, to know just what you'd won. To know just how much this moment meant—coming home.

Four years. Had it been just four years since a husky 197-pounder fresh out of the Navy reported for work at the Budget-Packplant on the east side of Los Angeles? His dad had gotten him into the truck-drivers' union, and he'd been sent out on the job. Sixty dollars a week minimum. More for over-time. And some way or another, there was usually over-time. He bunked in a boarding house on Sixth Street right off Wilshire, sharing quarters with three other guys for sixty dollars a month including meals. A fellow could do a lot of traveling in Los Angeles County alone. But his was not the heart of a trucker. All the traveling Roy Fitzgerald wanted to do, was across town to those motion picture studios. Ever since he could remember, he'd wanted to be an actor. As a ten-year-old back home in Winnetka, he'd hunted the movie houses, really dreaming it up big. He couldn't shake the dream and as he grew older he'd tell himself, "Well, who knows? Maybe some day I can.

And once in California, it soon developed he could. Henry Willson (who later became his agent), then a talent executive at Selznick-International, became interested through some photographs Roy mailed to the studio. He arranged for him to take dramatic lessons from the Selznick coach, Lester Lusher, every chance he got.

Chances, he made. Let him have a load of macaroni or beans bound in the general direction of Culver City—and whom—Fitzgerald would be parking his truck on a side street by the studio, and soon be inside sounding off with such weighty speeches as Death's in "Death Takes a Holiday," no less. What with his blue jeans and work shirt with the trucker's button pinned on, Jennifer Jones, Joan Fontaine, Joe Cotten and other stars thought he was another laborer. And in a way, an important way, Roy Fitzgerald was. From the first, he has been eager to work.

Some of those lights way over to the right, he thought, might be Warner Brothers. How well he remembered the day he'd gone there for an interview with Director Raoul Walsh who put him under personal contract for one hundred twenty-five dollars a week—and a guy named Rock Hudson was born. Later Raoul had directed the screen test, a sexy scene with Janis Paige, that got him a contract at Universal-International—that would be a little to the left. There, a lot of talented people had helped make him a star. There, Walsh had directed him in his favorite role in "The Lawless Breed"—and Rock knew then that he would cheerfully follow him, if necessary, into the briny deep. And he'd followed him across it to England for RKO's production of the Victor Hugo classic, "Tales of the Sea," retitled "The Sea Devil," in which Rock co-stars with Yvonne De Carlo.

How he'd missed the gang on his home lot! Some of them would still be struggling home now. Soon Rock would be one of them, with his red Olds convertible heading for the Freeway as though trained—then up to the redwood-and-glass modern home shining on its own little hill. He imagined his setter, Tucker, waiting joyously to blitz him. Almost smell the aroma of fresh coffee his mother, Mrs. Joseph Olsen, would have merrily perk-

How he'd missed this house with its two walls of glass that welcomed the whole San Fernando Valley inside. Missed watching the purpling mountains in the distance. The spaciousness of it all. Missed living so close to the sun and sky. You had to leave to know how much. In a homesick mood one rainy London evening, he'd tried to describe it to a new British friend. "Everything's so—so open back home. There's so much living room."

In London, particularly at first, Rock had felt all closed in. Those old flats with their high ceilings were like living with history. But the past has color of its own. He found. The old, old doors with their brass knockers polished so bright a man could see himself in them had charm too, a charm quite different from the glass-and-

One thing sure, Rock Hudson, if anybody cared, could now write a book on what a Hollywood Yank should know—and expect—when traveling abroad.

What to do with excess baggage, for instance. It seemed so simple: he'd pack a trunk, have it shipped, take a few things in a bag along with him. At the last minute, he'd borrowed a trunk from the studio, stayed up all night packing it, then just before leaving for the plane he'd called somebody to come pick it up. "Do you have the necessary papers?" a voice asked impersonally. "What necessary papers?" he repeated, feeling like a straight man. That was his cue, and he speedily started to-

100% Mild Palmolive Soap Helps You Guard that Schoolgirl Complexion Look!

Palmolive's Beauty Plan Is Far Better For Your Skin Than "Just Average Care" With Any Leading Toilet Soap!

Yes, Softer, Smoother, Lovelier Skin—that Schoolgirl Complexion Look—most women can have it. It's yours, if you use Palmolive. And Palmolive Mild Soap is the basic aid. But you can do more. You can add the finishing touches—Palmolive Cold Cream—or Palmolive Beauty Cream. Either one cleanses and softens your skin, makes it look fresh, clean and lovely. It's the perfect finishing touch for your Palmolive-Smooth & Softer Skin—Now Make Your Skin Look Like a Schoolgirl! You deserve it, you need it. It's yours, if you use Palmolive Mild Soap as your basic aid. Palmolive Mild Soap helps you guard that Schoolgirl Complexion Look! It's the one aid that makes it easy for you to have — and keep — a really lovely complexion. Softer, fresher, cleaner skin than you've ever had before.

Nature's Chlorophyll

Is In Every Cake Of Palmolive Soap... That's What Makes Palmolive Green!

100% MILD! DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE BRINGS OUT BEAUTY WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR SKIN!
Hollywood Stars in Pin-Up Poses

[NEW EDITION]

It's new! ... It's glamorous! ... It's terrific! ... It's the second big colorful album of Hollywood stars in captivating poses, prepared by the editors of Photoplay Magazine. Here in brilliant full-color pictures are your favorite Hollywood stars. Each picture is a gem—each picture can be cut out for framing or pinning up without interfering with any other picture in the book.

Only Photoplay Magazine could bring you this prize collection of colorful pictures—printed on heavy paper—at the low, low price of only 35¢. You'll be the envy of your friends with this glamorous Pinup Book. Get your copy at your newsstand now.

You'll love the luscious photos of:

- Marilyn Monroe
- Esther Williams
- Rita Hayworth
- Betty Grable
- Marie Wilson
- Vera-Ellen
- Jane Russell
- Samia Gamal

And a host of other beauties

Only 35¢

If Photoplay Pinups are sold out at your newsstands, you may still obtain copies of this fascinating book by mailing the attached coupon at once. Hurry! Don't miss this gorgeous array of female pulchritude. Mail coupon, with remittance—today.

PHOTOPLAY, Dept. WG-353
205 E. 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.

Send me, postpaid, PHOTOPLAY PINUPS:
No. 2 as checked below:
( ) 1 copy—1 enclose 35¢
( ) 3 copies—1 enclose $1.00

Name
Address
City... State...

Who are your favorites?

Send in your vote, for the stars you would like to see in future issues of Photoplay

In color I want to see

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PINUP</th>
<th>ACTOR</th>
<th>ACTRESS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>(1)</td>
<td>(2)</td>
<td>(3)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

I want to read stories about

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>The features I like best in this issue of Photoplay are</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>(1)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(2)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(3)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

NAME
ADDRESS
AGE

Send this ballot to Readers' Poll Editor, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, New York 17, New York
When Her Majesty didn't move on, he realized he'd frozen on her hand for dear life. But she'd been most charming. "I understand you're making a picture over here," she said. "Yes, Your Majesty," they were making "The Sea Devil," Rock somehow managed to answer. "That's good. I hope you'll come over again," she smiled, disengaging her hand.

How unfortunate that a few could give so wrong an impression—that the English are antagonistic towards American stars. On the contrary, Rock found the British people very concerned about whether or not Americans liked them. At the first general press conference, soon after his arrival, when a reporter asked the usual, "What is your impression of England?" Rock answered honestly and innocently, "I'm impressed mostly by your people"—and soon found himself in trouble.

"I've been told English people are very formal with strangers—that sort of thing—and I came over expecting that. Instead, I find you thoroughly charming," which most of them accepted happily. But one reporter had a chip on his pencil. "Oh, don't Americans like the English?" he said, ready to make an issue; and a headline. "Certainly—but well, most of them haven't been here. They don't really—" Rock was going on, when he stopped, with an expression of pained surprise. Standing near him, Yvonne De Carlo, who'd been through such interviews in many lands, had kicked him thoroughly on the shin.

Rock was surprised to find that the British knew him. But he shouldn't have been. They'd seen "Scarlet Angel" and "Bend of the River." Loyal fans awaited him every night outside his hotel, and one, a pretty eighteen-year-old girl, come rain or more rain, would always be there. Hers was a never-ending vigil, and the night before Rock left, she said, "Here," and shyly put a gift, a beautiful lighter, into his hand.

About British girls in general, Rock Hudson had no complaints. None whatsoever. They were as nice as could be, he decided. None of the big intrigue. No guessing games. And with complexities like milk and honey. In Britain a woman depends upon a man, which, in Rock's opinion, is the way the Lord meant it to be.

Actually, no matter how one looked at it, it's a small English-speaking world, he decided. Passing a small record shop one day, he was surprised to hear "Basin Street Blues," good and loud and jazzy and American. Going inside to say "Hello" to somebody from back home, he found, instead, a typical British Oxford man—striped morning pants—derby—the whole works, even to the spatted tapping toe.

"Like that music?" Rock grinned. "Rather," the fellow said.

"How come?"

"I went to Northwestern University at Evanston, Illinois," he explained. He'd heard a lot of American music these days. "That's just three miles from my home-town, Winnetka!" exclaimed Rock.

"You don't say. I used to go with a girl who lived there," the Englishman said. "Gloria Balaban. I was engaged to her while in college."

"You don't say?" grinned Rock. "I went steady with her at New Trier High."

A record enthusiast himself, Rock bought some of Vera Lynn's platters, including the one appropriately titled, "The Homing Waltz." He bought Wedgwood china for his mom, four suits for himself—and where else could one get so handsome a topcoat for seventy-five dollars?

But on the other hand . . .

Where else could one find a husky guy measuring six-foot-four, who could get so homesick? Funny what a guy misses when he's away from home. Like "Dick Tracy" and his favorite radio and TV programs. Miss the programs? He even missed the commercials!

He missed going bowling in the evening. Taking a squat at the warm morning sun and strolling to State Beach at Santa Monica for a swim. In England there was no swimming closer than Brighton, eighty miles away, that is, if you were an Eskimo. He missed seeing Americans driving British M.O.'s, and driving them on the right-hand side of the road. Speaking as a Southpaw himself, a left-hander driving on the left-hand side of the road, Rock had managed to create a honking pandemonium in England most of the time.

And how he missed his own informal kind of living! Relaxing in blue jeans and his favorite red sport shirt when he got home from the studio, with his record player going, fresh coffee percolating. Or just sitting, with his white-socked feet propped up on the coffee table, philosophizing away the weightier problems of the world.

"Poor Rock," some of his pals commiserated, when U-I called him home so suddenly. He'd been promised three weeks of sightseeing in Europe when he finished his picture overseas. But due to a switch in casting, Farley Granger was out of "The Golden Blade," an Arabian fantasy which co-starred Piper Laurie, and Rock Hudson had been hurriedly called home.

Poor Rock! A phooey and a phaw! Let others see those Pyramids along the Nile. The way he felt right then, he'd rather see them on a Universal sound stage. He'd take his fantasy in Hollywood. Where else could a truck-driver named Fitzgerald travel across town and realize the dream of a lifetime?

There, below him now, was all the magic a man could use. And every light spelled a message and memory—welcoming Rock Hudson home. The End
Their Marriage Is

A Laugh
The rafters rang when the Wendell Coreys first met each other, and life has been a series of hearty chuckles for them both ever since

BY KATHERINE KINGSLY

- The audience had thrown itself wholeheartedly into the mood of the old-fashioned melodrama, "The Drunkard." It wept with the heroine, jeered at the villain, and cheered the hero on to deeds of derring-do. At the moment, the action onstage was whipping itself into a wild climax. And the audience was silent and tense. Suddenly, cutting through the heavy expectancy with the sure efficiency of a meat cleaver, came a loud and uncontrollable laugh. From one of the actors! The rest of the cast hesitated briefly—then picked up their lines and went on with the show.

That laugh again!

Wendell Corey, playing the stalwart hero, guffawed uncontrollably, carrying the audience along with him in a wild burst of meaningless laughter. He made an undramatic—and unscheduled—exit into the wings. And while the other members of the touring stock company tried pathetically to weld the broken pieces of "The Drunkard" back into a play, he sat backstage trying to figure out what had hit him.

Long afterwards, he found the answer: He had, at that wild hysterical moment, fallen in love.

But when he tried to explain his unprofessional breakup after the final curtain that night, all he could do was point apologetically at Alice Wiley, the young actress who was playing his half-wit sister, and say, "I'm sorry. But I couldn't help myself. Alice has the funniest face I ever saw."

Hard to believe that a phrase as unflattering as that could lead to a romance that has gone on uninterrupted for more than thirteen years. Hardly the tender words of wooing that most girls yearn for.

And at the time, dark-eyed, dark-haired Alice Wiley was anything but favorably impressed. She supplied Wendell with a large and very sharp carpenter's nail, which he kept in his pocket for the rest of the run of "The Drunkard." Every time he was tempted to let loose again, he jabbed himself with it—good and hard. And it worked!

It was a sense of guilt at first—he wanted to try to make amends for his insulting behavior—that prompted Wendell to ask Alice if she'd go out and have a bite with him one night after the show. But by the time he had repeated the invitation after a dozen or so performances in a dozen or so different towns, they both knew that apologies had nothing at all to do with why they liked being together.

Looking back on the beginnings of their romance now, Wendell says, "It started on a loud guffaw—and it built up happily over a thousand mutual chuckles."

For while other actors in the stock company grew bored and unhappy trudging through a lot of New England's less enchanting villages, Wendell and Alice found all the towns endlessly amusing, absorbing and filled with delightful surprise.

This is a quality that neither of them has lost—they share a sense of discovery as acutely developed as their joint sense of fun. Even now, every time they get into a new city, they put on walking shoes, buy a local map, and start to prowl.

When Wendell was playing the lead opposite Margaret Sullivan in the London production of "Voice of the Turtle" several years ago, he and Alice, they swear, explored at least 3,000 of London's 6,000 miles of meandering streets. They found out the philosophy of life of countless Bobbies and flower girls, made friends with some down-to-earth East End barrow men and some very fashionable West End maitres de hotel—all of whom strengthened their own conviction that there is more in life to be amused by than to despair over.

But things have not always been simple and entertaining for Alice and Wendell Corey.

When they decided to storm New York after the stock tour during which they met and married, they found out what so many aspiring young Thespians learn the hard way—that the big city can have a heart as hard as a rock. Wendell, whose family had hoped he'd follow in his father's footsteps and be a minister, and Alice, who had graduated from college the year before with honors—cum laude—settled into a cold-water flat in "Hell's Kitchen." Before long, they could have written a book called "A Thousand and One Ways to Stretch the Dollar."

Jobs of any kind were hard to get. Jobs on the stage were impossible! Alice wound up working as an usher in a Broadway legitimate theatre, and in order to get and keep the job, she had to lie—and say that she was single! That was as close as either of them got to the footlights for some years.

While Alice held down the domestic fort by waving a flashlight about in the second balcony, Wendell made the routine rounds of theatrical agents, tried to badger and beg his way into parts. But nothing came of it. All he was able to talk himself into were some rather weird assignments as a 'blind checker.' He would stand outside the entrance to an establishment that wanted to count the number of people who passed its doors as compared to the number who walked inside. "Why they cared," he chuckles now, "I never could find out. All I know is that I must have been just about as inconspicuous as the Statue of Liberty," and he gestures toward his rangy six-feet-two figure.

Anyway, come rain or snow and whatever else it is that the postman survives, he'd click his little automatic counter while his thumb got number and number, his spirits fell lower and lower, and despair began to cloud his usually bright blue eyes.

The Coreys managed to eat on two dollars and fifty cents a week, until one day they came up with a share-the-wealth notion that spread their food allowance a little farther, and, at the same time, helped out a half dozen actor pals who were in similar straits. Every night, before Alice (Continued on next page)
(Continued from preceding page) went off to her ushering chores, she'd cook dinner for eight, and the "guests" paid fifteen cents each for the meal. "And it was darned good food, too," Wendell brags now. "Solid stuff like pork chops. We weren't settling for any sub-sutes." The break in the Corey luck came in the most unlikely manner. One afternoon, Wendell looked in at the lobby of a New York hotel, where unemployed actors gather to give each other a feeling that they're still plying a respectable trade. Some of his pals slumped down in a chair studying a horoscope magazine.

"Wendell, my boy," he greeted them with a leathery nod, "you're the very picture of a man. This little book is talking about it. It says here that if you were born on the twenty-sixth of March—which you were—to-day's the day you're going to get a job!"

Wendell laughed. But as he walked out into the turbulence of Broadway a little later, he found that he couldn't put the idea of "Today's the day" out of his mind. He knew that there was casting going on that very afternoon at the Jolson Theatre—for "Comes the Revelation," the play about Joe Davis, the imaginary leader of a Mormon colony, Wendell went over, read, and the next thing he knew, he was Joe Davis. The play had a short and not too happy life, but Wendell received enthusiastic notices.

After six months after "Comes the Revelation" closed, he and Alice read horoscope magazines regularly—but there was no second miracle.

After a series of short-run roles in flops, Wendell turned up as the cynical newspaperman opposite Betty Field in the Broadway hit, "Dream Girl." And from there it was a quick and easy jump to Hollywood and his first movie role in "Desert Fury." Since then, he's racked up some twenty screen performances, the most recent of which is a drunk and dissolute character in "Jamaica," with Arlene Dahl and Ray Milland as co-stars.

Along about the time Wendell was playing the Mormon from Utah, Alice switched from ushering to a job as general factotum—selling, bookkeeping, even helping to make the stuff—"in a small Pullman firm. She had turned down a role in a Broadway show to take the job, which was as tough a decision as she ever had to make. But she wanted to play it safe and keep the family eating until Wendell cracked the big time, full time, which she was positive he could do.

"It sounds kind of corny to say it," Wendell smiles, and his face lights up, "but if hadn't been for Alice supporting me all those years, I could never have gotten anywhere in this business."

The Coreys now are settled in a simple house in Hollywood with their four youngsters, living the kind of undistinguished suburban life which Wendell describes as "Scarsdale on the West Coast."

They are definitely not on the glamour beat. "Our life," he says, "is real small-town stuff. The Macdonald Careys live just a little down the road from us. And the Richard Whorfs are in the neighborhood, too. So we visit back and forth, and talk about our kids, and talk shop."

When the Coreys are not talking shop in Hollywood, they're likely to be buzzing across country to settle temporarily into their "ideal" unfashionable apartment they've rented in New York. "It's on the wrong side of town," Wendell reports, "anything but chic. But we can remember the days when we had as much as sixty dollars in the bank, we felt like millionaires. We can't see the point of putting ourselves in hock for a place that we use maybe a couple of times a year only when we're coming to New York for me to do a TV show or something."

Alice's acting career is temporarily at a halt. She's waiting until their children—the youngest is a little under a year and the eldest is ten years—are grown up enough to get along without her at home full time.

"And when she goes back," Wendell says, "she'll be terrific."

As far as his "funny face" is concerned, he hasn't changed his mind since that first uproarious night. "It still breaks me up every once in a while. I look at her and I laugh. But I wouldn't want her to look any different. No slicked up glamour dolls for me!" And when he tries to describe that face, he can't do it. "How," he wants to know, "can you possibly describe half of yourself."

Wendell Corey has some very definite theories on what women should and should not be. Alice fits the ticket on the former to a T. And as for the latter, well—there's a story that has us both an insect and his wife named Jonathan.

One day Jonathan was out on the terrace in their Hollywood home when he saw a strange elongated green bug. "Daddy! Daddy!" he called. "Quick! Come look! What's this?"

It was a praying mantis, and Wendell told Jonny all about the creature—how it gets its name because its front legs are folded as though it were saying its prayers; how you can make a pet of it, stroke it; how it will eat out of your hand. And then he told Jonny the most important thing of all: that the praying mantis eats its own young.

"And let that," he said, "be a warning to you. There are a lot of women in this world just like that. Sweet and affectionate and all that—don't look at them. But they'll just as soon swallow a whole man as look at him. When you get around to getting yourself a wife, Jonny, avoid that type. Pick one like your mother—one you can cuddle up to. And one who's always good for a laugh."

Coming in April:

"GUES WHOSE GAMS?"

You'll see terrific pix of Hollywood's most glamorous gams "kicking up their heels" in the real low-down on the spring's exciting "NEW IN SHOES" and stockings.

Here's the fun: YOU guess whose gams they are. And—just for FREE: see how you can get a book that tells how the stars put their feet in fashion!

Watch for April Photoplay and the Star Fashion section ON THE STANDS MARCH 9th
Highflying Terry

(Continued from page 72)

about her personal life, from her high-

school dates to her brief marriage to the

present romances of romance. And all that

she’s learned in her twenty-two years is

shrewdly put to use before the cameras.

She did her best to keep it all a secret—

at least, that’s how it looked at first. Then

she started being a bit more outspoken.

“I’ve always had a hard time saying

‘No,’ I mean—if a boy asks me to a party,

I’ll usually say ‘Yes’ even if I don’t want to

go. Then afterwards I’ll think of ex-

cuses to get out of it, and I know perfectly

well it would have been better to say ‘No

in the first place.’ Maybe this quirk can

be explained by the fact that Terry’s so

few years away from her teens, and in her

first impulse she’s harking back to those

days when she was in school. She says, if

‘you didn’t have a date on Saturday night

you were dead!’

The kind of date Terry enjoyed most

then—and enjoys most now—is a boy she

still more about her. She has a keen in-

terest in people. “I love going to the

movies, except when I’m out with a new

date. You can’t get to know somebody

that way. I’d much rather go with my

friends and have a dinner date. You can just

sit there all evening and talk. I love to talk!

While I was making ‘Return of October,’ I

was going steady with a boy named Bert.

We’d just become friends. Then I got to

like him. We’d usually go fishing or flying,

and wind up at the movies.”

Strangely, after having learned the

importance of shared interests through all

this early dating, Terry only forgot the lesson

when she met Glenn Davis.

“Before that, I’d usually gone with fel-

low too long—for a year, maybe—and

then there would be nothing left. But

Glenn and I had so many of those

me each other only on a surfboard! One

month later, we were married. And then

we found we had nothing in common.

“Actually, I love movies and flying; I love

both. He wanted to live in Texas and be

in the oil business; I wanted to stay in

Hollywood and the picture business. He’s

the easygoing type; he said he planned

to retire if I only wanted to do the oppo-

site; I always have to do something

and I’m never going to retire. I’ll be

like Sophie Tucker!”

After little more than two months of

marriage, Terry and Glenn moved to their

parents’ home in Glendale, where she still

lives. Her divorce decree will be final in

April. But the experience has become

part of her life and it has affected her as

an actress. As an actress, Terry is a woman

who thinks out a role in a calculated, in-

tellectual manner. She pours her own

feelings into it. “I couldn’t have played

Emmy with eighteen,” she says. “If I have

crying scene to do nothing. What if I had

been deeply in love and had married for years when my mar-

riage broke up?”

Actually, Glenn and Terry did have one

thing in common when they became man

and wife, but the coincidence happened
New! Amazing Medication

‘STARVES’ PIMPLES
SKIN-COLORED HIDES PIMPLES WHILE IT WORKS

DOCTORS’ TESTS PROVE
9 out of 10 cases cleared up or definitely improved

CLEARASIL—NEW SCIENTIFIC ADVANCE
At last! A new medication called CLEARASIL is so effective it brings entire new hope to pimple sufferers. In skin specialists’ tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 were cleared up or definitely improved.

AMAZING STARING ACTION, CLEARASIL is greaseless and fast-drying in contact with pimples. Starves pimples because it helps remove the oils that pimpls “feed” on. Antiseptic, stops growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples.

INSTANT RELIEF from embarrassment because CLEARASIL is skin-colored. And CLEARASIL is greaseless—stainless.

THOUSANDS HAIL CLEARASIL. So many boys, girls, adults found that CLEARASIL works, it’s become the largest-selling specific medication for pimples in America.

Reader’s Digest reported on clinical tests using CLEARASIL type medication. GUARANTEED to work for you as it did in doctors’ tests or money back. 59¢. Economy size 98¢. Get CLEARASIL at druggists.

NOW ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA (slightly more).

Don’t Wet Your Hair When You Have a Cold! SHAMPOO WITHOUT WATER!

DON’T RISK prolonging your cold by dousing your head with a wet shampoo! Minipoo Dry Shampoo gets hair shining clean without water... and without disturbing your wave.

QUICK AND EASY! Just brush in fragrant Minipoo powder and brush it out. In just 10 minutes, Minipoo removes dust, dirt and excess oil... leaves your hair shining clean and fresh.

PERFECT FOR OILY HAIR! Used between regular shampoos, Minipoo restores lilt, stringy, oily hair to fluffy softness. Ideal, too, as a glamour-saver for last-minute dates.

Get this marvelous waterless shampoo today! 30 shampoos and applicator brush in every package. Ask for Minipoo Dry Shampoo—at all toilet goods counters.

Howard’s a wonderful, wonderful man—my best friend.

Since her divorce is not yet final, Terry shouldn’t be spendidng any time to discuss any definite marriage plans. Meantime, she’s having a whirl. Favorite dates? “Let’s see, there are so many I go out with. David Frame, and a couple of other boys from Minipoo. Home, and Douglas. I went out with Kirk for the first time just before I went to Europe, so I didn’t get to know him very well.

I’ve invited Jack to line up in Europe,” Terry remembers wistfully. “Greg Kirk... a big German director who wanted to take me out an English viscount who’d seen my picture in Photograph magazine. But they didn’t. Kirk’s schedule put her social life into a temporary decline. Not that she’s too regretful about the dates she missed. Her co-starring role with Frederic March in ‘Man of Magic’ is her ambition. Without dates I was practically living in a new room.

Questioned about the identity of her one real love, Terry readily answers. “The man I was thinking about was the one I was in love with before I was married. ... No, I’d rather not give him my name. I don’t want him to know that I care.” On this subject, Terry’s fondness for talking desserts her, and she won’t go any further.

But it’s clear that her dream hasn’t slipped completely out of her life. Without referring to him specifically, Terry says, “All my ex-beaux are my best friends. I mean, one of the best friends, the guy who was the first to go to Korea. He flew a carrier-based jet,” and now stationed in San Diego as an instructor. “I and I were romantically involved,” she recalls. Things good,

Falling in love was the first thing Terry recalled cheerfully. “Funny thing about flyers—you just naturally think of a pilot as a good man, an all-American type.” From the way she speaks about Mel and the way she avoids talking at first, Terry recalls cheerfully. “Funny thing about flyers—you just naturally think of a pilot as a good man, an all-American type.” From the way she speaks about Mel and the way she avoids talking at first, we can assume that he’s part of the mystery.

“Were just good friends now,” she says, “He’ll fly his jet up here to see me, or I’ll fly down there. I hope to have them back together when they start turning out the little ones.”

Piloting a jet plane hardly ranks among the chief ambitions of the average pinup favorite. But Terry is perfectly sincere in this statement. Every physical hazard is, complete secret until recently. I learned at Twentieth Century-Fox’s flying school. And now my flying is a whole new world. No, apart from pictures. The name on my license is Helen Terry.

Lots of the pilots don’t even know I’m in movies. I like that; I want to be accepted as one of them. You see, pilots are like skiers—all friends.

Terry’s enthusiasm for flying gives extra animation to her mobile face whenever she talks about her hobby. “I’ve been bugging them for years to pay any rent on it,” she laughs. “But I’m going to buy one soon. I like to take my girl-friends places. I flew to La Jolla when I was doing ‘Season in the Sun’ at the time. Some time I flew to Palm Springs for breakfast or lunch.”

Most famous of Terry’s fellow pilots is Howard Hughes. He taught her to fly, and this association gave her another, more personal viewpoint on the aircraft manufacturer and sometime film producer. “I started out hating him,” Terry says. “He called me for a year before I’d even speak to him. He can win anybody over. He has a great little-boy quality. He’s very shy, really, not sure of himself. You feel sorry for him! He’s withdrawn, and I am—not he likes that
Is It Really Love?

(Continued from page 69) Hollywood, and such a likely looking brace of femininity that any boys in town immediately began clamoring for their phone number. At first the girls made many dates, innocent evenings planned for movies or winnie roasts, but the invitations soon subsided into nothingness. The average American male is smitten with astonishment, disbelief and then final discouragement when he finds that in order to spend an evening with the girl of his choice, he must also square her mother.

The experience has been no comedy for either Pier or Marisa. Rapidly absorbing American customs, they saw the futility of the champagne and roseped weddings with their mother to be more lenient. They pointed out to her that at this rate they would never be married, at least not to an American. But Mrs. Pierangeli was adamant.

Kirk Douglas' love life has been a horse of a different color. There has been nothing unusual about it—it has been the life of the average movie star—but, in contrast to Pier's experience, there is all the difference between white and black. Kirk was married to Diana Dill, daughter of a wealthy Eastern businessman, and sired two children before the divorce that came in 1950. The breach between them began, according to Kirk, some time before he hit Hollywood, which precludes any accusations that success has gone to his head. Soon after the divorce, he took up with Irene Wrightman, another socialite, and the love affair blew hot and cold for more than a year.

Kirk became, after that, quite a ladies' man. He was never reputed to be the wolf type, but it was obvious that he was playing the fox that Hollywood offers. He dated a dozen girls, and it was noticed that, with a few exceptions, they became increasingly younger. His ex-wife is approximately the same age as Kirk, Irene Wrightman is not more than a few years younger. He dated Rita Hayworth during her brief visit to California last year, but in the main his free time was spent with many young junior. The selection included a young Pasadena socialite, then, after her divorce from football hero Glenn Davis, Terry Moore, who is barely out of her teens, and Debbie Reynolds, who had just turned twenty.

He met Pier last summer when the two were co-starred in "Equilibrium," one sequence in M-G-M's "The Story of Three Loves." A flavor of interest was immediately fanned between them, but with Signora Pierangeli ever on hand, there was little Kirk could do about arranging to spend an evening alone with Pier. It was said around the studio that Kirk was developing into a romance; anybody around the set who had half an eye could see that Pier and Kirk spent a great deal of time together. As usual, Kirk wouldn't talk. He has always refused to discuss his feelings for any girl.

The news didn't leak too much around Hollywood until Kirk reported to Columbia Studio for his role in Stanley Kramer's movie, "The Juggler." It wasn't long after that that Pier showed up at Columbia to have lunch with Kirk. They ate in a small Italian restaurant near the studio, and despite the fact that there was no romance rumors that spring up every time he dates a girl, he was holding hands with Pier. He was obvious the two were far more bored with each other. A writer who was in the restaurant that day reports that they talked together like young lovers, that their relationship seemed to be "a sweet, young kind of thing. Not at all like Kirk. He was very gallant with her—like
When they left the restaurant and headed back to the studio, they were standing at the busy corner of Sunset and Gower streets waiting for a traffic signal to change when a car squealed to a stop in front of them. A middle-aged woman climbed out, fumbling nervously in her purse. She brought out an envelope and ran breathlessly in Kirk’s direction. He reached into his pocket for his fountain pen and smiled down at Pier as much as to say, “Here comes a fan. Hold onto your hat.” Reaching Kirk, the woman handed him the envelope. “I’m sorry,” she said, “we haven’t a minute to stop anywhere. Would you be kind enough to drop this in the mailbox across the street for me?”

Pier’s laughter rang out above the rumble of the traffic and Kirk grinned sheepishly. It was a scene that could have been played between two teenagers; the boy trying to impress his girl and the girl merrily amused at his failure.

Pier spent that entire afternoon watching Kirk rehearse with other members of the cast for Director Edward Dmytryk. One of the actors who was present remarked later that Pier seemed quite attracted to Kirk and that in his opinion it was good for Douglas to have a girl of Pier’s innocence and sweetness pay him so much attention. Asked why, he said, “Such a girl is good for any man’s ego.”

No one knows, but it is probable that as Pier and Kirk sat over their wine and ravioli that noon in the Naples restaurant, they discussed plans to see each other again. At the time, Pier was finishing her picture, “Sombrero,” at M-G-M, and Kirk knew that within a few weeks he would be leaving Hollywood for Israel, where the majority of “The Juggler” was to be filmed. Following that picture’s completion he was slated to do “The Girl on the Via Flaminia” for Anatole Litvak, a film that was also to be made on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean. It meant that he would be away from Hollywood for a long time.

Coincidentally, Pier was also planning a trip across the sea. Early in 1952, she had gone to Italy to make “The Devil Makes Three” with Gene Kelly, and at that time had visited her many relatives in Rome. Now she was planning to go back once more, ostensibly to visit her relatives, although only a few short months had passed since she had last seen them. Pier is tremendously fond of her family, as are all Italian people, but nevertheless the time between spring and summer does not seem long enough to call for another trip of seven thousand miles just to see one’s aunts and uncles.

She was back in Rome when “The Juggler” troupe left Hollywood for Israel. Kirk took off on his own and instead of going directly to Israel, stopped off in Rome for a day or two. He was seen in Romolo’s famous restaurant with English actress Jackie Frost, but the reports are that he also saw Pier during that stopoff.

The entire month of October was required for the Israeli scenes of “The Juggler,” a film which depicts the readjustment of a vaudeville performer in the post-war years following his internment in a Nazi concentration camp. When the picture was finished, Kirk flew to London for a Royal Command Performance and while there took time off to fly to Rome to have dinner with Pier.

When he left England, he went to Paris to consult with Litvak about the coming production of “The Girl on the Via Flaminia” and from there flew to Rome for a rest. It was while in Rome that he saw Pier as frequently as her mother would permit. Louella Parsons, who is not often fooled regarding the authenticity of Hollywood romances, included an item in her column that Kirk was “goggle-eyed over
Pier. She and the other columnists who reported an engagement between the two were promptly informed by Pier's studio and Kirk's friends that this was only another "publicity romance." However, the Angeli-Douglas combination seemed to everyone to be on the more serious side. Having been informed it was not, Miss Parsons printed her apologies but added, "I really thought Kirk was serious after talking with him."

Pier and Kirk were seen together everywhere in Rome, and in every picture taken of them they had eyes for no one but each other. When Pier's visa expired and she made arrangements to return to the States, she selected a plane that stopped over in Paris where, coincidentally, Kirk had to go for his new picture. So they took the same plane, and despite presence of Pier's mother, held hands all the way to Paris. The plane was unable to land there because of bad weather and was forced to fly five hundred miles over the land in Shannon, Ireland. Passengers on the plane said that both Pier and Kirk seemed delighted at the delay, and soon after they landed, Kirk suggested that he hire a car and take Pier to see Limearck castle. Mrs. Pierangeli turned thumbs down on the idea, so instead they sat together at a table for five hours, waiting for a plane to take Kirk and other Paris-bound passengers back to France.

Reporters at the airport in Rome had asked about reports of a romance and Kirk had said, "We are just good friends. There has been no marriage." Reporters at Shannon asked the same question and got the same answer, with the added information that they had been good friends since making "Equilibrium" together. Before Kirk's plane took off for Paris, the "good friends" stood on the steps and embraced and kissed.

Back in Hollywood on December 1, Pier was deluged with requests for information concerning the romance. Most of these requests went, as usual, through the studio. And the studio spokesman said, "This whole thing is silly. Pier won't talk about it and neither will she. She isn't going to marry Kirk Douglas, her statement would be ignored and it would be printed anyway that she was. There is no use trying to persuade her." Contacted personally by phone Pier said, "No, no. I like him very much. He is a nice man. But there is nothing like that." She added that she would be very disappointed if M-G-M did not loan her to Litvak for the title role of "The Girl on the Via Flaminia."

A great deal can be supposed on the basis of this information, and Hollywood is letting its imagination run in all directions. There is even a story going around that before "The Juggler" was begun Pier met Milly Vitale, Kirk's leading lady in the picture. Miss Vitale is also Italian, very pretty and quite young--and it is said that Pier gave her to understand that if she were so good as to maintain a hands-off policy where Kirk was concerned, Miss Angeli would greatly appreciate it. This gives Pier three-fourths of which may turn out to be untrue, but nevertheless it's been said.

It is not claimed that Kirk and Pier will be married some day--she is too young and he is too unpredictable. But when a man flies from London to Rome for dinner with a girl, when two people move small worlds to be in the same place at the same time, and when for some inexplicable reason they both refuse to talk about the slightest details of their relationship, something is in the air. It can only be supposed that there is on hand, despite both Mamas and studio, a real love affair. The End
(Continued from page 44)

also in the film as ‘the other woman.’ Lana Turner was one of the receiving end of more male insults than any other gal in town. When she was married to Bob Topping, they attended a dance at the Beverly Hills Hotel for St. John’s Hospital. Johnny Farlow was auctioning star kisses. Pointing to Lana, Farlow gallantly cried, “What am I bid to kiss the most beautiful woman in the room?”

The embarrassing silence was finally broken by a tough woman who bid $1,000. “Why didn’t you bid for your wife?” Johnny gently chided Bob afterwards.

“I’ll look after my own charities,” reported the boy.

Then there was the time Lana was all set for a rendezvous with Ty Power in North Africa. But before she could pay for her ticket, Ty gave a statement to the press that they were through and the next cable contained news of Ty’s new romance with Linda Christian.

There are several versions of what caused the breakup—Lana has been to tell a columnist that he wouldn’t marry Lana because his career came first and “We argue a little too much and life is too short.” One story had it that Fernando was rude when Lex Basha and Ira for a dinner at the Marion Davies party for Johnnie Ray. Others say it was Lana who said to Lex, “Will you dance with me, or are you afraid of this guy?”

Anyway, Arlene Dahl goes to bat for Lamas and believes it when she says, “He’s a perfect gentleman. He lets everyone else talk and keeps his mouth shut and never answers anyone no matter what they say about him. He’s always respectful. He’s himself, behaved when Lex talked so freely about their bust-up.

Don’t get Arlene on the subject of Cornel Whiting. He’s always polite and charming. But I’m told of this incident shortly after Cornel separated from Pat Knight. He was invited to a top star’s home for a birthday party and asked to pick up Arlene as she was to join in. In fact, he paid no attention to her at all. At a later date, Arlene is said to have fumed, “This is most concealed man I know.”

I don’t think much of Burt Lancaster. A character like that who would hold forth on any given subject is too much for any man here. You can usually tell when he’s eaten for breakfast, lunch and dinner by looking at his coat in the evening. He’s the type that Farley Granger is supposed to have strolled in and repelled old actresses wanting to date him. It starts when Rocky Cooper asked him to bring Barbara Stanwyck to a party. Actually Bub is just as smart starts after her age. Bob Wagner, four years Farley’s junior, loves to be around her. But Farley is the little boy who walks alone. He always seems to be pre-occupied—never seems to be available. He’s the shyness, of course, but it would pay off in popularity if he’d get outside of himse to see how the other half is smiling.

Polite and charming, she is Hollywood’s social spitfire, Long Island, and Palm Beach, whenever his presence here is unnecessary. His critics complain he’s snobby, however, this doesn’t quite add up to anyone meeting agent Jean McDonald—he even owned up to her his job.

And most of his surf riding pals at strict nonentities. But I always thought he was casual to the point of rudeness with the woman who worked in a cafe near his old house.

And here he was trying to show that he wasn’t impressed.

And how did you think of Alex’s attempt to kill of glamorous star Rita Hayworth? calling her a “homebody who brings a lot of things around the house...in slippers and sacks all evening. A white blanket is the insult he threw at her for all the world to read. A Prince by another name would have kept the family

Monty Clift’s casual rudeness stems from the fact that he just doesn’t care what people think of him. He doesn’t go out of his way to hurt sensitive folks. He just
Dental Research Indicates You Can Help

Prevent Tooth Decay
With COLGATE
Ammoniated Tooth Powder

Yes, Colgate's Great Dentifrice
Gives Extra Protection As it Cleans
Your Teeth—and Breath!

1 REMOVES ACID FILM usually associated with tooth decay! Laboratory tests indicate that when you use it regularly as directed, Colgate Ammoniated Tooth Powder may help you avoid pain, worry and expense of needless tooth decay.

2 TEETH LOOK CLEANER, feel cleaner immediately. That's because Colgate's foamy cleaning action removes dull film so well teeth get naturally, sparkling clean.

3 CLEANS BREATH, TOO . . . Removes tiny food particles that cause much bad breath. Has a minty, mouth-refreshing flavor that even children love! Get Colgate Ammoniated Tooth Powder today for the whole family. Available at any toilet goods counter.

With A Flavor The Whole Family Will Enjoy

Important!

For gayer, brighter, more colorful looking hair, be sure to use LOVALON after each shampoo. LOVALON removes dull film, blends in off color or graying streaks and softens the appearance of dyed hair. Not a permanent dye, not a bleach—LOVALON is a rinse made in 12 hair shades. Select the shade for your coloring.

10c for 2 rinses
25c for 6 rinses

"A marvelous time on our Florida tour by Greyhound!"
—writes Miss Alice Archer of Sullivan, Ohio

"Our Expense-Paid Tour of Florida by Greyhound was a thrill Mother and I will never forget.
"Florida was fabulous! We particularly enjoyed sleepy old St. Augustine, Miami Beach, St. Petersburg, Silver Springs and Marineland.
"The friendly people on the bus added to our fun—and a big surprise was the low cost of the trip!"

GREYHOUND

For free pictorial travel folder, write Dept. 15-3-53,
Greyhound Information Center, 105 W. Madison,
Chicago 2, Illinois

The End
Will Maturity End Jane's Appeal?

(Continued from page 36)

Jane had a brief fling at a comparatively "grown up" portrayal as Fred Astaire's sister in "Royal Wedding." Her next, "Small Town Girl," may tell the tale in full.

Her success has never given Jane a worldly, bored-with-it-all attitude on screen. Herfriends remember the occasion when she was guest of honor at a luncheon given by a number of girls her own age. The sub-deb sophisticates were indulging in table-talk. "Well," said one in a bored tone, "Dad finally got around to getting me my mink."

"I'm hoping for sables come Christmas," said another.

Then Jane spoke up. She had news, too, and she was bursting to tell it. "Daddy's getting me a suede coat. And he's getting it wholesale!" she bubbled.

With maturity has come a new dignity. It was apparent when Jane vacationed in a popular resort town, and the local populace was somewhat shocked. "What a shame," they said. "That horrible Hollywood makes children old before their time."

It may be equally as difficult for her fans to realize that Jane has grown up. As for Jane, she is grateful for the star-doom she has achieved. It came as a surprise. She never meant to be a star. She was Suzanne Buree whose parents man-

aged an apartment house in Portland. She made her first public appearance at the age of four—tap-dancing in a school recital. At eleven, when it became evident that she had a good singing voice, Jane began her lessons. Two years later, she had her own radio show in Portland.

When her parents decided to vacation in Southern California, the station manager suggested that she audition for Janet Gaynor's "Hollywood Showcase" program. Jane and her family figured that if, by chance, she won, the money would help with expenses.

After her appearance, studio calls poured in. She auditioned at M-G-M for L. B. Mayer and Joe Pasternak. She sang "Il Bacio"—the same aria that won a contract for Deanna Durbin. It was then that Jane Powell began her climb to stardom.

Fortunately, Jane's private life has been as successful as her career. And, unlike many other stars, when she says that her husband's children come first in her life, she means it. The new baby, Suzanne Ileen, adds to the responsibility at home for Jane, who has never shirked any kind of responsibility.

But soon she will return to the screen to face the maturity that has been the kiss of death for many a child star's career... for Jane Withers, Bonita Granville, Shirley Temple. Now comes the same familiar question. Will Jane continue to be cast as a sweet young thing? Will her public believe her in a different sort of role? Seemingly, that would depend upon her studio. The studio can take a good guess and plan her pictures accordingly. What's next for Jane Powell? Only you—the fans and moviegoers—can furnish the answer.

The End
Behave Yourselves!

(Continued from page 39)

Since the beginning of movies as an industry, a certain amount of justifiable criticism has been leveled at the behavior of Hollywoodites who refused to conform. But the new wave of public wrath, I believe, started with Ingrid Bergman-Roberto Rossellini affair.

Ingrid was idolized by millions. Publicity practically built her into a saint; and she was not averse to the halo adoring fans placed around her head.

For a while she had people fooled. They never guessed what lay beneath that cool, poise exterior. But I began to find cracks in that shining armor of Bergman's. She had an aloofness, whether feigned or real, that startled me. She seemed to regard her fans as a sea of abstract faces to whom she owed nothing. I had more than one argument with her about this matter.

But her attitude never changed. And when Ingrid openly had a love affair with Rossellini while still married to Dr. Peter Lindstrom, it was like hitting her fans a blow in the face with her fists.

The shock and disappointment were bad enough. But how many young girls and thoughtless women said, "If Ingrid Bergman does it, why can't I?" There's a world where the real harm lies. Many copy the actions—good or bad—of their idols.

Ingrid is paying heavily for her impulsive behavior. She's still the artist. But who sees her now?

It's true that time has softened the bitter criticism leveled toward Ingrid during the post-Stromboli days. In Photoplay's poll, for instance, fans voted for her to return to American films, and the ratio in her favor was three to one. And from fan mail I judge that the public is beginning to forgive Bergman, the woman; but not Ingrid Bergman, the movie star. Fans just won't forget that she let them down and set an example that their own daughters might be encouraged to follow.

Some Hollywoodites were taking morality lightly before the public started putting its foot down. If the wrath had been heaped on these people alone, it would have been only justice. But for their actions, all Hollywood has suffered a black eye.

Rita Hayworth, who was making headlines with Aly Khan, is still on trial. Nobody can yet say whether the public will accept her as of old. I'm told that her picture, "The Lady in Tiarad," is earning money; but I'll have to see a certified account of the box-office receipts before I believe it. Besides, that film is hardly indicative of the future of her career. It was her first picture since she became a princess, and, therefore, a novelty. People wanted to see how Princess Rita looked on the screen. But from now on she's on her own. A letter is coming in faster, from completely amiable attitude toward her.

She asked for it. When she first started gallivanting over Europe with Aly Khan, Rita was single. But he was not. The whole world knew it. Pelot's approval began to blacken Rita's horizon.

There's little indication that Rita bothered her pretty head greatly about such criticism. But Hollywood, which the public seems to regard as a pattern rather than a pattern made up of many individuals, did. The town knew that Rita was again bringing it under fire, and many uptight citizens began to groan.

Rita married her prince; but let it be said that she certainly never went into obscurity. Her every move was fervently chronicled by the press. To wide-eyed young girls, it was a fairy tale that came true: the poor little maid who turned into a princess. Rita had her baby; and then

DON'T LET UGLY PIMPLES RUIN YOUR LOOKS

Monthly Distress relieved FAST with CHI-CHES-TERS

Don't neglect an externally caused pimple broken out skin that nobody loves to touch! Apply wonderfully medicated Poslam Ointment tonight—check results next morning after just one application!

Poslam contains all 9 ingredients well known toxin specialists—works faster, more effectively to help you to a finer complexion. Apply it after washing skin with non-alcohol Poslam Soap. At druggists everywhere—costs so little.

Monthly Distress relieved FAST with CHI-CHES-TERS

Make Extra Money with CHILDREN'S WEAR

Introduce mothers to adorably-styled, long-wearing dresses including famous Dan River Ginghams and Shirts, separates, mix-and-matches, playwear, nightwear for children, school and pr-aside ages. Huge selection AT LOW PRICES FREE Rush coupon below for High Display, sent absolutely FREE. Send copy to make extra money and get your own children's dresses without one penny cost—just in a spare time. Mail coupon!

HARFORD FROCKS, Dept. J-3351 CINCINNATI 25, OHIO

Or YOUR MONEY BACK

Now you can get faster, longer lasting relief from monthly distress, simple headaches, neuralgia, cramps, backache. In clinical tests 9 out of 10 women found relief with the new Formula Chi-Ches-Ters. Perfectly safe to take as directed. Get the 900 Purse Pak from your druggist.

Economy sizes at $1.15 and $2.25. Will mail direct if druggist does not stock.


HARFORD FROCKS, Dept. J-3351 CINCINNATI 25, OHIO

You'll make extra money with Harford Frock's Children's Wear. Please rush complete Style Display at once.

Retailers should mail coupon for large free display complete.

103
we began to hear rumblings that the marriage had gone sour. Cinderella came home; and Aly's continued playboy antics further cheapened this publicized marriage. Rita could now redeem herself with the American public through hard work and circumspect living. But after finishing a second picture, she sauntered right back to Europe; and there she began making news again with her other Aly. If Rita continues to ask for obscurity, I'm sure that the public will eventually oblige her. I could name a dozen youngsters who, with the proper public buildup, could step into the void. There are actually a bit late in getting around to this sort of news; so I'm handing it to Rita now. No star is irreplaceable.

As for me personally, I personally believe that having children would solve many of her behavior problems. She's always wanted kids; and they would give her a sense of responsibility which her current career doesn't give her. And I think, that if she tried to make a go of her marriages. But what chance had she as the teen-age wife of Mickey Rooney and Artie Shaw? These fellows have a habit of not wanting to stay married.

And now Frank Sinatra. This guy has a positive talent for trouble. Together, he and Ava are dynamite. Frank is a moody fellow. He's taken to hair-trigger temper, and he can charm the birds off the trees. I know of nobody who can get himself in and out of the doghouse so fast and so frequently. He now bears an air of innocence. Hearing his side of the story, one is apt to think: "This poor wronged boy!" I know, because I've been snowed under by old routine. After a series of bad stories had been written on him, I offered Frank my column to explain himself. He did so convincingly. But before the story hit print, Frank was in the headlines again. This time he'd smacked Joe Mastro and reaped the ire of the Hearst press empire.

To get that little matter straightened out required a bit of doing; but Frank did it. Through a friend of mine, he got in to see William Randolph Hearst himself. Evidently he turned on the charm and air of injured innocence, because the Hearst reporters promptly left off flattering Frank. But that didn't teach Sinatra a lasting lesson. He was to have many stormy sessions with the press after that.

Nobody can tell me that bad publicity did not help a great deal in undermining Frank's career. When he separated from Natacha Rambova, I got a great many letters from both so-called "imitators" expressing great indignation at Sinatra's action. Frank is trying hard to pull his career together. He's returning to Metro for one picture; and at this writing I'm up for the dramatic role of the embittered Italian soldier in "From Here to Eternity." This could open up a new phase of show business for him—of being a dramatic actor. Now if he'll just behave himself, he might regain his old popularity.

Lana Turner is another who could do with more self-discipline—much more. She should be governed completely by her emotions rather than by her mind. She acts first and thinks second. In going back over her life, I was astounded at the number of errors she's made. I'm sure he's frequency called her on the carpet. She calms down when her bosses start reading the riot act; but you never know when she's going to erupt again. It was her bad luck to be wed to ex-Ava Gardner; she had that big quarrel with Frank Sinatra. Naturally Lana got her share of brickbats.

Because she was a beautiful young girl with a Cinderella story, people overlooked...
many of Lana’s impetuous, foolish deeds. But no more. The public expects to act her age. So does her studio. Youth will soon be slipping away from Lana. Her career will then depend upon her ability as an actress and the esteem the public has for her. Metro is patient, but it can be ruthless when necessary.

This was proved in the case of Judy Garland, one of the greatest money-makers of them all. When Judy used to screen with her, she always got myself right in the middle by taking part. I knew she was being overworked and had a diet problem. Shedding pounds before starting a picture left her nerves jangling. I’ve seen her working on a movie set when she was so exhausted she was shaking like a leaf. But still she wanted to do big pictures. When her delays started costing Metro money, Judy was dropped like a millstone. That can happen to any player.

But Judy’s case was special. Having grown up in the movie industry and into the heart of America, she was always the little girl from over the rainbow. Any-thing she did as an impulsive, stubborn woman reflected on that little girl. The public was profoundly shocked. But her personal appearances proved she still had a strong following. I’m wondering, though, how the public at large will take her when she attempts a screen comeback in “A Star Is Born.”

Judy and Sid are married now for better or worse. And they are doing everything to insuring that her next film will be a success. They’ve got Harold Arlen, who wrote “Over the Rainbow” to compose the score; and MGM to do the script. But if she starts slimming down for the picture—as certainly she must—she’s likely to get the old “nerves” back.

Mario Lanza leaped to stardom, then mystified his multitude of fans by brushing aside his film career, at least temporarily. When he balked at doing “The Student Prince,” many thought it was due to an enlarged head brought on by too sudden fame and fortune. I met Mario long before he made his first picture and have helped push his career. He is one of the few actors who ever thanked me publicly for the aid given him.

But when his trouble with Metro started, Mario absolutely clamped up. I couldn’t even get him on the phone. After seeing the storms blame bring him at the studio, I contacted his wife, Betty, and pleaded with her to have Mario call me with his side of the story. Betty sounded slightly hysterical, but would tell me nothing to his agents and the public. So the public was left to believe that Lanza had turned into a temperamental, spoiled brat. He did nothing to refute the reports.

I had heard that Mario was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. There’s nothing shameful about that. It could happen to any of us. ‘If Mario is sick, let the public know,” I told Betty. “He’ll get the sympathy.” She would admit that he “needed only a little rest,” but promised Mario would call me. He sent me flowers “with love” several months ago. Otherwise I haven’t heard a word from him. He owes the truth to his puzzled fans. Their indifference can break him as fast as their enthusiasm made him.

It was, I believe, Bob Mitchum’s complete honesty in the marijuana episode that saved his career. A married man with children, Bob had no defense for his deed. And when he took his medicine without waiting, he began to gain public sympathy. But he has learned his lesson. Now he’ll walk away from trouble. Not long ago, I saw a writer trying to needle Bob into anger. Mitchum wasn’t afraid of the fel-
low; but he didn’t want trouble. He side-stepped it by readily admitting that every bad thing the writer said about him was true. In so doing, Bob won the fellow as a friend. But Bob is by nature reckless. So he kept his studio publicity department in a sweat. They never knew when he may be making the headlines again. I don’t believe his career could survive a second jolt similar to the first.

Morality has moved into the political front. The standard contract bears a clause giving a studio the right to drop a player if he does anything to damage his box-office potentiality. The last election proved that America detests Communism and its front organizations. Yet some of our players keep flirting with red ideas. I believe left-wing political activities have done more than anything else to curtail Charlie Chaplin’s career.

Sterling Hayden got sucked in by the Commies; but he got out on his own volition, reported his former party affiliation to the FBI and cooperated with investigators. His career suffered not at all. In fact, 1950 was his busiest year as an actor. Behaving oneself does not mean that a star must be forced into any set political beliefs.

Immaturity is a state of mind when people fit the word “can’t” into their way of living.

JOAN CRAWFORD

The public is eager to know the facts. On my lecture tour throughout the country, the one question asked me most frequently was about Communism in Hollywood. A handful of reds associated with the film industry in the public mind had given our town an enormous shiner.

Whenever a star gets so big and demands the “free soul” of an artist, I’m always reminded of a story told me by Florence Bates. While doing a picture, she heard a talented young girl talking rude-ly to a cameraman. When the scene was finished, Florence called the girl into her dressing room and told her the anecdote about the flying red rose that was picked by oxygen. Looking back, the fly said, “My, what a dust I’ve raised!” Then Florence pointed out the work of the writer in preparing the script; the producer who had to put the picture together; the director who has to see that the scenes come off well; the men who build the sets; and the cinematographers who light them; the publicists who have to stir up stars and their pictures to the public. The girl then saw how infinitely small her part was in the making of a picture.

I get sick of people who revel in the gifts of stardom; I even at the liabilities. They forget that they were deliberately created in and by the public mind; and therefore, to a great extent, belong to the public. They want the fame that brings screen successes; and at the same time, the anonymity of John Doe when they choose to step out of line. This is impossible; and, having written about Hollywood for many years, I’ve sweated blood in trying to explain it to stars.

If all stars would take stock of themselves, they would see just how dependent they are on their associates and the world for the things they have no right to offend the public who decides whether or not they’ll swim or sink professionally. I for one feel the time has come for the people of Hollywood to draw the line. We must say to the stars that they are not conform. Behave yourselves, or there will be no place for you in our town.

The END

HIGH SCHOOL Course at Home Many Finish in 2 Years

For a limited time only, as many as you have room for, can be sent you in sealed boxes without charge. Learn to read, write, cipher, arithmetic, algebra, grammar, English, history, geography, science, and more—quickly and easily. In 2 years hundreds of people have completed the courses and are now working at high-paying positions.


ANALYZE HANDWRITING

MORE INCOME ... MORE PRESTIGE

AND MORE SUCCESS!


Leam Handwriting in 2 weeks at $1.00

Address: People-Maker, 1320 S. Michigan, Chicago, Ill.

HIGH SCHOOL Course at Home Many Finish in 2 Years

For a limited time only, as many as you have room for, can be sent you in sealed boxes without charge. Learn to read, write, cipher, arithmetic, algebra, grammar, English, history, geography, science, and more—quickly and easily. In 2 years hundreds of people have completed the courses and are now working at high-paying positions.


ANALYZE HANDWRITING

MORE INCOME ... MORE PRESTIGE

AND MORE SUCCESS!


Leam Handwriting in 2 weeks at $1.00

Address: People-Maker, 1320 S. Michigan, Chicago, Ill.
Exclusive!
The first inside story on the private lives of radio's two funnymen

Bob and Ray—Spice of Our Life
in March

RADIO-TV MIRROR
Magazine
At newsstands now

And don't miss—
★ THE DREAM HAPPENED!
Lu Ann Simms and Julius La Rosa tell what fun it is to work for ARTHUR GODFREY
★ IRMA'S FRIEND CATHY
★ PATTI PAGE: "I AM SO LUCKY!"
★ WHO'S WHO ON WHAT'S MY LINE
★ And dozens of other exciting features on your favorite stars and shows, including stories on outstanding daytime serials

Get
MARCH
RADIO-TV MIRROR
Magazine
At Newsstands Now

Here's Where You Can Buy Photoplay Star Fashions

HANDMACHER
Denver Dry Goods, Denver, Colo.
Shillito's, Cincinnati, Ohio
Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, N. Y.

ROSENBLUM OF CALIFORNIA
Schreiber's, Scranton, Pa.
Desmond's, Los Angeles, Calif.
Belk Bros. Co., Charlotte, N. C.
B. Altman & Co., New York, N. Y.

HOUSE OF SWANSDOWN
The Wm. H. Block Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
Emery, Blvd & Thayer, Kansas City, Mo.

LOU SCHNEIDER
Blum's, Baltimore, Md.

DONNYBROOK
Indiana Fur Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

JUDY NELL
Gimbel Bros., New York, N. Y.
(9-15, only)

SACONY
McCreery's, New York, N. Y.
Gimbel Bros., Milwaukee, Wis.
Crowley's, Detroit, Mich.
Maisin Blanche, New Orleans, La.

DUCHESS ROYAL
McCreery's, New York, N. Y.

JAUNTY JUNIOR
John Wanamaker, New York, N. Y.
Jenny, Inc., Cincinnati, Ohio

JOSELLI
Arnold Constable, New York, N. Y.
**THREEBreath News Massage Cream Contains PC-11. Acts Instantly to**

**DRY UP SKIN BLEMISHES**

From Both Oily Skin and External Causes!

Have you tried in vain to get rid of oily, muddy look, pimples, "Hickies," other externally caused skin blemishes? Well, you need to try Pompeian's name for Hexachlorophene. Wonderful discovery of science helps each skin better. PC-11 is now contained in new POMPEIAN Massage Cream! Doesn't run out dirt, help you remove blackheads like magic! See how it goes on face pink—rolls off muddy gravy!

**GENERAL TRIAL YIELD**

—10 CENTS! Send name, address and 10 cents for 5 massages to POMPEIAN CORP., Dept. 3-3, Baltimore 24, Md. (Offer good only in U.S.) Or get Pompeian Massage Cream at any drug store.

**NAME PRINTED EARN QUICK, EASY 50 CENTS**

**CASH FREE**

**SAMPLES**

SELL EMPREX BIG CIRCLE, GORGEOUS CARTES

All-Occasion Bases—14 cards $1, also 21 cards $1. Fast money-makers. Fast, easy. Appearance in trade. Camo Notes, children's, Paint Sets. Quick refill secrets. Name, receipt with every order. 50 cents per order. FREE samples. Write for FREE imprint samples & on-trial books.

**EMPIRE CARD CO., 215 Fox St., Elmira, N.Y.**

**DEPIL REMOVES HAIR INSTANTLY**

If UNWANTED, ugly surplus hair is your problem—then try DEPIL. Excess hair from face, body, arms and legs and body parts can be removed easily and painlessly. It is preferential. You leave skin soft and smooth. Pleasant odor. (Not a wax preparation.) DEPIL removes hair stalk below as above skin surface. Liberal size price at 50c per tube or triple amount at $2.00. Enclose check or money order or send C.O.D.

**DEPIL CO., Dept. D-185**

485 LEXINGTON AVE. NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

**taker, Mario Sletti; Tamblyn, Lumden Hare;**

**Leon, Trevor Ward; Philip—Age 5, Earl Rohl;**

**Norma—Age 10, Barbara Royals; Philip—Age 15,**

**Robin Camp; Foreman, Victor Wood.**

**NEVER WAKE AT A WAC—RKO. Directed by**


**NO TIME FOR FLOWERS—RKO. Directed by**

Don Siegel. Ann Scobida, Vivica Lindhoffs; Karl Marx, Paul Christian; Papa Scoboda, Ludwik Stosz; Slayer Scoboda, Adrienne Geenber, Emil Dulle, Peter Prease, Kunzbula, Manfred Imper; Stejar Scoba, Peter Czeke, Antonio Nazoz, Frederick Berger; Johann Button, Oscar Wegrzyn; Mike, Helmunt Janstich; Lawyer, Karl Bachman; Mrs. Pilah, Hilde Joerger; Mrs. Lenra, Ada Kramer; Police Guard, Reinhold Seigert; Police Sergeant, Willi Schumann; Woman Drunk, Ilka Wintzulf; Siedtig, Jo; Lt. Myers, Vincent Chittone, Lt. Quartermaster, Alain Soule; Capt. Malley, Capt. Barbara Jane Smith; Capt. Fick, Lt. Helen Foster; General Prentice, Howard Smiling, Col. Collins, Alan Frank; Civilian Doctor, Jo Gilbert; Lt. Green, Frances Helm; Lt. Col. Hubbard, Jane Seymour; Sgt. Intervisser, Lt. Norma Busse.

**REDHEAD FROM WYOMING, THE—C. U. Directed by**

Lee Sholem. Kate, Marceline; Maureen O'Hara; Snit Blans, Alex Nic; Reese Duncan, Alexander Scourby; Mlro, Jeanne Cooper; Amy, Eve Cline; Lea, Lea Lea; Sonja, Jack Kelly; Jim Anwar, William Bishop; Wade, Ray Bennett; Jack, Joe Bailey, Ned, Russ Williams; Matt, Dennett, Frank, David, Alpe, Ti; Joe Bassett, Chet Jones, Stacey Harris; French Heels, Betty Alven, Knuckles, Bob Strauss; Professor, Larry Hudson.

**STOOGE, THE—Paramount. Directed by**

Norman Taurog; Bill Miller, Dean Martin; Ted Rogers, Jerry Lewis, Mary Turner, Polly Beven; Frecklehead Tate, Marion Marshall, Leo Lymun, Eddie Maychoff, Ben Bailey, Richard Erdman; Mrs. Rogers, Frances Bavier.

**STOP, YOU'RE KILLING ME—Warners. Directed by**

Roy DuRuth; Marko, Broderick Crawford; Nora, Charles Monty, Virginia Gregg; Chance Whiteloa, Bill Hayes; Mike, Charles Cantor; Mrs. Seward, Pegi Gleckner, Red Skelton, Howard St. John, Innocence, Henry Morgan; Mrs. Whiteloa, Margaret Dumont; Col Kitter, Son. Martin, Frank, Don Beddow, Pete Noon, Harry Slade; A Singer, Jack Pepper; Donnie Reynolds, Louis Letteri; Sad Sam, Ned Glass.

**BROTHERHOOD WEEK**

**FEBRUARY 15-22nd**

**SPONSORED BY THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF CHRISTIANS AND JEWS**

**CRINKLE TIE**

2300 W. Logan Bl., Chicago 47, Ill.

□ Send me booklet on tying beautiful bows.

□ Send me Crinkle Craft booklet.

I enclose 10c for each booklet I ordered.

Name:
Address:
City:
Zone:
State:

**TOMBSTONES DIRECT TO YOU**

Genuine Beautiful Rockdale Monuments, Sinks, Carvings, etc., at the price of MONEY BACK. YOUR satisfaction or YOUR MONEY BACK. FREE Catalog and compare prices.

ROCKDALE MONUMENT CO.

JOLIET, ILLINOIS

**Amazing New Creme**

**RE-COLORS HAIR IN 17 MINUTES**

Now change streaked, gray, graying or drab hair to a new, youthful-looking color, try this Crinkle Shampoo—shakes—dyes. It's a new hair coloring that removes hair. Dye as it shampoos. Takes only 15 minutes. No waiting for results. Easy to use. No messy mixture. Won't wash or rub off. Just your choice of 13 amazing new coloring colors today at your druggist.

**TRITZ CREME SHAMPOO HAIR COLORING**

**Lovely NAILS ARTIFICIAL FINGERNAILS AND QUICK-DRYING GLUE**

Cover short, broken, thin nails with NU-NAILS. Applied in a jiffy with our amazing new quick-drying glue. Can be worn any length; polished any shade. Help overcome nail-biting habit. Set of ten . . . only 28c. At dime, drug & department stores

NU-NAILS CO., Dept. 36-C

5221 W. Harrison, Chicago 44
BREAKING THE SOUND BARRIER—U. A.: Squeakily made, taut, adventurous tale of Britain's pioneer jet flyers. Family conflicts involved become convincing and touching through fine performances by Ann Todd, Ralph Richardson, Nigel Patrick, John Justin. (F) January

CINERAMA — Cinerama Productions, Eastman Kodak color: An amazing new movie technique, using three curved screens and special sound.

APRIL IN PARIS—Warner. Technicolor: Featherweight farce enlivened by the met cal talents of Doris Day, as a chorine on a Paris junket, and Ray Bolger, as a stuffy-to-start-with junior diplomat. Gay songs and dances. (F) February


BLAZING FOREST, THE—Paramount, Technicolor: Neat, breezy melodrama of the redwood country. John Payne's the tough foreman basking a logging operation for Agnes Moorehead; comedy Susan Morrow provides romance. (F) January

EIGHT IRON MEN—Kramer, Columbia: Realistic story of one day on the Italian front, with good talk, but more talk than action. Bonar Colleano:

ARBOU AND COSTELLO MEET CAPTAIN KIDD—Warner, SuperCinemascope: Tavern flunkies Bud and Lou vie with Charles Laughton for buried treasure. Laughs and music. (F) February

ABOVE AND BEYOND—M-G-M: Robert Taylor has some gripping moments as the pilot of the plane that dropped the A-bomb on Hiroshima; but scenes of domestic discord with wife Eleanor Parker are out of key. (A) February

ANDROCLES AND THE LION—RKO: Witty, occasionally interesting version of Shaw's play about early Christians. Maurice Evans makes a witty Caesar; Alan Young, a gentle Androcles; Jean Simmons, a glowing Christian maiden; Victor Mature, a stalwart Roman. (A) February

MEET ME AT THE FAIR—U. I., Technicolor: Toned-trimmed, nostalgic comedy-drama about a medicine-show man (Dan Dailey) who befriends an orphan (Chet Allen). (F) February


MY PAL GUS—20th Century-Fox: Engaging story of a boy and his dog. (F) January

Thunder in the East—Paramount: Shallow thriller of strife in India. Alan Ladd's a greedy American; Deborah Kerr, a British girl; Charles Boyer, a peaceable Indian. (F) February

UNDER THE RED SEA—RKO: Record of ocean-floor exploration by Dr. Hans Hass and his expedition, with fascinating shots of coral reefs and marine life—and phony touches that keep it from rivaling "Kon-Tiki." (F) November
Modess . . . because
There must be a reason why

More People Smoke Camels

than any other cigarette!

Why did you change to Camels, Rise Stevens?

"When I tried Camels for 30 days, I knew Camels were for me. They're delightfully mild and I love their taste every time I light up!"

Rise Stevens
LOVELY STAR OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA

There's a simple and enjoyable way to find out the reason why Camels are far and away America's most popular cigarette.

Make your own 30-day Camel mildness test. Smoke only Camels for 30 days and see how much you enjoy your first Camel — and how you keep on enjoying Camels! Camels have a flavor no other cigarette has, a flavor that doesn't tire your taste. And, pack after pack, you'll find Camels cool, mild and delightful!

Find the reason for yourself — test Camels for 30 days.
LIZ TAYLOR
FIRST EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH LIZ, THE MOTHER

ESTHER WILLIAMS
THE TRUTH ABOUT HER MARRIAGE

JOHN DEREK
IS HOLLYWOOD DESTROYING HIM?

ANN BLYTH
HER WONDERFUL LOVE STORY
An Exciting New Camay Fragrance
yours for added loveliness . . . only in Camay!

...and a clearer, fresher, more radiant complexion
is yours with your first cake of Camay!

There's never been a beauty soap like Camay—the soap that helps
you win a more radiantly lovely complexion—the Camay Complexion. Change
to regular care—use Camay and Camay alone. You'll find your skin
clearer, fresher—far more radiant with your very first cake. And
you'll love that new Camay fragrance—just as you'll love Camay's mild and
gentle ways, its rich, creamy lather. So change to Camay tonight.
Tonight, tomorrow, years from now, you'll be thankful that you did!

Such fragrant glamor for your bath!
There's just nothing like a Camay Beauty Bath
to leave you feeling so fresh, so fragrant . . .
to give you extra assurance of personal loveliness.
Buy the big Beauty-Bath Size for economy and glamor.

CAMAY—The Soap of Beautiful Women
One alone? . . . or one of the group?

When Mrs. F. first moved to the community, she was welcomed by a small neighborhood group. Unfortunately, Mrs. F. left them with a very bad impression of herself. And she might still be a stranger in her neighborhood if she hadn't discovered why they disliked her. Now she is a leader in the very group that snubbed her.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC STOPS BAD BREATH

4 TIMES BETTER THAN CHLOROPHYLL OR TOOTH PASTE

Don't let halitosis (bad breath) put you in a bad light. And don't trust lesser methods to combat it.

Listerine Antiseptic instantly stops bad breath . . . usually for hours on end. Your entire mouth feels—and is—delectably fresh and clean.

No chlorophyll kills odor bacteria like this . . . instantly

You see, by far the most common cause of halitosis is germs. That's right, germs start the odor-producing fermentation of proteins which are always present in your mouth.

Listerine kills germs that cause this fermentation . . . kills them by the millions. Brushing your teeth doesn't give you this antiseptic protection. Chlorophyll or chewing gums don't kill germs. Listerine does.

Clinically proved four times better than tooth paste

That's why Listerine Antiseptic stops halitosis instantly . . . and usually for hours! And that's why Listerine Antiseptic averaged four times better in stopping bad breath than three leading chlorophyll products and two leading tooth pastes it was tested against.

So, if you want really effective protection against halitosis . . . no matter what else you do . . . use an antiseptic—Listerine Antiseptic, the most widely used antiseptic in the world. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company Division of The Lambert Company, St. Louis 6, Missouri.

Every week 2 different shows, radio & television—"THE ADVENTURES OF OSSIE & HARRIET"
See your paper for times and stations.
They Could Sell Tickets For This!

HIGHLIGHTS

Trouble Across the Way? (Gregory Peck, Gene Kelly) .................. 29
Inside Stuff ........................................ Cal York 30
Terrific Trio (Bob Wagner, Dale Robertson, Rorly Calhoun) ......... Eve Ford 32
Ann Blyth's Wonderful Love Story ................................ Ruth Waterbury 34
Just Right for Each Other (Marge and Gower Champion) ........... Maxine Arnold 36
Esther Williams Tells the Truth About Her Marriage .................. Jane Morris 38
What You Don't Know about Mitchum (Robert Mitchum) ............ Hyatt Downing 42
As You Were, Annie (Anne Baxter) .................................. Sheilah Graham 44
Two Guys Named Mike (Liz Taylor) .................................. Pauline Swanson 46
Is Hollywood Destroying John Derek? .................................. George Armstrong 48
Collectors' Items (Debbie Reynolds) ...................................... 52
The Lads Go Limy! (Alan Ladd) ......................................... Jeanne Sakol 54
Runaway from Romance? (Robert Taylor) ............................... Richard Leon 56
Photoplay Star Fashions .................................................. 58
Look Who's Here ...................................................... Lisa Wilson 64
Portrait of Jeannie (Jeanne Crain) ....................................... 66
New Lease on Love (Olive de Havilland) .................................. Mike Connolly 68
Listen, Kate (Kathryn Grayson) ............................................ Gordon MacRae 76

FEATURES IN COLOR

Corinne Calvet, John Bromfeld .................................................. 30
Arlene Dahl, Fernando Lamas ................................................. 30
Rock Hudson, Piper Laurie .................................................... 30
Lex Barker, Lana Turner ....................................................... 30
Zsa Zsa Gabor .................................................................. 31
Robert Wagner, Dale Robertson, and Rorly Calhoun ............... 33

Marge and Gower Champion .................................................. 36
Esther Williams .................................................................... 38
Betty Grable ......................................................................... 50
Tyrone Power ....................................................................... 51
Debbie Reynolds ................................................................... 53
Robert Taylor ........................................................................ 56
Leslie Caron ......................................................................... 58

SPECIAL EVENTS

That's Hollywood ............................................................... Sidney Skolsky 4
Hollywood Party Line ...................................................... Edith Gwynn 9
What Should I Do? .......................................................... Claudette Colbert 14
Hollywood Whispers ......................................................... Florabel Muir 16
Let's Go to the Movies .......................................................... Janet Graves 20
Impertinent Item ............................................................... Mike Connolly 22

It Really Happened .............................................................. Roy Del Ruth 25
Welcome Back ..................................................................... 72
Readers, Inc. ....................................................................... 74
Laughing Stock .................................................................... 91
Erskine Johnson .................................................................. 107
Cast of Current Pictures ...................................................... 112

Cover: Esther Williams, Star of "Dangerous When Wet." Natural Color Portrait by Apper

Tony Gray—Editor

Charlotte Plimmer—Managing Editor ................................................. Ron Taylor—Art Director
Rena Firth—Associate Editor ............................................................... Norman Schoenfeld—Ass't. Art Director
Suzanne Nicoll—Assistant Editor .............................................................. Jessica Bradt—Fashion Editor
Janet Graves—Contributing Editor ......................................................... Jacqueline Neben—Promotion Manager

Fred Sarris—Editor-in-Chief

HOLLYWOOD EDITORIAL STAFF: Sylvia Wallace—Editor  Toni Noél—Managing Editor CONTRIBUTING STAFF: Maxine Arnold, Jerry Asher, Ruth Waterbury HOLLYWOOD ART STAFF: Phil Stern, Sterling Smith

APRIL, 1953  VOL. 43, NO. 4


Nobody handles 'em rougher than

Humphrey Bogart

so it's sizzling action with a
sizzling dame...

June Allyson

when they're together
for the first time
in M-G-M's great

"BATTLE CIRCUS"

with Keenan Wynn · Robert Keith

Screen Play by

Richard Brooks

Based on a Story by

Allen Rivkin and Laura Kerr

Directed by

Richard Brooks · Pandro S. Berman

Produced by

An M-G-M Picture

"Say you love me... say it at least once!"

"I don't like to talk about it... I like action!"

From the studio that made "Battleground"... and it's got even more thrills, laughs, romance!
I have the impression that Arlene Dahl and Lex Barker are het to each other ... Such taxi drivers' words occasionally come from such a pretty face as Jean Simmons ... There's nothing the matter with a good picture that great business can't fix. I could never cast Olivia de Havilland and Joan Fontaine as sisters, but I would cast Janet Leigh and Marge Champion as sisters, though they're not. Pat Wymore wears mink-trimmed panties.

I can't understand men getting tired of Lana Turner. I just can't. In every movie, Kirk Douglas must have a scene in which he appears with his shirt off. So if Kirk offers you the shirt off his back, it doesn't mean anything. Roberta (To See Her Is To Know Her) Haynes is the best example of a simple, plain girl who photographs as a sex bundle. Julie Harris' summary of making a movie, "You sit on the set and sit and sit and then you work for twenty minutes. It's harder on your bottom than on your top."

I know that Ava Gardner's luggage puzzled the customs officials, especially the item marked: "One dozen nude bras-sieres." ... I sometimes think Debbie Reynolds doesn't believe she's a movie star, even when she's signing autographs ... Sinful waste of talent: Mickey Rooney ... Jane Russell's pet name for Marilyn Monroe is "The Round One" ... If I were in charge of a studio, I'd do a father-son story with Aldo Ray and George (Foghorn) Winslow in the leading roles ... What's with Van Johnson and those crazy red socks he's wearing these days? (Continued on page 6)
Nothin' like
"OPERATION SARONG"

They land on a lonely tropic isle...1500 strong (VERY strong!)...only to find three young beauties...who've never even seen an eligible man in all their luscious young lives! Hilarious situation...that makes for the funniest movie!

ever happened to the U.S. Marines before!

The GIRLS of Pleasure Island

COLOR by Technicolor

starring
LEO DON GENN - TAYLOR

with
GENE BARRY
ELSA LANCASTER

and introducing
DOROTHY AUDREY JOAN BROMLEY - DALTON - ELAN

Produced by PAUL JONES - Directed by F. HUGH HERBERT and ALVIN GANZER - Written for the Screen by F. HUGH HERBERT
Based on the novel by William Maier - A PARAMOUNT PICTURE
your hair is showing!

give it that "cared-for" look!

This is the way
I start my day—
A touch of Suave
Makes hair obey.

Hours later
Hair still "just so"...
And doesn't my hair
Gleam and glow!

A “friend in need”
After shampoo!
Relieves dryness, friz,
Split ends... too!

And look how soft
Suave leaves my hair
No oily film
Anywhere.

PS. A precious tip to mom and daughter!
For the best creme rinse try Suave-in-water.

That's Hollywood
For You  continued

I seldom visit the Beverly Hills Hotel without recalling that not too long ago, it was a barley field. You can't sell me those movie stars now in Europe who are starring in "It Takes Me Eighteen Months to Beat the Income Tax"... I wanted to pull that pipe out of Dick Powell's mouth in "The Bad and the Beautiful"... Terry Moore is gaining in popularity, and without the help of a calendar... I'm a sucker for a movie about Hollywood. I'm ready to see Humphrey Bogart and Gloria Grahame in "In a Lonely Place" again... Robert Wagner combs his hair carefully before going to bed, and he likes to sleep in a draft.

Beverly Hills is loaded with English-made cars, which caused Jackie Sherman to remark: "There'll always be an England as long as there's a Beverly Hills"... I can't wait for the next Shirley Booth movie. Please, "Come Back, Little Shirley"... There's something about matching names. I'd like to hear Tony Martin and Dean Martin do a song together; Jane Russell and Rosalind Russell do a comedy scene; and team Paul Douglas with Kirk Douglas.

Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh, who are married, always look like a couple of kids out on a date... Monica Lewis was singing in a night club when M-G-M signed her. After a few so-so pictures, she was given her release. Monica returned to the night clubs where M-G-M saw her and wants to sign her... June Allyson has changed in many ways, but still "wonder and amazement ooze out of her like toothpaste gushing from a tube"... Katie Grayson singing "Remember" in "So This Is Love" is really something. I never heard the song done better... I watch "Moulin Rouge" and can see John Huston directing... I'm proud to have said many columns ago that Gloria Grahame was great and the public would get wise to her... Instead of remakes, let's have a few reissues.
I Confess!

This is love with the brand of Hitchcock burned in! Filmed in Canada's colorful Quebec by Warner Bros.

MONTGOMERY CLIFT AND ANNE BAXTER IN ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S

KARL MALDEN · BRIAN AHERNE · Screen play by GEORGE TABORI and WILLIAM ARCHIBALD · Music composed and conducted by Dimitri Tiomkin
There was nothing lily-white about her -- the clinch-and-kill girl they called:

THE BLUE GARDENIA

WARNER BROS. PRESENT
ANNE BAXTER • RICHARD CONTE • ANN SOTHEMN
IN "THE BLUE GARDENIA"

WITH
RAYMOND BURR • JEFF CONNELL
RICHARD EDDY • GEORGE REYES

AND
NAT "KING" COLE
INTRODUCING "BLUE GARDENIA"
Hollywood knows “Spring is Here.” When La Rue, Romanoffs, the Brown Derby and other smart lunch and dinner spots, put daffodils on the tables, only to have them swiped as blooms for boutonnieres—by both the guys and the dolls! Daffodil yellow is sweeping into first place as fashion’s favorite color of the season. Some of the Tinseltown belles are knitting their own sweaters, dressy cardigans and even cocktail dresses of daffodil-yellow yarn. Betty Hutton ain’t knittin’—but she did have Sydney of Hollywood, whip up a semi-tailored two-piece knit daytimer for her. And liked it so much she ordered duplicates “in miniature” for her two little girls. Everybody seems daffy about the daffodil shade. Arlene Dahl, with her spring suit of pussy-willow gray flannel, sports a sheer wool high-necked shirt of yellow with lapel boutonniere (unstolen) to match.

Enough of the style department for the moment—or I’ll never get to all the month’s delish doings. “The Jazz Singer” was just one of many glitter events—and even a slight touch of unseasonable rain didn’t dampen the spirits of such as Peggy Lee with about-to-be groom Brad Dexter, who carried Peg (in short white starched chiffon, sapphire-mink stole, her hair pulled back into a high bun) over a puddle. Other stars among the dew-drops were Doris Day, in gleaming pale blue satin, Rhonda Fleming, Greer Garson, Diana Lynn, in her beloved black—this time taffeta; Virginia Mayo, in her beloved pale green—this time (Continued on page 10)

Now... follow Lady Esther’s super-speed recipe for true loveliness!

1. Smooth Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream up your neck and face. Don’t rub! This self-acting cream takes away dirt that can turn into blackheads. Relieves dryness. Remove gently.

2. Splash face with cold water. Blot with soft towel. You don’t need an astringent. This 4-way Cream works with Nature to refine coarse pores.

3. Smooth on a second “rinse” of Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. Remove with tissue. A special oil in the cream softens and conditions your face for make-up.

4. Ready now to put on your “face.” Make-up goes on smoothly—clings for hours! You’re really pretty always.

So easy. Just think... with one face cream alone you can give your skin all the vital benefits of an expensive beauty shop facial. Because all by itself Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream cleans, softens, tones and satinizes your skin. And all in one minute! Get the Lady Esther facial habit for healthier, cleaner skin. Be lovely to look at always!

Lady Esther
4-Purpose FACE CREAM

Preem to party: Rhonda Fleming and husband
Here's to
FIRST AID for COLDS

Here’s to fast, effective relief from the headache, the feverish feeling, the aches and pains of a cold. Gentle ALKA-SELTZER is a soothing gargle too. For cold discomforts, try sparkling ALKA-SELTZER ... and feel better while you are getting better.

Alka-Seltzer
BRAND

SPEEDY RELIEF FROM THESE
COLD DISCOMFORTS
✓ ACHES-ALL-OVER MISERY
✓ FEVERISH FEELING
✓ HEADACHE
✓ SORE THROAT OF A COLD

Also try ALKA-SELTZER
for ACID INDIGESTION HEADACHES MUSCULAR ACHES

MILES LABORATORIES, INC., ELKHART, IND.

hollywood party line
continued from page 9

Which brings us to a splendid party that Herman Hover (owner of Ciro's) and his chic frau Yvonne, tossed for, pardon the expression, me! This was at their home, and I did all the inviting—in case some café customer chums of his (but not mine) are listening! Terry Moore (in pale gray taffeta) brought British actor Laurence Harvey (he already has three important Hollywood films to do). She has a terrific crush on him (Continued on page 12)
Only the Star of Stars could accept the challenge of such a role...the greatest triumph of the twice winner of the Academy Award!

Twinkle, twinkle klieg-light star... be the woman that you are.

When the Hollywood star fades...the woman is born.

BERT E. FRIEDLOB presents THE MAGNIFICENT

BETTE DAVIS rips the mask off the klieg capital in "THE STAR"

co-starring STERLING HAYDEN with NATALIE WOOD - WARNER ANDERSON - MINOR WATSON - JUNE TRAVIS

Produced by BERT E. FRIEDLOB - Directed by STUART HEISLER - Original Story and Screenplay by KATHERINE ALBERT and DALE EUNSON

Music composed and conducted by VICTOR YOUNG - A BERT E. FRIEDLOB Production - Released by 20th Century-Fox
HER LIPS KNEW THE SECRET OF 1000 MEN!

...and marked him with the scarlet brand of the deserter!

Fighting leader of the Foreign Legion! Rapturous beauty of the wild Sahara...resisting every danger but their own emotions!

Universal International presents

ALAN LADD
IN DESERT LEGION
COLOR BY
Technicolor

CO-STARRING
RICHARD CONTE
ARLENE DAHL

hollywood party line

continued from page 10

— and vice versa. Among the one hundred and twenty people who dined, dropped in, or just wandered in and out during my soirée that lasted from 9:00 P.M. till 5:30 dawning, were Bob Taylor and Ursula Thiess, Lana Turner and Lex Barker. Lana was luscious in slinky black crepe and net. Brrother!

Which brings me to the small, but interesting home dinners Lana Turner's been giving. Latest of her intime soirees by candlelight was a sit-down affair for Lex Barker (seated at the guest-of-honor spot at her right), the Billy Eckstines, the Dale Armstrongs, the Joe Pasternaks, Georges Saurel (the Frenchman linked with Lana in columns recently), Bryan Foy, the top "B" producer—and a coupla others.

No doubt about it—the "double premiere" of "Moulin Rouge" and Edith Piaf's bow at Mocambo was one of the biggest, fanciest, dressiest and gayest seen around these parts for many'a season! Most of the guests were also on the invited list to the huge supper-dance at the Mo later. The entire place, plus it's "annex," had copies of Toulouse-Lautrec paintings decorating the walls and ciggie girls wore Cancan costumes. Just some of Filmtown's top personalities I saw were Greer Garson, in white satin and long ermine wrap; Rosie Clooney, on the arm of José Ferrer; Joan Crawford in strapless white lace and net and all gorgeous diamonds, with director Dave Miller, and Janet Leigh (with the weirdest hair-do ever) and Tony Curtis. It was one of those eves where a rip-roarin' time was had by almost everyone!
Feel it on your fingertips!
Rub it into the palms of your hands!
You can feel that Shasta Shampoo is right for your hair!

From the second you open the jar, you can feel that creamy-soft Shasta is going to do wonderful things for your hair.
Rich but not oily, creamy but not sticky, Shasta is the very softest of the cream shampoos...gives you billows of rich, lasting lather that cleanses your hair like no ordinary soap shampoo can do.
No other shampoo is so femininely right for your hair. So when it's important for you to look and feel your best, be Shasta-sure your hair is soft, sweet, feminine!
P.S. Just a little Shasta gives you a lot of lather. Don't waste it.
What should I do?

YOUR LETTERS ANSWERED BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT

Dear Miss Colbert:
A fine young man has asked me to marry him, and although I'm not in love with him now (and he knows this) I'm seriously thinking of accepting his proposal. Here is my story:

My parents died when I was eighteen. I am now twenty-three. My brother and I have 'enherited' many of our parents' exceptional good looks. Everyone said we made a beautiful family, and I have wanted to carry on the tradition. So I have always gone out with handsome men, but somehow I never became serious about any of them. And my brother, who always dated beautiful girls, married one who is rather plain, but super-delightful.

I met the man I am considering at a benefit dance. He is only one inch taller than I, I wear flats, and he is a year younger. He isn't handsome, although he is neat and rather attractive, but his personality makes up for everything.

I'm tired of running around. I want to settle down. After all, I'm at an age when I should be thinking seriously of marriage.

Do you think that through his kindness (he's working in the world for me) I would eventually fall in love with him, or do you think I should hold out for my ideal?

Elstrey W.

Dear Miss W:
I don't think you should hold out for your "ideal" because I don't believe it is a worthy one. The search for a handsome man—primarily on the basis of his helping you to produce beautiful children—is immature. The man with whom a girl builds a home, a life, a family, must offer so much more than surface appearance that the topic beggars discussion.

Furthermore, there is no law which says a girl should be married at twenty-three, at thirty-three, or forty-three, or at all. Marriage is an emotional arrangement between two people who feel that their greatest happiness is to be achieved by combining their lives. Marriage is not something you acquire like a winter coat, because the time has come for it to be useful.

Women must realize that they must bring to a marriage a love equal to that of the groom; they must not expect a man "to do anything in the world" to make them happy, unless they intend to do anything in the world to bring about a husband's happiness, as well.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:
I have written a story which I think has definite possibilities for a good movie. The title is "Though Your Sins Be Scarlet," and it runs 11,100 words. Everyone who has read it has been fascinated by it. It is a drama of a woman during the French and Indian Wars, combining an Indian legend with a story of buried treasure. A General was court-martialed for misappropriating the money which has never been found.

I sent the story to a publisher who sent me a ton of contracts, a lot of compliments, and an offer to publish the story in book form if I paid them $280. That isn't my idea at all. I want to sell the story to make some money which I could use to good advanage.

So will you please supply the names and addresses of all motion picture producers who are now in the story market.

(Mrs.) Racine B.

Dear Mrs. B:
So many letters similar to yours come to me that I feel I should once again print the information and the advice I have given before.

No motion picture producer dares to buy a script from an unknown writer. There have been instances in which a producer has received a brilliant story, only to learn that it was published five or ten years earlier. Such copying and resubmission is literary theft, known as plagiarism, and anyone making a picture from such a script would be subject to legal action.

If your story is good—and it sounds as though it may have possibilities—you should submit it to all the magazines you see on your local newsstand. There is never any need for an author to pay a publisher to print a book. If the story has merit, it will sell eventually and the author will receive cash for it. And the movies, as you know, often use—and, of course, pay well—published stories which they buy from reputable markets.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:
I am being forced to make a decision that will affect, not only my own life, but that of my two little boys.

Their father is a brilliant, respected man, a wonderful husband and father. I love him dearly, but I have never been in love with him.

This all started during my freshman year in high school. I met David (we'll call him) and we were inseparable for four years. It was taken for granted that we would be married some day.

However, he went into service, and I went on to college where I met Chris, one of the instructors serving his first year in our university. We enjoyed one another's companionship; I told him about Dave, and he told me about the girl "back home."

At the end of my sophomore year, Chris was moved to Washington, D. C. He wrote to me regularly, telephoned about once every two weeks, and finally asked me to come to Washington to spend a weekend with relatives of his. I hadn't heard a word from Dave (Continued on page 11)
Romantic—
With hair the color of sunshine
... skin that is radiantly fresh
... June Haver wins the
to the screen's most romantic roles!

“This is
my secret of
lovelier skin”
says June Haver

It's simply—daily Lux Soap
Facials! See how soon the
Skin-Tonic Action in Lux care
brings fresher skin to you!

Look at the tantalizing sparkle of
June Haver's skin. She tells you,
"My beauty care is simply—Lux
Soap care. It not only cleanses
thoroughly, but really smooths
my skin."

Will Lux care work its smooth-
ing, softening benefits on your
skin?... Yes!

It's the Skin-Tonic Action in
Lux care that makes such a love-
ly difference! It helps your skin
retain dewy moistness... gives
skin that exciting sparkle men
find so captivating.

With just one cake of Lux,
your skin can look so much
smoother. Try daily Lux facials
now... Start your complexion
on a new life of loveliness.

June's a talented musician off-screen. She
says, "Two things are daily musts for me—
piano practice—and my Lux Soap facial for
fresh, sparkling skin."

JUNE HAVER starring in 20th Century-Fox's "THE GIRL NEXT DOOR"

"Lux facials work so quickly! All I do
is massage in the gentle Lux lather.
Then, after my warm and cold rinse,
my skin looks so soft... so alive!"

Nine out of ten screen stars use Lux. This gentle
beauty care is guaranteed by Lever Brothers Company
to improve any normal skin—or your money refunded.

Enjoy Lux Beauty Baths, too.
I dreamed I won the Academy Award in my *maidenform bra*

I’m the brightest star in cinema circles...
the leading figure among filmland’s dream girls.
With Maidenform’s Etude bra in the supporting role, mine is the best-rounded performance of the year.

Shown: Maidenform’s Etude* in white broadcloth or nylon taffeta, from 2.00. For the small bosomed figure Etude Minorl, the same dream styling with built in padding . . . from 3.00.

**hollywood whispers**

BY FLORABEL MUIR

**AN OLD FRIENDSHIP between Olivia de Havilland and movie director John Huston may be a new romance. Zsa Zsa Gabor told everyone she was playing cupid when she brought them together at her party but what she didn’t know was that it started long ago at Warner Brothers studio. At that time there was talk that John and his second wife E. Lesley Black, an Irish girl, were on the verge of a divorce and Livvy would be his third bride. But, instead, he married Evelyn Keyes. Once more they’re saying that he and Livvy will get married if and when he and his fourth wife, Ricky Soma, are divorced. Although he and Ricky have been estranged for some time, the final break has not yet been made.

Ida Lupino and Howard Duff’s marital road is rocky. His recent walk-out and quick return to their home had everybody speculating on why he went and what the future holds for them. Ida gives out with optimistic statements about working things out but the hep cinema gang knows only too well the storm signals for the big blow.

Diana Lynn and John Lindsay’s termination of their marriage was unemotional. They even went out together on New Year’s Eve knowing that the next day the announcement of their pending divorce would be made. Of course they separated before and then went back together so perhaps by this time a break-up is just an old story to them.

Terry Moore, who had been thought of as an ingenue without much spice, changed all that with her role in “Come Back, Little Sheba.” Hollywood wolves are now busy dialing her phone number.

(Continued on page 18)
How You Can Lose Weight—
and Eat All You Want!

"It happened to me," says

Zsa Zsa Gabor

No Drugs ... No Diet ... Results Guaranteed! Excess weight may ruin your health and your looks, too. Lovely movie stars lose weight the Ayds way—why not you? In fact, you must lose pounds with the very first box ($2.98) or your money back!

Proved by Clinical Tests. With Ayds you lose weight the way Nature intended you to—without dieting or hunger. A quick natural way, clinically tested and approved by doctors, with no risk to health. With the Ayds Plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—and have a lovelier figure.

Controls Hunger and Over-eating. When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat what you want—all you want. No starvation dieting—no gnawing hunger pangs. Ayds is a specially made, low calorie candy fortified with health-giving vitamins and minerals. Ayds curbs your appetite—you automatically eat less—lose weight naturally, safely, quickly. Ayds is guaranteed pure. Contains no drugs or laxatives.

New Loveliness in a Few Weeks. Users report losing up to ten pounds with the very first box. Others say they have lost twenty to thirty pounds with the Ayds Plan.

"If you are overweight, Ayds can do wonderful things for your figure."

Zsa Zsa Gabor

Ayds helps Zsa Zsa to keep that lovely figure. "Ayds helps you to reduce," says Zsa Zsa. "I know, it happened to me!"

Ayds has helped many famous Hollywood stars to a lovelier figure. It can do the same for you!
Dial Soap keeps complexions clearer by keeping skin cleaner!

Dial’s AT-7 (Hexachlorophene) removes blemish-spreading bacteria that other soaps leave on skin.

The cleaner your skin, the better your complexion. And mild, fragrant Dial with AT-7 gets your skin cleaner and clearer than any other kind of soap. It’s as simple as that. Of course Dial’s mild beauty-cream lather gently removes dirt and make-up. But Dial does far more! Here’s the important difference: when you use Dial every day, its AT-7 effectively clears skin of bacteria that often aggravate and spread surface pimples and blemishes.

Skin doctors know this and recommend Dial for both adults and adolescents.

DIAL DAVE GARROWAY—NBC, Weekdays

P.S. For cleaner, more beautiful hair, try New Dial Shampoo in the handy, unbreakable squeeze bottle!

Formerly demure-damsel Mona Freeman is also having a busy time—playing the gay divorcée about town.

Jeanne Crain is on a glamour kick. For a long time she steadfastly refused to snip off her long hair but she recently capitulated. She’s still devoted to Paul Brinkman, but at parties she lets her eyes roll provocatively when eligible males pass. Zsa Zsa Gabor has certainly demonstrated the value of glamour. She’s riding high in the entertainment world although her acting talent is somewhat meager. As Shelley Winters says, it isn’t always the best actress who goes over big in Hollywood. It’s the personality-loaded gal the studio bosses are eager to hire.

The Cara Williams-John Barrymore, Jr., marriage is one which the wise guys predict can’t last. They’re saying that Cara, who was always a hey-nonny-nonny girl, will get bored with a steady diet of matrimonial bliss. She tells me they’ve got her all wrong, though.

John and Cara: Exaggerated rumors

is it, she claims, because she’s settled down and wants to be known as a good actress instead of a razzle-dazzle play girl. Her option at M-G-M was recently picked up and she’s slated for a good role in “Arena” following a substantial part in “The Great Diamond Robbery,” starring Red Skelton. All the talk that John’s Aunt Ethel Barrymore and Uncle Lionel were annoyed with him for marrying Cara seem to be exaggerated. Cara says it was her mother who was hot about it and that all the Barrymores have been “just lovely to me.”
“My hobby is dangerous!”

“When I'm not making a film,” Arlene Dahl explains, “I've plenty to keep me busy. And best of all I love to spend hours working in the garden. That may seem like a healthy, innocent pastime, but for me... it's dangerous!

“An actress can't afford to let her hands get rough and dry! So - the moment I go indoors - I smooth my hands and sun-parched face with soothing, pure white Jergens Lotion!

“My other hobby is writing, and when I've papers to handle I'm grateful that Jergens leaves no greasy film. Jergens works fast. See why: Smooth one hand with quickly absorbed Jergens...“Apply any lotion or cream to the other. Then wet them. Water won't bead on the Jergens hand as it will over oily lotions or creams.

“Back at the studio, my hands are soft and smooth - always ready for screen close-ups.” That's why Hollywood stars prefer Jergens Lotion 7 to 1.

Use Jergens Lotion regularly to keep your hands lovely. More women use Jergens than any other hand care in the world. 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.

Remember Jergens Lotion... because you care for your hands!
The Stars Are Singing

There's an engaging air of youth about the musical that serves as Rosemary Clooney's movie debut. It has both heart and gaiety, telling the story of an orphan (Anna Maria Alberghetti) who escapes from enslaved Poland and reaches New York. She knows no one there except an old family friend (Lauritz Melchior), former opera star now lost in drink. Rosemary, who lives in the same apartment house, sees the refugee's case as a source of publicity that will advance her own singing career. With only this selfish motive at first, she persuades her lawyer fiance (John Archer) and a couple of other young hopefuls to join her in helping Anna Maria. Hoofer Tom Morton's a likable newcomer, and Bob Williams scores in partnership with his hilariously indifferent "trick" dog, Red Dust. But Rosemary's the gal to watch. Trim-faced, confident before the cameras, she rates better parts.

Verdict: Warm and charmingly informal tune-film (Family)

Rosemary and Anna Maria do a happy duet: "Lovely Weather for Ducks"

Confidentially Connie

Smart scripting gets a quantity of homey comedy out of the problems of the young couple appealingly portrayed by Janet Leigh and Van Johnson. Though Van's the scion of a millionaire cattle baron, he's dedicated to the less profitable career of teaching. Janet has been loyally willing to scrape along on a college instructor's salary, but when she discovers that the stork's on the way, she decides the family finances need improvement. At this point, Van's dad (in the imposing person of Louis Calhern) cavorts onto the scene to take a meddling hand in household affairs—especially the meat budget. You may think there's nothing funny about the price of meat, but the laughs come along regularly, with assists from Walter Slezak, as the beamish butcher, and Gene Lockhart, as the dean that Van must red-apple. In this case, the apple turns out to be a large, juicy steak!

Verdict: Affable, down-to-earth little comedy (Family)

For brief reviews of current pictures see page 112
She's Back on Broadway

WARNERS, WARNERCOLOR

Everybody's a has-been this month! Here's Virginia Mayo as a star who's washed up in Hollywood at the age of twenty-seven. Her return to New York, to appear in a Broadway musical, provides a close-up of the theatre that's full of convincing detail and sparkling touches. Steve Cochran, as the show's director, is also on the skids, but he's unhappy about this job, having an old grudge against Virginia. Seems he gave her her chance on stage, and she promptly skipped to Hollywood, leaving the show to fold without her. So a feud between one-time lovers accompanies the absorbing business of casting and rehearsing. Effective support's lent by Frank Lovejoy as the sardonic, kindly producer, and Patrice Wymore, as Steve's present girl-friend. But Gene Nelson has only a few dances and a minor acting role. Though the accent's on the story, the tunes are generally good.

Verdict: Slight but bright backstage tale (Family)

Steve warns Virginia to expect no tender treatment when rehearsals start.

The Star

20TH CENTURY-FOX

In spite of its awkward opening sequences, in which Bette Davis is pretty obviously bucking for an Oscar, this inside-Hollywood drama pulls itself together to make some shrewd observations on what it really like to be a star. Out of pictures, bankrupt, fending off her sponging relatives, Bette can't face the fact that she's through. In despair, she goes on a drunken binge that lands her in jail. She's bailed out by a marine-repair-shop owner (Sterling Hayden), whom she'd chosen as her leading man in one movie—his sole acting experience. He gives her shelter and seclusion, a chance to regain her mental balance. Realistically, she is still The Star at heart, and in her disastrous comeback attempt Bette does an acting job that makes up for the show-piece emoting at the outset. Hayden's a sympathetic hero, and Natalie Wood, as Bette's daughter, helps create tender moments.

Verdict: Uneven but substantial story of an actress (Adult)

With all her worldly goods on sale, Bette still won't admit her failure.

The Member of the Wedding

KRAMER, COLUMBIA

A hit as a play, this portrait of a troubled adolescent offers some unusual and arresting material, but it never really jells into movie form. Though Julie Harris' work as poor Frankie, who yearns so desperately to belong, may be technically admirable, the eye of the camera looks too close and tells you that this well-featured young woman is no homely twelve-year-old. And the drama is so static and repetitious that Frankie seems at times a thoroughly tiresome youngster. But the great warmth and truth of Ethel Waters' performance break through the clumsy presentation; in her hands, the wise, compassionate cook who is Frankie's refuge becomes an unforgettable person. Brandon de Wilde is rather listless as Frankie's playmate, while Arthur Franz and Nancy Gates have limited opportunity as the about-to-be-married couple, focus of the young girl's dreams.

Verdict: Slow, talky, but often touching (Adult)

For complete casts of new pictures see page 107

The Jazz Singer

WARNERS, TECHNICOLOR

Famous as the part-talkie that ushered in the sound era, this frankly sentimental story has been given a smooth new production. The pleasantly un-handsome Danny Thomas makes no effort to imitate the late Al Jolson in the title role. Danny gives a simple, relaxed performance as the singer (a Korean war vet this time) whose love for show business wars with his family's traditions. His father, a cantor at a Philadelphia temple, expects him to follow the family vocation. The authority, grace and talent of Eduard Franz and Mildred Dunnock, as Danny's parents, add to the dramatic force of this conflict. As the night-club singer who symbolizes all the charm that show business holds for Danny, Peggy Lee looks attractive and sells songs with her well-known skill, though she's not yet at ease in the acting department. The score features new and old popular tunes and sacred music.

Verdict: Heart-tugging, richly produced musical (Family)
most make-ups shout
Magic Touch whispers

“Made up!”
“Natural Beauty”

WITH MAGIC TOUCH, A NEW, WONDROUSLY BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION BECOMES "YOUR OWN"... SO NATURAL-LOOKING, SO FLAWLESS-APPEARING, WITH EACH LITTLE IMPERFECTION HIDDEN, YET NEVER A TRACE OF THAT "MADE UP LOOK."

1. SO EASY TO PUT ON—
   SUCH MAGIC BLENDING!

Rub your finger-tips lightly over creamy Magic Touch. Then with gentle strokes, smooth it on face and throat, beginning with forehead. Replenish the cream on fingertips as needed. No clumsy sponge or puff, no liquid to drip or bottle to leak, no powder to spill.

2. SO SOFT ON YOUR SKIN—
   SO PLEASANT TO USE!

Blends like magic, without streaking. (Smoothing with finger-tips gives perfect color-depth control—longer smoothing lessens color.) Your skin will feel so velvety soft—look so naturally youthful, fresh and clear. Magic Touch is new. Don’t confuse with other cream or stick make-ups.

3. FLAWLESS BEAUTY—
   NATURAL-LOOKING LOVELINESS!

Look in your mirror! Your complexion is flawless, alluring. For a dewy, fresh look, use Magic Touch WITHOUT powder. Powder over lightly for a long-lasting, smooth mat-finish. (Magic Touch is never oily or greasy looking—even without powder—and always looks natural.)

6 MAGIC SHADES

Magic Touch

... by CAMPANA

IMPERTINENT INTERVIEW

BY MIKE CONNOLLY

THERE WAS A SMALL MATTER I wanted to get straight with Corinne Calvet. At a big Hollywood party not long ago, I heard a couple of women criticizing her, because, they said, she spent most of the evening flirting—and not with her own husband.

"What about that?" I asked Corinne. "Do you think it's okay for a married woman to flirt?"

Her answer was quick as an eye wink. "Yes, of course, but never too much. Just a little, like herbs in the cooking—just a suspicion that you DO notice that another man besides your boy friend or husband can have charm!"

This typically French observation, as expressed by a gal whose longstanding love match with her husband, John Bromfield, is one of the wonders of Hollywood, isn't too surprising if you know Corinne. Frank and forthright, she always speaks her mind.

"I must confess, having been in Hollywood only five years from my own home in France," she confided, "that I still find the ways of American women amazing. For instance, one Hollywood actress actually told me that marriage is a fifty-fifty job. Say it isn't so!" Corinne batted those long lashes, rolled those oo-la-la! eyes and continued.

"And do you know what else that girl told me? She said American men and their wives split everything! One day, she told (Continued on page 24)
Hollywood Stars AND FAMOUS DESIGNERS
CALL PLAYTEX THE PERFECT GIRDLE

ZSA ZSA GABOR, starring in MOULIN ROUGE, Color by Technicolor—released thru United Artists, says:
"Fabulous is the word for the Playtex Fabric Lined Girdle. You couldn't choose a better way to be lithe, free, and wonderfully comfortable!"

Vera Maxwell: "I create clothes that are full of motion. Playtex shows them best, slims in complete freedom!" Playtex hasn't a seam, stitch or bone; it lives and breathes with you, invisible under sleekest clothes.

Paul Parnes: "Slenderness is the key to my Spring Collection... and Playtex slims your figure beautifully from waist to thigh!" Playtex has an all-way control, for it's made of fabric lined latex that spells power-control!

Claire McCardell: "Here's a dress of real versatility. It leads a double life...at work or play. And it calls for the world's most versatile girdle... Playtex!" Only Playtex combines such control, comfort and freedom!

Only a PLAYTEX® Girdle streamlines your natural figure... *inches slimmer*!

Playtex Fabric Lined Girdles from $4.95
(Invisible FABRIC LINED)

Other Playtex Girdles start at $3.50
(Prices slightly higher outside U.S.A.)
At department stores and specialty shops. Playtex known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube.

©1953 International Latex Corp'n. PLAYTEX PARK...Dover Del. Playtex Ltd., Montreal, Canada
me, her husband does the dishes; the next day she takes on that job. That's the way they do the marketing, too.

"Ah, but a French girl—now there's something else again! A French girl would never consider this sort of procedure! She makes herself indispensable, so that the husband depends on her in many, many ways, big and little. She becomes as essential to him as his right arm!"

Corinne says that the best way to keep romance alive is to "magnify your man's manliness." Says she, "Do it to such a point that he imagines himself to be a king in his own house. And never, never make comparisons that might give him an inferiority complex."

It's okay for your boy friend or husband to flirt a little too, Corinne says, "If no woman admired your man you'd begin to wonder why. No husband wants his wife to be ignored at a party. He likes other men to look at her. That shows they think she is desirable.

"We who act in pictures will admit it's fun to make love before the cameras. I would be a hypocrite if I didn't confess I like to be kissed by a handsome movie idol. I remember this when Johnny has to make love to beautiful ladies on the screen. But I also know that I want him to look forward to coming home to me after the day's shooting.

"And everything is all right so long as he says, 'Honey, it was fun playing love scenes in the studio today—but you're much more exciting!'"

"Then, if I've been even so much as just a teentsy-weentsy little bit jealous, poof! it flies right out the window!"

This is the way Corinne boils down her spicy philosophy:

Even though you're head-over-heels in love, a gal must always be realistic and objective—and never take her guy's love for granted.

"I try, in order to keep John's love, to remain the same woman I was before we tied the knot. And always the words of advice given me by my wise French grandmother are in my heart: 'Corinne, remember always that life is filled with competition—even where the love of a man is concerned. Never relax,' my grandmother said, 'just because you've hooked your man. And always, always remember that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure!'"
It Really Happened

BY
ROY DEL RUTH

Editor's Note: Some of Hollywood's best drama is never seen on the screen. It is seen by the men who make the movies—the directors, the producers, the writers, the audience in the theatre that is Hollywood itself.

One of these dramas is recounted here by Roy Del Ruth, a director who has been turning out top pictures for decades. His many successes include "On Moonlight Bay" and the recent "Stop, You're Killing Me." He is now at work on "Three Sailors and a Girl" for Warner Brothers.

This happened when I was directing Doris Day, along with a lot of other nice people, in a picture called "On Moonlight Bay."

Among the extras we were using was a smart Alec I'll call Stuff Riley, who soon became a downright pest on the set. Now Doris is as friendly a person as I know. She is quite approachable and I have never known her to upstage another player. So for a time she put up with Stuff's breezy familiarity.

But there comes a point when you have to draw the line. It came for Doris one day when a film-magazine reporter and a photographer were on the set interviewing her. All of a sudden the great Stuff showed up. The photographer had set up his camera when Stuff breezed right into the picture.

(More on next page)

Read How This Fresh Young Beauty Was Helped
By Candy Jones, Famous Beauty Director!

GLORIA: Miss Jones, what was the most important reason you recommended Cashmere Bouquet Soap as the finest complexion care?

CANDY: Well, Gloria, as a beauty advisor to girls like yourself, I've seen with my own eyes how daily care with Cashmere Bouquet Soap leaves a girl's skin with the look of natural beauty as no amount of make-up can.

GLORIA: You're so right, Miss Jones! I use Cashmere Bouquet Soap every day and my complexion seems to glow with a naturally fresh, radiant look.

CANDY: Yes, Cashmere Bouquet Soap does wonders that way! And it's so mild and gentle—

I recommend it to everyone! Candy Jones
(Mrs. Harry Conover)

Candy Jones, Director of the Famous Conover School in New York, reveals for the first time confidential advice from her beauty diary.

1. Use my professional trick to widen your eyes. Carefully blend a dot of lipstick into your makeup at the outermost edge of each eye socket.

2. Beauty speaks for itself—so keep your conversations short and varied. The most sought-after women leave their audience wanting more.

3. The most professional makeup art cannot work magic unless your skin is clean and glowing. Beauty-cleanse your neck and face twice daily with gentle, mild Cashmere Bouquet Soap. MORE LATER,
They put that $100 gleam in their hair with

Lady Wildroot Shampoo

Here are three winners in Wildroot's nationwide $100 Model Hunt. They aren't professional models—just three girls with beautiful hair who keep it beautiful with Lady Wildroot Shampoo. Discover a glowing $100 gleam in your hair, too. Begin using Lady Wildroot Shampoo made with Lanolin, today! Leaves hair radiantly clean...sparkling with highlights...lovelier than you ever dreamed it could be. Watch how this soapless liquid cream shampoo whips to sudsy froth in seconds. Feel how silky soft it leaves your hair. Try Lady Wildroot Shampoo—and find the hidden gleam in your hair!

You can win $100 too!

Send a snapshot or photo (not larger than 8x10 inches) showing your hair after using Lady Wildroot Shampoo, plus a Lady Wildroot Shampoo box top, to Lady Wildroot Shampoo Model Hunt, P. O. Box 189, New York 46, N. Y. Post your name and address on back of picture. If your photo is chosen, Wildroot will pay you $100 and your portrait may be printed by a famous artist and used in a Wildroot ad. Judges will be a New York artist and an art director, whose decisions are final. No photos returned. Offer good 60 days from the appearance of this magazine only. Send in your photo today.

It Really Happened

continued
Angel Face
by POND'S

The creamy-smooth "complexion" that goes on with a puff—and stays

Smother . . . more clinging than powder! Because Angel Face is velvety powder and foundation in-one! Never drying. Never greasy. Angel Face tints your skin softly—hides little skin flaws. And its smoothing cling ingredient keeps you looking sweet and fresh. "Angel Face does such wonderful things for my complexion," says Mrs. Anthony Drexel Duke.

Tuck it in your handbag! It can't spill! With an Angel Face in your handbag, you can "pretty-up" your face in 5 seconds! No wet sponge. No greasy fingertips. No loose powder. Choose from 6 flattering shades. The Viscountess Boyle says, "In its lovely Mirror Case, Angel Face is so convenient and so pretty to carry that I'm never without it."

Also in the sweet blue-and-gold box—in two sizes, 89c and 59c*. *plus tax
An Extra Mild and Soothing Smoke

KING SIZE FATIMA

The Difference is QUALITY
TROUBLE ACROSS THE WAY?

Gregory Peck and his wife, Greta, looked as happy as any two tourists riding their horse-drawn carriage past the ancient Colosseum in Rome.

- To most Americans, a trip to Europe spells romance. But even those glamorous backgrounds can fail to keep love warm—especially if it’s had a tendency to falter anyway. Latest Hollywood loves rumored to have dimmed on foreign shores are those of Gene Kelly and his wife, Betsy, and of Gregory Peck and his wife, Greta.

Both actors have been abroad for a number of months, Greg in Rome, where he recently completed "Roman Holiday" for Paramount, and Gene in England, where he’s been working on M-G-M’s "Invitation to the Dance."

Whether it’s too much work or too much play or a little of both, the story goes that both actors’ marriages soured during their tours of duty abroad.

As far as Gene is concerned, there is no mention of "another woman." It’s just, people say, that this marriage, off-again, on-again for a number of years, seems finally to have settled into the off-for-good stage.

With Greg, it’s a different story. His name has been linked publicly with that of the glamorous continental actress, Hildegarde Neff, though both have denied that there’s anything to these romance rumors. Nevertheless, Greg stays abroad, and Greta has returned home alone.

There were no rumors of a split when Gene Kelly, his wife, Betsy, and their daughter, Kerry, arrived in Europe together a few months ago.
Corinne Calvet takes a night out to celebrate with husband John Bromfield, both delighted at his assignment with Esther Williams in "Easy to Love".

So now it's Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas who're a duo! Hollywood wonders if it's a case of "Out of the frying pan into the fire".

It's rumored Piper Laurie and Rock Hudson more than play-act in "The Golden Blade".

Seeing Lana Turner and Lex Barker, it's hard to believe they ever had eyes for anyone else.
Stem

Zsa Zsa Gabor had a thing or two to say to screenwriter Waldo Salt about the raves she's been reaping for "Moulin Rouge".

True—Untrue: That Terry Moore is madly in love with British actor Lawrence Harvey and no longer labors under the delusion that she will marry a famous studio executive... That Gene Nelson's growing dissatisfaction over recent roles may lead him to ask for his studio release... That a bountiful bonus has been offered Jane Powell if she doesn't date the stork again for the next three years... That Farley Granger will sit out the last year of his Goldwyn contract and then launch a brand new carefully-planned career campaign... That regardless of where Mona Freeman dines out for dinner, she receives several phone calls from 'that certain party' who always knows where to reach her... That Rock Hudson and Piper Laurie have become truly enamored of each other while shooting "The Golden Blade" and are turning their screen romancing into the real thing... That Lana Turner is planning to retire from the screen, that she is seriously ill, that she is going to marry Lex Barker, or that she plans to live permanently in Europe. She did black out a couple of times on the "Latin Lovers" set. Strenuous dance routines plus the tension of waiting for Bob Topping to sign those final divorce papers, plus the prevalent virus epidemic were all a bit too much for the beautiful blonde. But that doesn't mean she's walking out on her career.

Behind the Make-up: Many men have been attracted to Ava Gardner for obvious reasons, but the natives in Africa, where she's making "Mogambo," take the sabre-tooth cake. They're nuts about the beautiful brunette's make-up and want it for war paint!... To make Keefe Brasselle look more like the famous comedian in "The Cantor Story," they shave off his natural widow's peak twice a week... Because the studio wasn't sure he was the right (?) type, Tony Martin had to test for the role of a night-club singer for "Easy to Love"... By the time Doris Day learned to ride a horse for "Calamity Jane," (Continued on page 88)
When "The Silver Whip" was cast, there were a few uneasy heads at Twentieth Century-Fox, for the leading roles were to be played by Dale Robertson, Rory Calhoun and R. J. Wagner. "They're in competition whether they like it or not," said a studio spokesman. "They're our three top leading men, and they'd have to be pretty dumb not to know it. Nobody will be a bit surprised if there are some hot tempers popping off while this picture is in production."

The terrific trio was full of surprises, all right—but none of them had anything to do with temperament. Dale and Rory have been friends for years, and for all those years, they've been needling each other. If Rory is making a Western, Dale saunters uninvited onto the set to say, "I know you won't mind, Ror', but I'm riding for you in the next scene—the director wants a manly type to take over." Or Rory will visit the set where Dale is studying his script, whack the startled Robertson on the shoulder, and shout reassuringly, "Relax, old buddy! I'm going to do that tough bit for you—the one where you're supposed to speak English." The day that this badinage doesn't take place, somebody's feelings will be really hurt.

It was young R. J. Wagner who bore the greatest brunt of the hazing while "The Silver Whip" was in production. Bob had learned about working with Rory in "With a Song in My Heart." At first, he was so wary of the practical joke that he refused to track down a perfectly legitimate item called a left-footed spur. His caution got him nowhere. He remained a boy among men, a city slicker handicapped by the unfamiliar six-guns, Stetson and cattleman's boots which his senior co-stars wore with grace and ease. Between scenes he was never permitted to ease his tired frame into a chair; Rory and Dale ordered him to "hunker down," or, squat on his haunches, as cowboys do around a campfire. Having learned to balance thus precariously on his high-heeled boots, Bob was given a (Continued on page 86)
For the past six months, I've hoped and I've prayed that the feeling of deep devotion that was growing in me was growing in Jim, too, and that it was right for us," Ann Blyth said. Then she laughed, and no one has ever heard such a rich, full laugh from Ann before. Her eyes were incandescent with her happiness, and she clutched her hands together, the better to express her glowing intensity—but careful, too, to keep her left hand on top so that the exquisite, square-cut diamond on her third finger could blaze unobstructed.

"And it was right," she cried. "It was. It was. And I think one of the very sweetest things about it all was that Jim proposed to me beside my Christmas tree. You see, we had been trimming it together that evening, exactly a week before Christmas. Aunt Sis and Uncle Pat, who'd been with us all evening, were in the kitchen having coffee.
She could barely remember her name and nothing else at all—except that in Jim McNulty she'd found the answer to her prayers

BY RUTH WATERBURY

Wonderful Love Story

"Jim and I were just talking, as we have talked so many other times in these three years we have known one another. Then, suddenly, he was kissing me, and asking me to be his wife—and since then, I can barely remember my name, and nothing else at all, except that I know my prayers have been answered."

Ann and I were riding in a big studio limousine as she said these words. It was just three days after she had announced her engagement. Ann was heading out to Los Angeles Junior College, to entertain some 2,400 underprivileged children. She was due there at noon. Then at two, she was going on Father Payton's broadcast, for an annual date she has kept for the past six years. After that, in the early evening, she was going to sing at a huge Jewish benefit. So there I was, to complicate her busy day by tagging around after her to get this story.

To tell the truth, I'd had a faint touch of guilty conscience about intruding on her at such a time. But after a couple of seconds with her, I knew she wasn't even aware of me. If there'd been a swarm of bees in the car, she wouldn't have noticed.

She was much too happy. She was so happy, she was babbling over with words, with laughter, with wit. And that was a wondrous sight to witness.

Ann has always been sweet, beautiful, courteous. No one has ever heard her raise her voice in anger. No one has ever seen her do an unkind deed. But getting her to talk has always been difficult.

Now love had released her. Now she wouldn't have stopped talking if you'd asked her!

"Dr. James McNulty of the staff of St. Vincent's Hospital, Los Angeles, California," she said, her eyes dancing. "Isn't that a beautiful sound? Do you know that he comes of a family with five boys and a girl and that he's the only unmarried one, but the rest of them have given his father and mother fifteen grandchildren already?

"Do you know," Ann continued, "Jim has the sweetest, kindest face! His hair is black as ebony and he has very dark brows and eyelashes and the ruddiest complexion you ever saw, but his eyes are so gentle. I've never seen eyes that seemed to see so much and see it all so kindly. And do you know that he went to Manhattan College to study medicine and that when he had his degree, the Navy took him for six years? So it wasn't until 1949 that he started a private practice, right here in Los Angeles. Barely four years ago, and already he's one of the city's leading obstetricians.

"Oh, I must tell you this. He's an absolutely divine dancer—really divine—but he's also mad for deep-sea fishing. Not so long ago we went to a party at Lou (Continued on page 92)
By Maxine Arnold

If Marge hadn't cried in her noodles, heaven only knows what would have happened to the Champion dancing team!

But the minute she did, Gower knew they were just right for each other

Some way Marge was managing to make away with her noodles and tuna. As some way Marge usually could. This was their big joke—that, no matter how tragic the timing, Marge could always eat—while Gower, as now, slowly starved across the booth from her. But a large tear trickled from a big brown eye from time to time.

Others lunching near them had no way of knowing why Marge wept, or that these two who were later to make terpsichorean history in Hollywood together were at their own dramatic crossroad, deciding the rest of their lives. Outside, New York crowds shoved back and forth, never realizing either that a bit of "Romeo and Juliet" was being enacted inside the restaurant. Quite a bit, in fact.

"You know the scene—where either the girl or boy gets a break and doesn't want to leave the other. You've seen it many times—only better—on the screen. I was really playing it heavy," grins Gower. "So heavy—"

"But so convincing," sighs Marge.

She'd auditioned for "Allegro," the Rodgers and Hammerstein show that was the talk of Broadway and the hope of every heart's beat. Now Marge had been informed the choice had narrowed down to herself and three more. She was to stand by for the good word. And with mixed emotions she was standing by. But how could she ever leave Gower? Break up the team? (continued on page 102)
Esther Williams Says It Isn’t So
"Anyone who thinks I'd dissolve this marriage just doesn't know anything about us . . . it happens that we're in love"

BY JANE MORRIS

"To begin with . . . about me. I'm not running a four-ring circus. I'm not a mermaid-tycoon. I'm not a business executive. And I am not head of the house of Gage! That sort of nonsense has gone on long enough." Esther sat in her dressing room on the set of her new film, "Dangerous When Wet,” discussing all those rumors you've been hearing about her marriage; all those stories you've been reading.

"There are probably certain myths about all of us," Esther says. "And when they're repeated often enough, they begin to look like the truth. I should have set the record straight about Ben and me long ago—but I didn't because I hated to give the errors the importance of a denial. There is no use, though, in saying you don't care what people say; you can't live in this world and not care about the opinions of your fellow human beings. When they're allowed to continue to believe untrue things, it can only cause unhappiness. I've always liked telling the truth. So here it is . . .

"I'm in love with my husband. I respect and admire him. He's the busiest man I know. He was a fine master of ceremonies, he has a beautiful singing voice, he got out of show business because he prefers business—business, and he's certainly been successful. His strength bolsters mine. I couldn't love him unless this were so. This idea that I'm a four-ring circus got started because people were always asking me about (Continued on next page)"
Esther Williams Says It Isn’t So

continued

"I should have told this story long ago — I didn’t because I hated to give

Ben’s business enterprises; and because I had a working knowledge of the manufacturing of screen doors, the machine shop and the restaurant, they assumed that I was running those businesses. It made better copy that way, I guess. But it’s not only untrue, it’s ridiculous.

"It would be physically impossible for me to be at the studio in make-up at eight in the morning, stay at the studio until six, spend time with my husband and children, spend time on the phone working for my favorite charity— and still have time to do anything else!"

At this point, Esther began to laugh. "Why, I’d have to be shipping doors to Sacramento, ordering meat for the restaurant, hiring and firing waiters, speeding up shipments of steel for the machine shop, and be out at The Trails counting cash at 3:00 A.M. on the manager’s night off. I wouldn’t have time to be in pictures!"

Esther and Ben have always had the ability to lead their individually busy lives and still have the energy for their personal life and fun. Ben puts in anywhere from an eight to a twenty-four-hour day, every day. He arranges his time so he can have dinner with Esther at 8:30 P.M. That’s his concession to her career; and the only nights that vary are nights when Esther has to study a new script or is so tired that she has to get to bed extra early for an early morning call. Those are the nights Ben relieves his restaurant manager.

That is probably what started the string of rumors about this marriage. Because Ben worked late some nights— he and Esther “weren’t getting along.” The silly stories that have made her look like a one-woman dynamo have also implied that Ben just sits around and waits for her to come home, that he lives, as it were, on the fringes of Esther’s career. Nothing could be further from the fact. Ben is her business manager but he’s no Hollywood husband. He hasn’t time! During her last two pictures, he has been on the lot for a total of two half-hours. As he said, when he visited “Dangerous When Wet” — “This makes me nervous, to watch eighty men standing around waiting for my doll to dunk her torso!” He comes to the set when the picture is over, when he and Esther give a party for the crew and The Trails caters it.

“My husband is probably the most misunderstood man in Hollywood,” Esther says, “and that brings me to the truth about us..."

"I wouldn’t have married Ben Gage in the first place if he had not been a man of great personal strength—spiritual strength and mental strength. He’s a man who is sure of himself, he doesn’t need a clinging—vine female who can gaze up at him and say, ‘You big strong man, protect me from this big world!’ That’s not the sort of thing I can say, it would be artificial and sort of funny.

"I’ve never lost sight of the magic moment when I first saw him. Ben knows how much I need him"
errors the importance of a denial. I’ve always liked the truth. So here it is . . .”

Ben knows how much I need him, how completely I depend upon him. I have always had to have a top person in my life, someone whose love, whose strength and faith gave me a springboard from which to dive in and be my whole self. I couldn’t enjoy loving a weak man. As a matter of fact, I couldn’t love him. My man must be stronger than I. He is. He’s so strong he doesn’t have to shout about it; and he knows as well as I that I’d come apart at the seams without that strength of his.”

Not long ago, Esther and Ben spent a lot of time with Nancy Chaffee and Ralph Kiner. Nancy is the tennis champ and Ralph is home-run king of the National League. They had met before, but on a recent vacation at Palm Springs, the two couples got to know each other better and Esther and Ben realized that here were two people more like themselves than anyone they’d ever met. Nancy has the same sort of drive Esther has and Ralph has the same easy-going way of handling her that Ben has in handling Esther. “You should have seen Ralph and Ben together! They were wonderful, they recognized each other as kindred souls. They’ve met their problem the same way—they don’t try to suffocate their wives as weak men might try to do.”

Ben Gage is not dominated. He does what he wants to do. He is, as Esther says, a successful radio announcer, he has a beautiful singing and speaking voice and whenever he is asked to sing at a party, the song is followed by a chorus of “Why don’t you do something with that voice?” His answer is simple. “I’m a businessman.” Plenty of people in this town have tried to boost Ben into show business. Even Esther tried.

“I was so convinced of Ben’s talent, so ecstatic about it, that I almost pushed him into not marrying me. I’ve always been convinced that his talent is far bigger and better than mine, and I was going to see to it that he became the biggest star of all time. In the early days of our marriage, Ben’s career was my big project. Then one day, he took me by both shoulders, held me still for a moment, then said, ‘Darling, did you marry me to make me a star?’ (Some people thought that that’s why he married me!) ‘Because if you did, you’re wrong. I don’t want a career, Esther. I don’t care about it. Get off my back!’

“Then he explained in detail and I began to see. Ben likes being his own boss. He doesn’t want to ask questions, he wants to answer them. When you’re a star, you have to accept certain aspects of life you don’t like because you want the career and it seems worth it. I’m willing to accept the debit side because I love the business. Ben doesn’t. He feels sorry for me, actually sorry. He can hardly wait for the day when I can retire. Every investment he makes is made with an eye toward that.”

So far as Esther, the actress, is concerned, Ben and Esther regard her not as a person but as Esther Williams—commodity. Together they try to figure out what is best for that girl, how long they can keep her alive and kicking. And from time to time have her enjoy the creative aspect of her work. What are the best vehicles for her? Is this something that will last for ten more minutes or ten more years?

“This practical approach of Ben’s to life is what attracted me in the first place,” Esther says. “I don’t have it. I’m on the feminine side in the business department. I love knowing about business, but it would be a sorry day for any business I started running.”

Some of the myth about Esther’s business acumen stems from the fact that she’s not stupid. If she is with business people and they ask about the much-publicized Gage enterprises, she tries to say something intelligent. This is a surprise to visiting business executives who expect a glamorous actress to think of nothing more technical than putting on her eyebrows. To carry on such a conversation is no trick; for she and Ben do talk about politics and business cycles, the possibilities of inflation or depression, real estate values and whether or not a gas station is a good buy because of a possible price war. Ben explains matters and Esther asks questions until she understands. Then one night, she’ll find herself at dinner and a business executive will say, “By the way, why did you and Ben sell your gas station?”

“Because of the price war that was coming.”

“Oh, no—how brilliant! Bob, did you hear that? This girl knew there was a price war coming on gas!”

“How do you like that!” Esther says. “I’m ‘brilliant’ and all I’ve done is try to understand Ben’s opinions, and sop up some of his logic.”

So there goes one myth. Then there’s another—the myth about Esther and money. “It’s true, I’ve tried not to spend money like a drunken sailor. That doesn’t mean I don’t spend any. I came from a childhood home in which money was not easily come by. It’s hard for me to consider it otherwise today. So the idea that I’m money-wise has grown to the point of my being labeled tight. Result, I find myself tipping a little too much now, picking up tabs a little too often.”

One of the reasons for this tight-wad deal grew out of the fact that Esther has never bought herself jewelry. Her jewels are all the things Ben has given her: the star sapphire engagement ring, her wedding ring, the sapphire guard rings he gave her for their first anniversary and Christmas combined. When Benjy was born, Ben gave her a gold safety pin with little charms on it; he also gave her her charm bracelet with its mementoes of each picture. (Continued on page 81)
BY HYATT DOWNING

No considerable feat of memory is required to evoke an incident which happened in Hollywood only a few years ago in which a young actor named Robert Mitchum was sentenced to serve a term in prison after having been convicted on a charge of marijuana smoking. While the press of the country came screaming in for the kill, Mitchum himself accepted his fate with stoic calm, did his stretch at the Wayside Honor Farm near Los Angeles, and returned to pick up the shattered remnants of his career.

Immediately, sibilant whispers were heard in the halls of various studios and on the streets of Beverly Hills: “The guy is through.” “He’s had it!” or “Back to the docks for Mitchum.”

Singularly—and happily—all these poisoned arrows missed their mark by a margin a mile wide. The actor, who still seems largely indifferent to his Hollywood career, continues to saunter with sleepy-eyed nonchalance through a wide variety of roles and to turn in performances which are balm to the troubled hearts of directors.

So it was with considerable interest that I accepted an invitation to dine with Mitchum and his family at their home in Mandeville Canyon. It was the chance to find out just how this relaxed, go-jump-in-the-river individual comported himself in the midst of that most kindly yet discriminating audience—his own family.

Dorothy Mitchum, a tall, pretty girl whose serious, thoughtful face lights up amazingly in a smile of greeting, led the way into a large library where books, all of which had the friendly look of frequent use, filled one wall. There were large, comfortable chairs (Continued on page 105)

They say no man is a hero to his family. But in Bob’s home, Pop rates that pedestal!

WHAT YOU DON’T KNOW ABOUT MITCHUM
One puff of a cigar
and you started a blaze of publicity.
That's what you wanted.
But we don't believe you wanted
a broken marriage

AS
YOU
WERE,
ANNIE
Everyone has a reason for the break-up of the Anne Baxter-John Hodiak marriage. It's her mother. It's her grandfather. He bores her. She embarrasses him. She's a snob. He's a sourpuss. She's too ambitious. He isn't ambitious enough. She's an extrovert. He's the retiring type. She loves publicity. He hates it. She's a poet, and he's a peasant. It all adds up to some fancy psychoanalysis. Let's see what the truth really is.

The trouble started in the beginning of the marriage. It was no secret then that the very social Mrs. Kenneth Baxter was opposed to John, son of Anna and Walter Pogorzellec, Ukrainian immigrants. To be fair to Anne's mother, there was nothing too personal in her feeling against John. She was just as opposed to William Eythe, the only other man Annie dated with any frequency before she fell in love with Hodiak. Apparently, like a lot of doting mothers, Mrs. Baxter did not think any man was good enough for her only child.

But when Anne proved a chip off the old obstinate block, and according to the gossip at the time, threatened to elope with John, Mrs. Baxter accepted the inevitable. She gave them a lavish wedding in the garden of her swank estate up north in Burlingame, with Anne radiant in full bridal regalia. If John was uncomfortable, in his clothes or surroundings, he was careful to conceal his emotions. He smiled at the right moments and said the usual inane things to the curious crowd of well-heeled strangers and family friends. It was a difficult situation, but he carried it off.

And while I wasn't there, I have a hunch that Mrs. Baxter prayed that in time the refining influence of her precious daughter would smooth out the rougher edges of her new son. But something went wrong. It was Anne who grew raucous. (Continued on page 108)
Michael Howard Wilding, aged five and one-half days, slept peacefully in his new nursery at home in a froth of yellow bassinet, his small left arm stretched above his head, his pink right fist clutched close to his chest. His head was small and perfectly formed.

“All babies born by Caesarian section have perfect heads,” said proud-to-bursting father Michael Wilding, conceding in the next breath that his and Elizabeth Taylor’s son’s was especially beautiful.

The baby’s thatch of jet black hair already had been coaxed into a soft curl on top of his head. “More hair than I have,” commented big Michael a little ruefully, “but less head.”

Small Michael’s ears were tiny shells, molded delicately, and flat against his head. His tiny nose turned up scandalously. His eyes were shut of course, but wide-set and sharply arched.

“Like his mother’s, thank God!” beamed his father. “And they’re dark blue like Elizabeth’s. I hope they stay that color.”

To have been invited into the nursery for a peek at the baby so soon after his arrival was a rare privilege which was obviously due to the eager pride of this obviously first-time father and the lenience of smiling nurse Mary Brice.

PHOTOPLAY had arranged months ago for the first interview with Michael Wilding after the baby’s birth. Though the studio had insisted that no reporters or photographers could see little Mike, or Liz till she was completely recovered, it had not counted on the fondly possessive pride of both these new parents.

(Continued on page 100)
Liz Taylor, too!
Gossips are saying there's trouble between John and Pati

The other day, on the set of "Posse," John Derek was introduced to a visiting family from Nebraska. The woman shook his hand, and with a faraway look in her eyes, said, "My, you must lead a wonderful life!" The man slapped him on the back and said, "Some gravy train, son! What's it like when everything you touch turns to gold?" And their daughter just looked at him and said, "Gee!"

John himself merely smiled politely. He couldn't tell his visitors what he really felt—how he's been in a tailspin lately—how, more than once in the last couple of years, he's been tempted to pack his bags, take his family, and head out for somewhere—anywhere—a million miles away from Hollywood.

For Hollywood, whether by intent or by chance, has seemed to be giving him a brush-off.

He started out with a bang in "Knock on Any Door." But the majority of the pictures he's worked in since have been run of the mill. John's unhappy about it, and he doesn't care who knows it. He says very frankly that he has had too many bad pictures and not nearly enough money.

And it certainly isn't for lack of appeal. For John's fans refuse to forget him. They keep bombarding PHOTOPLAY, for instance, with irate letters asking why they can't see (Continued on page 97)

His fans keep clamoring for him,
but there is a mysterious
something that keeps John from getting
that "big chance" he deserves

BY GEORGE ARMSTRONG
Du Barry at the race tracks . . . purple orchids in an earthenware pitcher . . . Brooklyn Bridge on a starry night . . . Home sweet home in swing time . . . Shalimar perfume and corn on the cob . . . pleated pink chiffon . . . minks and mystery novels . . . whistlebait in the nursery
Candlelight flickering in a tapestried room ... a white carnation on a black silk lapel ... red wine in a crystal decanter ... the brooding silence of a tropical night . . .
Shakespeare's sonnets at a Greenwich Village party ... a Spanish grandee in tweeds
Debbie Reynolds may be nearing the ripe old age of twenty-one, but she's still a girl who prefers home cooking to dinner at a night club. Still goes for banana splits, be-bop, murder mysteries on the radio and guys who act themselves. As for love—well, some day that's going to happen too. Debbie figures she'll get married eventually—when the guy she's meant for catches up with her! In the meantime, she isn't looking at every boy she goes out with as a possible bridegroom. It cramps his style and spoils the fun. That's a philosophy that's made Debbie one of Hollywood's most popular dates. Not that some of the fellows wouldn't like to make it a permanent date. But for Debbie, there's plenty of time to think about one guy and one life for two. Meanwhile, she keeps busy bringing a lot of laughs to a lot of folks—on screen (her latest is "I Love Melvin")—and in person with such jaunts as her recent trip to Korea. Debbie's mailbag is always full of letters from boys over there. So she decided the way to answer them was—face to face! What she delivered was the touch of home they needed. Keep 'em smiling—that's Debbie's motto. With her, it works!
but these pocket-size pinups of pint-size Debbie Reynolds are more than worth it!
"Home," say Sue and Alan Ladd and their youngsters, "is where your heart is." And they took their hearts along with them when they went to England to work and live.
GO LIMEY!

“I always thought that English was the language I spoke,” said Sue Ladd. “But I’m finding out how wrong I was. English is English and American is American—and it’s amazing how different the two can be!” She was sitting in front of the fireplace in the drawing room of Highclere, the Victorian mansion she and Alan are renting during their stay in England. “The words may sound the same. But that doesn’t hold true for the meanings.”

Alan himself was at nearby Shepperton Studios, filming “Red Beret,” story of Britain’s paratroopers, and Lonnie and David, their two youngsters, were sightseeing in London with their tutor, Miss Martin. Sue kept a watchful eye on the clock for her husband’s expected return.

“Alan and I were in England once before—for a Royal Command Performance—but only for a few days and we stayed at a London hotel. This time, with the children along, we’ve set up regular housekeeping and I’m learning what it’s like to be a housewife and mother under British conditions.

“First day shopping,” Sue reminisced with a smile, “I really got myself tied in knots. We needed a hammer and some nails so we drove into the village and I asked where the hardware store was. All I got was a blank look. It took me five minutes to find out what I wanted was an iron-monger’s!”

“The vegetable store became the greengrocer’s, the drug store, the chemist shop, and no ice cream sodas either.

“It couldn’t be working out better, though,” Sue said, as she walked from the cozy warmth of the drawing-room fire into the draughty corridor so much a part of English homes. “We decided not to take a flat—there’s another word, ‘flat’ instead of apartment—in London because the kids are used to space. Of course, we miss our home in Holmby Hills,” she admitted, referring to their exquisite eleven-room French provincial home located in one of California’s most beautiful sections. “But we were really lucky to find a house big enough for all of us, and close to Alan’s studio. Also, very important—to Americans used to such conveniences—this house has a good, modern refrigerator.”

Their British kitchen is old-fashioned and sprawling; the gleaming refrigerator stands out like a shiny beacon against the somberness of a coal-burning stove, wooden sinks and a cold-storage room like grandma used to have. Beyond is the large, barren room with desks, chairs and a piano which serves as a school room for the children. To safeguard their education, Sue asked Jean Martin, Lonnie’s former second-grade teacher, to accompany them abroad. Here, she conducts (Continued on page 84)
He'd date and then disappear. Now Hollywood's wondering if a dark-eyed
"At last, Bob Taylor has found real romance! Last night at dinner he had eyes for no one else but his charming companion, and no one seeing them at dinner could deny the man's in love again."

With variations, the above item has appeared in almost every columnist's Hollywood gossip from time to time during the past year. The only change in the item has been in the name of Bob's dinner companion—first there was Ludmilla Tcherina, then Linda Darnell, later Coleen Gray, Martha Vickers. Each new date brought speculations in print. And recently, with Bob being seen almost exclusively with beautiful Ursula Thiess, wise heads have nodded knowingly and said, "This is it. This is for real."

But the previous hints of romance have not been for real. Each time the gossips thought Bob was getting serious he'd up and leave Hollywood, dashing off for a hunting trip to the Northwest, packing away from civilization for a fishing trip, or flying to Texas for a vacation jaunt away from those bright night spots of Hollywood. Each time Bob has given the appearance of a man running away from romance. Will the same thing happen to his romance with Ursula, admittedly the most serious of all?

Certainly there is a real depth of affection and warmth in the feeling of Bob and Ursula toward each other. And certainly their marriage would be an ideal one so far as Hollywood's photographers are concerned—Bob the handsome hero, tops in popularity with such current films as "Above and Beyond" and "Ivanhoe," and Ursula, so often spoken of as the most beautiful woman in Hollywood. But there are many obstacles—possibly even insurmountable ones—standing in the way of a trip to the altar for Bob and Ursula.

First and foremost, there is the question as to whether Bob is ready for another marriage. Repeatedly he has said that he wants to get married again, that he is lonely, but that he feels he may be unready for another try at wedded bliss. And possibly more than anything else, this is the explanation of his runaway disappearances, when he fades from the Hollywood scene to try to (Continued on page 111)
There's color afoot this spring in GRACE WALKER's exciting new selection of footwear. Wonderful...wearable. And, GRACE WALKER's superb construction assures a snug, smart fit at heel and instep. At a nearby store or write for nearest dealer's name.

"The New in Shoes" most styles $7.95 to $9.95

created by FRIEDMAN-SHELBY division • International Shoe Company • Saint Louis • World's Largest Shoemakers
GUESS WHOSE GAMS?

Famous Hollywood legs—snapped under Hollywood tables—wearing the new in shoes and hose! You guess whose gams!

The glamour gams, above left, you’ve seen dancing with both Fred Astaire and Gene Kelly. Alluring in seam-free blonde royal Microfilm nylons and bright red-pepper, bow-tie kid sandal$ by Accent, $10.95, ideal for spring.

Lovely leg-acy, left, belong to a doll whose name rhymes with Janette. Broadway’s loss is Hollywood’s gain! These gams are decked in sheerest, nude-foot nylons and barelook, two-tone blue strippling sandals by Connie, $7.95.

Her beauty shone in “Stars and Stripes Forever.” Her lovely young legs wear bare, brilliant, black patent, two-band sandals (Grace Walker, $8.95)—set off by plush royal “beauty-line” dark seam nylons.

Hey fans! You know that famous “Come-on-a-my-house” voice . . . but did you know she had legs? Below, she suits e-a-s-y personality with new, soft-toe, barrel-wedge flats by Fortunet, $9.95; tan royal non-run nylons.

All stockings: Holeproof proportioned nylons.
FLAT CHESTED?

DON'T DESPAIR! YOU TOO CAN HAVE THE NEW "OUTER-LOOK" WITH THE NEW Inflation Bra by FORMFIT

The new "Outer-Look" demands the loveliness of a high, full bustline. Confidence-inspiring, the way Formfit's Inflation Bra lends just the degree of subtle "build up" you need . . . gives you the natural, rounded "Under-Look" you want . . . without risk of slipping or embarrassment! Defies detection—light, comfortable, washable. Choose your Inflation Bra from a range of glamorous styles and fabrics. At your favorite store!

Inflation Bras from $1.75
THE FORMFIT COMPANY
CHICAGO, NEW YORK

You can't miss the gams of the Miller's daughter, a dancing great—and she's great in at-home, gold-embroidered raffia wedge sandals, Town & Country, $10.95. Self-supporting, knee-high hose

GIVE UP?
Turn the page for answers

BUY PHOTOLEY STAR FASHIONS
IN STORES LISTED ON PAGE 83

Inflation Bra
BY Formfit

MORE WOMEN WEAR FORMFIT THAN ANY OTHER MAKE
THE GALS WHO OWN THOSE FAMOUS GAMS

Did you guess 'em? Each of these pix matches a pair of legs on pages 60-61. Here, leg-lovelies show clothes they chose for their new spring shoes...proof that long-stemmed American beauties start fashion “from the feet up!” Give your gams box-office (and man!) appeal with the fashion-and-beauty secrets of the stars. PHOTOPLAY's free, exclusive booklet will help you get leg allure!


Below: Nanette (it rhymes with Janette!) Fabray, who is in “Bandwagon,” matches her sweet shoes with sweet taffeta print dress. Henry Rosenfeld, under $18, 10-18. Coro gold jewelry

Ann Miller (“Bandwagon” again!) in repose, proves that she is not always dancing! Famous gams are tres chic in black tapered pants—very sophisticated with at-home shoes, and green and black striped jacket. Corduroy outfit, 10-16, Dorian, under $23

FREE BOOKLET!

“HOW TO HAVE BEAUTIFUL LEGS AND FEET”—the Five Steps of Hollywood Stars! by Jessica Bradt, Photoplay Fashion Editor. Send your name and address to: Dept. P. A. Holeproof Hosiery Co., Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin
Debra Paget, beautiful 20th doll, accents bare-look patent shoes with exciting bare-look separates by Nelly deGrab. Lacy wool, tank-top sweater, under $8, 10-16; full, green cotton skirt, patent-leather print, 10-16, under $15. Lyric bag. Carol Deb jewelry

All photos by Christa

Vera-Ellen is in "Call Me Madam." Red shoes, terrific legs spice spring outfit; navy faille suit-dress and bolero, trimmed to match red, white striped dress top. Colleen Originals, 10-18, under $30. Debway hat. Wear Right matching striped gloves. Park Lane leather bag

THE LUXURY BAG
KEYED TO THE TAILORED FASHION
... of genuine brown steerhide with handtooled design and hand lacing. Adjustable shoulder strap. Some bags in smooth, saddle-finished leather. Various Prices, at Dealers Everywhere.

THE MEEKER COMPANY, JOPLIN, MO.
New York: 347 Fifth Ave.
...PORTRAIT OF
What with a husband, four children and a full-time career, you'd think that Jeanne Crain would be occupied enough, without worrying about a spare-time hobby. But she has one. Not only is she dead serious about her career as an actress—she's considered one of Hollywood's top amateur artists. Whenever she wants a change—as she did, for instance, after a day's shooting on the Twentieth lot for her latest, "Fight Story," —she climbs the leafy path to her hilltop studio, and settles down peacefully with the only love that matters in her life besides her family and her acting—her art
TWENTY-YEAR-OLD Alice Kelley recently made a sage remark: "Hollywood is a bewildering place," said she. "You can beat your brains out for years trying to get a screen test, and then one night, you're having a nice quiet dinner in a restaurant, and suddenly you're a movie star."

For six years—she started modeling when she was twelve—Alice's agent tried to get her into pictures. He couldn't even get her past the studio gate. With her bags packed, ready to try her luck in New York, Alice was having a farewell dinner with some friends at Chasen's. And that's when it happened. A scout from U-I walked in, and next day Alice unpacked her bags and started a long-term contract.

She had a small part in "The Son of Ali Baba." But her best, to date, is in "Against All Flags," in which she plays an East Indian girl who puckers up her lips to Errol Flynn all through the picture. Alice liked the part. And so, no doubt, did Errol.

Alice's family moved to Southern California in 1934, settled in Burbank, in the shadow of the mighty Warner Brothers' studios, which wouldn't even give big-brown-eyed Alice the time of day. She graduated from John Burroughs High, took leading parts in school plays, and in 1948, won a Junior Miss America contest. Sundays, she taught a children's Bible class. Weekdays, after school, she modeled.

The youngest of five children, she lives with her family, helps with the housework, goes with a young crowd who have no picture connections.

She likes to garden, to paint in water colors, go to the movies, read and ride horseback—something she learned recently in the improvement courses offered young players at U-I. She likes the beach, but water frightens her. The minute she knows her feet won't touch bottom, she panics. Nice work for the lifeguards!

ALICE KELLEY

Birthplace: Springfield, Missouri
Birthdate: May 14, 1932
Height: 5 feet 5½ inches
Weight: 116 pounds
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
TALL, dark, English-born Michael Rennie was twenty-six years old before he finally got around to being an actor. When Michael finished college, he went to work in his father’s mill sorting wool. Four years later, he was manager of the spinning shed, and bored to tears. Somewhere along the way, he had caught the acting bug.

Michael’s Uncle Fred, the manager of the biggest rope-making combine in the world, knew a lot of theatre owners. “Couldn’t you use your influence?” Michael asked him. “I want to be an actor.” All Uncle Fred did was offer his nephew a job in the rope company. Michael promptly turned it down and had a go at selling automobiles. But when he hadn’t sold a single one at the end of a year, he swallowed his pride and took a job sweeping floors in his uncle’s factory. Soon, he was manager of a branch factory on his own.

But one day he got up from his desk, put on his hat, and took a train to London. He was through with ropes. He haunted the casting offices, and got some small movie roles. Just as he was really getting rolling, the war started. Michael enlisted in the RAF. After flight training in England, he was sent to Macon, Georgia, for additional training. But by the time he got his wings, he was too old to pilot, and was kept on as an instructor.

Following his demobilization, he played in innumerable British films. When Twentieth decided to make “The Black Rose” in Europe with Ty Power, Michael was signed as the English king. He and Ty became chums, and thanks to Ty’s urging, Darryl Zanuck brought Michael to Hollywood for “The 13th Letter.” Followed a long-term contract. He recently finished “Sailor of the King” and goes next into “The Robe.”

In 1946, Michael married Margaret McGrath, a musical comedy actress. They now divide their time between London and Hollywood. Michael likes to tinker with autos; still can’t understand why he couldn’t sell one.
Though Olivia de Havilland won’t admit that there’s room for romance in her life now, her heart won’t allow Livvy to resist its call for long

Wherever there’s beauty like Olivia de Havilland’s, romance can’t remain long dead. Although Livvy claims that she has turned her back on love, and the only thing that truly matters to her is her young son, Ben, her own warm nature—her love of life—puts the denial to the statement she made when I interviewed her recently:

“Romance? No, there is no romance in my life. And I don’t expect that there will be any for a long time to come. I don’t think it’s very becoming to throw your heart about casually, to go out too much after a divorce. I don’t think it’s right and I’m not going to do it. Besides, one needs time—time spent alone—to readjust to single life.

“I think it’s unnatural, however, not to have some kind of social life, and I have devised a wonderful system for going to parties. Here’s how: I find out from the invitation list what married couple is going that I know, and if they live nearby, I ask the hostess if she’d call and ask them to take me along with them.” (Continued on page 98)
"Do your stockings tell lies about your legs?"

asks **Leslie Caron**

- "The movie camera proves that shiny stockings often make legs look unshapely," says Leslie Caron. "That's why, in Hollywood, we insist on misty-dull nylons—to keep us Leg-O-Genic at all times."
- On the screen and off, M-G-M stars, like Leslie Caron, wear Bur-Mil Cameo nylons with exclusive Face Powder Finish. For Cameo's Face Powder Finish assures their legs of the permanently soft, misty dullness that glamour demands.

And Sheer 60 Gauge Bur-Mil Cameo nylons give up to 40% longer wear by actual test, too!

**Hollywood stars always wear Bur-Mil Cameo nylons. And here's why.**

"When our stockings pick up reflections from Kleig lights—our legs frequently look unshapely, and that's fatal," says Miss Caron, star of M-G-M's

**Lili**

**A PRODUCT OF BURLINGTON MILLS... WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCER OF FASHION FABRICS**

**BUR-MIL CAMEO, FACE POWDER AND LEG-O-GENIC ARE TRADEMARKS**

**BURTON MILL CORPORATION**

**BUR-MIL CAMEO STOCKINGS WITH EXCLUSIVE FACE POWDER FINISH**

Styles from $1.25 to $1.95
PHOTOPLAY STAR PATTERN

COTTON TO SPRING

Sew-Easy to Make!

Janie Powell has an adorable new dress, designed for her by Helen Rose for her new M-G-M movie, "Small Town Girl." Doesn't she look appealing in it? Photo- play liked it as much as Janie, and copied it exactly, in our "sew-easy" star pattern, so you can look just like Janie! Make it in c-o-o-l batiste like hers, or in one of the other new cottons so plentiful now. For size 14, only five yards of 35-inch fabric.

PATTERN NO. 16

PHOTOPLAY STAR PATTERNS
Box 229, Madison Square Station, New York 10, New York

Enclosed find fifty cents (50c) for which please send me Jane Powell pattern No. 16, in size__________ (sizes 10 to 20)

Name__________________________________________________________

Street_____________________________________________________________________

City __________________________ Zone __________ State ________________

Note: For speedy delivery, enclose five cents extra to cover cost of special handling. —
"My favorite jewelry... cultured pearls by Deltah!"

said:

RHONDA FLEMING
co-starring in
"PONY EXPRESS"
A Paramount Picture
Color by Technicolor

the jewelry
every smart woman
wants most...

Dramatic top fashions — highlighting the iridescence of these glowing cultured pearls from the ocean's depths. Beautifully matched, hand-knotted necklaces, striking earrings, bracelets and charms — all with that famous Deltah look-of-luxury!

Earrings, Charms and Bracelets created in 1/20-12K gold-filled

Deltah CULTURED PEARLS

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

(All prices include Federal tax)
Welcome Back

Each year, Hollywood introduces a bevy of newcomers to American movie fans. But this year may become notable for the many familiar names and faces to reappear on neighborhood screens. In the forties, Broadway-trained Tom Drake had the bobby-soxers begging for him after his first picture. His studio obliged and cast him in hit after hit. Then, a few years ago, Tom dropped out of sight. But Tom Drake is back at work now in Paramount’s “Sangaree.”

Ann Sothern, on leave from filmdom, has been scampering through some Broadway and road-tour plays and devoting much time to her seven-year-old Patricia Ann, fondly called Tish. Soon Warners will release “Blue Gardenia” in which Ann co-stars with Anne Baxter.

Lew Ayres is a particularly elusive star in the Hollywood sky. His overwhelming artistic success many years ago in “All Quiet on the Western Front” by no means left him reconciled to acting. Lew had other dreams, one of which was directing. After “Johnny Belinda,” Lew took his umpteenth sabbatical from work—and the social whirl. One could only suppose that he spent his time in quiet contentment in his home on a mountain top, where, being an astronomer of sorts, he studies other stars. Now Lew is down from the hills, filming “No Escape.” Welcome back, one and all.
Famous doctor's new beauty care helps skin look fresher, lovelier—and helps you keep it that way!

If you aren't entirely satisfied with your complexion—here's the biggest beauty news in years! A famous skin doctor has developed a new wonderfully effective home beauty routine. It helps your complexion look fresher, lovelier and helps you keep it that way!

Different! This new sensible beauty care owes its amazing effectiveness to the unique qualities of Noxzema. This famous medicated beauty cream combines softening, soothing, healing and cleansing ingredients. It's greaseless, too—actually washes off in water—and helps the looks of your skin while it cleans off make-up and dirt.

Quick! Easy! Women all over America are thrilled with this sensible, inexpensive skin care. Their letters praise Noxzema's quick help for rough, dry skin and externally-caused blemishes. Wouldn't you like to help your problem skin look fresher, smoother, lovelier? Then tonight, try this:

1. Cleanse thoroughly by 'cream-washing' with Noxzema and water. Smooth Noxzema over face and neck. Wring out a cloth in warm water and wash your face as if using soap. See how make-up and dirt disappear! How fresh your skin looks after 'cream-washing'! No dry, drawn feeling!

2. Night cream. Smooth on Noxzema so its softening, soothing ingredients can help skin look smoother, fresher, lovelier. (Always pat a bit extra over any blemishes to help heal them—fast!)

3. Make-up base. In the morning, 'cream-wash'; apply Noxzema as a powder-base.

No matter how many other creams you have used, try Noxzema. This greaseless beauty cream is a medicated formula; that's one secret of its amazing effectiveness. That's why it has helped so many women with discouraging skin problems—in actual clinical tests, it helped 4 out of 5 women.

It works or money back! Try Noxzema for 10 days. If not delighted, return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore. Your money back!

**Look lovelier in 10 days**

**How you, too, can**

**Look lovelier in 10 days or your money back!**

**Look lovelier offer!**

NOXZEMA

for only 29c plus tax

Limited time only! At drug or cosmetic counters
SOAP BOX:

My curiosity is piqued by Lou Sullivan of Lexington, Kentucky, who wrote Readers, Inc., "What is this thing called Za Za Gabor? She certainly can’t act, isn’t beautiful (as some people say) and can’t even talk plain."

I shall answer this candid Kentuckian who wounded me so much as to determine to read Daniel Boone, which is, I think, a smart one.

This thing called Za Za Gabor is a woman who, according to Lou Sullivan, is deeply disturbed by the female of the species and unwilling to admit it or accept it, lashes out with male bluster to convince himself and others that he is a man.

Lou, darling, don’t fight women! It’s no sign of masculine weakness to be unoccupied with them. They’re really delightful creatures. You give yourself away, but utterly, when you feel impelled to beat them down with ungentle repudiation. A man who’s well adjusted to the opposite sex never exposes himself and his weakness as you have.

As for not being beautiful, not being able to act, or "even talk plain," I am defenselessly intrigued. At least I’m glad that despite my limitations in English I was able to put over a message to you.

I hope someday to meet Lou Sullivan. There’s a chance that I can talk him out of the blinding shame that he’s suffering at the moment about his attraction to women.

Sincerely,

Za Za Gabor

Betty Hutton is one of the most popular movie stars among all boys in the service. We write her letters and she answers us with a large picture, and that is what we like, especially when we are over here in Korea...

We are always happy to hear from our stars, and we like to hear from Betty.

Cpl. Charles Phillips
C/O F.P.O., San Francisco, California

All mail can be addressed to: Battalion Library, 192d Ordinance Battalion, C/O Postmaster, San Francisco, California.

Mrs. F. Simmons
Goldboro, North Carolina

I’m sick and tired of seeing Scott Brady be a smart aleck or be on the wrong side of the law in films. I’ve seen the handsome fellow’s movies and every one of them was terrible because of the role he was given. Why can’t he be the innocent boy-next-door in his next movie? Team him up with some beautiful young star like Debra Paget or Helena Carter and it’ll be a hit.

Carol Cowan
Tyrone, North Carolina

I would like to write a few lines in behalf of young Bob Wagner and Miss Barbara Stanwyck. Some items have been in print about Bob dating Miss Stanwyck and, in my opinion, these remarks have carried an insinuating note which is an insult to the intelligence and integrity of both these fine people. Why haven’t these items also included information that Bob and Miss Stanwyck have been engaged in the making of a film at 20th Century-Fox? Under the circumstances, isn’t it quite understandable that they should become friends without necessarily involving romance? There are a number of years difference in the ages of these two stars and I’m sure they’re both well aware of it—surely this doesn’t prohibit them from forming a friendship of value to both of them. I think their friendship is a wonderful thing to see and it should be treated properly and with fairness to both.

Thomas F. Murphy
Boston, Massachusetts

I read an article recently about John Wayne, and he says he can’t act. But by gosh he does a mighty fine job of trying.

Peggy Smith
Seattle, Calif.

In Edith Gwynn’s column in February Photoplay... you said, “Robert Taylor was spied buying a gorgeous chiffon and lace negligee with nightie to match—and ordering it monogrammed with merely an M. That doesn’t stand for Barbara Stanwyck or Ursula Thiess—so...” Well, isn’t Bob’s pet name for Barbara Stanwyck “Missy”... and doesn’t it begin with “M?”

Mrs. Florence E. Foster
Dorchester, Massachusetts

CASTING:

After having read that great novel, “The Caine Mutiny,” I feel that a wise choice for the role of Captain Queeg would be Charlton Heston...

Ann Reppert
Glenaid, Pennsylvania

Jane Powell as Laurey and Howard Keel as Curley could certainly make “Oklahoma” wonderful...

Barbara Beasley
Calgary, Alberta, Canada

(Continued on page 78)
"In my business you have to be fast. I’m not a movie star or a high-fashion camera model with a make-up man and an hour to fix my hair before every appearance. I’m a Seventh Avenue dress model, always changing clothes, always in a rush. But each time I appear, I must be as calm as a duchess, groomed to perfection.

"With my hair, that was a problem! It not only looked like straw, it acted like straw in the wind.

"Then, flash!—came news of Formula 9 and the 1 Minute Miracle! One minute is all I ever have, so I tried it. And the miracle happened! In 60 seconds my hair became soft, silky, instantly manageable with more natural curl than I had ever had in my life! Now after a fast change, a mere flick of the comb and it’s as smooth as an ad in Harper’s Bazaar.

"Do men notice the difference? Notice it? They love Formula 9—for the well-groomed look it gives them!"

Ladies, if you too have a hair problem—whether it’s dry hair, cracked and splitting ends, hair breaking off, dandruff or dull looking unmanageable hair—you’ll find there is only one thing that can make your hair healthier-looking, more beautiful and instantly manageable, and that is lanolin.

For unlike vegetable and mineral oils which merely cling to the hair surface and do no good at all, lanolin is actually absorbed by the hair and penetrates the scalp. Lanolin is a natural organic oil that comes from hair—the hair of a sheep. It is nature’s hair conditioner.

And only Charles Antell in famous Formula 9 has mastered the secret of refining and compounding lanolin so it is absorbed in sufficient quantity to make your hair lustrous, youthful looking, shimmering with highlights, instantly manageable—yet vanishes as you apply it. It’s marvelous what it does!

That’s why we say to you now, try Formula 9. Get it at any drug or cosmetic counter. We guarantee you’ll have healthier-looking, more beautiful hair or it costs you nothing.

© 1953, Charles Antell, Inc.
I had been working on "The Desert Song" exactly three days, and I had done nothing more than pre-record some of the song numbers, when I picked up a Hollywood paper one morning and read that Kathryn Grayson and I were "feuding on the set."

I blew my stack.

The simple truth of the matter was that, up until that very instant, I hadn't exchanged more than forty words with Kathryn and those words had been both formal and pleasant.

I don't know who starts these crazy rumors. My wife, Sheila, and I had met Kathryn at a party. As is usual at gatherings where most of the guests earn their living in the entertainment field, everyone began to contribute something to the evening's fun.

When Kathryn was asked to sing, she arose without any of the usual "Oh, really not tonight" routine, and took her place within the curve of the grand piano. She sang "One Fine Day" from "Madame Butterfly" and she sang the "Habanera" from "Carmen." She brought down the house.

I had seen her in pictures and I had assumed that hers was a light, fragrant voice of sweetness, flexibility, and true pitch. I discovered that her voice is a powerful instrument, equal in every respect to many of the celebrated grand opera voices. I was impressed.

When Warner Brothers notified me that I was to make "The Desert Song," I asked if Kathryn Grayson could be borrowed from M-G-M. I went so far as to say that I didn't see how the picture could be made at all unless a girl having both Kathryn's beauty and great voice could be cast as the heroine. Does that sound like stage setting for a feud?

The day I'd learned that Kathryn had been loaned to the studio, I had telephoned

Listen, Kate...

They say you're a terror on the set—always fighting with your
Sheila and yelled in triumph, "How about that for good news?"

So after I had read our sour publicity, I rushed to the recording studio and told Kathryn, "I want you to know that I had nothing to do with that silly story."

She lifted her shoulders in a relieved sigh and then began to smile. "And I want you to know that I had nothing to do with it either. I'm glad to get that straightened out. Now let's forget it."

"How's that for sportsmanship?"

During the ensuing eleven weeks of "The Desert Song" shooting, I learned many other facts about Kathryn. For instance, she is one of the most efficient girls in Hollywood. She never wastes a minute.

I interrupted her in the midst of making a list one afternoon and discovered that she was planning menus for her household for the following week. Not only that, she was making out a grocery list at the same time.

She keeps track of such things as having the house painted (after securing bids and placing the contract with the most satisfactory bidder), having the trees on her grounds pruned and otherwise cared for, maintaining records of dental visits for the members of the family, buying birthday gifts for something like twenty-two relatives, and in general serving as major domo of a home while simultaneously turning in fine performances as actress-singer.

She made me feel like a lazy lug.

Keeping track of a career and maintaining a full personal life at the same time would be occupation enough for anyone, but Kathryn still finds time to do things for other people. Without fuss, without letting anyone on the set become aware that she was making a series of telephone calls, Kathryn managed to spring a surprise party on the cast and crew during the late afternoon of her last day on the picture. You've never seen such a feast!

In the midst of all the excitement, Kathryn disappeared. She had waited until the party was well launched, then slipped away, leaving her guests to enjoy themselves while she went home to have dinner with her little girl. Kathryn is a devoted mother. You can read her love in her facial and tonal expressions when she talks about Patty Kate. You can sense it when she discusses the weekend plans she has made for the youngster's pleasure.

A friend of Kathryn's told me that when Kathryn and Johnny Johnston were playing the Palladium in London, Kathryn broke out in a rash and concluded that she had picked up some bug. Johnny called a series of doctors, none of whom seemed to be able to effect a cure. Finally someone suggested an elderly physician who had been successful in treating skin disorders.

So he was called. He studied the rash, then settled himself in a chair opposite the patient and encouraged her to talk. After several minutes he began to smile.

In a Killarney brogue he told her, "You are pining for that baby of yours. You are worried because she is wearing a cast on that dislocated hip, and you yearn to be at home with her. Your rash is caused by your emotional state. Stop fretting and you'll be all right."

The moment Kathryn headed home, the rash disappeared.

I'd like to point out, too, that Kathryn also has a pixie sense of humor. The best way I can explain it is to tell a story. Both of us were invited to the same benefit, and both of us agreed to sing. Although show people are always happy to be of assistance, sometimes these benefits drag on and on.

In the wings, Kathryn and I were kidding about the fact that it was almost midnight and neither of us had been called upon. I was groaning because I had an early morning call and I was telling her how lucky she was to have the day off.

"Day off!" she hissed. "I want you to know that I plan to do two weeks' work tomorrow." Whispering furiously she began to enumerate her crowded program, step by step.

"Yeah, yeah. That's what you're saying now," I whispered back. "But tomorrow morning you'll turn off that old alarm, roll over and pound the pillow until noon. I know how it goes with you glamour gals."

She gave me a funny little look that said, "Bub, you've gone too far. Now comes the business," and hurried away to the program director.

Opening those great brown eyes and tipping up that persuasive nose, Miss Grayson pleaded that she had to report for work at six the next morning, and couldn't she please do her bit now?

Who could resist? Miss Grayson sang and then went sailing past me, her pretty pan elevated in impish triumph, I didn't sing until 1:00 a.m. The next time we both appear at the same benefit, I'm going to appoint her my program agent.

Everybody has a fault or two. And in order to keep this report on Kathryn from seeming saltless, I might as well mention her outstanding weakness.

She is a perfectionist. She worries. She wants to be a better singer day by day. Furthermore, she considers herself an actress in need of improvement. She studies. She rehearses. She says, "I think I could improve it by repeating once more."

I think I should write a note to her. Matter of fact, I will. And here it is: "Kid, you're great. You've got everything: beauty, brains, character, and a God-given voice. You can afford to relax and enjoy life. And you can afford to ignore any talk of feudin' and fightin' with your leading men. I know—I was your leading man."

leading men. Now it's my turn to talk.
A LASTING WAVE GUARANTEED
by Lever Brothers Co.
—or money back!

A soft, natural-looking wave the new easy way!

SIMPLE... because you need only one application
Just roll curls on any plastic curlers or Shadow Wave's new French style. Apply lotion, let dry and brush into a soft, lasting wave... that's all!

SAFE... because of unique patented lotion
Kinder to your hair, needs no repeated soakings. The only home permanent that neutralizes itself so completely.

SURE... because there's no guess-work
Waving stops automatically, there's no timing problem. That's why it's guaranteed to take.

(Continued from page 74)
I think the movie “The Sheik” should be made with Stewart Granger as the Sheik and Piper Laurie as leading lady. I think it would make a smashing hit.

DEBBIE SANDERS
Baltimore, Maryland

I'd like to nominate Jeff Chandler for “The Sheik.” What good is it to cast someone who resembles Valentino if the power and temperament are lacking? Jeff seems plausible in roles that would make other actors appear ridiculous...

EVELYN ZAGAS
San Diego, California

Why don't they make a vocal team of Eddie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds...? They're both tops on my list, and young and popular. I think the team of Reynolds and Fisher would be a great success!

MARGORIE MCMASTER
Tyler, Texas

I think it would be wonderful if Richard Allan could dance with Vera- Ellen or Virginia Mayo in a musical picture, in Technicolor.

JO ANN KOWABORA
Lodi, California

I would like to see the movie, “Seventh Heaven,” remade in Technicolor with two great stars, Lana Turner and Dennis Morgan. I saw it when Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell played in it, and it was one of the greatest shows I have ever seen in my lifetime.

MRS. SAM ROTI
Sioux Falls, South Dakota

When I saw this photo of Elaine Stewart in January photoplay, I immediately thought of Susan Hayward. Wouldn't these two girls be perfect in sister roles?

JUDY ABELE
Portland, Oregon

Susan and Elaine: Lookalikes?

QUESTION BOX:

In your August issue of photoplay you stated that Esther Williams was the star of “One Piece Bathing Suit.” In your October issue you stated that she was the star of “Million Dollar Mermaid.” Were these two the same picture under both titles?

RUTH BAHNER
Sedalia, Missouri

Yes, the title of the picture was changed from “One Piece Bathing Suit” to “Million Dollar Mermaid.”—Ed.
I'm writing you about perhaps the most talked about movie star since I was born sixteen years ago—Marilyn Monroe. I have two questions. Why does her publicity call her the woman women hate? I honestly think she is the best looking star in Hollywood, but certainly hasn't made herself obnoxious enough to cause all women to hate her. Why is it that in all her publicity something isn't said about her fine acting? In "Don't Bother to Knock," she certainly showed herself up to be one of the top actresses . . . give her credit for this, as well as for her looks.

Betty Joyce Nunn
Williamsburg, Virginia

Is Robert Arthur, who produced "The Story of Will Rogers," an actor also?

Manuel Santa Cruz
Key West, Florida

No, they are two different people. The actor (he's currently in "The System") changed his name legally to Bob Arthur.—Ed.

I have just seen "Snows of Kilimanjaro." Some of us who saw it say that Ava Gardner and Gregory Peck were not married, and some say they were. Who is right?

Katie Lou Rodgers
Beardstown, Illinois

Your guess is as good as ours! The picture never really makes it clear.—Ed.

I have just seen the three-dimensional picture, "Bwana Devil," and although it was advertised as being the first picture of its kind, wasn't there a three-dimensional short feature out a number of years ago?

Lorraine Banos
Detroit, Michigan

Yes, several experimental shorts had been made years ago.—Ed.

Would you please . . . tell me what new movies Donald O'Connor will be in and what movies he has already been in? Also . . . what is Vera-Ellen's real name?

Sherry Page
Palo Alto, California

Donald, O'Connor will soon be seen in "I Love Melvin," to be followed by "Call Me Madam." In 1952 he was in "Francis Goes to West Point" and "Singin' in the Rain." Vera-Ellen's real name is Vera-Ellen Rohe.—Ed.

. . . I would like to know who played Chauncey, the young policeman in "Stop, You're Killing Me!"

Peggy James
Greenwood, South Carolina

That was newcomer Bill Hayes. A popular singing star, he makes his motion picture debut in this movie.—Ed.

(Continued on next page)

She's Engaged

Vivacious Jane Foster of Maplewood, New Jersey to David Byron Miller of New York City. They'll have a June wedding—to remember always!

She's Lovely

So tiny—just over five feet to David's full six!—blonde, with a complexion that's petal-smooth.

She uses Pond's

"I love the way Pond's Cold Cream makes my skin feel so silky . . . look so much clearer. It really cleanses!" Jane says.

"I'm never going to be without Pond's."

Jane Marguerite Foster

The ring—a large brilliant-cut diamond

"I've found how to make a wonderful 'change' in my skin," Jane says

"Did you ever get discouraged with your skin? I never realized how much clearer, how much, much smoother my skin could look—until I began using Pond's Cold Cream," Jane says.

If your skin looks harsh . . . has that hateful "muddy" look—see how daily Pond's Creamings can help your skin.

Skin-helping ingredients in Pond's work together as a team—in interaction. And as you swirl on Pond's you help both sides of your skin.

Outside—dirt and old make-up are cleansed from pore-openings—immaculately. At the same time, your skin is given smoothing oil and moisture it needs. Inside—circulation is stimulated.

Use Pond's Cold Cream as Jane does. The difference in your skin will delight you, as you see it take on a new smoothness, a new freshness!

Get a large jar of Pond's Cold Cream. Use it tonight—and see a fascinating, immediate change come over your face.

For a really lovely complexion, do this every night as Jane does

Soft-cleanse by swirling satin-smooth Pond's Cold Cream up over face and throat. Tissue off—well.

Soft-rinse with more skin-helping Pond's. Now tissue off lightly. Your face is immaculate, glowing.
To learn "the truth" about your pals—
- Let them tell it with costumes
- Study palmistry

Who'd guess that timid Theresa secretly longs to be a Mata Hari? And Bill (The Shoulders) hankers to whip up the world's best souffle? Give a "secret ambition" party! You'll get a line on your gang—with their togs representing the life they'd really like! As for you, you're safe from revealing lines (that certain kind)—with Kotex. Just trust those special, flat pressed ends. And you get double protection—extra absorbency plus that safety center.

Can you offset bowlegged gams with
- Grace
- Exercise
- Blue jeans

If Nature threw a curve when she built dem bones, exercise won't straighten 'em. To offset that bowed look, acquire graceful posture; avoid shorts, snug-fitting jeans. Wear skirts with a graceful flare—at the right length for you. For every gal (come calendar days) there's a "just right" absorbency of Kotex. Regular, Junior, Super.

Are you in the know?

While dancing, which policy's best?
- Cool chatter
- Wait for the tone signal

Should you be a conversational ball of fire? Chances are, he'll prefer good footwork to clicking the pearly gums. Try a few remarks re the music; if he's for yacketty, let him set the tone. And if it's "that" time—keep prancing in comfort. Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it: this napkin holds its shape!

More women choose KOTEX® than all other sanitary napkins

Know someone who needs to know?
Remember how puzzled you were when "that" day arrived for the first time? Maybe you know some younger now who's in the same boat. Help her out! Send today for the new free booklet "You're A Young Lady Now." Written for girls aged 9 to 12, it tells her all she needs to know, beforehand. Button-bright! Write P. O. Box 3434, Dept. 343, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

Readers Inc.: . . .

(Continued from preceding page)
"The Toughest Man in Arizona" was a wonderful picture. Throughout it I was watching the fellow who played Jerry . . . Who was he?
PATRICIA JUREK
St. Cloud, Minnesota

Lee MacGregor: You can direct your letters and requests for photographs to him c/o Republic Studios.—Ed.

I saw Arlene Dahl's picture on the back of some cut-outs I had put away and forgotten about Ingrid Bergman . . . It looked as though she was in the Ziegfeld Follies or a chorus girl. Will you give me some information on this?
ELIZABETH THOMPSON
Jackson, Mississippi

The clipping showing Arlene Dahl must have been from a movie she was in with Vera-Ellen, Fred Astaire and Red Skelton. She played a stage actress in "Three Little Words." She was on the stage for awhile, before becoming a model, but was not a chorus girl.—Ed.

. . . Who was the cute young man who took the part of Rock Hudson's son in "The Lawless Breed"? He looks very promising.
KATHLEEN GIBLIN
New Iberia, Louisiana

That was Race Gentry. You can write him c/o Universal-International Studios.—Ed.

Newcomer: Race Gentry

People always mention Tony Curtis' real name, but never Janet Leigh's. Is her stage name the same as her real name? If not, what is it please?
VICKIE RESS
Steubenville, Ohio

Her real name is Jeannette Morrison.—Ed.

A friend says that Arthur Shields (who played the Reverend Playfair in "The Quiet Man") and Barry Fitzgerald (who played Michael Flynn) are brothers. If they are, why don't they have the same name? Also, what was the background music for "The Quiet Man"?
MARY LOU BAKER
Centerville, Massachusetts

Your friend is right. They are brothers. Barry Fitzgerald, like many people of the theater, uses a stage name. But his real name is William Shields. The background music for the picture was made up partly of traditional Irish folk melodies, partly of music specially written by Victor Young. It is available on both RCA and Decca records.—Ed.

Do many stars wear glasses off-screen? Can a person be in movies if he does . . . ?
D. P.
Oakridge, Oregon

Working under Klieg lights is hard on the eyes, and many stars wear glasses. This is no handicap to their careers.—Ed.
Another reason she is thought frugal—she doesn't buy lavish clothes. Like any star, she could spend as much money as there is on clothes. She could rationalize a complete French wardrobe every few weeks on the basis that it's part of the career. The truth is that Esther has never been able to bring herself to the excitement of that extravagance. She's happy without a French label. She brings, actually, finding a little dressmaker in Pacific Palisades who will copy clothes for her from pictures. Between picture assignments, Esther hauls her dummy from the wardrobe department out to this seamstress. By using the dummy, she doesn't have to go for frequent fittings. When a new picture starts, Sam Kress of M-G-M wardrobe has to yell, "Get the body back!"

Ben is an excellent dancer. In fact, it was at Lick Pier in Ocean Park that they knew they were completely in love. Croc's and the Mocambo dance floors weren't big enough for these two tall people who like to take long steps; so they went out one Wednesday night to the huge Ocean Park ballroom. They had the place practically to themselves that night, they danced to their hearts' content. When Esther got home, she told her mother, "That does it! He's the best dancer of all time!"

"Actually, I fell in love with Ben the first time I saw him. That very minute. It was at a charity benefit for a Jewish old-age home. I'd sold cigarettes and was just saving, alone, when Bunny Green said, Esther, by the way, do you know Ben Jage?" And there he was.

"Why, hello! I said. But to myself I said something. There he is! I said, What's taken you so long, Ben Jage? Where have you been?" He was in a sergeant's uniform. I hadn't imagined him a that. As a matter of fact, I'd imagined him on a white horse. But there he was. and do you know, with all the problems and our seven-year marriage, losing our rsi baby and all the work separations that we hate—I've never lost sight of the magic moment when I first saw him. Y'know, anyone had told me twenty minutes or ve years before that I could fall in love at first sight, I'd have thought he was out of his nnd. On everything else in my life, I've had to think so hard. It took me a year to join a swimming team; it took me a year to accept a movie offer. I ad to think and think about each move. It not about Ben.

"As a matter of fact, for the first part of our courtship and marriage, I was like etty Hutton as the backwoods kids in the rly scenes of 'Annie Get Your Gun.' I stood around with my mouth open, stening to Ben and saying, 'What did you say, Ben?' Say it again, Ben.' That's why I'm so incomprehensible to me that anyone could think I was could be having trouble ith my man.

Ben's gentle with his sons and quiet; he ves them full scope to show off their personalities. Recently, they went to Palm Springs, the whole family, but the weather as too hot for the youngsters and they went home by plane. The next night, they called home and talked to Ben. After a minute, he said, "Okay, I've talked
it's a bargain!

Here's the most amazing bargain of the year that gives you three books in one

1. An album of movie star pics
2. A handy record book for your most important memoranda
3. A confidential diary

it's a date book

at just fifty cents! Think of it! In this one handsomely bound, carefully edited glamour record book, you have a place for everything, plus pictures and dating advice from all your favorite stars. There are places for autographs and personal clippings.

Pocket-book sized, easy to carry around, with a swell cover color portrait of Doris Day, it's wonderful to own and would make a terrific gift.

Fill out the coupon and send for your copy (or copies) today.

MY PERSONAL DATE BOOK
WORLD WIDE, Dept. PH-453
63 CENTRAL AVENUE
OSSINING, NEW YORK

I enclose  for copies of MY PERSONAL DATE BOOK
at 50¢ a copy. Send to:

NAME ..............................................................................
ADDRESS ........................................................................
CITY .............. STATE ..............................................

Send no stamps, send cash or money order.

to you, Mommie, now put Daddy on." Esther had several other things she wanted to say but Benjy was impatient. "Put Daddy on, Mommie, I want to talk to Daddy," So Ben came to the phone and Esther, piqued and curious, picked up the extension.

"Daddy," Benjy was saying, "you know, I didn't want to get on that plane. I said, 'Nononononono, I don't want to, I won't.' He hadn't mentioned this to Esther at all.

"Then what didja do?" Ben said.

"I got on. And you know what, Daddy? It was a jet. It went rrppt when it landed."

"Yep," Ben said, "that's how a jet goes."

The conversation went on, Benjy telling his dad all about it, what he felt and when he stopped being scared and how Kimmy took the trip. When they'd finished talking, Ben said, "Were you on the extension?" Esther admitted she had been. "Well, just don't tell Benjy. This was man-talk."

"Anyone who thinks I'd dissolve this marriage just doesn't know anything about us," Esther says. "It happens that we're in love with each other and with our life—but if the situation were different, if there were reasons for Ben and me not to be happy—I still could never give those boys what Ben gives them, and I could never deprive them of this dad whom they adore. I not only am not a mermaid-tycoon—I'm not a mother-and-father either. I'm just their mother and I hope I'm doing as good a job at that as Ben is doing as their dad.

"This Ben of mine is uninhibited, and I'm as uninhibited as he. I can't imagine a life without utter naturalness. Ben needs me, and he's the sort of man who needs only one person in the world. It's wonderful to be loved that way, and I thank my lucky stars for my husband every day of my life, and every day of his. Today is his birthday and his gift from me is a chronometer watch. On the back I've had engraved, 'Darling, happy birthday, happy life. E' That's how I feel and that's what I mean. I thank God that I had the good sense to fall in love with a man who also has the good sense to know his love and his kind of life when he sees it.

"We've settled down for the rest of our happy days building an exciting and a sound future together.

"If you're interested in the truth—this is the truth about us."
HERE'S WHERE YOU CAN BUY PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS

ACCENT sandals:
Los Angeles, Calif.: Bullock's
Omaha, Neb.: J. L. Brandeis
Pittsburgh, Pa.: Joseph Horne

CONNIE sandals:
Charleston, W. Va.: The Diamond
Lima, Ohio: Blattner's
San Angelo, Texas: The Duchess Shop

FORTUNET shoes:
Philadelphia, Pa.: Lit Brothers

GRACE WALKER sandals:
Cleveland, Ohio: Halle Brothers

TOWN & COUNTRY sandals:
Boston, Mass.: Wm. Filene Sons
Buffalo, N. Y.: Wm. Hengeler
New York, N. Y.: McCreery's

COLLEEN ORIGINALS dress:
New York, N. Y.: Gimbel's

DORIAN lounging outfit:
Cincinnati, Ohio: H & S Pogue

HENRY ROSENFIELD dress:
Indianapolis, Ind.: Wm. H. Block
New York, N. Y.: Franklin Simon

JONATHAN LOGAN dress:
New York, N. Y.: Best & Company

NELLY DEGRAB separates:
Boston, Mass.: Jordan Marsh
New York, N. Y.: Lord & Taylor

PREMIER sweater, DUNKIRK skirt:
Baltimore, Md.: Hochschild, Kohn & Company

For store nearer you, write
Jessica Bradt, Fashion Editor

GIVE!
Buy
1953 Easter Seals
and Help
Crippled Children

NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN & ADULTS, INC.

—

how a wife can hold on to married happiness

Be Sure—Don't Guess About These Intimate Facts!

How much happier and healthier is the wife who knows that intimate feminine cleanliness is vital to married happiness. And wise is the wife who uses ZONITE for a cleansing, antiseptic and deodorizing douche!

Scientists tested every known antiseptic-germicide they could find on sale for the douche. No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested proved so powerful yet absolutely safe to body tissues as ZONITE. Now you can understand why ZONITE is so enthusiastically recommended.

ZONITE Completely Safe
to Delicate Body Tissues

The zonite principle was developed by a famous surgeon and scientist. The first in the world to be powerfully effective yet positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. In fact, ZONITE is a won-

Zonite

FREE! Mail coupon for FREE book, Reveals intimate facts and gives complete information on feminine hygiene. Write Zonite Products Corp., Dept. PP-43, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. *

Name
Address
City State

*Offer good only in U. S. and Canada

83
The Ladds Go Limey!

(Continued from page 55)
classes for the children two times each day.
The sound of two auto horns announced
the simultaneous arrival of Alan from the
studio and Lonnie and David with Miss
Martin. Alan sat alongside the driver in
the beige Cadillac he brought from the
States, making faces through the window
at the car behind, where the children jig-
gled the door handle, impatiently waiting to
spring out. They rode in the bright blue
Jaguar sedan Alan and Sue bought shortly
after arrival. It's exactly the same mode
as Michael Wilding's and the kids adore it.

"Tea's ready," announced Mary Thomp-
son, the maid, from the front doorway
Lonnie yelled "Come on, David!" as the
two youngsters raced in to be first at the
cucumber sandwiches.

"I'm going to shoot a few holes of golf
before dinner, dear," Alan said, going up
to change. "The weather's so good it'd be
a shame to miss it."

"This living in the middle of a golf
course," says Sue, "is spoiling Alan. On
morning when he has a late call, he can
roll out of bed, eat his kippers and corn-
flakes and be at the first tee in about five
minutes."

But Alan managed time for far more
than golf when he wasn't working in "Red
Beret." He has made himself one of the
most effective ambassadors Hollywood has
ever sent abroad.

Alan arrived in England during the
height of the period of British Equity hos-
tility against having Americans play roles
which might well be filled by British actors.
But he won both the public and the press
over to his side at once. So popular did he
become personally that the entire square
of airborne commandos who had been
recruited to work in "Red Beret" names
him an honorary member of their regi-
ment; a group of four hundred young
British fans gave a huge tea in his honor
and newspapers tagged him as "One of
America's best exports to this Isle."

Sue is radiant about this British sojourn
"I'm tired of bringing his to take the kids
abroad for so long," she said, "but the cos
would have been too great if Alan weren't
working here."

When he decided on the script of "Red
Beret" I had only five weeks to get the
whole family ready. There was never any
question of leaving the children behind.
We're too close a family to be apart. Why
if one of us isn't home for dinner it seem-
like a pall's over the whole house. Alan
and I so seldom go out it's reached a
point now where the little ones are quite
insulted when we do. Six thousand mile
between us! We'd all be too unhappy.

"Lonnie, my baby girl, wanted to take
the whole house with her when we came.
She settled for the tricycle and her com-
plete set of Nancy Drew mysteries. At the
last minute, she was given a doll's trunk
she stencilled L-A-D-D on it and carted it
along. Having their own possession makes
them feel more at home.

"David was really the funny one. He
insisted on bringing his tricycle, his Te-
lsh bear and a pair of Alan Ladd guns.
Something he also got the idea he could fish
of the side of the Ile de France but we talked
him out of his fishing rod."

Alan strode in with his clubs just as the
children finished their tea. "What did you
see today?" he asked them.

"Trafalgar Square, Piccadilly Circus and
Buckingham Palace, where the real Queen
lives," announced Lonnie proudly.

"And she has a little boy, too," David
cried. "And his name is Charles. The police
man asked me my name and he said the

Haven't you been embarrassed and annoyed time
and again by snags and runs? Then stop washing your
nylon stockings the old-fashioned way... with
soaps and flakes... start washing them with Nylast!

Now amazing new Nylast, made exclusively for nylon, actually
strengthens and protects nylon stockings as it washes them.
No soap, no flake can do that for your precious nylons. Why?
Because Nylast contains vital ingredients by DuPont that
coat each nylon thread with invisible protection against snags
and runs. A survey among thousands of women proves
that regular Nylast users average
sixteen extra wearings!
So tonight, strengthen and protect your
nylons as you wash them.
Cut your hosiery bills in half.
Get Nylast at
your favorite store or
supermarket.

nylast*
for washing nylons
A product of Seeman Brothers,
makers of Air-Wick, and distributors
of other dependable household
products for 66 years.
Queen's uncle has the very same one...

"The Duke of Windsor," interposed Miss Martin.

"And we saw the changing of the guards and ate lunch in Fleet Street, and went to the zoo in Regent's Park," he summed up, with shining eyes.

"See what I mean about education?" asked an approving Alan. "When I was a child we were too poor for me to travel anywhere. That's why I'm so strong on first-hand learning. With Miss Martin to guide them, this trip will do more good than a library full of books."

Highclere stands on a slight rise, giving a clear, high view of the surrounding fields, shade trees and hedgerows. And here the Ladds expect to remain through March and possibly April before taking a continental holiday. They haven't decided on a vacation spot yet. The whole family likes the sun, and after an English winter they'll need it, especially Alan, who begins work soon on his next picture, "White South." Sue has been consulting travel folders comparing the French Riviera to Majorca or Capri.

"Above all, Alan enjoys informality. He wants to wear those loud shirts he brought home from our Hawaiian trip last year. Wherever we go we'll take a villa." Alan assuredly deserves a rest. With all his quiet good humor and affectionate attitude toward his family, signs of fatigue can be detected on his face. After all, in eleven years since he first found fame in "This Gun for Hire" he has made twenty-six pictures, each a roaring box-office hit.

The infant born Alan Walbridge Ladd thirty-nine years ago in Hot Springs, Arkansas, has come a long way since his poverty-stricken family moved to California in 1921.

Warner Brothers gave him his first full-time job as a "grip"—the guy who does anything nobody else will risk. Acting appealed to him more than breaking his neck stringing lights on the ceiling, so he studied hard, drifting finally into radio.

When agent Sue Carol heard him she convinced him to try for the movies. Producers refused to take a chance because they considered his five feet, nine inches too short and they weren't interested in blond actors.

Since the part of Raven in "This Gun for Hire," catapulted him into the top box-office spot, his popularity has never waned. Before "Red Beret," he completed "The Iron Mistress" and "Desert Legion," which are now being shown.

Through it all, Sue Carol Ladd has been wife, mother to their two children, adviser and friend. His conversation always returns to her. "You can ask Susie if I'm right," he'll say. "Am I right, Sue?"

After dinner that night, Miss Martin took David and Lonnie up to change for bed. A short while later there was a delighted squeal. Lonnie came rushing to the head of the stairs.

"Mommie...Daddie..." she called. "Look at me. Look what Miss Martin did for me!"

And there stood the nine-year-old Lonnie Ladd in her woolly nightshirt, excited beyond words because she had curlers in her soft blonde hair for the very first time.

Alan and Sue looked at each other tenderly. "Our baby's growing up," Alan said.

"Run along to bed, dear," Sue urged. "Tomorrow's a long day."

She stirred up the fire, her eyes misting a little. The glowing coals were symbolic—symbol of the fact that the Ladds manage to create warmth and a real family merriness wherever they are—their greatest success story of all.

The End

Sweet and Low...

Lovable's new Ringlet plunge
at only $1.50

Slip it on...at once your figure takes on a new, lovable look. A single-needle makes the difference in this smart Ringlet plunge, moulding lovely lines, locking in shape-sure fit. And the deep wiring is contoured, cushioned, really comfortable.

No bra anywhere is so excitingly low at $1.50!

Other Lovable styles start at $1. Also in Canada!

It costs so little to look Lovable!

THE LOVABLE BRASSIERE CO., DEPT. TS-4, 180 MADISON AVE., NYC 16
Silverplate with the look and feel of sterling
...for $200 less!

PATRONS—So beautifully designed many women think they look like sterling silver.

NOTE—the superb detail, fine finish and feeling of weight!

PRICE—A 52-piece service for 8 costs only $74.95, at least $200 less than a comparable service in sterling.

TERMS—Ask dealer about Club Plan when you see the Holmes & Edwards Collection.

QUALITY—It's finer silverplate, because it's Sterling Inlaid.

And remember: Holmes & Edwards is Sterling Inlaid Silverplate. Most used spoons and forks are inlaid with two blocks of sterling silver at the points where they rest on the table.

ORDINARY SILVERPLATE:

IF PLATE DOES WEAR SHOWS

STERLING INLAID SILVERPLATE:

IF PLATE DOES WEAR SHOWS

FREE "Silver Sense"—a booklet to guide you in your purchase and use of silverware. Write Dept. E-A, Holmes & Edwards Division, The International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn. ©1933. ALL PATTERNS MADE IN U.S.A.

TERRIFIC TRIO

(Continued from page 32)

clasp knife and a piece of wood and instructed to whittle. Just whistle.Cowards relaxing never carve anything in particular, he learned; they just whittle until the shavings curl thickly about their boots and the stick has become a silver. Then they find another stick.

Under the guise of ribbing, Dale and Rory were giving him the benefit of their experience, teaching him the things he needed to know to lend realism to his role, and Bob was sensitive enough to understand that. But he was still boyish enough to be mortified when he swung aboard his old eagle with what he hoped was a practised air, only to hear Rory break up the set by drawing, "Get a load of that tenderfoot—he's looking for a gear shift on his saddle to make that horse go."

He defended himself—or, at least, he made a manful attempt. "Maybe I'm new to Westerns," R. J. boasted, "but I'm still the only guy in the picture who gets to kiss the girl!"

"That's because you're new," retorted Dale. "When you get to be a star, you can have it written into your contract that you only kiss your horse. Anybody but a greenhorn like you would know that you're never, never supposed to kiss girls in Westerns!"

In the course of the picture, Wagner became so impressed that he bought himself an MG "because Rory and Dale drive MG's." It was worth a trip to the lot to see the three tall, handsome "Westerners" stride off the set, spurs ajingcle, jackknife their lanky bodies into the perky little British roadsters.

They are all tall, handsome stars under contract to the same studio. But there the resemblance ends.

Dale Robertson is a very positive personality. He is always the most relaxed person on the set. He arrives at the studio well prepared for the day's shooting; he knows exactly what he is to do, and he has made up his mind how he will do it. A "one-way" guy, Dale is stubborn. The studio executives are eager to groom him for the top stardom which is obviously his destiny, but they are limited in picture material by his refusal to lose his Oklahoma accent. "You just can't put a guy with an accent like that in a drawing room without shooting another reel to explain how he got there," said a doleful but logical Robertson booster.

Dale Robertson's positive nature is also reflected in his marriage. Hollywood second-guessers try to tell you that success has gone to Dale's head, and that's what's wrong between Dale and his wife Jackie. But the real problem seems to be that Jackie has had difficulty conforming to her husband's ideals—and that those ideals are iron-bound.

She had had a career of her own when she met Dale; true, her parts in pictures had only been bits, but even a small place in the sun satisfied a need of her own. Jackie is an intelligent girl, a gregarious one who loves people and is very much stimulated by them. She needs to be with them, but to Dale's mind, a wife's place is in the home.

The pivot man of the tempestuous threesome is Rory Calhoun, who knew both Dale and Bob Wagner before they were in pictures. He is the easiest of the three. He is a clown on the set, and he originates most of the practical jokes and gags. He is the most likely to bluff a line, the least apt to worry when he does, "What is there to do besides laugh it off?" Rory asks with a shrug of his broad shoulders. "How many times can a man say he's sorry?" Rory's emotional security is there for the most casual observer to see. He and his wife, the petite and volatile Lita Baron,

WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITES?

Send in your votes for the stars you want to see in Photoplay

In color I want to see:

ACTOR:

ACTRESS:

I want to read stories about:

I The features I like best in this issue of Photoplay are:

ADDRESS:

NAME:

Send this ballot to Readers' Poll Editor, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, N.Y. 17, N.Y.
to which he is dedicated. He must explore every possible facet of a new role before he rests easily in his characterization. Bob's appearance in "The Silver Whip" was not the result of whimsical casting—he constantly besets his studio with plans for "a different kind of part," moving eagerly from straight drama to Western to song-and-dance, growing steadily in stature and experience. When he is able to portray every conceivable type with conviction, there will be one critic still dissatisfied with his performance. That critic is R. J. Wagner, who is marked with the unrest of the perfectionist.

Hollywood interest has been piqued by R. J.'s preference for the company of persons older than himself. But this is merely a reflex of what he has been and must be. First and foremost, he is the only child of intelligent parents who treated him as another adult as soon as he was old enough to grasp the meaning of the compliment. More important—and oddly touching—Bob is as movie-struck as any fan in the world. He can talk old pictures till dawn, and he would rather spend an evening at the feet of one of his cinema heroes or heroines than go out with the most beautiful girl in town. Looking for Wagner at a party, you will probably find him in a corner with one of his boyhood gods, absorbed, unaware that there are other people in the room. He's paying tribute, yes—but he's also studying voice and expression and gesture. R. J. Wagner learns something from everyone he meets.

His pleasure in older people has precipitated a new development in Bob's private life. Rumor whispers that he can no longer count on a date with his erstwhile girl, Debbie Reynolds, because she resents his attentions to a glamorous "older woman" named Barbara Stanwyck. It's true that Bob and Barbara have been seen at Ciro's and Mocambo, that R. J. haunts the drive-ins and juke joints less frequently. It is equally true, however, that Barbara Stanwyck has long been a Wagner idol and that he would naturally consider it a great privilege to be at her side. And Barbara would be less than human if she didn't find the worship of so charming and talented a boy beguiling. Whether Bob is merely going through a phase of sophistication or has truly outgrown the boyish-sox forms of entertainment remains to be seen; at this time he is as changeable as any other twenty-two-year old.

He's more than serious and intense and changeable, to hear Rory Calhoun tell it. "I remember once when I thought he was getting off on a wrong track that would do his career no good. Because the same thing happened to me in the beginning and because I've known R. J. such a long time, I thought it might be a good idea if I had a fatherly talk with him. "So I said my little piece one day when we were alone, and after I finished he said, 'I don't think it's any of your business, Smoky.'

"Well, he was sure right about that, and I told him so. A couple of months later he was back, asking me questions about the very things I had tried to tell him. It made me feel good about him. R. J.'s a proud kid, real proud. I hurt his pride by giving him advice in the first place, and he had to swallow a lot of that pride to come back and ask for it after what he said. But he did it—he's that kind of guy."

The terrific trio is a motley crew, each different in philosophy, in attitude, in his impact on the fans... but they have one vital thing in common; each is a triple threat at any box office in the land.

The End

Dramatize Your Lips With
"RHAPSODY IN PINK"
Fabulous New Shade by TANGEE!

It's pink as pink should be—flattering, young, tempting. A rosy song of color on your lips that stays on and on for hours and hours, thanks to Permachrome. And it's extra-rich in Lanolin. That's why it applies smoothly, keeps lips soft, dewy-fresh.

NEW COLOR-TRUE
Tangee

WITH PERMACHROME —
EXTRA-RICH IN LANOLIN
New Help for 4 "Young Skin" Problems

Young skin often turns into problem skin—just when a girl has a right to look her prettiest.

Oil glands begin to work overtime. Your skin seems always oily, shiny. Powder cakes and darkens.

Flaky particles pile up, roughen your skin, for it has become too sluggish to throw them off as it should.

Pores begin to show so. Dirt and oil, trapped by dead skin cells, clog and stretch the pore openings.

Blackheads and bumps can—and very often do—start to develop in the clogged pore openings.

Now—Pond's has worked out a remarkably effective treatment for these four young skin problems. It's greaseless. It's quick. And it works.

IN JUST 1 MINUTE

See your skin look fresher, brighter, clearer.

Several times a week give your skin this quick treatment. Cover face except eyes—with a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. The Cream's "keratolytic" action loosens . . . dissolves away dead skin cells! After 1 minute—tissue off. Now—pore openings are cleared of dead skin cells. Tiny skin glands can function normally. Your skin looks fresher, clearer, smoother!

Greasy make-up "coarsens" young skin. For a naturally pretty look, use greaseless Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base.

Inside Stuff

Continued from page 31

Now we can hardly wait for them to make "The Son of Cochise Meets the Daughter of Ma and Pa Kettle!" . . . Real quiet-like, M.G.M.'s dusting off the old print of "Dancing Daughters," a great movie in its day that catapulted the unknown Joan Crawford to staggering stardom. Star-studded casting this time: probably Elizabeth Taylor, Jane Powell and Ann Blyth.

Hodge-Podge: Someone saw it and reported that Mitzi Gaynor was walking around with a purse filled with thousand-dollar bills. They failed to mention that it was Korean money, sent to the dancing star by our boys who wanted it back—autographed! . . . Because he couldn't stand being separated from his wife and baby, Richard Basehart secured his release from Twentieth Century-Fox, drove his Cadillac to New York and put it and himself on a boat headed for Italy and Valentina Cortese.

Switcheroos: Marilyn Monroe exiting from Francis Orr's stationery store in Beverly Hills, where she bought a calendar—for her desk! . . . Rock Hudson refusing a new studio dressing room suite, because he's sentimental as well as superstitious about the cubby hole which was first assigned to him . . . Bill Holden pointing out Robert Mitchum in a public market, when an anxious tourist asked if there were any movie-stars around! . . . Virginia Mayo flabbergasting the studio by saying she wasn't exhausted, she didn't want to get away from it all and she'd be happy to come in and make publicity pictures, although she was off-salary . . . The famous team of Marlowe and Gower Champion inviting Debbie Reynolds and Carlton Carpenter to share an "evening off" with them. They ended up dancing at the Hollywood Palladium!

Additions: Mario Lanza's father for the third time and his famous chest is out to there. He's so proud that his first son weighed in at eight pounds, six ounces, Mario may go back to work! . . . Good news for Jane Russell and Bob Waterfield, who finally won court approval to adopt Michael Kavanagh, the little English lad Jane brought home from London last year. They hope to adopt two more.

Lone Wolves: The Dan Dailey-Beetsyn-Wyan nuptials may never happen, skeptics say, because his personal counsellor supposedly advised Danny-boy never to make an important decision too hastily when his emotions were involved . . . Howard Duff's sudden walk-out on Ida Lupino, following their return from a European trip, didn't surprise their intimates. Although he worships his wife and baby,
Howard is a confirmed bachelor at heart, struggling nobly to adjust himself to a life of domesticity. His quick return to home and hearth pleased all their friends—John Wayne denies (not too happily) the possibility of an eventual reconciliation with his first wife, which would probably be the greatest break that could happen to him.

Marriages: Director Michael Curtiz wanted to rearrange the altar and give guests a better view of sweet singer Peggy Lee, when she married Brad Dexter! So far no public comment from Aunt Ethel and Uncle Lionel on John Barrymore Jr.'s surprise marriage to flame-haired actress, Cara Williams... Just as everyone suspected, Bobby Van, young M-G-M dancing star, and starlet Diane Garrett have been secretly married, but finally had to tell it. More reasons to celebrate, Bob has the plum acting part of his career in the "Affairs of Dobie Gillis."

Dancing With Tears: Fred Astaire is a quiet gentleman, but don't try to push him around! Witness what happened when he "listened" to the story of "White Christmas" and agreed to do it with Bing Crosby. Then both boys were disappointed with the finished script they withdrew and it was announced that Bing was sick and red refused to make the picture without him. Having never walked out on a job in his life, Fred got on the phone and the visifamous columnist certainly heard the true story. So did everyone else within earing distance!

neck Preview: Robert—Wagner fans may soon or swear when they see his long, lack curly hair in "Twelve Mile Reel," it's a Greek sponge fisherman in this one. (Continued on next page)
People take us for sisters

All of you have seen women who seem so vital, so alive, that you’d swear they were the older sisters of their own daughters. The chances are these women seem young because they “think young”—even about such delicate problems as the proper method of monthly sanitary protection.

Tampax is the young way, the modern way, the internal way. Invented by a doctor, Tampax lets you avoid the inconveniences and embarrassments of “those difficult days.” There are no belts, no pins; there’s no odor, no chafing—you don’t even feel you’re wearing the Tampax, once it’s in place. And with Tampax there’s nothing that can possibly show beneath your closest-fitting dresses.

Made of pure, white surgical cotton, Tampax comes in dainty applicators, is easily disposable. Month’s supply goes in your purse. Tampax is sold at drug or notion counters in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. The economy size box holds an average 4 months’ supply. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.

Long-haired Bob hailed us the day he returned from location in Florida. “I’m going to the photoplay Gold Medal dinner,” he babbled, “and this time I’m invited!” Because he always wanted to witness one of the famous affairs, Bob confessed, last year he sneaked in!

Normal But Nice: Yes, there’s plenty of “ham” in the Dick Powell household—in the deep freeze! Everyone thought there might be a new June Allyson after she finished her glamorous role in “Remains to Be Seen,” but back she went to those Buster Brown collars and full skirts. “I loved doing the part,” Junie told us, “but the glamour pusses can have that squeezed-in-tight look, those high heels and painted nails. I like to take a deep breath and not have to worry about a split skirt and plunging neckline suddenly meeting!”

Rampant Red Head: Susan Hayward, who was voted the favorite American movie star in Spain, is about to call on Spain in person. She and Jess Barker will visit Ireland and Sweden too. Because her two grandmothers came from these countries. Sneaking of Susan, on the “White Witch Doctor” set, dozens of local lads from Central Casting were playing skinned African natives. Our girl observed them as she cracked: “I’ll bet there’s a shortage of butlers in Beverly Hills this week!”

Frustrated Father: His son was exactly three days old when Jeffrey Hunter left for Europe to make “Sailor of the King.” Three months passed before he got back home again and the days seemed like years. On arrival, Jeff rushed into the nursery and gathered his offspring up in his arms. With a horrified look on his face, the poor frustrated father turned to his wife. exclaiming: “Barbara, what shall I do? He doesn’t even know me!”

Faces Going Places: Betty Grable, who should know, predicts that Kathleen Crowley is someone to watch and wait for. They play opposite each other in “Farmer Takes a Wife” and beautiful, talented Kathleen, who is the pride and joy of Egg Harbor, New Jersey, comes to Hollywood via television … Jeff Chandler, one of the first to enthuse over Debra Paget’s acting in “Broken Arrow,” now believes her sister will be the next star in the family. When Lorna Gaye signed that long-term contract with UJ, Jeff instantly asked them to find a part for her in his next picture … Not since Lana Turner and Guy Madison were overnight sensations in bit roles, has anyone impressed the public like photoplay Readers’ “Choose Your Star” girl, Elaine Stewart. Since playing that bawdy scene on the stairway with Kirk Douglas in “The Bad and the Beautiful,” her fan mail has tripled. Director Vincente Minnelli says Elaine will zoom to stardom.

Cal Solutes: Marilyn Erskine for having the courage to ask for her M-G-M release, rather than continue in mediocre parts. Her reward is the great role of Mrs. Eddie Cantor in the life story of the famous comedian, now being made at Warners … Burt Lancaster, for politely walking out on an interview when his interrogator persisted in plying him with too intimate questions … Ray Milland, for turning down $250,000 in acting jobs and remaining true to his ambition to direct a picture, which he’s now doing in Munich … Dana Andrews for getting the coveted role opposite Vivien Leigh in “Elephant Walk,” which Paramount is filming in Ceylon.

Undie-Gifties: While in Italy, Pier Angeli cabled M-G-M for Debbie Reynolds’ and Leslie Caron’s shoe sizes. Each gal received a pair of those pointed toe, high heel evening models … In her spare time Piper Laurie loves to whistle. So the hand-whittled wooden nude she gave Rock Hudson for his birthday now stands in a specially-lit niche in his entrance hall.

Pals gave “Choose Your Star” winners Bob Horton and Barbara Ruick “something useful”
Laughing Stock...

BY

ERSKINE JOHNSON

(See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel" on your local TV station)

At many Hollywood parties there's always an argument—about who invited the host!

Hollywood tot to her movie-queen mother, who has been going to a psychoanalyst for years: "Mummy, buy me one of those Freudian slips you're always talking about."

An "I Love Lucy" fan stopped Desi Arnaz, raved about the show, then said: "You know, I give my wife the same treatment you give yours. But you know, it was terrible when you were off the air. I didn't know what to do with her all summer long."

A big movie queen ankles into a fur salon and was tossed the "Something in the way of mink for you?" question. "Yes indeed, dabblings," purred the star. "My business manager."

Comic Irwin Corey looked over some photographs of a Hollywood starlet in filmy underthings and said: "Ah, a negligée-ible talent."

Bob Hope to a political group: "If I had been elected president, I would have had John L. Lewis' eyebrows declared a national park."

Gertrude Berg checked in for her role of Mrs. Goldberg in "Main Street to Broadway" and greeted producer Lester Cowan with: "Here I am and I've brought my wardrobe with me—three aprons."

Jack Benny tells about the two boopers who like to reminisce about the future.

M-G-M gave June Allyson a boyish haircut to make her look sexy. June's groaning: "Instead of the girl next door, I now look like the boy next door."

Fred Astaire, talking about his dance routines in "The Band Wagon," said: "I'm attempting something very daring. I'm dancing on the floor."

Walter O'Keefe's description of Marilyn Monroe: "She was the inspiration for the pressure cooker."

Discussing his career, Fred Allen told a friend: "When I appear on TV, audiences rush to the movies. When I'm in the movies, they rush back home to TV. I keep the American people in constant motion."

Irene Ryan, the comedienne, opening at a hotel with a new hula dance, explained it with: "It's a sort of a wild-waist show."

How lovely can you be?

ACCENT YOUR EYES
AND SEE!

It takes just a few accents of Maybelline Mascara, Eyebrow Pencil and Shadow to make your eyes more beautiful. Instantly they give your face more life and expression. So, of course, when your eyes look lovelier, you look lovelier, too. Try it—you'll see!

MASCARA • EYE SHADOW • EYEBROW PENCIL

LADIES! It's So Easy! MONEY for your spare hours

SHOw COMELY Melville Frokies Styles to friends. Gorgeous dresses, special for

THE MELVILLE CO.
Dept. 7937 Cincinnati 25, Ohio

FREE CATALOG

SAVE ON COTTONS Rayons-Nylons

Pull high living costs down! See newest and finest guaranteed textile values at lowest prices... ANYWHERE! Beautiful fashions, exciting sportswear, sensational new fabrics and household items... for entire family and home. Thrifty thousands already acclaim South Carolina Mills for worth while shopping, best savings! Get our handsome catalog Free for asking! Just send your name and address on postcard to

SOUTH CAROLINA MILLS Dept. 251, Spartanburg, S. C.

RELIEVES PAIN OF
HEADACHE • NEURALGIA
NEURITIS

FAST

Anacin gives FAST, LONG LASTING relief. Don't wait. Buy Anacin today.

MATURES

LANE BRYANT

Maternity clothes are new Fifth Avenue styles that keep you smart throughout pregnancy. Adlhed easily to your changing figure.

Misses' Sizes 10 to 20

Junior Sizes 9 to 17

Women's Sizes 36 to 44

Dresses from 82.00 up; also supporters, underwears. Everything for baby, too, LOW prices.

Mail coupon for your FREE Style Book in plain wrapper.

Lane Bryant

INDIANA'S 17, INDIANA

FREE MATERNITY STYLE BOOK IN PLAIN WRAPPER

Mail FREE Maternity Style Book in plain wrapper. (802)

Name

Address

Post Office

Note
(Continued from page 35)

Costello's and we danced and danced and it was so wonderful to have a floor with all the room you wanted and a man who just knew every step in the world.

"And it was so exciting, by contrast, to one day we spent last August. Friends of Jim's have a boat equipped for deep sea fishing. I'd only been out like that twice before, and Jim had been so busy with his practice that he said he'd only done it once before. So imagine the thrill of it, when I landed two alfbores. Jim only got one, and I had a fearful moment, thinking that might bother him, but it didn't at all."

"He's in love," I said.

Ann laughed, exultantly. Slender and small as she is, the depth of her personality has always expressed itself in that voice that seemed too big for her. And this kind of happiness and laughter is new to her.

Before she was sixteen, she was fighting to keep a brave smile on her face in front of her mother, slowly dying of the most dread disease. In another year, when giddy junior-high girls were necking in parked cars, Ann was merely pretending to be such a girl on a picture with Joan Crawford—and holding her own against that fierce competition.

"I beat Jim at hearts, too, the other night," Ann went on, 'and he just laughed, just as he teased me that day at the deep sea fishing when I nearly pulled my arms out of their sockets, landing my fish."

"You're in love, too," I said.

"Oh, I am. I am. And just think of my good fortune—to be in love for the very first time, and to have him be a man like Jim. You see he's a man in his own right, with a profession in his own right, and nothing about this theatrical world can much surprise him, since his brother is Dennis Day. Besides, doctors, being in the finest profession there is, have a true sense of values."

The limousine was rushing us through a section of Los Angeles that is even now relatively unpopulated. The day was so clear that all around the horizon you could see the high mountains, their tops covered with snow, but in the bright green fields the meadow larks sang.

Ann smiled, noticing I'd caught the sound, too. "Isn't that beautiful?" she said. "Isn't everything simply beautiful when you know you are in love and beloved?"

face grew reflective, "You know me well enough to remember those couple of times I thought I might be in love with some of the fellows I'd gone out with. But I never was.

At seventeen Ann was making a lot of money. It's pretty tough to find a boy of that age in the same financial position. There were a lot of nice boys too embarrassed to ask a boy for a date, knowing they couldn't spend more than a couple of dollars on it.

"And isn't that silly?" asked Ann. "Why Jim and I have had dozens of dates that didn't cost a thing. He loves golf as much as I do, but being a doctor, he can't go far enough away from a phone to go around a course; but we do go swimming at the beach—which is free as sunshine.

"You know, I met Jim three years ago on New Year's Eve. A friend of Dennis Day's was a friend of mine so we met a small private party."

"My heart didn't turn over at first sight of him," said Ann, "But that was probably because I didn't dare let it. I just recall when Jim's kind and I was so glad when he called five days later and asked me to a christening of Dennis's second baby."

"I went to that christening, and then Jim asked me to another, and then he asked me to go out on a dancing date."

"Of course, he'd been at my house when he called me for the other two times, Aunt Sis and Uncle Pat approved of him very definitely. But to go dancing was really special and I had a wonderful time."

"The pattern of what my future life may be was established a week or so later when I was to play a benefit. Knowing Aunt Sis and Uncle Pat were taking me to it, Jim asked if we'd call at his house afterward, to meet his parents."

"I was very excited and pleased. The three of us arrived at Jim's house. His parents were expecting us, and were just as charming as I'd been sure they would be, having such a fine son. But the situation was just a little awkward because we were all shy with one another, as we waited for Jim to arrive and unite us so to speak, into one group. We waited and we waited. It got to be midnight and one o'clock and we finally took our leave. You know the answer, of course. Jim has been held up with a patient, and he's been much too busy to telephone, as he successfully brought a premature little..."
baby into the world while we all waited.

"Instead of that making me angry or disturbed, it made me wildly happy and the reason of that came up the other night with some friends of Jim’s, most of them doctors and the like. One of the wives, one of the nurses, said to me, ‘Do you know what you’re getting into—marrying a doctor? Have you any idea how your time will be cut up? Do you realize there may be nights on end when he won’t get a full night’s sleep?”

“Before I could answer, Jim broke in. He said, ‘Do you realize the demands of a career on a girl like Ann? Besides the time she is in actual production, there are claims on her for benefits for publicity, for this, that and a thousand things.’"

Ann laughed. “You see what I mean? Isn’t that what’s called compatibility?”

“Would you ever have considered marrying out of your faith?” I asked.

“I’m just so glad I didn’t even have to think about that with Jim. I’ve forgotten all the rest,” she said. “Take this morning for instance. We both went to eight o’clock mass, so that we could have the rest of the day for our work. Not together, of course. Jim had to go to the hospital, as he had a very busy day before him. And you know how mine is planned out. I’ll be lucky if I am home by ten, and if Jim is home by then, he’ll call me and say he isn’t, I won’t worry. I shall know he’ll call me in the morning. That’s the greatest thing about love—that knowing—that security—that faith.”

The skirted up before the altarium, in which Ann was to sing. Almost as far as we could see the children were lined up, waiting to get inside.

“There’s something about singing for children that serves more than any other kind of a personal appearance,” Ann said. “But right this moment I can’t remember the words of even one song. I can’t remember the words of anything.”

“You make it with Jim and as though you wouldn’t wait long to marry.”

The excited color burned in her cheeks, the laughter bubbled from her throat. “I’ve set the date as June 27,” she said.

“We want to wait until my first picture at M-G-M is finished and until Jim is free enough from his work so that we can plan on a honeymoon, a real one.”

“I want everyone I’ve ever known, practically speaking, to be there to share my happiness. And I want the whitest dress and the longest veil and the loveliest bouquet of lilies of the valley, and of course, Jim’s relatives as ushers and bridesmaids the procession down the aisle will take hours.”

She stepped out of the car, and the youngsters with their autograph books began calling her Name and the police piled up to make a path for her. She signed every book, every scrap of paper and then we were backstage, where the photographers were waiting and city boys and boys in uniform, while in the audience you could hear the children murmur.

“I want a little boy named Kevin,” Ann whispered to me, as somebody stepped forward to hold her coat and someone else held her handbag. “And I want a daughter named Nan and obviously a McNulty must have a son named Pat.”

“You’re on, Miss Blyth,” said an official.

“Pray for me that I don’t break into singing ‘Falling In Love’ and the police wonder if to the tune of ‘Jingle Bells,’ she said.

But of course she didn’t. She sang every song without missing a word. And watching her, you knew how lucky Dr. James McNulty is, and how lucky Ann is too. Lucky like every other young couple who meet and fall in love—forever and ever.

The End
I Love Melvin  
(M-G-M, Technicolor)

At last, Debbie Reynolds has a part that captures the sparkle of her off-screen personality. She’s an obscure chorine who dreams of Hollywood stardom, while her family tries to maneuver her into matrimony with a stuffy young businessman (Richard Anderson). Along comes Donald O’Connor, humble assistant to the chief photographer on a national magazine. Donald happily takes up Debbie’s time, shooting innumerable photos for an imaginary picture story. Finally, to outshine his rival, Donald promises he’ll try of Marilyn’s plan to murder Cotten and Cotten’s counterplot of revenge. Casey Adams makes Jean’s husband a likable figure, and Richard Allan has a few telling scenes as Marilyn’s lover.

Verdict: Entertaining melange of murder, Monroe and magnificent scenery  
(Adult)

City Beneath the Sea  
(U.S., Technicolor)

An up-to-date swashbuckler about sunk treasure teams Robert Ryan and Anthony Quinn as daredevil deep-sea divers. The two are hired to look for a liner that went down in the Caribbean off Jamaica with a load of gold bullion aboard. Supposedly drowned, the captain is keeping the location of the wreck secret so he can grab the gold for himself. Between lively brawls on land and narrow escapes under the sea, Ryan falls in love with winsome Mala Powers, while Quinn gets involved with sultry Suzan Ball, who proves alarmingly marriage-minded. It’s cheerful action stuff most of the way, but the plot does stall from time to time. Quinn has the edge on Ryan, getting more color into his portrayal.

Verdict: Adventure yarn that has its dramatic ups and downs  
(Family)

Taxi  
(20th Century-Fox)

One far-from-typical day in the life of a New York hackie shows you some new angles on the city, mingling chuckles and sentiment. Dan Dailey’s at his best as the tough hero, who isn’t above gypping a passenger innocent of New York geography. But his intentions are finally reversed after he’s spent most of the day toting around an Irish colleen who’s searching for her no-good American husband. Suitedly deglamorized and sporting a delicious bogus, Constance Smith proves her versatility in this role. Character parts are neatly done: Blanche Yurka, as Dan’s mother, bent on marrying him off; Neva Patterson, as a lady publisher who knows the missing husband too well; Anthony Ross, as a sour-faced, good-hearted immigration man.

Verdict: Pleasing vignette of the big city, with a wobbly plot  
(Family)

Niagara  
(20th Century-Fox, Technicolor)

The story’s a tightly plotted suspense yarn, but the real accent of the picture is on two natural wonders: Niagara Falls and Marilyn Monroe. Both are studied raptly from every angle, and the results are awe-inspiring. Ostensibly, Marilyn’s playing a worthless wife, deliberately driving the already neurotic Joseph Cotten to the mental brink with her infidelity. Actually, from the first close-up to the last, through all the longshots of Marilyn in motion, she’s creating a caricature of sex. The movie’s hers, but Jean Peters shouldn’t be overlooked. Refreshingly cast as a nice average girl, Jean has both beauty and acting competence to offer. A visitor to Niagara, she’s a witness to some incidents.

Jeopardy  
(20th Century-Fox)

Reminiscent of a well-constructed radio thriller, this modest-proportioned movie concentrates on building and sustaining tension. On holiday in a remote section of the Lower California coast, Barbara Stanwyck, Barry Sullivan and Lee Aaker, their little son, face a double crisis. The partial collapse of an abandoned pier leaves Barry with his foot hopelessly pinned under a huge beam. The tide is coming in, and Barbara must get help to free him before it’s too late. Stacking the cards ruthlessly

Tips for Teens—Don’t use too-heavy make-up on sensitive adolescent skin; nor a too-strong deodorant. Use YODORA, accepted by the American Medical Association Committee on Cosmetics. YODORA not only stops perspiration odor effectively, it also softens, smooths and beautifies the skin.

To avoid this, use YODORA, the “beauty cream” deodorant. Made with a pure face cream base, YODORA does not irritate normal skin. A four-week test, conducted by a leading skin doctor, showed not one case of underarm skin irritation from using YODORA, even when applied right after shaving. YODORA helps beautify the underarm skin.

Spring Beauty Hints  
by REGIS PAINE

Arms Program—Most women today make sure their legs are smoothly groomed, hands and elbows creamed to softness. But, often, when they raise their arms, the underarm skin shows irritation from using a too-harsh deodorant.

(One out of two women have had this trouble, a nation-wide survey shows.)

Helping Hands—Spring’s the time when “smart cookies” like to whip up a tasty hamburger or toss a tangy salad. But who wants the odor of onions and garlic lingering on hands made to be held in the moonlight? Just smooth on a bit of YODORA, and your hands will be soft and sweet-smelling in no time.

Tubes or jars, 10¢, 35¢, 60¢  
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Mckesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.
against its people as such tales usually do, the story puts her in the hands of a homicidal escaped convict (Ralph Meeker). He wants her car—and her, too. With their personable and persuasive qualities, Barbara and Barry lend warmth to this superficial idea. Mechanically, the hero's fix isn't quite convincing.

Verdict: Artificial but taut and workmanlike suspense drama

---

Girls in the Night

(1943)

Dealing with the same subject as "City Across the River," this study of youth in the slums isn't as successful. However, like the earlier film, it gives newcomers a break. Patricia Hardy and Glen Roberts are an attractive pair as sweethearts whose romance is shadowed by tenement sordidness, though Patricia has a good deal to learn about acting. As her brother, Harvey Lembeck seems rather elderly for a juvenile delinquent. With his girl (Joyce Holden), he commits a burglary on the same night that the victim is murdered. Jaylynn Green, obviously too pretty for the role, gives a good character performance as the drab creature who loves the killer. Handicapped by flat dialogue and pat situations, Anthony Ross and Glenda Farrell draw sympathy as harried parents.

Verdict: Crime thriller trying hard to be a social study

---

The Naked Spur

(M-G-M, TECHNICAL COLOR)

Thanks to an excellent cast headed by James Stewart, Janet Leigh and Robert Ryan and to some of the most beautiful scenery ever filmed, this Western shapes up as lusty entertainment. Commendably, it tries to provide strong character portraits along with the action. Ryan, who makes a spectacular desperado, comes off best because his character's motive is the simplest and most forceful: He does not wish to be hanged. Stewart's less lucky.

(Continued on next page)

---

DON'T LET UGLY PIMPLES RUIN YOUR LOOKS

Don't neglect an externally caused pimply broken out skin that nobody loves to touch! Apply wonderfully medicated Poslam Ointment tonight—check results next morning after just one application!

Poslam contains all 9 ingredients well known to skin specialists—works faster, more effectively to help you to a finer complexion. Apply it after washing skin with non-alkali soap. At druggists everywhere—costs so little.
playing a grim Kansan who, having nothing personal against the killer, has trailed him into the Rockies to collect the reward.

Giving her most effective performance so far, Janet's a waif traveling with Ryan and defending him against his captors. The other two, also eager for the reward, are Millard Mitchell, as a standard philosophical old prospector, and Ralph Meeker, as a slippery young adventurer. In contrast with the loveliness of springtime aspens and high snow fields, the picture shows an astonishing lot of violence, subjecting all its people to picturesque brutalities. Even Janet isn't spared.

Verdict: Rugged, handsome but over-pretentious action story
(Family)

All Ashore
(COLUMBIA, TECHNICONCOLOR)

Unassuming in manner, the music-trimmed story of three sailors on a Catalina shore leave turns out surprisingly easy to take. Dick Haymes and Ray McDonald divide up the song-and-dance chores, playing confident lads who quickly find themselves girls—Jody Lawrance and Peggy Ryan. But the real surprise is Mickey Rooney, more ingratiating than he's been in years. He's the little guy who's pushed around by his carefree pals, lends them money and waits forlornly for his true love to come along. And it's heiress Barbara Bates who takes a shine to him. In the stand-out sequence, Mickey daydreams himself into the middle of a romantic opera, with Dick and Ray as villains and himself as the mighty-voiced hero. It's a hilarious bit of satire.

Verdict: Bouncy, off-handed comedy with jaunty music
(Family)

Money worries stamp Dick and Mickey

Rogue's March
(M-G-M)

Here's a period piece in a sense beyond its Victorian setting. There's a quaint flavor about Peter Lawford's misfortunes and exploits. Pete's an officer framed on a spy charge (those Russians!), thrown out of the Army and condemned for treason. Escaping from jail, he astutely hides by re-enlisting in the Army as a private. His experiences as a gentleman ranker are interesting, and the action speeds up when his new regiment is sent to the very trouble spot in India where his old regiment has gone. (The story features several brazen coincidences.) Lawford's forte is comedy, but he's acceptable in this heroic role. Janice Rule, as his sweet-heart, and Richard Greene, as his gallant rival, are wasted.

Verdict: Disarmingly old-fashioned melodrama of courage and intrigue
(Family)

The Clown
(M-G-M)

Red Skelton has shown his ability to project the quality of pathos that should be included in a good comedian's bag of tricks. But his latest picture is overloaded with it. Another item in the has-been cycle, this one presents Red as a stage comic who has wrecked his own career through liquor and a touchy temperament. His only incentive for a comeback try is his worshipful young son (Tim Considine), his companion in poverty. Even the capable Jane Greer has trouble with the inconsistent role of the boy's mother, now married to a wealthy man. Though Red has a few amusing knockout numbers, the whole is hardly to his fans' tastes.

Verdict: Blatant tear-jerker, with a slow and ambling pace
(Family)

The Tall Texan
(LIPPERT)

Here's an actionful Western, hampered by its own delusion that it's another "Stagecoach" or "Treasure of Sierra Madre." After a stagecoach is wrecked, the passengers discover that there's gold nearby. They set up a camp and begin panning. Discord's created among them by greed, romantic rivalry and the dangerous temptation of richer gold deposits inside the forbidden confines of an Indian burying ground. Both Lloyd Bridges and Lee Cobb, affected by the picture's malady, give slightly pompous performances. Luther Adler strays in the other direction, becoming arch. But Marie Windsor achieves a nicely balanced portrayal of a girl intent on money.

Verdict: Brisk little horse opera with big ambitions
(Family)

Ruby Gentry
(20TH CENTURY-FOX)

The highly colored and terribly serious tale of a girl from the wrong side of the tracks gives Jennifer Jones a chance for some heavy emoting. She and blue-blooded Charlton Heston are linked by a wild passion, but, for practical motives, he marries a socialite. Jennifer's rebound to Karl Malden leads to dramatic fireworks.

Verdict: Overwritten, overplayed and unconvincing
(Agent)
Is Hollywood Destroying John Derek?

(Continued from page 48)

him more often and in meatier roles. But the answer to that question is an involved one, tied up with John's whole career.

The story goes something like this:

John first played a small role for David Selznick, in "I'll Be Seeing You" with Shirley Temple. But when Selznick released his players, John was on his own. And he found the going tough.

Then, one day, he heard through the grapevine that Humphrey Bogart was going to make "Knock on Any Door." He read the book, and then, somehow, managed to wangle a script. One reading was all it took. He knew he was right for the leading part—Nick, the "pretty" juvenile delinquent. But getting to Bogey to prove it, was something else again. John tried all the routine methods—the polite phone calls, the carefully-phrased letters. He tried every "proper channel" in the book. And when nothing else worked, he finally took the bull by the horns and literally forced himself into the star's office. And then, though he was horrified by his own audacity, he made Bogey listen to him.

How well that worked is ancient history by now. He got the part, it was a tremendous hit, and, as a result, wound up with a seven-year contract. That was back in 1948, and nothing could stop him after that. He thought! But he was soon to learn disappointment—Hollywood style.

Following his initial splash, he was given some distinctly mediocre roles. The first sign that the jinx might be breaking came when he was loaned to Robert Rossen, the independent producer, who wanted him for "All the King's Men." The film won the Academy Award for 1949, and John himself was dubbed as a sure comer. "Keep your eye on Derek," was the good word around Hollywood.

John earned more while he was working on "All the King's Men" than he ever had before—a reported $5,000 a week. His salary on his home lot was peanuts by comparison, and he felt, with what seems justifiable logic, that if he was worth that much to an outside producer, he should have been worth at least as much to his own studio.

Not long after that, Alfred Hitchcock wanted to borrow John for a role in "Strangers on a Train," the picture that won raves for Robert Walker and Farley Granger. But the studio refused. And John, seeing the chance for a "hit" performance snatched out of his fingers, was truly nettled. But that did him no good at all.

Nor did it do him any good last year when Paramount, on learning that Alan Ladd was leaving its roster, offered to buy John's contract at a fabulous figure. John could, Paramount felt, very capably have filled Alan's shoes on the lot.

But the studio remained adamant to all requests to let John work for somebody else—until last year, when he made "Thunderbirds" for Republic, the movie John thinks is his best since "Saturday's Hero." And now, at last, things look great on his home lot.

There's hope—great hope, John feels, in the fact that after having cast him in two adventure yarns, "The Prince of Pirates" and "Posse," his studio seems to be giving him a chance again to prove himself effectively in his latest assignment, co-star with John Hodiak in "Mission Over Korea."

John Derek has never been considered a particularly light-hearted guy. He is serious about his life, his career, his marriage, even his morning egg. But the talk around Hollywood these days says that, even for the serious-minded character he's always been, John is a pretty gloomy Gus. And there are some who'll try to tell you that his career problems are only a small part of the trouble.

Certainly, the illness of his small son, Russell, has been a factor. No parent could have survived this ordeal and emerged unscathed. Russell was born with a faulty esophagus, and there were repeated operations, and many, many months of patient care—and heart-break—before he was out of danger. Even today, the Dereks keep emergency equipment handy at home, in case Russell should have a relapse.

There have been the usual rumors, too, about John's marriage—that it has failed or will fail. Pati Behrs, John's wife, is an authentic Georgian princess who came to America not many years ago and started a career as a professional dancer. She was as ambitious as the average young girl in show business, but she met John before she had her career really going full-swing. She had had only one movie role, a bit for Twentieth Century-Fox, by the time they were married in 1948. And then she immediately settled into domesticity.

Some Hollywood crepe-hangers say that's the trouble—that she had just enough taste for a career to whet her appetite for more, and that now she resents having given it all up, and that the resentment shows up in her attitude toward John.

One Hollywood writer—female—puts it this way:

"Pati is an attractive girl, but she doesn't do anything to emphasize the fact. She's always looking around in blue jeans, and I can't remember when I've seen her in a full make-up job. She doesn't look like a movie star's wife should look. It's almost as if she never listen to Hollywood Love Story.

HOLLYWOOD LOVE STORY

A complete romantic drama presented on each program. Cal York, famed PHOTOPLAY Magazine reporter, digs into Hollywood's love life for these heart-palpitating stories. Also latest Hollywood news.

Every Saturday morning, 11:30 A.M. EST, NBC.

Milk of Magnesia provides better relief—more complete relief than single-purpose laxatives which have no effect on the acid indigestion that usually accompanies constipation. For Milk of Magnesia relieves both conditions. Two to four tablespoonfuls taken at bedtime work leisurely—without embarrassing urgency. So, when morning comes, you start the day feeling wonderful. Get Phillips' Milk of Magnesia—the best laxative money can buy.

Listen to Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

The convenient 4-ounce size .25¢
The economical 12-ounce size .50¢
The money-saving 26-ounce size .75¢
Also available in tablet form

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia is a phosphate of magnesium hydroxide. It is the only product of its type now on the market. Phillips' Milk of Magnesia is the name people trust—better relief—more complete relief!
though she were backsliding on purpose."

And a Hollywood photographer says: "Patti doesn’t do anything to build up John’s ego. And he needs it. He’s so self-conscious about his remarkable good looks that he does everything he can think of to prove his masculinity. A guy like that needs self-confidence, and the best place to get it is from his wife."

But one of the Dereks’ best friends—a chap who has known them both intimately for years—gives us the ideal version of this sort. They’re wasting their breath when they gossip about this pair, John and Pati are very much in love. And there’s never been any trouble between them on the marriage lasting longer than any in town.

"Sure, John needs self-confidence," he goes on. "But the only way for him to get it is for Hollywood to give him the break he deserves. He’s earned the right to prove his place as an actor—and, incidentally, to build up his bank account!"

John’s finances have been stretched at the seams since he bought his home in Encino. At this writing, his salary is less than $1,000 a week, a figure which is gigantic compared to his earnings in the past. Only a year ago, he was getting $500—and that was only after a long series of tiny raises. Compared to other young stars’ salaries, John’s is not bad, but his expenses are unusual.

Out of his salary, John has to pay heavy taxes, to meet the mortgage installments on his house, to pay his agent, a business manager and a press agent, besides taking care of the regular living expenses for his family and a few luxuries they’d like to add in. And that’s a lot tougher than it is to list it on this piece of paper. Besides, John has had a number of crushing bills for Russell’s operations and medical care.

Of course, people will say, "It’s his own fault if John saddled himself with debts beyond his means." And nobody can argue that point. Nor can anyone argue that John wasn’t lucky to get such a head start on his career in the first place. But almost anybody who knows anything at all about Hollywood will agree that John is constantly facing tough financial problems.

So luxuries are deleted from the Derek budget. Completely. John has wanted to own a horse for years, but he can’t afford one; the one he keeps is not his own. It is impossible for the Dereks to entertain—even small parties—so they sit home night after night. Of course, it’s dull and depressing. Who wouldn’t find it so?

People are wondering when John will snap out of it. But he can’t—not if things remain as they are.

John is in a rut at the moment which would unbalance many stars who know less about Hollywood and its industry than he does. He was born and grew up in Hollywood, and so he has not been surprised by the hurdles set in his path.

He has not gone Hollywood in any sense of the word, a fact which, in the long run, is his doom. He did not do in mortgaging or a million bad pictures. He has done the most vital thing of all: he has kept his head. And that will no doubt see him through.

There’s—every indication that the next time that family from Nebraska comes to call, he’ll be able to answer them in no uncertain words. "Yes," he’ll probably say, "I’ll be—"

But this is an undertone, that it took a lot of dogged patience to make it so.

The End

New Lease On Love

"If I were to marry again," she says, "it would be essential to my own happiness that Ben love his stepfather. I would have to choose a father for my son as well as a husband for myself, and that, as you know, is a difficult set of circumstances. This man, if he should happen to come into my life, would have to undergo a very long, engrossing—trial period. He could be certain we were not making a mistake. And where is there a man who could put himself through the ordeal of close scrutiny such as that, who would recognize and agree to the need for it?"

"For the present," Olivia says, "my life with Ben is very complete. For the first time in my life, I have a family, and that is pretty wonderful. Shadrach, my ten-year-old airdale is here after spending two years in a kennel in Long Island. And, of course, Ben and I still have Catherine, the little girl who traveled all over the country with us when we were on the road in Candalis. And to round out our family, Ben brought a fish and a small home from school—and he watches over Mr. Shadrach lovingly. Now, tell me, is there room for a man in my household?"

Olivia asks this question, but she doesn’t wonder if Ben’s eyes are focused on the future, not the past. She’s looking ahead to a rainbow of bright days which she knows are there for the seeking.

When I asked her to tell me in her own words what her plans are, I was impressed all over again with the beauty, sincerity, graciousness and out-and-out goodness of this girl. She has glowing good looks without-a but it’s her dark eyes truly are "windows of the soul."

To understand Olivia as completely as...
ever one person can understand another, it is fundamental to realize that at this period in her life she is first and foremost Ben’s mother. Her attitude in making formative decisions for the weeks and years ahead is dominated by the will to “do what is best for Ben.”

“Ben is the center of my life,” she says. “All my decisions will be keyed to him.” And Olivia is not one to speak lightly on matters of importance. She will, I feel sure, keep Ben uppermost in mind as she plots her life anew.

“You’re going to think I sound just like every mother when I say this, but really, Ben is a very unusual child, really unusual! He holds my interest completely. He’s so advanced mentally for his years that the head of the nursery school gave him a card that said ‘Happy Fourth Birthday.’ But he’s only three!”

“Ben has definite mechanical leanings. I noticed it first when he was eight months old and had just learned to stand but not to walk.

“Ben’s mechanical interests are only natural, I suppose. After all, my grand uncle, James de Havilland, was a General in the Royal Army Engineer Corps, and my great grandfather, Charles de Havilland, was a Major with the Royal Engineers in India. And you probably have heard of my cousin, Sir Geoffrey de Havilland, who invented the Mosquito, the all-wood fighter of World War II, and who also invented the Comet, the first jet transport.”

“It looks like Ben’s future is all mapped out for him,” I said. “What are your plans for the immediate future?”

Without a moment’s hesitation, as if she had thought this through many times, Olivia replied: “First of all, I’m going to find a public school that I think will be right for Ben and then buy a house in that school district. I want it to be a rather small school, as much like a country school as possible.

“Although Hollywood has been my home for seventeen years, I have no particular roots any more. I like to live in a climate where there is a change in seasons. Perhaps Connecticut is my answer. Children lead a wonderful country life there—boating in the summer and sledding in the winter. Above all, I want to settle here where Ben will have the greatest happiness.

“I might even buy a house on the Island of Guernsey (one of the Channel Islands between England and France). My ancestors settled there after going to England with William the Conqueror in 1066. I’m the first in my direct line never to have lived there. About ten years ago, the present generation let the de Havilland home on the Island slip into the hands of a princess, but it’s up for sale now and I’m seriously thinking of getting it back. It would be a wonderful place to live when I am ready to retire.”

I evidently showed my alarm by this reference to retirement, for Olivia hastened to add, “Don’t misunderstand me. I need and do want a long rest from the flurry of pictures I have been doing, but I expect to go on with my acting career just as long as I am permitted to do so. Aside from Ben, acting is my life. I’d be lost without it.”

Broadway, too, is in Olivia’s future. But when next she appears on the legitimate boards, she says, it will be in a play by one of the critics’ favorite playwrights. As Olivia puts it: “I did both George Bernard Shaw’s ‘Candida’ and Shakespeare’s ‘Romeo and Juliet’ on Broadway, both classics. The next thing I do should be, I think, a modern play.”

It was good to hear her speak out in this uninhibited way once again, for during the years of her marriage to Marcus Goodrich, newspaper people in Hollywood found that the once-cooperative and gracious Olivia seemed to be completely dominated by her husband and unable to speak freely or express her own personality. He made all decisions and frequently was abusive to representatives of the press and film magazines and to autograph-seeking fans.

Olivia de Havilland lived and breathed a script during the past six years, which had a perfect plot for an Olivia de Havilland movie: a trusting wife, an allegedly cruel husband, an innocent child whose life would be ruined if its parents were divorced.

The script reached its climax on August 26, 1952, when Olivia was granted an interlocutory decree from writer Marcus Goodrich. The divorce becomes final in August of this year.

When Olivia made the decision to end her marriage, she was exercising the kind of firm conviction she has always shown. And there is no question that she will continue always to do what she thinks is wisest for Ben and for herself. And this means that romance must come into her life—for romance is normal and natural for a beautiful and sensitive woman.

And that will be the happy ending. For this particular star, the script could end no other way.

The End
Mary Brice confirmed this. "He cries," she said, "only when he is hungry." But she added, "He will be hungry soon."

At this point Elizabeth's voice called weakly from the next room, "Mich-ael!"

And Michael leaped up and rushed off in the direction of the bedroom. He was back in a few seconds, saying, "Wouldn't you like to see Liz for a few minutes?"

But the doctor's orders?

"It's all right. She says it's all right." He led the way to her bedroom.

Elizabeth was lying in the hospital bed, her eyes circled but shining, her natural high color emphasized by a soft fluff of pink bed jacket. "Isn't he beautiful?" was her first comment about little Michael.

Big Michael told a little joke, and Elizabeth tried to laugh, but couldn't. "It hurts to laugh," Michael explained. "It seems," Elizabeth said, half apologetically, "as though it hurts to do almost everything . . . even breathe."

Michael himself looked as though he could do with a little rest too. He was pale with fatigue—and expanded emotion—and his eyes were bloodshot from lack of sleep. He looked as though he had had about ten babies himself.

"I never believed those stories before," he said, "about fathers' talking to make the walls of the waiting room. But they're true. Up until the very last minute I thought I was taking it all in stride."

Elizabeth had X-rays on Monday—January 5, that was—and the pictures showed the baby was ready to be born. It was due, you know, on January 7. But right then and there our doctor, Konrad Aaberg, led Elizabeth into the hospital on Tuesday night and deliver the baby by Caesarian section."

Michael interrupted his story at this point to give special mention to Dr. Aaberg.

"Do you know Dr. Aaberg?" he asked. "He is the greatest doctor, the nicest, the gentlest guy . . . ."

Of course, all new parents feel that way about their obstetricians. But Dr. Aaberg was special, Michael insisted.

"Don't you want to see the baby?" Michael asked Elizabeth.

Of course she wanted to see the baby, she smiled, but wasn't he about to be fed? "A couple of minutes won't make any difference, so ask for him," her husband urged her.

This time Elizabeth did laugh. "I'm stupid about him," she said, unnecessarily.

"I'm stupid about him," Michael retorted. And why not? After all, there had been a Michael in the Wilding family for hundreds of years, and he'd been the last until five . . . almost six . . . days ago.
the other eye...was something wrong? Right through the mask I could see her laughing at me.

Then Dr. Aaerg, still in his surgical gown, came up behind them.

Mrs. Wilding, he told Michael, was back in her room. She had "stood the operation very well." She was asking for her husband. Elizabeth was quite conscious, and as yet in no pain. The "saddle block" anesthesia had been chosen so that she could be in every way present at the birth of her child. She saw her son, as a matter of fact, five seconds after he was born.

Now back in the hospital bed in her room, she was radiant, her great eyes luminous with discovery and triumph.

"What did she say?"

"I don't know what she said," Michael replied to this question. "Maybe she didn't say anything...she did it...it was how she did it. She asked for her baby and the baby was brought to her. She held him in her arms. I wish you could have seen her...she was like...like a flower."

Michael's voice was hoarse as he described that magic moment when the three of them were first together. He controlled it quickly.

"She is so sweet with the baby. The only times she feels really well—so far—is when she is with the baby. The pain goes—somehow."

"Dr. Aaerg says she is a natural mother."

And Michael is a...well...a classic father. He agreed to leave the hospital that night only because Dr. Aaerg insisted. Elizabeth must rest, and so should he. And besides, it was the rule. He walked out into the street and saw a newspaper with a bannerline reading, "Liz Taylor Has Baby Son."

He drove home slowly with no idea in retrospect how he negotiated the hairpin turns on the long grade to their mountain top. He threw his clothes on a chair, himself on the bed—the big, low bed which seemed so ridiculously oversized for one weary man.

He slept, fitfully, but hopped up with the first sound of activity in the house next morning. The housekeeper must know

the news, and Elizabeth's secretary. A paper hanger came to put the finishing touches to the nursery and Michael retold the whole story to him.

"The baby really weighed seven pounds, five ounces," he bragged, "but we get credit for only seven-three. He lost two ounces in that business they do to new babies to make it easier for them to breathe."

"Seven-three is very good," the paper hanger, a father himself, assured him. Mr. Wilding, no doubt, would be handing out cigars.

Cigars? Michael had no cigars. He hadn't known about cigars. It was an American custom.

The paper hanger looked disappointed. It must be an important American custom, Michael realized. Then he remembered something, and dashing back to the bedroom, dug through his bureau drawers until he found what he wanted: a cigar Geary Steffen had given him when his baby had been born six weeks before. He gave it to the paper hanger, who looked relieved, and Michael vowed to buy more the first minute he got into town.

He never did buy the cigars. Elizabeth was feeling miserable when he arrived at the hospital, and Michael stayed by her bedside for ten hours that day, and the next. And the next.

On Sunday morning, the fifth day, they brought her and the baby home...

"It was sooonish, but she longed to be home. We brought along Mrs. MacKenzie, the nurse who had looked after her in the hospital; you need some one to wash you, you know. And we rented a hospital bed—easier to get in and out of; to walk about. They made her walk about, you know, even that first day. And she was in such pain."

But as Michael had said, the pain disappeared when she was with the baby. For now truly she was—as in her new movie, "The Girl Who Had Everything." Future movie assignments, like "All the Brothers Were Valiant," could wait—all Elizabeth had time for now was her two guys named Mike.

The End

Here comes the bride: Peggy Lee and her new husband, just after the ceremony that made her Mrs. Brad Dexter. Peggy scored a hit in "The Jazz Singer"
Just Right For Each Other

(Continued from page 37)

For weeks they'd been rehearsing feverishly in a little studio Gower had rented down in Greenwich Village. When Marge had mentioned casually that another dancer wanted her to work up an act with him, Gower had awakened to possibilities both romantic and rhythmic. "If you're going to dance with anyone, you're going to do it with me," he decided to give them solo star—dom in "Everything I Have Is Yours," to be followed by their present starring roles as a dance duo in "Give a Girl a Break."

Today the Champions may well ask what do you give a friend for the April Fool—step by step. This too is the concern of their friends and fans—whether success and stardom can separate this team on the screen. There's nothing in their contract which inmates against the April Fool. But as they're both quick to say now, "nobody has ever even suggested—can't believe—I'm sure they wouldn't." Still, it's a sobering thought.

Although an Act of God would separate them, "If we have children, Marge will have to stop dancing. It would be impossible for us to have a child and both keep working. Not—" "Not the way we feel about it," Marge goes on quickly, "we just couldn't leave them alone to be brought up by somebody else. You see—"

"We're just not that kind of parents," Gower says.

Individually, with their respective talent and enthusiasm, each would undoubtedly have found fame, but together, theirs is a sparkling success-story with all the laughter, every backstage drama in which they play on the screen. They themselves find their success hard to believe. "When we started working together we thought we might be good as a first team of doubles, and well together, and something seemed to click between us. But we never thought what has happened would happen," they say with happy wonderment.

Since childhood, their dancing paths have crossed. Gower was the prize dancing pupil of Marge's father, Ernest Belcher, and Marge was his teacher, with whom she was a close friend. They sat next to each other in History "B," but at an age when each sex tolerates the other only as one of life's more lamentable necessaries. During high-school years they would scatter dates, and recently Marge came across an old diary and noted after a lengthy, detailed account of an evening with Gower, her own comment, "Happy time!"

Gower began his career with another partner and it was a whole war and many engagements later, before he got into step with Marge. And then, only against his own manager's vigorous objections. "Are you going to dance with that little girl?" he said. "Yes," Gower said angrily. "Yes! I definitely am."

Now when Marge, a svelte one hundred and twenty, asks about how she's always had to watch her weight, saying, "I've never been able to wear a cashmere sweater outside my skirt until now. I was so—" Gower listens until, thoroughly impressed, and thoroughly Irving her own name, he can stand it no longer. "Now, Marge, I really don't think you were ever like that," he begins, but she interrupts conscientiously with, "Oh yes I was. Don't you think your manager said?

"You're not going to dance with that—" and Gower quickly changes the subject. A far happier memory is their opening
night at the Mocambo when they captivated all Hollywood with their own happy rhythm, music as refreshing, as breathless and as irresistible as first love.

But today Marge and Gower still consider their experience the one they gave for an unsuspecting group of relatives on their own wedding day. They were married between bookings at Gower's "Auntie Pat's" in Hollywood, with Marge a misty old-fashioned vision in Gower's mother's wedding gown. They'd closed at the Palmer House in Chicago the Wednesday night before, flown to the coast Thursday, gotten the license Friday, and were marrying on Sunday. They were to leave that same evening for New York, arriving in time to rehearse Milton Berle's television show—before opening for a long engagement in the Persian Room. "We were so tired we were a little hysterical," they remember now.

But they forgot their weariness momentarily during the ceremony. For, as they say, they had "a real comedian-minister." When he asked, "May I have the ring, please?" he got completely carried away. "Lovely!" he observed, then went right on with the ceremony, almost breaking them up. "He wore high-button shoes with five million buttons, and we were so fascinated we kept looking down at his feet throughout the whole procedure."

"It doesn't seem like five years, does it?" asks Marge, slowly fingering her ring. And the inscriptions inside both wedding bands read, "Happy Time." Have been equally prophetic for their adoring public. For which they take small credit. "Work is fun, if you're happy," they both say now.

Between them, "Gower's the choreographer and the boss," Marge says readily, adding, "I wouldn't have it any other way." And nobody can tell you better than she can the reasons why. Just how talented he is. How he won the Donaldson Award for the choreography in "Lend an Ear." How his dances were for "Make a Wish." "But Marge edits our routines," Gower cuts in quickly, anxious for her credits to start rolling too. "When I get an idea, I get so excited it gets hold of me and runs away with me. After the show, Dick Pribor, and I work on it a couple of days, then I do it for Marge. By then, I'm too close to it, but Marge comes in with a whole fresh point of view and we work on it that way," she says. "This doesn't feel right here," or "This I don't like," then I will really argue with her. If I'm strong enough to argue her down, I'll win.

"Then I will accept it," says Marge. "For once I know Gower's sold on it, it is right." Despite all of which, they agree that on occasion they've disagreed. "Not," as Gower says, "intensively—but...

"That first routine we ever did together, I thought it was horrible," she laughs now, "But I said to myself, 'Oh, well, we've just teamed up, I'll go ahead and do it.' It was only the biggest number we did."

"What about our 'County Fair' number?" Gower repeats gallantly. "How right you were on that one! I wanted to fade out quietly at the end of it," he explains, "but Marge thought this was too namby-pamby, and she was all for putting a big corny finish on it. So we finished corny, and it was a big smash."

On the other hand, once in a while—"Remember the 'Boy Meets Girl' number? We both hated that one, and we were both right," they say, wincing now. And if you wonder what they do when they get home, after dancing all day long, doing a difficult, exhaustive routine like the roof-top number in "Give a Girl a Break"—whirling, turning, jumping from parapet to parapet to a mad, mounting rhythm—they smile, remembering. "This may sound crazy, but, well, we danced."

"It was real funny. Gower put a stack of records on when we first got home."

"Restful records. The kind you can relax and collapse and listen to."

But the soft candlelight, the glowing fireplace, and the romantic strains of "All the Things You Are" were just too much for Marge. Wearing her comfortable red and green plaid brunch coat and bare feet—"Our feet were so swollen we couldn't even get our shoes on"—Marge had said, "Feel like dancing?"

"Um-m," he said, meaning, "not necessarily, but if you want to, I'd be charmed— I think. Would you like to?"

"Then Gower put his arm around me and in our bare feet we crept around the room like we both weighed a ton. Once around. Then we sat down," laughs Marge.

Other evenings when they're not so tired, they'll put on concerts and such. Then again, sometimes, "We go out on a 'date,'" says Marge, "and we take a movie on Hollywood Boulevard." And as Gower says, "We have 'surprise' evenings, when you don't tell them where we're going. I just say, 'Dress up'—then we may have dinner, go to the theatre, and wind up at the Mocambo."

"All of which bears out the Champions' own feeling that marriage isn't more difficult for a co-starring dancing team. "On the contrary," she insists, "if one of us is tired, the other is excited. If one feels like going out, the other wants to go out too. Our moods always match. It's a fine arrangement."

And if a house could speak, their two-story, spacious brick home high on a mountain with its own wide view of Hollywood's lights, and their feline choir of five assorted-blooded cats who share it with them, would chorus the same—these two belong together twenty-four hours of each day.

With the intensity of all in show business who've lived out of a suitcase so long, Marge and Gower have spent three years painstakingly furnishing their first home. As they say, "We live with it and love it, all of it." Their house, complete with terraced gardens, a swimming pool, a rehearsal room in the basement, and their own happiness, is a gem of collectors' items. A harmonious combination of mellowed modern and sentimental antiques which reflects the tastes of its owners.

"Actually, I didn't like anything modern until I met Gower—"

"Funny, but I just couldn't see antiques—until I married Marge—"

While it's Marge who proudly invites friends to come up and see her etchings, it's Gower who will keep on indefinitely paying for them. "They're real," she says.

Smart women who prefer sleekly groomed hair insist on PINWAEx—the original proven pincurl permanent that keeps every curl lovely, satin-smooth for months: Pinwae's scientific, beneficial neutralizer completes your permanent in just minutes (use a dryer if you wish)—no long hours of processing on cramped little curlers achieves a lasting wave and continued hair health! For your easiest, quickest, and best home permanent, insist on PINWAEx!
Now, they wish they could still dance. For they still have a collection of PhotoPlay's female stars, mostly of the Hollywood Pinup variety. Esther Williams, Vera-Ellen, Betty Grable, and Samia Gamal are just a few of the beauties that have graced the pages of PhotoPlay. Marge Gower, who is quite the collector, recently asked, "Why, Marge suggested, "don't we just start from now?"
What You Don't Know About Mitchum

(Continued from page 42)
scattered about and one huge leather davenport at least eight feet long. A ceiling-high fireplace looked benignly out upon tables piled with magazines, cigarette boxes and plate-size ash trays. It was a room that held out its hand and made you welcome.

Bob had not arrived home yet, and Mrs. Mitchum, apologetically announcing that it was the baby's supper time, left me alone for a few minutes. Suddenly a miniature Bob Mitchum, about eleven years old, appeared—same wide, sloping shoulders, long upper lip, same candid appraising eyes. "Hello," he said gravely, "I'm Jim. You're waiting to see my father?"

I nodded, and noticing a toy airplane he was holding, asked: "You make it?"

He said almost scornfully: "Sure. It isn't much. I've got a better one. Like to see it?"

He left the room and came back, a few moments later, bearing a balsam wood creation that looked as if it might take off into the wild blue yonder at any moment. "It's got a Wasp motor," Jim observed, "and when it gets going good it really sets up a howl."

He began filling a plastic fuel tank with an evil-smelling liquid which, he explained, was a mixture of the highest octane gas and castor oil. "Costs eighty cents a pint," he said, "but it sure makes a motor talk."

While he was attaching the wires of a dry-cell battery and twisting the propeller, I remembered a story that Bob had told me about Jim. "There's a plot of grass and flowers just across the little bridge leading into my place," he said, "and a neighborhood girl kept riding her pony across it. Jim talked to her about it several times and finally came to me. 'It's your problem, Kid,' I said. 'You'll have to figure it out for yourself."

"Well, the next time she showed up with her pony, Jim met her with an air rifle. She didn't pay any attention to his warning and rode her pony right over the flower patch. Jim took aim and planted a bee-bee shot smack in the pony's rump. The little animal went into the air, of course, and his rider landed on her little behind. She hasn't been back since. Jim had taken care of the situation himself. That's what I think youngsters should always be allowed to do."

The motor broke into a banshee wail, just as Dorothy Mitchum came back into the room carrying her eight-months-old daughter, Petrine. Frightened at the unearthly noise, the baby began to cry and Jim, with an expression of real concern, shut off the motor. Dorothy smiled. "Thank you, Jim," she said. "Now we can talk."

At that moment, a younger boy appeared and stood in the doorway. "This is Chris," Dorothy said. We shook hands and then both youngsters went in to their supper.

"Chris isn't like Jim," Dorothy said thoughtfully. "He was a cuddly, quiet baby. Jim began putting sentences together when he was a year old, but Chris just cooed and smiled. Bob was certain he'd grow up to be an idiot."

"Either of them want to be an actor?" I asked.

"Jim does. He idolizes his father and tries to be like him in every way. One day when Warner Brothers needed a boy in a picture, they spoke to Bob about Jim, and he said it was all right with him. But as it turned out, Jim was too big for the part and they chose Chris instead. Poor Chris! He was so frightened that he froze solid—couldn't say a word. Jim was furious. 'I gave you my part,' he yelled, 'and you blew it.'"

The telephone rang and Dorothy answered it. It was then almost eight o'clock. "It's Bob," she said. "He wants to speak to you."

"Look," Bob said placatingly at the...
other end of the wire, I got fouled up with a couple of high lambs. Do you know what a high lamb is? It's something that talks in a low, important voice and gives off a sweet odor that smells like money. They want me to do a thing and I'm pretty certain I can do it. Tell Jim. He's got a complete kindling in the fireplace, pour kerosene on it and then add split logs and pour more kerosene. I'll be right home.

Jim had come back into the library and was twisting his face around in his airplane again. "Your father wants you to build up a big heat in the fireplace," I said. "Use plenty of kerosene.

Jim looked dazed. "Sounds weird to me," he said. "I know how to build a fire, but I'll do it just like he ordered.

When Bob came in the fire was leaping high. He went straight to his wife and kissed her gently. "I'm sorry, honey, but they got me in a corner, I fought my way out and here I am." "Yes," she reminded him.

Swaying around, he held out his hand. "Too bad you had to wait. Hope you weren't bored."

"Anything but!"

He laughed. "Okay, now we'll talk. Serene?" The guy, he added quietly to Jim and Chris.

Jim was still violently manipulating the propeller of the airplane. "It won't start," he lamented. "You know, Dad, this thing ought to be out of circulation. I'll wind it up fast. Like a regular ship.

Mitchum got down on the floor and took the model plane in his hands. "Duck soup," he said. "We'll get a small electric drill with a ratchet attachment. Remind me tomorrow. Now am I to believe your lips?"

As the boys left, Mitchum said thoughtfully, "He's quite a guy, that Jim. The boys at the military school made it a little rough for him at first on account of his height. But look, I'm one of the boys."

We began talking about Bob's career (a word which has disappeared), and now I find myself a leading man," he said. "It's most embarrassing. Tomorrow I might be out of Hollywood on my ear. Well, I made a living as a dock-hand once and I could do it again and never be happier.

He is constantly beset by a feeling of insecurity, despite his salary of $5,000 a week. Up to the time of his last raid to this impressive figure, he would insist with customary emphasis that he was never been solen in his life. Things happen to him. Once his business manager, a trusted friend, vanished with all his savings. Not long ago he bought an expensive outboard motor and a large hand, driving it to California from Texas, where Bob had been, putting the wrong kind of oil in the crankcase and ruined the engine. That really did Bob states with conviction. "I get conned out of it. I'm always meeting guys I know when I was on the bum as a kid, and they're in trouble. But not so much trouble that they couldn't make the extra."

"You're a push-over because I remember the swell Joes who were good to me in the jungle camp days."

One senses that he often goes back in his thoughts to those irreligious days with at least a small feeling of nostalgia. He likes to talk about the nights when he slept on the grass beside a softly-flowing river in the south, with the moon coming up over a tamarack swamp and a loon crying dementedly somewhere in the distance. He recalls the good mulligan stews they used to make in a kerosene tin while a buddy sang nostalgic songs.

Now thirty-five years old, six-feet-two and erect as a Marine sergeant, Mitchum is that tall, lean, wiry hanger-on of a man. His thick, coarse hair, the color of faded wheat straw, falls over a high, rather fine forehead. His face is long and fair, and absolutely free from the life-wear which has eluded his grace and a truculent roll of the shoulders. It was this walk of his which first drew the attention of William Wellman, the director. "I had never seen an actor move with so much energy," he said. "But today, I told him over to the studio and gave him a test. It was a page or two of dialogue from the script of 'The Story Of G.I. Joe,' and I stood him up beside the wheel of a broken gun carriage and told him to sound off. He turned in a performance that would shake your heart. Of course, he was hungry then, broke and needing a job. Hungry actor, I thought, actors.

Henry Hathaway, who is directing Mitchum in his latest picture, "White Witch Doctor," confirms Wellman's high opinion of Bob's histrionic abilities. "He is one of the few who can turn in an almost perfect performance on the first take," he says.

The economic conditions under which Mitchum grew up seem to have alternated between "dope and desperate." With the death of his father, when Bob was eighteen months old, his mother went to work on a newspaper, later marrying the feature editor. The boy spent his time on as many jobs as possible. He was completely without supervision of any kind. In 1927, he ran away to Long Beach, California, where his married sister, Julie, was actively engaged in a small, experimental theatre movement.

After numerous jobs, ranging from acting in the Long Beach Civic Theater to common labor, he returned to the east where he married his boyhood sweetheart, Dorothy Spence of Dover, Delaware. The young couple then came back to California and Bob found employment in an airplane factory. This precarious employment ended when Harry Sherman, prodigious maker of Western movies, gave him a small part in one of his pictures. That night he rushed home to the bank and learned that his young wife were living, shouting wildly that their future was assured. After that, there ensued a succession of Westerns, culminating last year in "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo," which he described as one of his best pictures. His more recent films include "The Lucky Men," "Angel Face," and "White Witch Doctor."

"The hour was late and it was time to go. Mitchum stands in the doorway and beckoned, "I want to show you something," she said, and led the way into a bedroom where Jim and Chris were fast asleep—sleeping in space helmets completely enclosing their bald heads.

Bob grinned. "Look at the little monsters," he said. "They're probably halfway to the moon by now."

There was something in his voice, a quality his audiences do not know. Tough guy, nestle in a corner character who has battered his way up from jungle camps under railroad bridges to a high-salaried position as one of Hollywood's most popular heroes. But there was nothing ruthless, no harshness in his face then. A remark he had made earlier in the evening came back, "It's been rough sometimes," he said, "but I've enjoyed every bit of it."

But there had been no moment in his life, that was clear, that had ever equaled this one in that quiet room with his wife as they stood looking down on the sleeping forms of their two sons. The End.
CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

All ASHORE—Columbia, Directed by Richard Quine; Francis "Moby" Dickerson, Mickey Rooney; Joe Carter, Richard Eastham; Robert Ryan; Skip Edwards, Ray McDonald; John Stanton, Barbara Bates, Cora Loughlin; Dana Andrews, Anna Maria, Hide Hit-
tan; Captain Meehan, George Mathews; Dwight Trevor; Karel Stegman; Lala Rico; Dilton, Woody Strode; Marni, Bernie Gosper; Kip, Leon Lasslo; Captata, John Warburton; More Cecile, Barbara Mcllwain.

CITY BENEATH THE S.E.A.—U.I., Directed by Bud Boetticher: Brad Carlson, Robert Ryan; Terry McBride, Mal Hepps; Tony Barlett, Anthony Quinn; Jean Parker, Anna Maria, Hide Hit-er; Captain Meade, George Mathews; Dwight Trevor; Karel Stegman; Lala Rico; Dilton, Woody Strode; Marni, Bernie Gosper; Kip, Leon Lasslo; Captata, John Warburton; More Cecile, Barbara Mcllwain.

CLOWN, THE—M.G.M. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard; Dudo Deboy, Red Skelton; Dick Deboy, Tim Considine; Gayle, Lee Winfield; Ralph Smith; Bud Rollman, Betty Lowe; Simms, Ray Henders; Philip Ober; Little Julie, Len Lubin; Dr. Strauss, Fry Poe; Robert, Eddie Craven.

GIRLS IN THE NIGHT—U.I., Directed by Jack Arnold; Hannah Hayes, Patricia Hardy; Georgia, Joyce Holden; Alice Hayes, Glenda Farrell; Chuck Haynes, Harvey Lembeck; Joe Springron, Glen Roberts; Robert, Eddie Craven.

JAZZ SINGER, THE—20th Century-Fox, Directed by Michael Curtiz; Jerry Golden, Danny Thomas; Judy Love, Peggy Lee; Mrs. Golden, Mildred Dunnock; Carson Golden, Emily Roosevelt; Mervyn Cheyney, Tom Tully; Uncle Louie, Alex Gertly; George Miller, Allyn Joslyn; Rabbi Roth, Harold Gordon; Joseph, Hal Ross; Phil Stevens, Justin Smith; Yeonne, Andrea Stevens.

JOEYARD—M.G.M. Directed by John Huston; Helen Star, Dorothy Dalton; Otis Sullivon, Barry Sullivan; Lasson, Ralph Meek; Bobby, Lee Asher.

MEMBER OF THE WEDDING, THE—Columbia, Directed by Mitchell Leisen; Adele, Marjorie Reynolds; Sue, Ann Doran; Stella Brown, Ethel Waters; Frankie Addams, Julie Harris; John, Will Geer; Arthur France; Janice, Nancy Gates; Mr. Adams, William Haunn; Honey Camden Brown, James Edwar sle; T. T. Williams, Harry Bolden; Soldier, Dick Moore; Barney MacKean; Danny Mummen; Helen, June Medin; Ann, Carter.

NAKED SPUR, THE—M.G.M. Directed by An-thony Mann; Howard Kreo, James Stewart; Linda Patch, Janet Leigh; Ben Vandegrift, Robert Ryan; Ray Anderson, Ralph Meek; Jesse Tate, Milford Mitchell.

WAGAIRA—20th Century-Fox, Directed by Henry Hathaway; Rose Louris, Marilyn Monroe; George Louris, Robert Mitchum; David Pate; Ray Cutter; Casey Adams; Inspector Starkey, Denis O'Keefe; Pat O'Neal, John Against; Jack Watens, Don Wilson; Mrs. Ketterson, Lucretie Tuttle; Mr. O.

PHOTOPLAY'S GUARANTEED PIMPLES WHILE IT WORKS

New! Amazing Medication

‘STARPRES’ SKIN-COLORED HIDES PIMPLES WHILE IT WORKS

9 out of 10 cases cleared up
or definitely improved

CLEARASIL—NEW SCIENTIFIC ADVANCE

At last! A new medicinal called CLEARASIL is so effective it brings untold new hope to pimple sufferers. In skin specialists' tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 were cleared up, 100 percent improved.

AMAZING STARVING ACTION, CLEARASIL is greaseless and fast-drying in contact with pimples. Surveys pimples because it helps remove the oils* that "feed" pimpls. On autopsy, stops growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples.

INSTANT RELIEF from embarrassment because CLEARASIL is skin-colored to hide pimples. And CLEARASIL is greaseless...stainless...pleasant to use.

THOUSANDS HAIL CLEARASIL. So many boys, girls, adults found that CLEARASIL really works for them, it is already the largest-selling specific medication for pimpls in America.

GUARANTEED to work for you as it did in doctors' tests over many years. 50c, Econ. Size 98c. Get CLEARASIL at drugstores.

CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

Let PHOTOPLAY be your glamour guide! ON SALE APRIL 11th

PLANNING A HOLIDAY IN HOLLYWOOD?

Then don't miss PHOTOPLAY's Bonus Feature for May!

Our fashion editor has planned just what you should wear—what to include in your travel wardrobe—to help you make a star entrance. Plus: suggestions on where to go

Now—Solve All Your Money Troubles

No investment necessary! You need no previous experience! We furnish materials. All you have to do is hand order forms for—and on your own time.

Represent us in your community. Help your friends and neighbors by handling your magazine subscription orders for them. Write today without delay and let us tell you how easy it is. U.S.A. sales only. Add 25c for Canada.

Macfadden Publications, Inc. Box 55, Dept. P-453 205 E. 42nd Street New York 17, N. Y.
LOOSE PLATES
Fit Tight!

(Continued from page 45)

And the louder her laugh, the more sen-
sational her conduct, the quieter and more
irritable grew John. And he never so smailly
cottoned to his family. In fact, the first
year of the marriage John was so intimi-
dated by Anne's mama and papa, he always
referred to them as "Mr. and Mrs. John.

Just before the break, they were dining
with a group at La Rue's restaurant in
Hollywood. Anne was pounding on the
table, as usual, to prove a point, when,
to Hodlkin's acute embarrassment, she
pointed to the host at the table next to them
or from the waiter one set of ear-muffs for
each of his guests.

The rumors of trouble within the mar-
dia started about a year ago. They
were denied vehemently by Anne, who didn't
want any "I told you so's" from her mother.
But it was two years ago that John saw the
break in what had appeared to be one
of the more ideal matings of Hollywood.
It was at Arlene Dahl's annual glogg
gathering at Christmas. Anne was in a
corner screaming with a group of buddies.
John was standing by the door holding
her coat and waiting for her to leave with
him. Five minutes, ten minutes, half an
hour, John was still there, growing more
angrier with every minute that ticked
off. Then suddenly he said he was
leaving. She could stay if she wanted. He
took off. Anne followed ten minutes later.

John thought he had been so conservative the marriage
would have had a better chance. They
had planned to buy a home after their honey-
moon. Even though it was attractive, it
was too small with a man around the house
and a hoped-for family. So they went
looking at real estate when prices were at
the peak of an inflated market.

"Ridiculous," said Anne in reply to each
swollen house tag. "Ridiculous," echoed
the thrifty actor. So they decided to live in
Anne's house and just add a couple of
rooms. But the additions cost them more
thirst buying a new house would have
And while the master bedroom is now
streamlined and modern, in the beginning
Hodlkin was sleeping around by plaster
of Paris and heaven-knew what show
frickeys. A non-compromiser such as John
can never be happy in the role of his
wife's paying guest. It would have been
clearer, from the viewpoint of happiness,
to have bought his own place.

Anne is the untidy type—clothes all over
the place—caps off the tooth paste. John is
very fastidious—and runs his home
barely fully.

When the Hodlkins separated, a wagster
quipped, "I wonder who gets custody
of the cigars?" There've been more jokes
about Baxter's cigars than about Jane Rus-
sdale's bosoms. The stogies started in the
brain of her press agent, who wanted some
quick publicity for his strong-minded
client. Neither he nor Anne expected them
to backfire. At first it was cute. Alfred
Pennyworth, who delivered Montgomery
Clift in "I Confess," was supposed to have introduced her to a
ladylike cigar. Later, Hitchcock
denied the story and said it was totally
cursed to cigarettes for women—especially for a
female staring in a religious film like "I
Confess." Anne followed through and said
cigars were to smoke. Actually, I think they
were trying to off one of the suckers.

No one bothered to ask her husband
what he thought of all this. But I have
seen an old cigar band that John raved
to when he saw photos of his stogie-chewing
brother. And I hate to think what they said
in said old Burlingde.

But Anne wanted publicity and her
press agent was merely obliging. The main
mission was accomplished—to get everyone
talking about Baxter. You couldn't sell
six or seven dollars worth of cigarettes
now. She's on seven magazine
covers. And here we are writing a story
about her, aren't we? But what's for
breakfast? (Continued in next issue.)
Calories a day. And a lot of real, hard work! In those days, I believed she was reducing to please her husband. I know better now. She was starving to feed her ego. Anne is the type who puts on weight no matter how little she eats, so she has to watch it all the time. And if you've ever lived with a woman who weighs her intake, you'll know it isn't easy living.

Then take the business of the red sash. Anne told an interviewer that her famous architect-grandfather, Frank Lloyd Wright, wore only a red sash on his wedding night. This can't be the same girl who used to blush when you asked her if the romance with Bill Eythe was serious. She and John had a big battle over that sash. And I don't believe her mother liked it either. I'm told, though, that Mr. Wright roared—with laughter—when he read the syndicated tidbit.

But I don't think Anne needs this kind of publicity. Some people have to be sensational to be noticed by the casting office. But not Anne. She can be dignified, as she was when John first married her, and still be in demand for good roles.

Her friends cover up for her, explaining she was a bit scared when she left Twentieth Century-Fox after eleven years to freelance. But the change started before she parted with the studio, and now that she's parted from her husband, maybe she still cut the high jinks. Because the proof of the pudding is her pictures. The career is okay—she made $150,000 within six months of freelancing. And maybe she will realize her noisy behavior will frighten off the kind of man she likes best, the quiet kind. Although she says she's pleased about all her new publicity.

They say that John bared Anne in the last year of their marriage. He's courteous, but I've seen him pout in public. Which sounds as if it happened at home. And Anne is an avid reader. If John possesses a library I haven't heard of it.

She likes to visit art exhibits. I have a hunch John calls that sort of thing arty. Then there's the big difference in their professional status. Anne is a big star now. John was on the same level with her when they met during "Sunday Dinner for a Soldier." But in the past few years her career has gone up; his has lessened in importance. It's embarrassing in this or any other town when the wife is more important than the husband. There's usually friction when the woman is the greatest bread and cake winner.

When good pictures weren't offered, John took a play in New York. And even though the rumors were started, I didn't believe them because Anne was so excited about flying east for his first night. If it was an act, it was the greatest performance of her life. But she was detained on a picture, and arrived in New York in time for the closing of the play.

I'm sorry for their daughter. They were so happy when Anne found she was pregnant. Katrina is almost two years old now. And very few people know that her mother was very ill after her birth, with phlebitis, an illness which is sometimes fatal.

It's hard for me to believe Anne and John have broken up. I can still remember when she was making "Yellow Sky." John was in London and she'd leave the set after every take to find out what in heck had happened to the call she had put through to him. And I remember her shining face after she finally talked to him. And I can still see John, after the break-up, in the bar of the Polo Lounge, tossing off a drink with some French gals who thought they had an easy date. But John left them. He was weeping when he hurried out of the smoke-filled bar.

To sum up, everyone in Hollywood feels the same about the break-up of the Anne Baxter-John Hodiak marriage. They're both nice people. It's just too damn bad that it didn't work out. THE END
BabY DuE SooN? 
(Continued from page 14)

For two years, and so Chris and I were married.

Then one April day, all my own house and I met Dave on the street one day.
He asked me to have cocktails with him; I did, and we both discovered that the old flame
was still burning. I discussed the problem with Chris and, but said one must admit that
these things could happen.

He agreed to give me a divorce, but stipulated that he was to have sole custody of the
children. Such a thing had never occurred to me. I love Dave, but not enough to give up my
children.

Jennifer K.

Dear Mrs. K.: It seems to me that taking a new husband,
but paying for it with the companionship of
your daughter, a poor bargain and one that
would seem worse as the years went by.

Have you ever asked yourself what Dave's interests
were during the years you heard
about the children. My husband and and a woman a type
of animal magnetism which makes everything
else in the world seem pale and unimportant
by comparison. Yet Don Juan—his conquests
—often be cruel and inconsiderate.

Why not hesitate for a year or two? Why
not run away with your own husband?

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert: I am a French war bride and the mother of
a baby girl now sixteen months old.

Because I have learned to speak English
quiet well since I have been in this country,
I have always talked in English to my daugh-
ter. My husband and his parents tell me that
it is better this way.

But I know several French war brides who
have children and they all speak in French to
them. They believe that a child can learn
English and should respect my speaking only
English to the little girl.

I want my daughter to speak French, of

course, but I am afraid that if I use this

language when I talk to her, she will lose
her French accent. She is an American
citizen and will be going to American schools,
so I think she should feel mostly at home in
English.

I would like to know if the way I am doing
is better.

Jacqueline N.

Dear Mrs. N.: Children who are learning to talk have the
ability to learn two languages at the same time
without confusion. The daughter of a French
actor whom I know, learned French from him and
usually spoke to him in French. Her
mother was Spanish, so mother and daughter
conversed in Spanish. The little girl's nurse
was American and talked to her in English.

Why don't you speak French and English
to your daughter and see which one

spreads to her in the two languages could be an invaluable
asset.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert: I seem to have a problem that I cannot solve
for myself. I am twenty-nine years old, mar-
ried and have two children.

My problem: I am lonely. You might have made awful
reactions such as "he could have done better than
that— anybody could." My husband's mother and
sister have told me how crazy some beautiful

girl was about him, and a woman I didn't marry her because my little girl looks like

My husband says beauty is only skin deep and that a homely person with personality can
still be loved. Just that same I feel terrible. I think my husband is getting ashamed
of my looks although he tells me not to worry, and that he gets rich he will have his
face fixed with plastic surgery.

I have learned to love my husband but I don't know where to think of his living with me when I'm sure he could get a better-
looking wife. How I hate my face!

Can you give me the name of a good plastic surgeon who could rebuild me entirely?

(Mrs.) Mickella S.

Dear Mrs. S.: How do you remember the mother you loved?
As eyes, hair, a nose of a certain shape, a mouth, a
double chin? No. You recall the way she
laughed, what she did when she startled, the
little tunes she hummed. You remember her
as a warmth, a glow. In retrospect, it is always
difficult to recall in detail the appearance
of those we love or have loved.

Once I had heard a great deal about a won-
derful woman; friends used to tell funny
stories about her, repeat her witticisms, prop-
from her wisdom. When I met her, I almost
gasped. She was emphatically not attractive.

Yet, after I spent time with her, I too fell under
her spell. She radiated friendliness, 
courtesies, knowledge of the world, the arts, and people.

Forget the package in which your spirit has
been placed. Look around you for others who
may feel as forlorn as you do at times. Devote
yourself to making life more comfortable for
others and you will find your own happiness.

Remember, not one of us really knows how the
sun looks, but we live in its radiance.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert: I am fourteen and feel very burdened
for my age. My mother, who is thirty-six and still
very attractive, is the cause of it.

About a year ago, she fell in love with another
man. He also loved her. They realized that it
could never work out as they both had a
family to consider.

This last year my mother had an operation,
followed by a nervous breakdown. She
comes so dependant at times to drink. Her
drinking is very bad because she is frail and
cannot stand much. It is also a bad
influence on my younger brother and sister.

I believe she has a great future as a painter
because she has had so many talents—lands-
scapes and some portraits recently.

Please tell me what to do to help my mother
forget this man. I know that once she forgets
him she will stop drinking.

You are the only one I can turn to. I cannot
tell my father the real situation because Mother
made me promise never to tell anyone.

Estella J.

Dear Estella: You seem to realize that your role and your
mother's has been reversed.

Since your mother is the child in this in-
stance, you will do well to use child psychology on
your mother and keep a child happy, when
some dangerous toy is to be taken away, is to
offer an interesting diversion.

Luckily, you live in a large city where there
are several art galleries. If you can persuade
her to go to one, you can keep her happy on
field trips with an understanding fellow woman.

Above all, don't lose patience. Frequently a
drinking person loves to be a martyr, but will
remain sober for long periods if I given no ex-
cuse for martyrdom.

Claudette Colbert
Runaway from Romance?

(Continued from page 57)

find himself in the wilds as he fishes or hunts. Certainly if Bob does marry again, it will not be a quick Hollywood-elopement type of marriage. It will come only as a result of deep thinking on Bob's part, after he has analyzed the whole situation. An independent thinker, Bob has always been reticent in expressing his deepest thoughts freely. His biggest problem now—with his career at its peak—is the personal one of finding himself.

Certainly his dates—before Ursula—carried little hint of real romance, despite the gossip that each new girl was a serious love in Bob's life. His dates with Ludmilla Tcherina, for instance, seemed serious to the columnists. But Bob himself said that they saw each other only a few times, and Ludmilla, mourning a husband dead less than a-year, was not ready for nor awake to romance. She found Bob a gracious and charming companion. Nor was there a romance between Bob and Coleen Gray, despite gossip. Of most of these reports in the newspapers, Bob has had no comment.

Ursula, too, is somewhat reticent about revealing her innermost thoughts and emotions. She does admit, however, that there is a strong mutual feeling. "Of course we are attracted by each other—we are the same kind of people."

But when it comes to discussing the possibility of marriage, Ursula is more hesitant. "We have no marriage plans with each other or anybody else. We are both very serious about these things. Both of us gave it a lot of thought before we were married the first time and we have tragic marriages anywhere. Well, you always learn something from a mistake. Right now we are both too full of ourselves and our own problems to think about marrying anyone."

Just as Bob has recently confined most of his dates to those with Ursula, she admits that she has time for nobody else. "Nobody else interests me," she says, "so why should I spend time with some else when I can be with the person who interests me very much?"

And when those wise to the ways of Hollywood kiddingly say to Ursula that she is likely to fall in love with some handsome leading man, she merely smiles her warm, secret smile and answers, "Oh, but there is a very good reason why not. The best reason of all."

Aside from the intangible factor of Bob's possible unreddness for another try at marriage, there is another and a very real obstacle standing in the way of any immediate wedding for Bob and Ursula. She is anxious to bring her family—her mother and her two daughters—to live in Holly-

wood, and she cannot do this until she is a citizen. At the present time Ursula is here in the United States on a visitor's working visa which has been extended to the limit. Her studio, RKO, is working frantically to secure her permanent stay in the United States before this visa runs out in June. They may have succeeded by the time you read this. But if these efforts do not succeed, Ursula will have to return to Hamburg for a time. Naturally enough, she does not feel free herself to consider a marriage, even if Bob were completely ready for it.

"We have much in common," Ursula says, "and we enjoy each other's company very much. But that is never enough for Hollywood gossip. They have always got to push you into something—a marriage, a divorce, a new romance—before it is time for it to happen. There are times in life when things aren't happening, when it is better to go along quietly, taking care of one problem at a time instead of making everything complicated.

"That's how it is now. I have to worry about my citizenship, about my family in Hamburg, about my career and how much money it will cost to bring my family here with me."

During the waiting period while Ursula is getting her family affairs in order and clarifying her status as a citizen, Bob has occasionally been seen with Barbara Stan-

wyck. Each time Hollywood has hinted the possibility of reconciliation, but both Bob and Barbara have denied it and stuck to the "just friends" theme. "There has been no talk of remarriage," said Barbara. Naturally Ursula does not feel free to discuss these dates with Barbara or with others; Ursula feels this is none of her business.

"One of the most wonderful things about Bob is that he isn't a worry to me," says Ursula. "But if I stay home—which I love to do—they write that I'm moping over Bob. And if we go out, they write that we're sitting on each other in public. Bob won't even talk to anyone about it any more, but I know it would make him feel good if someone wrote the truth."

And that's what this is—the truth, for now, about T'n'T. The End

"I didn't know what to do until...

Countless people—completely at a loss to solve a difficult emotional problem—have been amazed when suddenly they heard the very solution they were seeking, on radio's "My True Story."

For this true-life program presents, in vivid dramatic form, the real problems of real people. When you listen, you'll hear heartfelt situations taken from the files of "True Story Magazine" you'll hear people like yourself cope with problems involving love, hope, fear and jealousy.

TUNE IN "MY TRUE STORY"
AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS

Be sure to read "I HATE MY MOTHER"—the story of a girl's fight for happiness, of the dreadful conflict with her mother who robbed her of everything—even the man she loved. In April TRUE STORY on sale now.
CINERAMA — Cinerama Productions, Eastman Kodak color: An amazing new movie technique, using three curved screens and special sound, takes you right into the action. No story, but plenty of thrills: a roller-coaster ride, opera at La Scala, an air tour of the U. S. (F) January

COME BACK, LITTLE SHEBA—Wallis, Paramount: Intimate, grueling drama of a marriage, of youth and the yearning for lost youth. Shirley Booth is magnificent; Burt Lancaster, Terry Moore, Richard Jaeckel score. (A) January

FORBIDDEN GAMES—Times Film: Remarkable acting by little Brigitte Fossey, as a war orphan, and Georges Poujouly, as her farm-boy playmate, highlights a deeply moving tragicomedy, French dialogue, English titles. (A) March

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN—Goldwyn, RKO; Technicolor: Danny Kaye wins your heart as a story-spinning cobbler in a magical, musical extravaganza. Jeannaire is exquisite as Farley Granger’s ballerina wife. (F) March

LIMELIGHT—U; A; Intensely personal, slow but affecting story of a has-been music-hall comic who gives a sad young ballerina new faith in life. Charlie Chaplin’s unique style runs a full range, from tender moments with lovely Claire Bloom to slapstick with Buster Keaton. (F) February

LITTLE WORLD OF DON CAMILLO, THE—I. F. E.: Rollicking, inspiring saga of a village priest’s running battle with a Communist mayor. Fernandel and Gino Cervi make doughty adversaries, French dialogue, English titles. (A) March

PETER PAN—Disney, RKO, Technicolor: Enchanting cartoon feature based on the beloved fantasy of eternal childhood. Peter, Wendy, Tinker Bell, Captain Hook come alive to the tune of many sprightly songs. (F) February

APRIL IN PARIS—Warners, Technicolor: Feath-erweight farce enlivened by the musical talents of Doris Day, as a chorine on a Paris junket, and Ray Bolger, as a stuffy-to-start-with junior diplomat. Gay songs and dances. (F) February


FACE TO FACE—RKO: Two-episode film, “The Secret Sharer,” with James Mason, is a dreamy tale. But “The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky,” with Robert Preston, Marjorie Steele, Minor Watson, is a fine, unusual western. (F) January

FOUR POSTER, THE—Kramer, Columbia: Tragi-comic, talky history of a marriage, with only two characters. Lilli Palmer’s brilliant throughout; Rex Harrison, at his best in light moments. Cartoon interludes are richly imaginative. (A) February

HOAXTERS, THE—M-G-M: Thirty-eight-minute documentary shrewdly contrasting totalitarianism and democracy. (F) March

ABOVE AND BEYOND—M-G-M: Robert Taylor has some gripping moments as the pilot of the plane that dropped the Abomb on Hiroshima; but scenes of domestic discord with wife Eleanor Parker are out of key. (A) February

ANDROCLES AND THE LION—RKO: Wordy, occasionally interesting version of Shaw’s play about early Christians. Maurice Evans makes a witty Caesar; Alan Young, a gentle Androcles; Jean Simmons, a glowing Christian maiden; Victor Mature, a stalwart Roman. (A) February

ANGEL FACE—RKO: Suspense drama involving innocent-faced, murder-minded Jean Simmons with skeptical, susceptible Bob Mitchum. Mona Freeman plays good girl. (A) March

BLACKBEARD THE PIRATE—RKO, Technicolor: Robert Newton hams it up in the title role; Keith Andes and Linda Darnell are decorative in a muddled adventure yarn. (F) March

MEET ME AT THE FAIR—U-I, Technicolor: Tune-trimmed, nostalgic comedy-drama about a medicine-show man (Dan Duryea) who befriends an orphan (Chet Allen). (F) March


NEVER WAVE AT A WAC—RKO: The Army makes a human being of snotty Rosalind Russell, with an assist from ex-husband Paul Douglas. Marie Wilson adds more laughs. (F) March

REDHEAD FROM WYOMING, THE—U-I, Technicolor: Pleasant Western, wherein William Bish- op dupes Maureen O’Hara into helping him plot a range war. Alex Nicol plays sheriff. (F) March

TROPIC ZONE—Paramount, Technicolor: Ronald Reagan saves Rhonda Fleming’s banana plantation in a Central American Western. (F) February

A—Adults F—Family

OUTSTANDING

IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST, THE—Rank, U-I; Technicolor: Michael Redgrave, Michael Denison and Edith Evans shine in a stylized, dialogue-dominated farce about uppercrust romance and deception. (A) March

KANSAS CITY CONFIDENTIAL—U; A: Well-photographed, tricky thriller about an innocent suspect who solves an armored-car robbery. With John Payne, Coleen Gray. (F) February

LAST OF THE COMANCHEES—Columbia, Technicolor: Vigorous, tightly constructed Western in which cavalryman Broderick Crawford leads a chance-angel with a horse opera, with Patrice Wymore. (F) February

MAN BEHIND THE GUN, THE—Warners, Technicolor: Randolph Scott foils a big-scale espionage in early California. Well-made horse opera, with Patrice Wymore. (F) February

MOULIN ROUGE—U; A, Technicolor: Subtle color and rich Parisian atmosphere overshadow Jose Ferrer’s portrayal of Toulouse-Lautrec, the tragic, deformed painter. (A) March

GOOD

BLACKBEARD THE PIRATE—RKO, Technicolor: Robert Newton hams it up in the title role; Keith Andes and Linda Darnell are decorative in a muddled adventure yarn. (F) March

MEET ME AT THE FAIR—U-I, Technicolor: Tune-trimmed, nostalgic comedy-drama about a medicine-show man (Dan Duryea) who befriends an orphan (Chet Allen). (F) March


NEVER WAVE AT A WAC—RKO: The Army makes a human being of snotty Rosalind Russell, with an assist from ex-husband Paul Douglas. Marie Wilson adds more laughs. (F) March

REDHEAD FROM WYOMING, THE—U-I, Technicolor: Pleasant Western, wherein William Bish- op dupes Maureen O’Hara into helping him plot a range war. Alex Nicol plays sheriff. (F) March

TROPIC ZONE—Paramount, Technicolor: Ronald Reagan saves Rhonda Fleming’s banana plantation in a Central American Western. (F) February

FAIR

THIEF OF VENICE, THE—20th Century-Fox: Slight, Italian-made yarn of a Renaissance Rob- in Hood (Paul Christian), with splendid settings. The late Maria Montez stars. (F) February

THUNDER IN THE EAST—Paramount: Shallow thriller of strife in India. Alan Ladd’s a greedy American; Deborah Kerr, a British girl; Charles Boyer, a peaceable Indian. (F) February
Helen Neushaefer

nail polish with Plasteen (the miracle ingredient)
unequalled by any other nail polish

AND STILL ONLY 10¢

don't dry out your lips
with inferior quality
...test Helen Neushaefer lipstick for 30 days and see!

Helen Neushaefer, inc. College Point, N.Y. • Los Angeles • Toronto
New! a shampoo that silkins your hair!

Picture you... your hair shimmering under even the softest light... silky soft, silky bright. That's what'll happen to you when you use this new shampoo formula... this new Drene!

New magic formula... milder than castile!

There's silkening magic in Drene's new lightning-quick lather! No other lather is so thick, yet so quick—even in hardest water!

Magic... this new lightning-quick lather... because it flashes up like lightning, because it rinses out like lightning, because it's milder than castile! Magic! because this new formula leaves your hair bright as silk, smooth as silk, soft as silk. And so obedient.

Just try this luxurious new Drene with its lightning-quick lather... its new and fresh fragrance. You have an exciting experience coming!

New Lightning Lather—
a magic new formula that silkins your hair.

Milder than castile—
so mild you could use Drene every day!

A NEW EXPERIENCE...
See your hair left silky bright!
This new formula flashes into lightning-quick lather—milder than castile! No other lather is so quick, yet so thick!

This is a New Drene!
A PRODUCT OF PROCTER & GAMBLE
LAMAS TELLS THE TRUTH ABOUT HIS LOVES
"ah-h! my Ivory Bath
it's a pleasure...
pure pleasure!"

"The whole family agrees on Ivory!"

99 4/100% pure... it Floats

"Yes, there's more lather... faster lather...
in an Ivory bath!

It's so relaxing to sink into an Ivory bath! You don't grope for soap—Ivory floats right into your hand. You don't wait for lather—that husky cake of Ivory fairly bursts into rich, foamy suds! For Ivory makes more lather, faster, than any other leading bath soap!

There's Ivory's famous mildness... and such a clean, fresh odor!

It's pure delight—the gentle caress of silky Ivory suds. For Ivory is 99 4/100% pure... mild as mild. Why, more doctors advise Ivory Soap for skin care than any other soap. And that clean, fresh-smelling Ivory lather leaves you so refreshed! All aglow and ready to go!

You get more for your money, too!

Yes, mild Ivory... pure Ivory... floating Ivory... actually costs you less! Gives you more soap for your money than any other leading bath soap!
So much depends on whether your charm keeps on working. Freddy's didn't. Freddy was going great at half-past-eight, but by ten his girl was giving him the definite brush-off. And who could blame her? No girl wants to put up with a case of halitosis (bad breath). You seldom know when you're guilty of halitosis (bad breath) ... and even your best friend won't tell you.

Why risk offending needlessly... why take chances with lesser methods when Listerine Antiseptic instantly stops bad breath, and keeps it stopped usually for hours on end? This amazing deodorant effect is due to Listerine's germ-killing action.

**LISTERINE STOPS BAD BREATH**

4 times better than chlorophyll or tooth paste

No chlorophyll kills odor bacteria like this... instantly

You see, Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of the very mouth germs that cause the most common type of bad breath... the kind that begins when germs start the fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth. And, research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer depending upon the degree to which you reduce germs in the mouth. Brushing your teeth doesn't give you Listerine's antiseptic protection.

Chlorophyll or chewing gums don't kill germs. Listerine does.

**Clinically proved four times better than tooth paste**

That is why independent research reported Listerine Antiseptic averaged at least four times more effective in reducing breath odors than three leading chlorophyll products and two leading tooth pastes... stopped bad breath up to three to four times longer than the tooth pastes or chlorophyll products by actual test.

So, no matter what else you do, use Listerine Antiseptic when you want to be extra-careful that your breath does not offend. Rinse the mouth with it night and morning and before any date where you want to be at your best. Lambert Pharmacal Company Division of The Lambert Company, St. Louis 6, Missouri.

Every week
2 different shows, radio & television—"THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE & HARRIET"
See your paper for times and stations.
Next Time I'll Bring My Knitting!

FEET-OR-WHAT?

Laughing Fredda Pauline

VOL. 55.

Brief

Mae.

Sidney

BAD

STOPS

dentifrice Colgate's

HAVE

YOU

fact, the Teeth has HAVING I than eating ever to help A stops HONEY, BAD to tooth DAY the

CHANGE pi^pledad Re-entered branch Chairman, Suzanne Janet Jan Debra Rosemary

Why Photoplay - the

Debbie Comes of Age (Debbie Reynolds) - Bud and Betty Mills Goode 46

Happiness Quiz (Janet Leigh, Tony Curtis) - Ruth Waterbury 48

“Darling, Wish You Were Here…” (Jeff Hunter) - Fredda Dudley 50

Collectors' Items No. 5 (Tab Hunter) - 54

Why the Stewart Granger Marriage Won't Fail - Mae Murray 56

The Man I Married (Vittorio Gassman) - Shelley Winters 58

Photoplay Star Fashions (“Holiday in Hollywood”) - 60

The Big Night (Photoplay Gold Medal Awards) - 68

Love Set (Ginger Rogers, Jacques Bergerac) - Eve Ford 70

FEATURES IN COLOR

Terry Moore, Laurence Harvey - 32 Mona Freeman 38

Rosemary Clooney - 32 Mitzi Gaynor 40

Dale Evans - 33 Joan Evans 40

Kathryn Grayson - 33 Pier Angeli 41

Debsey Martin - 33 Debra Paget 41

Debbie Reynolds, Walter Pidgeon - 33 Ava Gardner 52

Jan Sterling, Paul Douglas - 33 Lex Barker 53

Piper Laurie - 33 Tab Hunter 55

Fernando Lamas - 35 Shelley Winters, Vittorio Gassman 58

Ann Blyth - 60

SPECIAL EVENTS

PHOTOPLAY Applauds - 4 Impertinent Item - Mike Connolly 22

Hollywood Whispers : Florabel Muir - 6 Laughing Stock - Erskine Johnson 24

Let's Go to the Movies - Janet Graces 10 To Reach the Stars - 26

That's Hollywood - Sidney Skolsky 16 Hollywood Parties - Edith Gwynn 27

Readers Inc. - 19 Casts of Current Pictures - 83

Brief Reviews - 104

Cover: Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis—Natural Color Portrait by Ruzie Green

Janet and Tony are in Paramount's "Houdini"; Janet's in RKO's "Jet Pilot"

Tony Gray—Editor

Charlotte Plimmer—Managing Editor

Rena Firth—Associate Editor

Suzanne Nicoll—Assistant Editor

Janet Graces—Contributing Editor

Fred Sammis—Editor-in-Chief

HOLLYWOOD EDITORIAL STAFF: Sylvia Wallace—Editor

Toni Noel—Managing Editor

CONTRIBUTING STAFF: Maxine Arnold, Jerry Asher, Ruth Waterbury

HOLLYWOOD ART STAFF: Phil Stern, Sterling Smith

MAY, 1953 • VOL. 43, NO. 5

PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHED MONTHLY by Macfadden Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y.

EXECUTIVE, ADVERTISING AND BUSINESS OFFICES—25 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Editor, Donald B. South; Art Director, Willard Wood; New York 17, N. Y. Editorial Branch offices at Bel Air, Beverly Hills, Calif.; Toronto, Ont.; Montreal, Quebec; New York 17, N. Y.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: $2.00 one year, 15, 301, and Possessions, Canada 3.00 one year, $4.00 per year all foreign. Canadian subscribers please add 65c to outside United States.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: 6 weeks' notice essential. When possible, please furnish stencil-impression address from a recent issue. Address change can be made only if we have your old, as well as your new address. Write to Photoplay, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 250 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. A royalty is paid on all material published. All subscriptions published in other languages are handled through Macfadden Publications International Corp., 250 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

FOREIGN editions handled through Macfadden Publications International Corp., 250 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. British & Australian, President, Donald Macfadden, Vice President.

Photocopied and reprinted in whole or in part, unless otherwise stated, from Photoplay, Inc., 250 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Under the U.S. Copyright Laws. Unauthorized reproduction is illegal. Printed in U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company.

Member of The True Story Women's Group
CLARK GABLE IS TERRIFIC AS THE FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT WHO FIGHTS FOR HIS CAPTIVE BRIDE...

GENE TIERNEY

IN "NEVER LET ME GO"

with

RICHARD HAYDN

Screen Play by RONALD MILLAR and GEORGE FROESCHEL
Adapted from the Novel "Came the Dawn" by ROGER BAX
Directed by DELMER DAVES • Produced by CLARENCE BROWN
An M-G-M PICTURE
PERIODIC PAIN
Midol acts three ways to bring relief from menstrual suffering. It relieves cramps, eases headache and it chases the "blues".
Dora now takes Midol at the first sign of menstrual distress.

Write Dep't. B-53, Box 280, New York 18, N.Y.

Dora loves Mel's puppets, but shrinks from their master until this moment comes.

LILI
A charming, whimsical tale of love in a carnival gives Leslie Caron and Mel Ferrer their finest opportunity

AN IMMEDIATE HIT in "An American in Paris," Leslie Caron still was just Gene Kelly's leading lady. Now she has a picture of her very own, an airy bit of enchantment, with touches of music and some wise words to say about love and the business of growing up. As Lili, a penniless orphan who finds refuge with a little French carnival, she violates half the rules of Hollywood beauty—and yet she's completely captivating. The awkward youngster is humbly in love with the dashing magician (Jean Pierre Aumont), who, under the watchful eye of his sumptuous assistant (Zsa Zsa Gabor), gives Leslie a steady brush-off. She works for the puppet show run by Mel Ferrer, a forbidding fellow whose bitterness dates back to war wounds that ended his dancing career. More youthful-looking and appealing than in any of his earlier roles, Mel teams with Leslie in an unusual sort of romance that is expressed in unique ways. The film is not a fantasy, but the puppets play a part in the story. So do the dances that Leslie drifts into in daydream sequences.
From THE HOLLYWOOD SET

By MARY MARATHON

Buffalo Bill Cody and Wild Bill Hickok! Anybody who doesn’t stir to the mention of these daring Americans who left us such a wealth of true adventure stories... just doesn’t know how to LIVE! Two of the most colorful characters in our history, Buffalo Bill’s and Wild Bill’s fight through rugged wilderness and over scorched desert to open a mail route to California, makes every minute of “Pony Express” a breathless experience! It’s a picture that will give you that exciting feeling of being part of a glorious venture! That’s the way I felt. I wasn’t just watching it... I was WITH it!

* * *

The story is based on incidents that occurred after the founder of the Pony Express commissioned Cody (Charlton Heston) and Hickok (Forrest Tucker) to blaze the trail westward to California. There’s stirring heart interest, as well as action. Denny (Jan Sterling), a charming, reckless tomboy, adores Cody and dreams of being his bride. She has some pretty stiff competition in the beautiful person of Evelyn Hastings (Rhonda Fleming), a volatile redhead!

* * *

Evelyn and her brother are on the side of the rebellious Californians who, incited by crafty foreign agents, feel their state will fare better isolated from the Union.

* * *

There’s a thrilling climax involving Denny. Your heart will ache for her but I’m not going to reveal all now. Just make sure to hop to it... when the “Pony Express” rides your way!

* * *

If you hear someone say “It made my hair stand on end,” you can bet that he—or she—is talking about “The War of the Worlds.” E-e-e-k! Remember your favorite thriller? That was a cozy fireside story by comparison. When I viewed “The War of the Worlds,” my scalp felt as though an Indian warrior from the pioneer days was practising his favorite hobby—with me as the scalpee! And what made me shiver? In a nice, warm projection room?

* * *

“The War of the Worlds” opens on a high note of terror. Out of a sudden, flashing brilliance in the sky, numberless huge, fiery objects come crashing to earth, spraying screaming heat rays that destroy everything in sight!

* * *

What are they? You can’t talk me into telling you! This is the kind of picture that has so many surprising turns that I want them to be surprising to YOU. Just go see “The War of the Worlds” and be scared yourself! And you’ll never have a more fascinating time being frightened. I WILL tell you that the invaders are finally destroyed—And HOW... will AMAZE you!

* * *

There’s another thriller coming along that I’ll get my typewriter into for the next issue of this column. It’s “Jamaica Run,” starring Ray Milland, Arlene Dahl and Wendell Corey. I KNOW you’ll want to hear more about this one. It’s a picture with murder... suspense... and an underwater action scene the like of which YOU’VE NEVER SEEN!
I dreamed I went to the Flower Show in my maidenform bra

No shrinking violet, I! Wallflowers go green with envy over my firm fresh uplift...and every Sweet William in the flower-bed has lost his head over me.

Small wonder! Maidenform's Over-ture bra makes me the American beauty the judges always pick!

Shown: Maidenform's Over-ture; in acetate satin, broadcloth, nylon lace and taffeta...from 1.75.
There is a maidenform for every type of figure.
Send for free style booklet. Maidenform, New York 16

hollywood whispers
BY FLORABEL MUIR

The talk these days is centering about the Donald O'Connors, who finally got around to making a legal move to end their marriage. Gwendolyn's moved out several times in the past—but she has always come back when Donald's beckoned urgently enough. Hollywood wonders if she'll really go through with her divorce this time, or if they'll kiss and make up before the ink is dry on the final divorce decree. Funny how sometimes in Hollywood marital bliss withers when the hot wind of professional success blows on it. Things have never been better for Donald in his career, but it hasn't seemed to bring him happiness.

The Gary Coopers, who appear to be friendly, and who go out together now and then, keep causing speculations about a reconciliation—but they continue to live apart. Gary, while he was in Mexico making "Blowing Wild," was often seen with a cute model named Lorraine Chanel. He's been playing the field for the last couple of years. Sort of "blowing wild" in person.

There's possibility of a crack-up of the seventeen-year-old marriage of Claudette Colbert and Dr. Joel Pressman. Despite their denials, friends are worried about the fate of this marriage, always considered one of Hollywood's most perfect unions. Claudette has been living in her native France for the past two years, and doesn't seem in any hurry to come home. In the meantime, she'll be about $500,000 richer from her sojourn, because of the income-tax immunity while over there. (Continued on page 8)
Wild, Wayne and Wonderful All The Way!

That all-man 'Quiet Man' has a new kind of dame to tame!
It takes two to tangle—
and when it happens to them you'll tingle!

Warner Bros. happily bring you

"Trouble Along the Way"

with

SHERRY JACKSON
MELVILLE SHAVELSON and JACk ROSE
MELVILLE SHAVELSON
MUSIC by MAX STEINER
DIRECTED by
MICHaEL CURTIz

Another grand Coburn role—
he's more fun than you can shake your sides at!
moving Keenan Q of Q More long Thank a lot Q maybe possible

"mystery belle." There's no mystery in how to keep confident—not at calendar time. Simply choose Kotex: wonderfully absorbent—the s-o-f-t napkin that holds its shape. Made to stay soft while you wear it.

If your back perspires too freely—
☐ Put Sis to work
☐ Hit the totem barrel

What though your face be dreamy, if your back is just a-drip? Don't let the humidity cancel your dance plans. Get Sis to pat you on the back—with an antiperspirant: one best for you. And for problem-day protection, find the best-for-you absorbency of Kotex. All 3 (Regular, Junior, Super) have that exclusive safety center.

More women choose KOTEX® than all other sanitary napkins

To stay dainty at "that" time, choose Quest® deodorant powder. Best for napkin use, because Quest has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't slow up absorption. Safe. Soothing. Unscented. Positively destroys odors. Buy Quest powder today.

P.S. To add "suspense" to a picnic outing?
☐ Auction the eats
☐ Rig up a rope swing

Sold to you bristle beam in the yellow striped tee shirt!—one surprise package crammed with goodies for two. Auctioning the vittles puts bang in a picnic. And pays for Cokes. Keep bidders guessing as to which gal packed which supper box; later, each lad shares the fare with his "mystery belle." There's no mystery in how to keep confident—at calendar time. Simply choose Kotex: wonderfully absorbent—the s-o-f-t napkin that holds its shape. Made to stay soft while you wear it.

Should this departing guest write a—
☐ Thank you note
☐ Bread n' butter letter

"Dear Joanie—the weekend was devoon"—But wait; doesn't Joan's Mom rate your appreciation, too? Write her a bread and butter letter. Lines of thanks for all she did to make your visit fun. You know, there are some "lines" you never need fret about: the revealing kind that Kotex prevents. (Thanks to those flat, pressed ends!)

Keenan Wynn still carries the torch for his lost Beetsy, who seems to be all confused about her romance with Dan Dailey, who is confused about everything. Keenan, who always hoped to get Beetsy back, told me he was almost kayoed when he read about her engagement to Dailey in an old newspaper he picked up in Korea while over there with a troupe of film personalities entertaining the GI's at Christmas time. Since the break with Dailey, however, Beetsy has been seeing a lot of Keenan—so maybe they'll get back together again. In the meantime, Dan is moving to his new ranchito in the San Fernando Valley, where he has two rooms for himself and six stables for his horses.

It's true that Frank Sinatra continues to play high, wide and handsome with his career, all for love of his Ava. The town was distressed—though not surprised—when he cancelled out on a TV show at the last minute to fly to London to see Ava, because he hadn't "had a letter from her for a week."

The big question mark still punctuates the reports that all is well with the Gregory Pecks. He tells friends every thing is okay. And she tells friends just the opposite, although, when she spent a weekend in Las Vegas not long ago, she passed the word around that the trip had nothing to do with a possible divorce. It was, said Greta, only to attend the wedding of a friend. In any case, Greg will be away from Hollywood and home for a long time, with several more picture commitments abroad.
"Women tell me this is the greatest hair-beauty discovery since the permanent wave"

Helene Curtis
FOREMOST NAME
IN HAIR BEAUTY

brings an utterly new smoother look to American women

Helene Curtis spray net
keeps any hair-do softly in place all day long

Now comes a new way to keep your hair perfectly in place—all day, all evening. Simply press the button—and the magic mist of Helene Curtis Spray Net keeps your hair the way you set it—softly, naturally... invisibly... for that new, smoother look.

Millions of women are finding that Helene Curtis Spray Net is the perfect answer to wispy, straggly, unruly hair. Protects your hair-do unfailingly—utterly without stiff-looking lacquers or greasiness. Won't harm hair—brushes out instantly. Takes less time to apply than lipstick. Keeps hair-do's fresher longer between your regular visits to the beauty parlor. Get Helene Curtis Spray Net today!

Regular Size $1.25
New 11 oz. Economy Size, $2

At all Drug Stores, Cosmetic Counters and Beauty Salons.


**Battle Circus**

The title's as puzzling and provocative as the choice of co-stars—Humphrey Bogart and June Allyson. But both turn out to be well justified. The mobile hospital units that operate so courageously close to the front in Korea are housed in tents that must be struck, moved and set up again as rapidly as the circus variety. Indeed, the sergeant in charge of this operation (Keenan Wynn, an asset to any movie), is supposed to be a graduate of the big top. Precise as its details are, the picture doesn't try to suggest the full impact of war. It's primarily a love story, interpreted with warmth by the unexpectedly teamed stars. Bogey and June play a surgeon and a nurse whose quick romance is ruffled by the fact that he's marriage-shy. The situation may be realistic, but the film's emphasis doesn't seem in the best of taste. Robert Keith and Adele Longmire shine in minor roles.

**Verdict:** Surface glance at love and heroism in Korea (Adult)

The romance between Humphrey and June yields to the demands of war.

**Tonight We Sing**

In effect, this is a concert for classical-music fans, featuring top names in the field and many familiar numbers in the repertory. The slender narrative presents David Wayne as Sol Hurok, music-lover who discovered during his youth in Russia that he had no musical talents—and therefore turned to selling other people's. Wayne's acting is subdued and gentle (with a now-you-hear-it-now-you-don't accent), and Anne Bancroft looks charming as his wife. When the would-be impresario attains his dream in the United States, present-day greats enter the picture to portray artists of the past: Isaac Stern as Eugene Ysaye; Tamara Toumanova as Anna Pavlova; Ezio Pinza as the temperamental Chaliapin—best job in the film. As fictitious young singers and lovers, Roberta Peters and Byron Palmer are slightly pallid, though Palmer's looks will win him a following.

**Verdict:** Showpiece rich in music, anemic in story (Family)

For brief reviews of current pictures see page 104
Of Limits

Small Town Girl

Verdict: Plenty of laughs; just a few slack spots

(Family)

Bob and Mickey, teamed as MP's, are hardly expert at keeping order.

Verdict: Fragile comedy with some sparkling interludes

(Family)

Monty and Anne shore on idyllic interlude that's later misunderstood.

Gunsight

Audie Murphy's latest Western is no lumbering, pretentious epic. Close in flavor to the traditional horse opera, it's nevertheless a thoroughly satisfying movie, light and lively, with crackling dialogue, an unusual, believable plot, and a collection of very pleasing people. Audie, tossing off his lines with ease, is equally convincing in love scenes and menacing moments—in spite of that baby face. He's a tough young drifter who's served his time as a hired gunman in range wars, and now wants to settle down quietly on a ranch of his own. Thanks to a bit of trickery by the admirable Paul Kelly, Audie suddenly finds himself in possession of said ranch—complete with mortgage, unpaid cowhands, and a powerful neighbor who's out to grab the land illegally or violently. Susan Cabot, a delectable good girl, and Mary Castle, a handsome dance-hall queen, provide unorthodox dashes of sex.

Verdict: Fast, actionful Western, often wryly funny

(Family)

For complete casts of new pictures see page 83

Audie Murphy is always an agreeable star, and there's always a chance that he might deliver a good performance if the supporting cast is even remotely up to par. In this film, the supporting cast is completely up to par, and it's a pleasure to watch them all work together. The dialogue is sharp and witty, the acting is all around excellent, and the plot is well constructed. The only flaw is that the film is a bit too long, but that's a minor quibble.

Verdict: Absorbing problem drama with plot weaknesses

(Adult)

There's a new and pleasing maturity about Jane Powell's voice and appearance. Unhappily, the same can't be said about her latest film, a rattle-brained fancy taking place in such a small town as never existed outside musical comedy. That would be okay if the story were correspondingly whimsical, but it's mostly rather limp. Farley Granger's stuck with the unlovely role of a spoiled playboy arrested for doing eighty-five through Duck Creek. The judge (Robert Keith) gives him thirty days, but the judge's daughter (Janie) gives the prisoner consolation. The bright scenes involve match-making S. Z. Sakall and his dance-crazy son, Bobby Van. Bobby's brisk personality and dexterous feet are picture-stealers. Ann Miller, as Farley's gold-digging fiancée, does a couple of her efficient tap routines. Looking and sounding mighty pretty, Janie has several nice songs.

Verdict: Its not just a love scene; Jane and Farley have plotted a jailbreak
movies

The Story of Mandy

Made in England, this deeply affecting drama deals with a problem that might confront parents anywhere. These two, portrayed sympathetically by Phyllis Calvert and Terence Morgan, discover that their beloved small daughter has not learned to talk because she is totally, hopelessly deaf. Little Mandy Miller's interpretation of this role is completely natural and profoundly touching. Phyllis finds a school for deaf children, run by the gruff but dedicated Jack Hawkins, and then must try to overcome her husband's distaste for "institutions." The discord ends in the couple's separation.

But the domestic angle seems trivial in contrast to Mandy's own story, her struggle to find a footing in these new surroundings, and to learn to talk. Filmed at an actual school for the deaf, these scenes have the impact of truth.

Verdict: Moving drama of childhood; less moving drama of marriage

Seminole

(Film, Technicolor)

One of the most remarkable episodes of American history furnishes a solid foundation for an action yarn starring Rock Hudson, Anthony Quinn and Barbara Hale. It's the story of the Seminole Indians who refused to be ousted from Florida and exiled westward. A remnant of the tribe stayed entrenched in the Everglades. Rock staunchly plays the viewpoint character, an Army lieutenant who resents his unjust assignment. But Quinn has the real hero's role, portraying Chief Osceola with dignity and fire. He shares the love story with Barbara, a white girl who upholds the Seminoles' cause. Though the swamp warfare is sometimes exciting, the film is short on skill and imagination.

Verdict: Satisfactory Southern Western, not quite equal to its theme

The Magnetic Monster

(U. A.)

Here's about the finest piece of science fiction so far: no fantasy, but a could-come-true chiller, presented in a semi-documentary style that heightens its tensions. Richard Carlson's likable as a scientist whose job is to keep constant check on the amount of radio-activity in the atmosphere. One morning, his Geiger counters go into a frenzy. A search as matter-of-fact as any on the air's "Dragnet" leads the scientists to a small hump of deadly stuff—a new element evolved by a physicist. The element is hungry for energy. Each time it feeds, its size, its magnetic power and its hunger are doubled! Unless a solution is found promptly, it will pull the earth's magnetic pole off balance and send us careening into space. (Nervous note to experimenting physicists: Watch it, boys!)

Verdict: First-rate science fiction—and food for thought

(Continued on page 14)
The Happiest Wedding of Song and Dance in Many a Honeymoon!

This one is really stacked with greater-than-ever musical fun!

The Farmer takes a Wife

with Eddie Foy, Jr. · Charlotte Austin · Kathleen Crowley · Merry Anders · Donna Lee Hickey

Produced by

Directed by

Screen Play by

Frank P. ROSENBERG · Henry LEVIN · Walter BULLOCK, Sally BENSON and Joseph FIELDS

From the Stage Play by FRANK B. ELSER and MARC CONNELLY · Based on the Novel "Rome Haul" by WALTER D. EDMONDS

BETTY
GRABLE
DALE
ROBERTSON
THELMA
RITTER
JOHN
CARROLL

"On the Erie Canal"
"We're Doin' It For The Natives in Jamaica"
"When I Close My Door"
"Somethin' Real Special"
"With the Sun Warm Upon Me"
"We're in Business"
"Today, I Love Ev'rybody"
movies

Bwana Devil

(ROLEER, U. A.; ANSCO COLOR, NATURAL VISION)

Technique, in this case, proves more interesting than plot—an African adventure involving Robert Stack, Barbara Britton and Nigel Bruce. Here’s the first story-film in three-dimensions, showing you people in the round and scenery that has depth. A spear thrown toward you, a charging lion, a close-up love scene provide startling moments. The story is something about man-eating lions that interrupt the building of a railroad. You may overlook this to watch a pioneering experiment in 3-D, crude as early talkies, but of historical importance.

Verdict: Notable as a museum piece and a forecast of possibilities (Family)

The System

(WARNERS)

An inept, dialogue-bound melodrama stars Frank Lovejoy as a bookie-ring boss who’s managed to retain a heart of gold through twenty years of illegal activity and association with extremely low characters. A newspaperman’s crusade, the loyal love of a publisher’s daughter (Joan Weldon) and the nearly impenetrable innocence of his motherless son (Bob Arthur) combine to convince the boss that he’s been a bad boy. Joan, a newcomer, is too mannered, but she has a precise beauty that rates a far better showcase than this one.

Verdict: Sentimentalized racket-busting story with no punch (Adult)

The Hitch-Hiker

(BKO)

Turning honest citizen, unlucky Frank Lovejoy is bogged down in a dreary session of would-be suspense. He and pal Edmond O’Brien, off on a hunting trip, foolishly pick up a hitch-hiker (William Talman). This fellow is a mad killer, who keeps the pair helpless, terrorized captives until the movie comes to a welcome finish.

Verdict: Wearisome and pointless attempt at continuous tension (Adult)

Ma and Pa Kettle on Vacation

(6-I)

Here’s another generous helping of juicy, unabashed corn. Leaving their offspring in the care of an ample squaw, the Kettles go off on a Paris toot, guests of their oldest son’s wealthy in-laws. The script doesn’t miss any of the traditional Paris gags, from the “naughty” postcards to the flaming crepes suzette. But even a sophisticated movie-goer would have a tough time suppressing giggles when the irresistible Percy Kilbride’s in action, especially when he tangles with a spy ring. Marjorie Main’s mostly the foil this time, and there’s no junior love interest.

Verdict: Good-natured hokum that delivers its quota of laughs (Family)

continuous performance is what you get in a Jantzen bra...continuous lifting and moulding and separating power, continuous ease in wearing. The secret is in concentric stitching handled with Jantzen genius to hold shape and shaping power through wearing and washing.

Left, "forever uplift" with breathe-easy elastic inserts, fine cotton broadcloth 2.50...nylonized® nylon 3.50...without inserts, broadcloth 2.25, nylonized® nylon 3.00.

Jantzen®
"forever uplift" bras

Jantzen Foundations - Empire State Building - New York
Wear Bur-Mil Cameo’s New Wonder Top* Nylons with exclusive face powder finish

• "Movie scripts call for plenty of action," says lovely Jane Powell. "And, whether it's dancing, walking or just plain sitting, our stockings must hug our legs—fit them perfectly."

• Yes, on the screen and off, Jane Powell and other M-G-M stars are wearing the new Cameo Wonder Top nylons. The Wonder Top that stretches 200%—never goes out of shape, wears longer, gives new-found comfort!

• Be Leg-O-Genic—do as Hollywood stars do—wear Bur-Mil Cameo high twist, 15 denier Wonder Top nylons.

**BUR-MIL**

**CAMEO**

**STOCKINGS**

WITH EXCLUSIVE FACE POWDER FINISH

Styles from $1.25 to $1.95

Jane Powell, M-G-M star of SMALL TOWN GIRL

Here's Cameo’s Wonder Top . . . tops in freedom-loving stretch! More comfort, more give than you’ve ever known! Exclusive with Bur-Mil Cameo nylons . . . only $1.50 per pair

*Patents applied for

A PRODUCT OF BURLINGTON MILLS...WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCER OF FASHION FABRICS

BURL-MIL, CAMEO, FACE POWDER AND LEG-O-GENIC ARE TRADEMARKS OF BURLINGTON MILLS CORPORATION
Think. Cameron Richard. All friendly Marry can't still Rock. Elizabeth could. "I. ... Believe it or not. Jane Russell has a well-developed sense of humor.

Lana Turner, who doesn't like to wear sweaters, can wear a suede jacket and make it look like a sweater. Betty Hutton likes to appear enthusiastic about everything. I still get a thrill at the view of Hollywood at night from any hilltop house. Corinne Calvet is becoming more familiar with English. She even talks English when she talks in her sleep. I believe I could even like Zsa Zsa Gabor if she treated George Sanders nice all the time. I have yet to hear another actor say an unkind word about William Holden. I thought that with TV the movie newsreels would improve, but they haven't.

Hedy Lamarr should be acting in pictures, not negotiating. Rosemary Clooney no longer tries to keep secrets. "After you're a star, they know everything." I have yet to get excited about an ice skater, and this goes for Sonja Henie. Wonder how long it'll be before Katy Jurado gets a role that fits her like her part in "High Noon." Rock Hudson is a solid sleeper. Even an alarm clock sitting on a dishpan doesn't awaken him. At the photoplay Awards, party, Mitzi Gaynor rushed up, kissed me and said: "You always write such nice things about me." I can't remember what, but this is meant to be nice too, Mitzi.

Katie Grayson hates to get romantic because she generally marries the fellow. A-Katie puts it: "I'm never a bridesmaid, always a bride." All English movies aren't great and TV proves it. Rita Hayworth's sex appeal is beginning to elude me.

When Joe DiMaggio asked Marilyn Monroe what she thought about when she kissed the hero in a movie, The Monroe told him. "You're not thinking of anything when you kiss in the movies." Cameron Mitchell wears sweaters playing the role of the millionaire in "How to Marry a Millionaire." One guesses whom he's impersonating. Susan Hayward sleeps in silk pajamas on silk sheets and has a silk-satin blanket. Susie has the pajamas, sheets and blankets in sets of different colors. And she changes colors with her moods.

Shelley Winters is the most honest actress in town. She'll even admit: "I get bursts of being a lady, but they don't last long." Richard Burton told me: "Half the satisfaction of being an actor is getting away from your own disgusting self." The other half must be the money. I generally don't like playful dolls, but Jean Simmons is an exception. Jean ripped Stewart Granger's T-shirt to make him look like an English Brando. Jeff Chandler should be getting more important roles.

My idea of a movie queen is still Joan Crawford. When working in a movie, Joan keeps herself generally dabbed with perfume, and always puts on a fresh supply at four in the afternoon. "It gives everybody a lift," she explains. John Ford has this motto in his office: "You can never teach another person anything. You can only show him how to learn it."

Lauren Bacall told me that when she was having a friendly argument with Bogart about acting, he suddenly ran out of the room. Then he returned with his Oscar, slammed it down on the table and said, "See? This proves I'm right!" Dinah Shore or Connie Russell, just standing still singing a song, send me. Movie jays: a boy and girl who go to a drive-in theatre on a motorcycle. Marie Wilson believes it's all right to talk to yourself as long as you don't listen. Like Tony Curtis' advice to newcomers struggling for stardom: "If a schmo like me can do it, anybody can do it."

Charles Laughton claims an actor who can put over a subtle emotion with his back facing the camera is a real credit to his profession. But Kirk Douglas wears only the bottom of his pajamas. You see, he bares his chest in bed, too. There's no actress with less pretense than Shirley Booth. As a grip on "Come Back, Little Sheba" put it: "If you rolled out the red carpet for her, she'd look around to see who it was for." Elizabeth Taylor believes that most women try to look too fancy in bed. I must tell you that Lucrene Tuttle and her daughter, Barbara Ruick, are in "Affairs of Dobie Gillis." And that Miss Tuttle is playing Debbie Reynolds' mother because she wasn't the type for Barbara's mother! And that's Hollywood for you!
JUNE HAVER says, “Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo.” In fact, in less than two years, Lustre-Creme has become the shampoo of the majority of top Hollywood stars! When America’s most glamorous women use Lustre-Creme Shampoo, shouldn’t it be your choice above all others, too?

For the Most Beautiful Hair in the World
4 out of 5 Top Hollywood Stars
use Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Glamour-made-easy! Even in hardest water, Lustre-Creme “shines” as it cleans . . . leaves hair soft and fragrant, free of loose dandruff. And Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with Natural Lanolin. It doesn’t dry or dull your hair!

Makes hair eager to curl! Now you can “do things” with your hair—right after you wash it! Lustre-Creme Shampoo helps make hair a delight to manage—tames flyaway locks to the lightest brush touch, brings out glorious sheen.

Fabulous Lustre-Creme costs no more than other shampoos—27¢ to $2 in jars or tubes.

... and thrilling news for users of liquid shampoos! Lustre-Creme now available also in new Lotion Form, 30¢ to $1.00.
Yes, you might easily think these patterns were sterling silver... they're so beautifully designed and perfectly executed. Note the exquisite detail and superb finish!

Surprisingly, this silverplate costs $200 less than a comparable service in sterling. A 52-piece service for 8, including 4 serving pieces and chest, costs only $74.95, and you can buy on Club Plan terms. Just think what this saving means to you!

And remember, Holmes & Edwards is not only the most beautiful of all silverplate, but finer quality too! It's Sterling Inlaid to stay lovelier longer.

FREE "Silver Sense"—a booklet to guide you in your purchase and use of silverware. Write Dept. P-5, Holmes & Edwards Division, The International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn. ©1953. All patterns made in U.S.A.
SOAP BOX:

I wish to pooh-pooh at having Gene Kelly star in pictures and play love scenes with Debbie Reynolds and Pier Angeli. If you ask me, I think he is old enough to be their father. What are they trying to do—make him young again? If this is published, as it probably won’t be, I would like my name withheld.

Anonymous

I enjoy PHOTOPLAY very much. Most of all, I like the stories about young stars like Jane Powell and Jeanne Crain, raising families. But I would like to sound off a little . . .

Hollywood seems to have lost its sense of values. They put sex above all else. Spiritual goodness and acting ability don’t mean anything anymore. Jeanne Crain should stay the way she is; our children copy movie stars . . .

Another thing—Must Hollywood pick, at every marriage? I’m all for Esther Williams! . . . Please leave them alone.

Mrs. Joan Ling
Connersville, Indiana

the actors and actresses in Hollywood, whenever they go on personal appearances . . . always go to large cities. They never go to smaller ones. The smaller cities like them, too. They would have just as large audiences . . . How about it? . . . Have a heart, Hollywood . . .

Donah Gail Lee
Ashland, Ohio

As nice as your column on casts of pictures is, I wish the theatres would print programs which would carry a list of the cast of each of its feature pictures. By the time a “current” film reaches our theatre . . . I’ve passed my PHOTOPLAY on to someone else. I’d hate to have to try to make sense out of a cut-up magazine, so I don’t cut mine up, even to keep casts. Can PHOTOPLAY convince theatre managers how nice such a service would be? It would be worth, to me, a small fee. My favorite music program, The Grand Ole Opry . . . sells each week’s program . . . I’d like one when I go to the movies, too.

Mrs. Cloyce Cox
Fullerton, Maryland

I think it’s simply disgusting the way Anne Baxter has changed. If she thinks smoking cigars in public and wearing low-cut gowns and bleaching her hair will make people pay more attention to her, she can be sure it will be the wrong kind of attention. All I can say to Anne is why not be your old self again, the person whom we all admired as a fine actress and respected . . . before it’s too late.

Ruth E. Breuner
Brooklyn, New York

This is an open letter to the powers that be at M-G-M. . . . Last night I hurriedly washed the supper dishes and rushed to the seven o’clock performance of “Because You’re Mine”—with my husband—to hear Mario Lanza sing. We went to the movie just a tired middle-aged couple—wary with cares . . . trying to meet our bills. We came away young and refreshed—relaxed . . . We left our cares in the theatre as we humbly bowed our heads while Mario sang “The Lord’s Prayer.” . . . the privilege of listening to the inspired talent of a God-given voice like that, we too have partaken of the good things of life. Please do patch up your differences with Mario and let him make “The Student Prince.” . . . Please don’t keep such superb performances from lifting our hearts and quieting our fears in a world so full of bitterness and confusion.

Sue Lowery
New Bern, North Carolina

On behalf of all Susan Hayward fans, we would like to congratulate Susan on winning PHOTOPLAY’S Gold Medal Award . . . After seeing her many superb performances in such films as “With a Song in My Heart,” “Snows of Kilimanjaro,” “The Lusty Men” and “Rawhide,” we cannot think of another star who so well deserves such an award. We would like to make a prediction: Next year when Academy Award time comes around, Susan is sure to be mentioned for her acting in “The President’s Lady,” a picture which we think will be great.

Drew Speirs, Cecil Batsford
Verdun, Quebec

I have just seen “The Happy Time” and I think the entire cast was tremendous. But to me, the most outstanding one of all was Bobby Driscoll. I think he was wonderful. Would you please be good enough to print a picture of him in the magazine?

Rosalie Sperrazzo
Los Angeles, California

CASTING:

I do not agree with Mrs. Gloria Sikes of Brooklyn (February PHOTOPLAY) as to Howard Keel being the best star for the role of Rhett Butler in the musical version of “Gone With the Wind.” I also think Mr. Keel has a beautiful voice and is a very handsome man, but for my part, Gordon MacRae is the best suited. . . . He has the voice, acting talent and looks.

Elizabeth Bailey
Ravenswood, West Virginia

. . . Rock Hudson and Piper Laurie in a picture together. She’s beautiful and they would make a perfect team.

Joyce Davis
St. Louis, Missouri

I-U thinks so too! You’ll be seeing them together soon in “Golden Blonde.”—Ed.

Co-stars Piper and Rock: Request granted

May I suggest that M-G-M do a dramatic black and white production of “Romeo and Juliet”? I think that Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor would be superb in the leading roles, with James Mason as Tybalt.

Franklin Evans
New York, New York

Every studio in Hollywood is constantly trying to put out a picture that will win the hearts of the public . . . Now’s the chance . . . a musical teaming Doris Day and Frankie Laine.

Monica Reitman
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Why in the world hasn’t someone thought of casting Rita Hayworth and Charlton Heston together? They would make a magnificent team. They would be wonderful in a wild rugged movie, something similar to “Westward, the Women” or “The Savage.” . . . Please let him kiss the girl at the end . . .

Pat, Susana Nancy and Lola
Lexington, Tennessee

Here’s a Canadian moviemaker who thinks Tab Hunter is nothing short of terrific. This guy rates one of the most attractive girls in

(Continued on page 20)
Use new White Rain shampoo tonight—tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!

It's like washing your hair in softest rain water! This new gentle lotion shampoo pampers your hair... leaves it soft as a cloud, bright as sunshine, and so easy to care for!

CANT DRY YOUR HAIR LIKE HARSH LIQUIDS
CANT DULL YOUR HAIR LIKE SOAPS OR CREAMS

White Rain
Fabulous New Lotion Shampoo by Toni

Readers Inc...

(Continued from page 19)
the industry. Why not Liz Taylor or Piper Laurie as his next co-star?...

LORAINE SPENCER
Victoria, B. C.

The ideal movie would surely be Dale Robertson as the Sheik and Susan Hayward as Diana in “The Sheik.” The dashing sheik and the tomboy with sex appeal could be portrayed perfectly by these two... But please, not Tony Dexter in it!

JOYCE STEPHAN, DELPHINE BENNET, RUTH PETTIT
Kansas City, Kansas

QUESTION BOX:

In your February issue, the picture of Mitzi Gaynor really looks like Gloria Grahame. Are they in any way related?

SALLY BRIDGER
Boynton, Florida

Despite the resemblance, they are not related to each other.—Ed.

I have seen “Million Dollar Mermaid” three times and I think Esther Williams is a very good actress and swimmer. At the end of the picture, Annette Kellerman was in an accident making a movie... Could you tell me if she died after that happened, or if she was crippled for the rest of her life and if she married Jimmy Sullivan? One more question—is she still living?

JAMES W. EVANS
San Diego, California

Miss Kellerman is very much alive. She did marry James Sullivan, and she was not, fortunately, crippled for life, although she was told she would never walk again after her accident. But she taught herself to do so through trapeze and tightrope exercises.—Ed.

I would like to know who played the brother of Jennifer Jones in “Ruby Gentry” and what studio does he belong to?... Is the melody played throughout the picture available on records?

DOLORES FAIRFIELD
Chicago, Illinois

That was James Anderson of Twentieth. The music was written for the film and has not been recorded commercially.—Ed.

... Quite a few years ago, Jane Withers was very popular in movies, and now you hear nothing at all about her. I would like to know (Continued on page 98)
Dry skin can be joy—or jinx!
by Rosemary Hall
BEAUTY AUTHORITY

Dry skin is both a blessing and a curse. Which it is in your case is up to you. Two women I discussed the problem with just the other day illustrate what I mean!

The first was grateful for her naturally dry complexion, the delicacy it gave her skin and the freedom from that "greasy" look. The second felt terribly about hers. It was drab and flaky, so her make-up looked harsh and little lines were threatening to become wrinkles.

The difference was in the care they gave their complexions. There's no substitute for the regular use of the right care! But, cheer up, it needn't be expensive or time-consuming!

For as little as 25¢—you'll find the best dry skin care money can buy, and one that takes less than 5 minutes a day—Woodbury Dry Skin Cream!

The thing that makes Woodbury remarkable is an ingredient called Penaten which carries the softening oils deep into the cornum layer of your skin. The average cream simply "greases" the surface, but Woodbury really penetrates!

Here's the simple routine that makes the difference:

With your fingertips, cream this extra rich Woodbury Dry Skin Cream into your skin. Leave it on for five minutes, then . . . tissue off.

Your skin will have a new freshness and youthful bloom. Try it and see! Woodbury Dry Skin Cream only costs 25¢ to 97¢ (plus tax).

Dear Betty,
Wanted to answer sooner, but I've been so busy working on my new picture ...

Of course I've a "beauty secret"—it's Woodbury Cold Cream! The special thing about Woodbury is an ingredient called Penaten that makes it penetrate deeply into pore openings and loosens every bit of make-up. I've tried more expensive creams but never one that left my skin so clean, so fresh and soft as Woodbury Cold Cream. I'm sure you'll love it, too!

Sincerely, Ann Blyth
"My Skin Thrives On Cashmere Bouquet Soap
because it's such wholesome skin-care!"

Says
Complexion-lovely
PAULA STEWART

Read How This Glamorous Young TV Actress Was Helped By Candy Jones, Famous Beauty Director.

"I always was interested in acting on television," says Miss Stewart, "but I was afraid of close-ups. I enrolled at the Conover School where Candy Jones taught me proper skin-care. 'Use Cashmere Bouquet Soap every day,' she said, 'it leaves a look of fresh, radiant, natural beauty—such as no amount of make-up can!' Today I attribute my clear-skinned 'television-look' to this wonderful, wholesome care!"

Why not do as Miss Jones advises? Use gentle, mild Cashmere Bouquet Soap every day!

Here Are Candy Jones' Personal Beauty Tips For You!


2. Never apply or remove make-up without first thoroughly washing your hands with delicate, mild Cashmere Bouquet Soap.

More later, Candy

"YOU JEALOUS OF MARILYN MONROE OR SUMPIN'?" I asked Terry Moore. "The crackle-and-pop lately about a Marilyn Monroe-Terry Moore feud has been making more noise than my bowl of morning breakfast cereal."

She reacted—that she did!—as if I'd slapped her—hard! All in a flash the sunny smile scamped away and I was face to face with a sad-eyed sweetheart who was pegging me as a villain, sure as shootin'.

"Jealous of her!" trumpeted Terry. "That kind of talk kills me. Why Marilyn and I are the best of friends and have been for years! All this silly talk about a feud is ridiculous. It must have started because of a similar kind of—personality (she smiled sweetly) that Marilyn and I were putting on.

"I hate to see Marilyn hurt by the rumor mongers. And how in the world they can draw a comparison between the two of us is beyond me—we're exactly opposite types, as anyone with eyes can plainly see!"

It develops that Terry and friend Marilyn became buddies while both were under contract to Columbia in 1948. Although, as Terry recalls, they didn't spend a great deal of time together socially (double dating, or anything of that sort), both girls studied dramatics under Natasha Lytess of Columbia, the same Natasha Lytess now coaching at Twentieth Century-Fox and serving as Marilyn's chief mentor. Both also studied singing with Freddie Karger, Jane Wyman's husband, at Columbia.

"Marilyn, bless her, was the most diligent worker in the studio," Terry said. "She took her work mighty seriously and the two of us were always comparing notes and confiding our hopes and ambitions for the future."

"How do you feel about your sudden
**interview**

success—and Marilyn’s? How can you keep your heads out of the clouds?"

“Well, after all,” said Terry, “when two girls have been working their heads off for five years as Marilyn and I have, you can’t really call it an overnight success, can you? I know most people believe that’s what it’s been, but really, we’ve worked like dogs for whatever has come our way.

“Marilyn, above all, deserves everything good that’s dropped into her lap. That girl worked harder on her acting and singing than anyone I know. I sincerely admire a person who works like mad for what she wants.

“And,” said Terry, looking me right in the eyes, “when I use the word ‘work’ in connection with Marilyn, I resent any suggestive smiles. Work with Marilyn means work!”

Which just about sums up Terry, too. For the mighty Moore—she has just finished making “Man on a Tightrope”—is a whirlwind of activity when it comes to furthering her career. Take it from Terry, she’s going places. And no one doubts that after seeing her in “Come Back, Little Sheba.”

Terry may be Marilyn’s opposite in type, but she has her own brand of sex appeal—as her popularity with the Hollywood guys should prove. But smart, little Terry isn’t concentrating on any one man—not yet!

---

**I was Blind as a Bat about these intimate physical facts**

Do You Know or Are You Only ‘Guessing’?

Blind is she who refuses to see. The modern intelligent young wife will treasure this scientific information about feminine hygiene (including vaginal cleanliness). Women have observed hygienic laws dating back to biblical times. The important question today for women is ‘what is the best product to use for the douche—which one has decided benefits to offer?’ Tests prove ZONITE is a perfect solution.

No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is so powerfully effective yet so absolutely harmless as ZONITE.

Completely Safe to Body Tissues

ZONITE is positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. It is a wondrously soothing-healing agent. ZONITE can even be swallowed accidentally with safety. This is an advantage no other type of antiseptic with ZONITE’s great germ-killing power can offer you.

The Fabulous History of ZONITE

The ZONITE principle was originated by a famous French surgeon and an English scientist. It was truly a miracle! The first antiseptic in the world that could kill the most active bacteria without harming body tissues. Its fame soon spread, and women were quick to appreciate its miracle-working action for feminine hygiene.

Enjoy ZONITE’S Hygienic Protection

ZONITE eliminates all odors. It flushes away waste accumulations and deposits. It helps guard against infection and kills every germ it touches. It’s not always possible to control all the germs in the tract, but you can be sure ZONITE instantly kills every reachable germ. A ZONITE douche after monthly periods is also very important to assure personal daintiness.

Always use as directed.

---

**Zonite**

This ideal ‘All Purpose’ Antiseptic-Germicide Should Be In Every Medicine Chest

FREE! Mail coupon for free book; Reveals intimate facts and gives complete information on feminine hygiene. Write Zonite Products Corporation, Dept. PP-53, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.*

Name

Address

City __________________ State __________________

*Offer good only in U. S. and Canada.
With Magic Touch, a new, wondrously beautiful complexion becomes "your very own"...so natural-looking, so flawless-appearing, with each little imperfection hidden, yet never a trace of that "made up look."

1. So easy to put on—
   Such magic blending!
   Rub your finger-tips lightly over creamy Magic Touch. Then with gentle strokes, smooth it on face and throat, beginning with forehead. Replenish the cream on finger-tips as needed. No clumsy sponge or puff, no liquid to drip or bottle to leak, no powder to spill.

2. So soft on your skin—
   So pleasant to use!
   Blends like magic, without streaking. (Smoothing with finger-tips gives perfect color-depth control—longer smoothing lessens color.) Your skin will feel so velvety soft—look so naturally youthful, fresh and clear. Magic Touch is now. Don’t confuse with other cream or stick make-ups.

3. Flawless beauty—
   Natural-looking loveliness!
   Look in your mirror! Your complexion is flawless, alluring. For a dewy, fresh look, use Magic Touch without powder. Powder over lightly for a long-lasting, smooth mat-finish. (Magic Touch is never oily or greasy looking—even without powder—and always looks natural.)

6 magic shades
Magic Touch
by CAMPANA

Laughing
Stock...

BY
ERSKINE JOHNSON
(See Erskine Johnson’s “Hollywood Reel” on your local TV station)

A movie fan visited a psychiatrist and said: “Doc, I’m worried. I have the entire ceiling and all the walls of my bedroom covered with Marilyn Monroe calendars.”

“That doesn’t prove there’s anything wrong with you,” said the Doc.

“But there must be,” insisted the patient. “I sleep on my stomach.”

Eve Arden was looking at one of her old films on television with her five-year-old daughter Connie. Along about the third reel, Connie said: “Gosh, mother, this movie was made before I knew you.”

For twelve weeks, Peter Fairchild, the artist, worked on the portrait of a famous movie couple. Then they called off the marriage. The wife immediately called the artist and had him brush-stroke her husband into a flaming red window drape.

Tyrone Power, waiting for a table in a Hollywood cafe, was advised by a crony to “tell ‘em who you are.”

“If I have to tell ‘em who I am,” replied Power, “then I ain’t.”


Ruth Conte, wife of Richard Conte, watched hubbly kiss Linda Christian for a movie scene, then opined: “Now I know how he looks. I’ve been kissing him for ten years with my eyes closed.”

Marie Wilson’s pet words for the evening gowns she wears as Irma: “They’re my ‘everything I have is yours’ wardrobe.”

Overheard: “She’s the type of girl who will ride home from a walk.”

Successful man: One who earns more than his wife can spend.
Successful woman: One who manages to find that man.

Red Skelton overheard an actor telling another: “I asked her father for permission to marry her and he wanted to known if I could support him in the same style she did.”

Overheard at the Mocambo: “I refuse to believe that dollar bills carry germs. A germ couldn’t live on a dollar bill today.”

The suspense curled up and withered at a showing of “Sudden Fear.” At the moment when Jack Palance aims his speeding limousine at Gloria Grahame, who plays Irene, a jokester in the audience screamed: “Good night, Irene.”

Screenwriter Olivia de Havilland, in answer to a query about a movie queen’s age, flipped: “She’s somewhere in her middle...
TIME AVAILABLE TO
AMERICA'S PRECIOUS BABIES

Playtex Lotion
with the extra protection of Chlorophyll

Soothes...softens...safeguards—as no ordinary baby lotion does.

Guaranteed to prevent diaper rash or your money back!

Here's the perfectly wonderful way to give your precious baby the head-to-toe skin protection that doctors welcome. Playtex Baby Lotion safeguards your baby, day and night, with prolonged antiseptic action...keeps your baby flower-fresh. Safe, even on tender, new-born skin! PLAYTEX Lotion contains a “Miracle Antiseptic” that guarantees no diaper rash, or your money back. You owe it to your baby to give him the extra protection of PLAYTEX Chlorophyll Lotion. Get a bottle today! At leading Drug and Department Stores.

Playtex® FOR THE NICEST THINGS NEXT TO BABY
DRYPER PANTIES SHEETS BIBS OIL POWDER CREAM LOTION

©1963
International Latex Corporation, PLAYTEX PARK, Dover Del.
1. ANTISEPTIC (Protection from germs)

Norforms are now safer and sure than ever!

A highly perfected new formula actually combats germs right in the vaginal tract. The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful, protective film that permits effective, long-lasting action. Will not harm delicate tissues.

2. DEODORANT (Protection from odor)

Norforms were tested in a hospital clinic and found to be more effective than anything it had ever used. Norforms are powerfully deodorant—they eliminate (rather than cover up) unpleasant or embarrassing odors, and yet have no "medicine" or "disinfectant" odor themselves.

3. CONVENIENT (So easy to use)

Norforms are small vaginal suppositories that are so easy and convenient to use. Just insert—no apparatus, no mixing or measuring. They're greaseless and they keep in any climate. Your druggist has them in boxes of 12 and 24.

ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA

NEW IMPROVED VAGINAL SUPPOSITORIES

FREE informative Norforms booklet

Just mail this coupon to: Dept. PJ1-35
Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y.

Please send me the new Norforms booklet, in a plain envelope.

Name______________________________

Street______________________________

City_________________________Zone____State____

TO REACH THE STARS

PHOTOPLAY receives thousands of letters asking for photographs and addresses of movie stars. Home addresses cannot be revealed and PHOTOPLAY cannot fill requests for photographs. However, following are the addresses of the major motion picture studios and a list of the stars that have under contract. If your favorites are not listed in any contract list, write them in care of the studio at which they made their last picture. For autograph pictures send twenty-five cents to the studio to cover cost of mailing.


Columbia Pictures, 1438 N. Gower St., Hollywood, Ge...
hollywood
party line

BY EDITH GWYNN

YOU'LL BE SEEING and reading more about it on other pages—but I couldn't start party paragraphs this time with anything but PHOTOPLAY's Gold Medal Award dinner. Because everyone's saying "it was the nicest and gayest banquet in years!" Some six hundred dressed-up guys and dolls tripped into the Crystal Room at the Beverly Hills Hotel—and there were lots of ear and eyefuls. Paul Douglas emcee'd amusingly, but it was the craazzy antics of Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis that really shook the chandeliers. Marilyn Monroe did a little "shaking" herself—or rather, wriggling. Nothing compared with the show M.M. put on when she slithered up to get her award (as the fastest rising young star), wearing a skin-tight, gold lame, halter-necked gown, with nothing but skin under it! My private poll, among gals and boys, reveals they think Marilyn or any other gal—would be a more tasteful and attractive dish (Continued on page 28)
A Treasure Trove Of Presents For
12,000 Stanley Party Hostesses Every Day

Wouldn't you like to have the big, fluffy-headed Stanley Dry Mop and its twin work-saver, the Stanley Split Duster shown here? Well, these are typical of the wide selection of splendid gifts from which your Stanley Dealer rewards you for being a Stanley Party Hostess. Other Hostess Gifts include handsome Meadowbrook pat-tern silverware, beautiful table lamps, many attractive rose-pattern plastics, wonderfully serv-iceable kitchen cutlery and steak knife sets. Do such gifts sound alluring? Then invite your Stanley Dealer to arrange a Stanley Party in your home right away.

IT'S EASY and a lot of fun to give a popular Stanley Hostess Party. To arrange for your Stanley Party, just phone or write your Stanley Dealer, your nearest Stanley Home Products Branch Office, or write direct to Stanley's Home Office in Westfield, Mass.

STANLEY LEADS with more than 150 QUAL-ITY PLUS Products: Dusters, Mops, Brushes, Waxes, Polishes, Cleaning Chemicals to make housework easier. Toiletries Articles, Bath Accessories, Personal and Clothing Brushes, many other grooming items.

Originators of the Famous Stanley Hostess Party Plan

(continued from page 27) with something between epidermis and duds! Susie Hayward, who won top honors, looked like a dream, her red tresses set off by a floor-length, off-shoulder gown of pink net. s-o-o-a full-skirted. Cary Cooper was in Mexico, so hot-tamale Katy Jurado accepted his award for him, wearing a slinky, very decolleté, bare-shouldered, cream-color dress. Another brunette, Ursula Thiess, was striking in slinky white, trimmed with white fringe and held aloft by tiny, white shoulder straps. Lana Turner, swathed in silver-blue mink, and Joan Crawford, swirling in strapless chiffon of muted grays and blues, with real diamonds in her hair, at her throat, on her hands and in her ears, made a grand entrance. Joan said her lovely dress had once been a terribly expensive nightgown!

Rock Hudson beauxed Mamie Van Doren, who used to be Joan Olander; Ann Blyth, with Dr. Jim McNulty, whom she wed in June, wore low-cut bouffant taffeta of contrasting shades, trimmed with beads and sequins. Jane Wyman, with groom, Freddie Karger, was in black sequins and beads, trimmed with white, and she sported gobs of pearls. Jean Simmons, too, was in black—low-cut chiffon and net. Debbie Reynolds, with Tab Hunter, looked like a doll in her off-shoulder gown of blue net over taffeta, with a wide cummerbund of deeper blue velvet ornamented with beads and flowers. Doris Day's party dress was ballerina length—of rose chiffon, with cap sleeves. It was high at the neck, and flaunted a white, Peter Pan collar and a very full skirt. Jan Sterling also was in ballerina length—pastel taffeta, plus pearl necklace and earrings. Coleen Gray was so chic in a dress of dark-gray slipper satin, set off by vivid green satin gloves!

Jan Sterling liked Paul Douglas's encore line

# hollywood

BY EDITH GWYNN
Party line

Pale taffeta for Elaine Stewart—with a silver-blue mink stole and best beau, Walter Reilly. Lori Nelson, with Bob Wagner, wore nubbly white, trimmed with sequins and rhinestones. Hey—this could go on forever—so let’s just mention a few more stars on hand. Among them, Jimmy Stewart: Bob T"ullor, June Allyson and Dick Powell, Margie and Gower Champion, the Ronnie Reagans, Suzan Zanuck with Dan Dailey, Mitzi Gaynor with Richard Allan, John Wayne, Stewart Granger. Yes, there was lots of glitter on the gowns the gals wore that night. But my crystal ball says the coming season will find less and less trim and tinsel on clothes. Line and fabric, elegance and simplicity will be the things to stress.

As always, Hollywood stars turned up in force when the cause of sweet charity called. One such event was the huge dinner-dance at the Ambassador for the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund, at which twenty-one movie belles modeled original creations from many famed stylists. Van Johnson was emcee, while Evie beamed from her table wearing a Howard Greer gown made solidly of white bugle beads! Outstanding among the film crowd was Janie Wyman in strapless black; Janet Leigh, who modeled even though she’d put in a twelve-hour day at the studio, and Joan Caulfield, who paraded a black Orry Kelly gown with a bejeweled coat.

Danny Thomas cut his vacation short to emcee another dinner—this one, the City of Hope affair. Glamorously on hand were Kathryn Grayson, who sang—delightful, as always; Irene Dunne; Tony Martin and Cyd Charisse; Maureen O’Sullivan, Mala Powers, Jeanne Crain and Loretta Young.

Ursula Thiess—a striking brunette in white

Cashmere Bouquet

Face Powder

You’ll be so beautiful! With complexion so alive-looking... so soft—so faintly glowing! Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder is wonderfully fine in texture—and it clings and clings! Just puff it. Huff it on... then smooth it out... no flaking, streaking, or shine! The colors are as natural as Nature—there’s one for every type of complexion—and exquisitely scented with the “fragrance men love”!

Look your loveliest with Cashmere Bouquet

Cashmere Bouquet

Six glorious colors “nature-matched” to your skin
Why not wear stars tonight? All it takes is one quick shampoo—and your hair will be winking with these starry highlights, silky soft, silky smooth. The sight of it, the feel of it will put you in seventh heaven!

New magic formula... milder than castile!

There's silkening magic in Drene's new lightning-quick lather! No other lather is so thick, yet so quick—even in hardest water!

Magic... this new lightning-quick lather... because it flashes up like lightning, because it rinses out like lightning, because it's milder than castile! Magic! because this new formula leaves your hair bright as silk, smooth as silk, soft as silk. And so obedient.

Just try this luxurious new Drene with its lightning-quick lather... its new and fresh fragrance. You have an exciting experience coming!
Time To Part?

BY GEORGE ARMSTRONG

Friends hope that the marriage of the Dean Martins can be saved

• At Photoplay's Gold Medal Awards dinner, when Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis stood in front of the assembled Hollywood celebrities entertaining the crowd, Jerry cracked: "I don't mind paying half of Dean's alimony. But why can't I have half the fun?" It was a funny line. And it got a laugh.

But nobody present except Martin and Lewis knew that—even then—Dean Martin was no longer living at home.

Early that morning, without any fanfare, Dean had quietly folded his tent and as quietly moved away. Pipe in mouth, his golf bag over his shoulders, three suits on his arm, he'd headed his Jaguar away from the fourteen-room French Colonial home in Brentwood and moved into the apartment of his friend, Mack Gray.

Hollywood as a whole wasn't too surprised. For months there had been too many rumors to ignore. And they all had one theme (Continued on page 82)

A year ago, the Martins posed for this happy-family picture
Bundle for Britain? Terry Moore’s been seeing a lot of London’s Laurence Harvey lately!

**Long Distance:** Doris Day, who pretty much gets what she wants and deserves these days, asked the studio to give her a tall leading man for a change. She shore ‘nuff got him in six-foot, four-inch Howard Keel. For their love scenes in “Calamity Jane,” Dodo has to stand on a box to kiss the handsome critter!

**Once Upon a Time:** Both Marilyn Monroe and Terry Moore were under contract to Twentieth Century-Fox. That studio let them go because “they weren’t promising enough.” Today, they’re merely the brightest stars on the company payroll!

. . . Cornel Wilde (then unknown) was all set to test for an M-G-M contract, when a studio executive who didn’t like him as an actor managed to have the test killed. Today, the same studio is paying Cornel a six-figure salary to appear in “Saadia,” now being shot in Morocco!

**Predictions:** A great new singing career for Jeff Chandler, who’s been studying with the famous Harriett Lee. Wait till you hear his “Soliloquy” from “Carousel.” Sensational! . . . A polite refusal from Montgomery Clift to make a second picture with Anne Baxter. They worked well together, but there are those who insist that Monty prefers to play opposite intuitive actresses, rather than analytical ones . . . A new and even more

Rosemary Clooney is a hit in her hometown
exciting campaign for Rock Hudson! After Rock's recent personal-appearance tour, the studio was swamped with enthusiastic letters from both fans and exhibitors. There will be no more B's in this boy's bonnet. No more B pictures, that is!

**According to Cal:** The announcement that Virginia Mayo is embracing a new faith was a bit premature. She has evinced interest, but hasn't (at this writing) taken a definite step... It's good to see that Dewey Martin, who scored such a hit in "The Big Sky," is at last getting a chance to prove that his fans knew what they were raving about. Keep your eye on him in his next picture, Ernest Hemingway's great novel, "The Sun Also Rises."

**Seen and Heard:** Lana Turner and Lex Barker skiing in Sun Valley and wearing matching sweaters that each fills beautifully—but differently... Zsa Zsa Gabor, who hath a pretty brain too, wearing full make-up when she lunches with Kathryn Grayson in Warners' Green Room. "Vell, you never know when a cameraman will appear!... it may be a can opener and then again, it may be a new atom bomb. Anyway, Rory Calhoun assures us he's patented an invention which is top secret but terrific... Robert Mitchum's in a creative mood too. He's designed a new cocktail table that has hollow open legs with shelves that hold glasses. For people with hollow legs, we presume... The Gower Champions, Susan Hayward and Jess Barker, the Gene Nelsons, Steve Cochran without a girl (that is news!) amongst those who rose and sang "Auld Lang Syne" on Sophie Tucker's closing night at Ciro's... Debbie Reynolds dimpling with delight because her one-time date and good friend, Bobby Van, is working with her in M-G-M's "Affairs of Dobie Gillis."

**News, All Kinds:** Deserving news that Jane Wyman was the first feminine star to be honored with a "stag" testimonial by the Masquers Club for her quiet charitable endeavors through the years... Disheartening news that John Agar received another jail sentence for violating his drunk-driving probation of 1951. It was one of those things that could happen to anyone, but unfortunately, John, who's been a model of perfection, had two strikes against him... Disappointing news that Viveca Lindfors and her director husband, Don Siegel, two talented people, couldn't keep busy enough in Hollywood, which resulted in a long-distance separation that will now be permanent... *(Continued on page 78)*
BY PAULINE SWANSON

• “It is not by my plan that I work again and again with the ladies important in my personal life,” said Fernando Lamas dead seriously. “It is . . .” and he hesitated for just a second over the difficult English word, finally pronounced it exactly, “It is circumstantial.”

The scene was a studio dance-rehearsal hall, where the blood-quickening Argentine was rehearsing dance numbers for “San-garee,” Paramount’s first three-dimensional picture. Hard at work with him was his co-star and current lady love, Arlene Dahl.

If private emotions overlapping one’s work have a visible effect on an actor’s performance, it was not at the moment apparent—in Fernando’s manner, at least. Something new seemed to have been added, however, to Miss Dahl. Her well-chronicled beauty glowed with a brand new warmth and sparkle. She laughed and joked with a relaxed joyousness and danced with the grace of a happy child.

But determinedly casual in slacks and a pullover sweater, his dancing feet clad for the moment in a pair of clumping—but comfortable—loafers, Fernando watched the dance director move through the routine, counted as she counted: “One-two-three-four, two and three, three and four . . .”

“You lost me,” he sighed, ambling to a spot in the middle of the floor, “right here.”

“We can always have it marked,” rippled Arlene, who hadn’t been lost at all.

Fernando looked ruefully down at his feet.

“Show it to me again,” he said, moving to the sidelines. “Life is too short,” he added, to all in ear-shot, “you shouldn’t worry.”

On the second run-through he got it, but he was still working. Arlene danced. “Isn’t she beautiful!” Fernando said, “and real sweet, and warm too . . . no matter what anybody says to the contrary. Of course,” he added unself-consciously, “you have to know where the buttons are.”

Fernando, taking his own advice, wasn’t worrying. Neither, apparently, were Producers Bill Pine and Bill Thomas, Director Edward Ludwig and assorted additional high brass watching the rehearsal. No doubt they were remembering the fabulous numbers Fernando had danced with Lana Turner, the love scenes between the two that burned up the screen in “The Merry Widow.”

They shouldn’t worry, as Fernando conceded. “When the camera starts, everything in me starts working.”

Arlene disappeared at this point to change from her chic navy blue suit to the ball gown of a southern belle which she would wear for this sequence in the picture. This gave Fernando a brief oppor-tunity—which he didn’t duck—to discuss the other women who had been important in his life. (Continued on page 74)
DO STARS MAKE GOOD

Sheilah pulls aside the glamour curtain for a frank and revealing look at the children.

No one can argue with Ingrid Bergman when she says she'll never stop loving Jenny Ann, daughter of her first marriage. But the child can't help feeling resentful toward the mother who left her to raise another family.
PARENTS?

who call Hollywood their home

- I'm haunted by the haunted eyes of some of our movie stars' kids. And I believe it will come as a shock to their glamour: mamas and papas to read here that many tots have been and are being neglected. Some, completely abandoned. I don't only mean Ingrid Bergman and Jenny Ann—that was a public desertion, and Ingrid was punished when her daughter condemned her in court. It was a high price to pay for love, and Ingrid was heartbroken about leaving her daughter when she dashed off to Rossellini in Rome. But to a child, it's only a difference in degree whether you run off to a man, or run off for a film—or for fun. The kid left behind feels just as lonely and insecure.

I was reminded of several movie star mothers in Hollywood when I saw Bette Davis in "The Star." Remember how, in the picture, Bette forgot everything—including her child, when a good film role came along? It happens here all the time. Stars accept roles that take them away from their children for weeks and months. (Continued on page 73)
When a girl like Mona Freeman switches from sweet to sophisticate—the warning signals go up!

- Hollywood is used to being set back on its heels. It's a town where almost anything can happen—and it very often does.

But even that shockproof town was more than a little taken aback, when Mona Freeman, a girl whom everybody had pegged as the perfect mother and the perfect wife—and almost the ideal homebody—kicked over the traces after six years of what appeared to be the happiest of marriages to Pat Nemey.

People shook their heads in amazement—and then they shrugged. "Well, after all," they decided, "you never can tell what really goes on inside of people—deep inside."

Not even those who are reconciled to the idea of the separation, however, can become accustomed to the new Mona they're seeing around town—a girl who has definitely gone on the glamour kick. Though she seems to be loving it, the general feeling is that Mona may not be quite as happy as appearances would suggest in this new role.

All the clichés have been pulled out—no stops:

"She's playing with fire—that little girl is."

"She's swimming in mighty deep water—and that can be dangerous."

People just can't get used to the Mona who is busily doing the rounds of the gay night spots with a series of sophisticated—and some say unsuitable—escorts. And they can't get over the feeling that by turning her back on Pat Nemey, who certainly gives every indication of loving her as deeply as he ever did, that she's turning her back on a life that can be rich and meaningful.

Seldom has a Hollywood divorce created so much sympathy. Seldom have so many people wanted so much to see the couple reunited—to see them being mother and father again—together—to (Continued on page 98)
The transformation from girlhood to womanhood in Hollywood is a dangerous business—

- The traditional “awkward age” is almost forgotten. You’ve watched many of the movies’ lovely teenagers go from childhood to girlhood with grace and ease. But the turning point between girlhood and womanhood brings them to a much more difficult crisis, and the way they face it determines the whole future course of their lives. These are the dangerous years, full of new stresses and impulses. Some girls shrink away from womanhood; some run too fast to meet it. Mitzi Gaynor says, “Kids in show business mature early on the outside—but inside we don’t mature emotionally to match.”

Unless a girl finds real emotional maturity, she can’t take on adult responsibilities, she can’t make the transitions from dating to romance to love to marriage without serious trouble. Other young stars, like Joan Evans, Debra Paget and Pier Angeli, share this problem with Mitzi. All of them became stars while still in their teens; all, therefore, acquired the outward poise that Mitzi refers to. But the appearance, as she says, can be deceptive—to the girl herself, as well as to other people. She may think she’s grown up; she may impatiently loosen family ties, only to discover that she’s too immature to handle more complicated relationships without heartbreaking mistakes.

At eighteen, Joan is the youngest of this foursome, yet the only one who has married. This isn’t so surprising when you remember her as a fourteen-year-old newcomer, already showing much more composure than the average eighteen-year-old. She explained then to this slightly over-awed writer, “I was brought up mostly with adults.” When her parents, screen writers
DANGEROUS YEARS

Over-protected most of her life, Pier Angeli took advantage of her new freedom by plunging into a much-talked-about romance heavily weighted with emotional problems

Dale and Katherine Eunson, entertained the famous, little Joan was accepted as part of the group. "Dale and Katherine" (as Joan unaffectedly calls them) later trusted their teen-age daughter to make many of her own decisions, training her to a self-reliance that finally boomeranged against them.

No wonder Joan wasn’t convinced when her parents advised her to wait until she was twenty-one before marrying. Because she’d had such a long head start, associating with grown-ups from childhood, learning early to reason problems out for herself, she probably felt that mentally she was twenty-one, and she didn’t want to wait three years for the calendar to catch up with her reckoning. So she and Kirby Weatherly went ahead and were married, with the satisfaction of hearing parental objections turned (Continued on page 100)

Debra Paget thinks she can escape the hurts of growing up by concentrating on career. But will she cheat herself of life?
The landlord greeted Bob warily when he arrived to look over the apartment that was to be his.
When a fellow starts out on his own, that's a dramatic event. But in Bob Wagner's case, life as a bachelor began—as a comedy of errors!

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

• Bachelorhood is more than just a state of being. Ask Bob Wagner. It can be a whole career.
  Not that he hadn’t anticipated problems. But now, a seasoned bachelor of some weeks’ standing, he’s quick to admit he hadn’t anticipated enough of them.
  Today Bob’s rapidly earning his degree as Bachelor of Arts . . . with scars to show for it. Such as those earned while trying to force three saddles, a pair of skis, assorted tennis racquets, guns and fishing tackle— and his entire wardrobe into one closet.
  Today he can shake his head amusedly at the trustful way in which one R. J., Jr. approached this whole new adventure in living. As for instance, the sunny afternoon when he mused thoughtfully that “having an apartment should be very interesting. It will be the first time I’ve ever had to pay the rent, sort the laundry, and just keep house in general.
  “I throw things around,” he explained, “and I don’t pick up too well. But that I can learn. This should really open up a whole new thing for me!”
  The whole new thing first descended on Bob when his father, Robert J. Wagner, Sr., and his mother decided to build their new home in La Jolla, 120 miles from the Twentieth Century-Fox studios as the sea gull flies. For the first time in his life, R. J., Jr. would be going it alone.
  Furthermore, the comforting speculation that if it didn’t work out, he could always go home to Father was dissolved when it was determined that Father and Mother would instead be coming home to Bob. His dad’s business interests in Los Angeles would necessitate their popping in and out of his new home.
  In spite of this, Bob refused to be dismayed. Batching it would be a breeze! A guy just found himself an apartment and moved in.
  “I’d been looking for an apartment for some time. Since my folks would be staying part-time with me, I had to get one big enough for all of us.”
  At the studio one day, Dan Dailey came up with a possibility. “The girl who lived in the apartment below mine just moved out,” he said. “Nice place too. Why don’t you go take a look at it?”
  “Great,” said Bob, taking off.
  The landlady didn’t live on the property, but Bob could “go right over and see it,” she informed him over the phone.
  “We’re painting the bedroom, and my husband is there now.”
  To the busy man who answered the door, the boy with the eager smile and the careless haircut looked like somebody’s kid brother. As Bob says, “I’d rushed (Continued on page 90)
June Haver's decision to become a nun was a deeply personal matter, so personal that only a few, out of the thousands who read the news, understood. Those few were men and women who had themselves dedicated their lives to the service of God, for no one else could comprehend the peace, the longing and the love that underly such a decision.

It was so personal that in those last few days before she left Hollywood for Leavenworth, Kansas, to enter Saint Mary's Academy, June found it necessary to keep her whereabouts a secret. The press, while understanding somehow that June would not wish to discuss the matter, nevertheless closed in, because whether or not the announcement was personal, it was big news. The reporters badgered her family, her friends, and her associates in the Church for any tidbits that might add to the story.

A local newspaper immediately began a series of articles on June's life, her career and her heartbreaks, and her subsequent decision to take the veil. Stories were liberally illustrated with pictures taken of Miss Haver during her movie career, and often as not they were of the cheesecake variety.

The attendant publicity was unavoidable because June was a celebrity in the public spotlight, and as such had belonged in a way to the public. Now she was severing all such ties, and in typical good taste, refrained from speaking to anyone or seeing anyone except her family and closest friends. The friends reacted in kind by rallying around June with loyal support, and while the press might pester for news and plead for pictures, the statements given by those closest to June were as brief and as sincere as possible. They felt, and rightly so, that this was no matter to be chewed by the news hounds.

For the past nine years, June cooperated to (Continued on page 102)
Debbie Reynolds has come of age. On April first she rounded that wonderful corner called "Twenty-one"—the big day in everybody's life. But does that mean that she is going to change her ways of living? Debbie doesn't think so.

"So I'm twenty-one," she says, "so what? Am I supposed to kick over the traces and run wild? That's crazy. Besides, what's so magic about the number twenty-one?"

That's a good question. A better one was the one the bank asked. They called to find out what she wanted done with the money (earned in pictures before she came of age) that would be transferred to her account on her twenty-first birthday.

"Hang on to that dough," said Deb, "put a guard around it. Even if it isn't the Rockefeller Foundation, there's a very special project I want it to go into."

Project it is! Debbie's decided to build (perhaps buy) an apartment house, with the money. No April Fool is Deb.

"An apartment house is right," says Debbie, "and with plenty of closets, but plenty! Probably want
She was twenty-one on the first of April. But Debbie's birthday plans prove she's nobody's April Fool

BY BUD AND BETTY MILLS GOODE

COMES OF AGE

to call it 'Closet Inn.' In fact, I'm going to ask the architect to design the closets first, acres of 'em, and then hang the apartments around them."

Debbie wants the apartment house to be a gift to her parents. Her dad, she says, will have a ball taking care of it. Debbie remembers the idea first came to her when she was winging her way homeward from entertaining the troops in Korea this past January.

"There I was in that Army plane," Debbie says, "surrounded by all the gifts I'd bought in Japan. My pockets were stuffed full of silk things, and I held my most precious buy, a hundred-year-old cuckoo clock for my mom, in my lap. There were three sets of china that I had, too, but there was no room around me, so the pilots were kind enough to store them with their gear.

"They knew their business, but you can't see air pockets and they seemed to run into all of 'em. Every time we'd hit one, the plane would drop like an anchor. My poor little cuckoo couldn't take it. His mainspring must have sprung or something. Each time we hit an air pocket he'd pop out, 'cuckoo,' stick out his tongue at me, and then scurry back inside the clock."

According to Debbie there was hardly enough room for the people in that plane. Because she was surrounded by all her purchases, she couldn't help thinking of some of the other things she'd wanted when she first started out in pictures.

"I'd always dreamt of three things," Debbie admits. "A swimming pool, a pearl watch, and a trip to Paris. I saved the trip to Paris for the last. I promised it to myself on my twenty-first birthday."

Debbie has the swimming pool and she has the watch. She calls the pool her "Abadaba" pool because she earned it from the royalties on her recording of "Abadaba Honeymoon." The pearl watch her parents gave her, much to her delight and surprise.

As for the Paris trip, Debbie had planned it to be the maddest ever! A trip to end all trips. First class, real gone and with breakfast in bed! "But it was in that plane that the idea for the apartment house hit me," explains Debbie. "Seriously, we're all looking for happiness, and I remember thinking on that plane, 'There was a time when I thought happiness could be found in things, like the pearl watch and the swimming pool.' Then I wasn't so sure...."

Debbie remembered the happiness that her parents enjoyed in giving the watch. She also thought about the fun she got from watching the gang on the block swimming in her new pool.

"I remembered thinking on the plane," she says, "that the happiness I'd so far experienced was in people and not in things."

Besides, the seriousness of the Korean situation weighed heavily upon Debbie. She had been touched by what she had seen, yet she determined not to discuss it in print for fear the boys would think she was capitalizing on her visit. Debbie's young heart was full of the love of giving, and she intended to put it into practice when and where she could.

It was this inspiration that made Debbie decide to give the apartment house to her parents after her twenty-first birthday instead of taking the mad Paris trip.

"I can always go to Paris," laughs Debbie. (Continued on page 84)
The Tony Curtises know what they're talking about. If you pass their marriage test, you can't miss with your mister!

HAPPINESS QUIZ

BY RUTH WATERBURY

When Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis eloped a little less than two years ago, there were a lot of people who said the marriage couldn't possibly last.

"Their worlds are a million miles apart."

"They're not grown up enough to make a marriage work—neither one of them."

"They're both too involved in their careers."

So chanted the prophets of woe. And they stood back gloomily to watch the marriage crumble.

Janet and Tony, in the meantime, went blithely on to prove (not to the cynics, because they really didn't care much what people thought, but to themselves) that they knew what they wanted. And that they had it—in each other.

But proving that—and they admit it with no self-consciousness at all—was not exactly child's play all the way. There were differences to be resolved, adjustments to be made, frictions to be ironed out—just as there are in any marriage.

The idea of being a guide—a kind of standard of quality—for other couples struck Tony and Janet as a little strange, at first. But after a little thought—and a lot of mutual laughs—they were able to work out a list of the important things they share that add up to happiness.

So check yourself—and your love—with Mr. and Mrs. Curtis' happiness quiz:

1. Do you have as much respect for your partner's dreams and ambitions as you do for your own? And will you work for the good of his career as well as yours? (Janet and Tony help each other learn lines, and will even take chances on their own careers when they think it will be helpful to the other one—as Tony did when he went on suspension to accompany Janet on her location trip for "Naked Spur.")

2. Are you willing to make some sacrifices to insure financial security? (Continued on page 96)
A pet in time saved Tony! It's mutual—their gift for happy nonsense! Separate careers—but a team in marriage
"Darling, wish you

"I'll remember everything,"
Jeff Hunter said. "And
I'll make plenty of
notes so that
you and I can
repeat this adventure, step
by step!"
Jeff Hunter received the news with what is known inadequately as "mixed emotions." Twentieth Century-Fox had cast him in the starring male role of "Sailor of the King," an adventure yarn to be shot in London and on the island of Malta over a four-month period. It meant star billing after six years of preparation, prayer, and hard work. It was the break for which any other young hopeful at the studio would have given an inconspicuous tooth.

Yet there stood Mr. Hunter with laurels on his brow and a lump in his throat. He was about to become a father for the first time. If he left Los Angeles as scheduled, he wouldn't catch so much as a glimpse of the stork's approaching shadow.

That was one dilemma. Another was that Jeff and Barbara Rush had filed a sheaf of bright dreams marked "for future use." Among them was the plan to complete the furnishing of the cozy Westwood Village apartment into which they had moved as bride and groom. They liked to shop together for their household equipment.

Another intention had been to rent or buy a cottage as soon as the baby was old enough to need a yard in which to play; that would require at least a year of research.

Or, if both careers had thrived to the benefit of the joint Hunter bank account, they might buy a lot high on a panoramic hill and build a cottage in which to place their early American furniture. There would have to be a swimming pool in a sheltered patio, of course, so a perfect site would have to be chosen. And then, with a family launched and a home established, Jeff and Barbara—as they had told one another so many times during the wonderful evenings they spent side by side before a fireplace in which bright flames snapped gay fingers in approval, they would make the grand tour of Europe: Paris and the Champs Elysées, Rome and St. Peter's, Venice and the quaint glass shops, England and the Shakespeare country.

With a touch of golden luck, they said, they might be cast in the same picture, turning another dream into reality.

All this ran through the confused head of Jeff Hunter when he heard about "Sailor of the King."

What would you have done?

If you were as wise as Jeff and Barbara, you would have done exactly what Jeff did. He asked the studio for a slight delay in departure date and was accommodated with an extra week. He began to send up smoke signals to the stork reading, "I'm not a bird watcher by hobby, but I'm really looking for you."

Finally, he made plans to send Europe to Barbara, since he couldn't take Barbara to Europe on this trip. He bought a carton of film for his camera, he studied histories and guide books, he marked passages of interest. Barbara, who speaks French rather well, coached her husband in a few useful phrases.

The stork received Jeff's message and proved to be indulgent. Just five days before final deadline, Christopher Merrill McKinnies (Jeff's legal name, as you probably know, is Henry H. McKinnies, Jr., and he is called Hank by his family and close friends) came bounding into the world. He was a beautiful baby weighing eight pounds.  
(Continued on page 82)
Ava Gardner ... red roses in full bloom ... a leopardess on a golden chain ... candied yams and crepes suzette ... Stephen Foster’s music at the Hollywood Bowl ... moonlight on a restless sea ... Cleopatra in a Cadillac
Lex Barker... excitement in the Social Register... strength and sentiment... big game hunting in the Hollywood hills... grease paint and the gridiron... adventure in a made-to-order suit... Tarzan at the Ritz

Photograph by Six. Lex appears in "Thunder Over the Plains"
Another entry for your pinup

KEEPING TAB ON TAB

COLLECTORS' ITEMS
collection—Tab Hunter, who's off to a flying start in the race for stardom

Three loves has Tab—his mother, his horse, Out On Bail, and ice skating. Girls? Well, they figure too. When he can spare time from exercising and riding his horse—the first one he's ever owned, although he's been riding since he was twelve. He's an expert figure skater, too. Skating, like riding, does something to Tab—makes him feel "out of this world." Which is exactly what most people think about Tab. Big and blond, with a fresh appeal, his natural charm made him a hit in his first picture and won him first place in PHOTOPLAY'S "Choose Your Star" contest. Now, with a contract under his belt and three pictures set to follow his next, "Wells Fargo Express," Tab won't have to worry about hay for his horse, or supporting a wife—some day. But at twenty-two, career-minded Tab can afford to wait—for the right girl.
Why

The

Stewart

Granger

Marriage

Won’t

Fail
There's more to this marriage
than meets the eyes of the gossips. Here is
the untold story, exclusive to PHOTOPLAY,
by an intimate English friend

BY MAE MURRAY

• Stewart Granger stands accused by Hollywood of bad
behavior, on and off the set.

He is, the gossips say, arrogant, belligerent and intolerant. He
has, they add, a conceit that is intolerable and a gift for
swearing that, while a trooper might envy it, comes as a shock
to those more sensitive than he. And he dominates his wife, Jean
Simmons, and is inconsiderate of her.

The fact is, there is no one more sensitive than Stewart
Granger. Just ask the people who have known him intimately for
years, since the early days when he was first struggling
toward film success.

Jimmy (that's what his close friends call him) is a perfectionist.
To that you can ascribe all the faults that those who know
him only superficially see in him.

A failure to make the grade at a medical school, where he
had wanted to study neurology, and a short-lived attempt at
business, left him in a baffled and troubled state of mind.
Chance gave him a job as a film extra. He made up his mind then.
He suddenly knew what he wanted to do. He wanted to act.

Tall, handsome, with an engaging smile and a good speaking
voice, he could have hung about the studios waiting until some
director recognized his potentialities. But Jimmy is not like that.

He wanted to offer the screen the best he was capable of.
He did not want to be a director's puppet—mouthing a line or
twitching an eyebrow as instructed. He was determined to learn
to be an actor.

He went into repertory, working like a Trojan at a different
play each week for the modest salary of three pounds weekly—
in those days, about fifteen dollars. Here he met and
married Elspeth March, a charming and talented actress. That
was fourteen years ago.

Elspeth gravitated to London's West End. Another man might
have been jealous of his wife's success. Jimmy, grateful for
all she had taught him of acting technique, was only proud of
her. He knew that one day he, too, would reach London, but
meantime he went on slogging away in stock and, without
her loving support to give him confidence, he worried. Was this,
or that performance really good enough? Could it be
improved—perfected?

Jimmy still worries. His pursuit of perfection has been the
cause of many a row in both (Continued on page 76)
One of the first things my husband asked "news-writers," as he calls them, when he arrived in the United States was: "Are there any more here like Shellee?" Since then he has personally assured me there are not. He says I'm a rare species in a class by myself—whatever that means.

After you've seen my husband in his first American pictures, "The Glass Wall" and "Sombrero," I'm sure you'll ask: "Are there any more anywhere like Vittorio Gassman?" This I sincerely doubt. Vittorio's the handsomest, the most intelligent and—in this respect you may quote practically anybody—the most honest of them all. The "news-writers" discovered this honesty when they asked
what impressed him most about American women. Without blinking a brown velvet eye, my husband said, "They have pretty legs." He admits my legs were the features he first noticed about me. As he explained to one writer, "The first time you see Shellee, you see she has pretty legs. Then you go to the soul. And her soul is very pretty, too."

With typical honesty and enthusiasm, Vittorio always dispenses quickly with the formalities. For instance, there was the day he found out he was going to become a father. When he returned from Mexico, where he'd been on location for "Sombrero," I met him at the airport with our good news. "I think we're going to have a baby."

"Is it going to be a boy?"
I weighed the matter a moment. "Yes, as a matter of fact, it is."
"Is it?" Vittorio was so excited that he looked at me as if I really knew.

Of course I didn't know, but I thought then that Vittorio's wanting a son would make it so, and chose the name Enrico. But we discussed names for a daughter, too, and when our baby girl was born on Valentine's Day, while Vittorio was still in Rome, we named her Vittoria Gina, as we'd decided months ago. (Continued on page 86)
YOU IN HOLLYWOOD! Sound like a dream? Well, maybe! But it's one dream that can come true! Yes, on your salary... and yes, today!

THIS YEAR, spend your golden two-weeks-with-pay in the glittering city where stars are born... where dreams are made to come true! You'll have the time of your life, for surprisingly little of your own hard-earned "gold!"

ON THESE pages, PHOTOPLAY has filmed a miniature movie—"Holiday in Hollywood." Ann Blyth, Vera-Ellen, Anne Francis and Julia Adams are the stars—and the role they're playing is... YOU, vacationing in the film capital of the world.

THE CLOTHES they're wearing comprise one wonderful, travel-light wardrobe of separates, enough for your entire trip, coming and going... and for every minute you're there. The price of the whole, dreamy wardrobe including luggage: under $150! PHOTOPLAY's Wonder-Wardrobe is based on California colors of sunny red and gold, contrasted with muted stripes. It includes a dress-and-jacket travel costume and ten travel-wise separates (skirts, tops, shorts, pedal-pushers, jacket and stole); three pairs of shoes (for travel, evening and play); two hats; two pairs of gloves; two pairs of nylons; a star-printed, pure silk scarf; a terrific red travel-and-beach bag; a patent leather bag for dress and a pretty pearl clutch for evening; an all-purpose, white elastic belt; gold jewelry; and even sun glasses, camera and suitcase! The itemized list is on page 67.

VERA, JULIA and the two beauteous Annie's have put their lovely heads together with PHOTOPLAY's fashion editor to show you how to wear the Wonder-Wardrobe... how to mix and match all the items so you're dressed right for every Hollywood occasion, day and night. We photographed them in night clubs, restaurants and other attractions you will want to visit on your holiday in their town! (Continued on next page)

PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS

"HOLIDAY IN HOLLYWOOD"

Vera-Ellen, the dancing doll who'll be seen in Twentieth's "Call Me Madam," does some excited window-shopping, wearing Korday gold denim skirt, striped sash, with Art-Mor red blouse. Beck pumps

Vera leaves the Beverly Hills Hotel in gay vacation mood. Now she's wearing the Korday skirt with its striped halter, matching sash and all-purpose jacket

At the Hollywood Bowl and in a holiday spirit, Vera twirls in her Art-Mor scratch-print skirt, same red blouse, same pumps and Speyer white elastic cinch belt

TAKE YOUR CUE from them! Glide into Los Angeles aboard a silvery luxury train or a cross-country bus. Either way, you'll be streamlining your budget and getting a breathtaking, panoramic view of America's western wonderland en route. Via Santa Fe's plush Super Chief, with its exciting new dome-topped observation lounge, you'll roll through the Kansas plains; the scenic fairyland of Arizona; through New Mexico, rich with Indian lore; and through the rolling desert into sunny California. For Santa Fe information, write to R. T. Anderson, General Passenger Traffic Manager, Santa Fe System Lines, Chicago 4, Illinois.

GOING GREYHOUND, on its luxurious Super Coach, you get a thrilling close-up of the glorious western scenery . . . through interesting parts of Wyoming, Utah, Nevada, Arizona and New Mexico. If you go by bus, you can arrange beforehand for stopovers and side trips, and, in addition, the Greyhound travel bureaus, located at terminals in all big cities, will plan a personal package tour for you, with hotel reservations, sightseeing and costs all arranged in advance. For Greyhound information, write to Greyhound Information Center, 105 West Madison Street, Chicago 2, Illinois.

WHEN YOU reach Hollywood, take off your hat, put on your smile and call filmtown home! The minute you step out into the warm sunshine, you'll realize it's the city of big hearts and hospitality as well as glamour and beauty. It's everything you ever dreamed, and more! Yes, movie stars everywhere (Continued on page 64)

Photos by Dan Wynn
A trip you'll always remember — a train you'll never forget

... your carefree ride through the colorful Southwest Indian Country on the

Super Chief

with the only Dome Car between Chicago and Los Angeles...
only train in the world with a private dining room...

Daily departures.

Santa Fe

R. T. ANDERSON, General Passenger Traffic Manager, Santa Fe System Lines, Chicago & Illinois
PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS

“HOLIDAY IN HOLLYWOOD”

Julia Adams shows off Wonder-Wardrobe sensation, wearing same dress Ann Blyth wore for travel—this time, for date at Ciro’s, sans jacket! She adds pearl bag, Coro jewelry

Dancing at Mocambo, Julia steps out in the glamour version of our Art-Mor playsuit, now with its own skirt and stole. Dawnelle nylon evening gloves. Sibulkin red sandals

(you’ll see them in restaurants, hotels, night clubs and even ice cream parlors!) . . . the great movie studios and broadcasting stations. You’ll see excitingly beautiful homes and gardens, tropical tree-lined streets . . . beautiful suburbs where the stars live . . . exotic orange groves. You can see and do everything and do it on a limited budget which we’re keeping strictly in mind.

VISIT THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL, of the fabulous architecture and acoustics, where you can hear symphonies under the stars. Don’t miss Hollywood’s beautiful stores and the Farmers’ Market, with its unbelievable collection of food and fantasy; lunch at any of the four Brown Derby restaurants (the one at 3377 Wilshire Boulevard is the celebrity hangout); stroll through Olvera Street, with its Mexican handicraft shops; tour new China Town and see colorful Singapore Spa with its gorgeous Chinese decor. Don’t miss Grauman’s Chinese Theater with its celebrity footprints in the cement forecourt. Have cocktails at Ciro’s and dine and dance at Mocambo. As if even their names weren’t exciting enough, these spots are loaded with atmosphere, great names, food that’s practically ambrosia. You’ll get more than your fair share of glamour!

YOU’LL STAY, probably, at one of the many fine hotels in the city that are convenient, delightful and inexpensive. Many are complete with pools, shops and restaurants, at prices ranging from about eight dollars to about ten dollars a day for two: the Ambassador, very centrally located; the Hollywood Hotel, the Plaza, the Miramar, and the Beverly Wilshire, in the heart of Beverly Hills, near famous Romanoff’s.

FROM HOLLYWOOD, you can easily and inexpensively take in the fabulous places near-by. It’s a day’s drive through Beverly Hills, Bel-Air, Malibu, Santa Monica, the San Fernando Valley or Red Rock Canyon in the desert. It’s overnight to the Monterey Peninsula; about one hundred miles of beautiful driving to celebrated San Juan Capistrano; a morning’s drive to Palm Springs; (Continued on page 89)
Photos by Peter Samerjan

Rock Hudson gives Julia that once-over as she visits his movie set. Julia, next in U-I's "The Man From the Alamo," teams Art-Mor red squaw skirt, Cornibert white pique blouse. Sibulkin shoes; patent bag

Wonder-Wardrobe continued on next page
At Farmers' Market, Anne Francis and hubby, Bam Price, consider basket buying. Casual tourist calls for Korday striped denim halter, this time with matching pedal pushers, gold denim hat. Sandler of Boston play shoes with crepe soles, for walking or beach.

Making Like a Mermaid on hotel-pool diving board, Anne looks sweet and sexy in Art-Mor cotton playsuit with boned, ruffled bodice. (Julia Adams models it on page 64, wearing its matching skirt for evening.) Glentex scarf. Red travel bag doubles for beach.

All clothes shown on this and preceding pages make up the two-week-vacation Photoplay Wonder-Wardrobe. For complete listing of sizes and prices, see next page. For where to buy, see page 88.
PHOTOPLAY WONDER-WARDROBE
...for a two-week Hollywood vacation... UNDER $150!

Travel Outfit
Doris Dodson dress and jacket in Wamsutta
red cotton tweed, white pique trim, 9-17... under... $23.00

Korday Separates
Cone multi-striped and solid gold denim:
All-purpose striped jacket, 10-18... under... 8.00
Gold denim swing skirt, 10-18... under... 6.00
Striped haller top, 10-18... under... 4.00
Matching pedal pushers, 10-18... under... 4.00
Gold cloche hat, striped brim, s-m-l... under... 3.00

Art-Mor Separates
Three-piece Play-Pack in red-and-white print cotton (this includes strapless one-piece playsuit; matching skirt; matching reversible stole, lined with solid red) entire outfit, 10-18... under... 11.00
Three-tier squaw skirt in bright red Fuller no-iron crinkled cotton Playtone, 10-18... under... 6.00

Cornibert Blouse
Sleeveless white pique, 32-38... under... 3.00

Richard Engleander Hat
Pink strawcloth travel 'n dress hat... under... 4.00

A. S. Beck Shoes
Black nylon mesh for travel 'n town... under... 7.00

Sibulkin Shoes
Red leather "Rhumba" striping sandals... under... 6.00

Sandler Play Shoes
"Degas" black sandals, crepe wedge sole... under... 6.00

Jewelry by Coro
Gold double-bangle bracelet... 1.20*
Matching gypsy-hoop earrings... 1.20*

Scarf by Clentex
Red pure silk 18-inch square, with white star-print... 1.00

Belt by Speyer
All-purpose white elastic cinch with gilt closing... 1.50

Gloves by Dawnelle
Pink cotton mesh shorties... 2.00
White nylon 8-button-length evening gloves... 3.00

Bags
Jay-Bern red plastic calf hassock bag for travel or beach... 3.00
Licht & Kaplan black patent plastic box bag for town... 2.00
Pearl clutch bag for evening by F. L. Novelty... 3.00

Hosiery by Cannon Mills
Two pairs of 60-15 Soft-Glow nylons at $1.50 pair... 3.00
du Pont Nylast
The magic-wash that makes your nylons really last; one bottle... .69

Sunglasses by American Optical
Polaroid with red frames... 1.49

Camera
Brownie Hawkeye with built-in flash... about... 7.20*

Samsonite Luggage
White rawhide plastic 18-inch overnight convertible, to carry your whole Wonder Wardrobe... 27.50*

*Tax included
GRAND TOTAL $148.78

Inspired by the Samuel Goldwyn production "Hans Christian Andersen"
The new look in a one piece Laton Taffeta Lastex swimsuit with bloomer effect. Designed to mould and hold your figure... delicately emphasizing the bra contour.
Brown, black, blue, shocking, lilac Sizes 32 to 38. About $11.

BRILLIANT SPORTSWEAR, INC.
1410 Broadway • New York 18
The Crystal Room hummed with excitement as star after star walked in. It was Photoplay's big night—and the gayest party ever, the stars voted later. This year, the top Gold Medal Awards went to Susan Hayward and Gary Cooper as outstanding performers of 1952 and to "With a Song in My Heart," as top film. Party highlights... the pink, ruffled shirt on Gower Champion... Darryl Zanuck's touching acceptance of the late Lamar Trotti's Award as producer of top film... Paul Douglas's genial emceeing... Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, who kept the party ball rolling with their crazy goings-on
Star gazing: Mitzi Gaynor, Dick Allan

Day dream: Doris, with husband Marty

Jane Wyman and groom Fred Karger

Jean eyes a winner — Stewart Granger

Bob Taylor, another winner, and Ann Blyth

Rory and Lita Calhoun, Lori Nelson

NIGHT...THE B

Winning team: Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis helped make party a "howling" success

Leading lady at party, Susan Hayward, proudly shows award to proud husband Jess Barker
Can it last, asks Hollywood?  But Ginger and Jacques aren't worrying about the future

• They met in Paris at Maxim's, they romanced in Europe and Hollywood, they were married in a surprise wedding ceremony at Palm Springs in the culmination of the international romance of the year! Naturally enough, despite the quiet ceremony uniting Ginger Rogers and Jacques Bergerac, it was a wedding which sent all the writers of Hollywood hurrying off to their typewriters.

For there are other aspects to the wedding which pique the interest: it is Ginger's fourth wedding and it is the first for her husband; Ginger is forty-one years old, and Jacques is not yet twenty-six. Will it work out or will it soon go the way of so many Hollywood marriages? Opinions, with the reasons to back them up, are about evenly divided.

It was late last summer, just after she had finished work on "Monkey Business" and "We're Not Married," that Ginger took off on her European vacation, her first visit to France and Italy. In Paris, in the famed Maxim's restaurant and night spot, Ginger met Jacques—who was, incidentally, the escort of another Hollywood actress, Evelyn Keyes, that evening.

Like all Americans vacationing in Paris for the first time, Ginger had herself a ball—and if she was seen several times in the company of the handsome Jacques, no one
BY EVE FORD

gave the matter more than a passing thought. But when Ginger went on to Italy and Jacques followed her there, tongues began to wag. Then it was noted that Ginger and her friends were trying to persuade Jacques that he would do well to come to Hollywood for a try at American movies. (Although he had had a year’s practice as a lawyer, Jacques had previously been in some amateur plays and had studied dramatics in school.)

Ginger returned to Hollywood, and not long afterward, Jacques was in the movie capital, under contract to M-G-M. His photographic tests were excellent and he is perfecting his English for his talkie tests, which are still some months away.

At various times Ginger was seen with Jacques in quiet evening get-togethers, and those who saw them began to think, even the scoffers, that perhaps the romance was for real and not for publicity.

Nevertheless, the wedding of Ginger and Jacques, on Saturday, February 7, came as a surprise to all Hollywood. The date was the “anniversary” of their first meeting six months before. Attendants at the wedding were Mr. and Mrs. Bennett Cerf and Mr. and Mrs. Don Haggerty. Ginger wore a taffeta ensemble she described as “café au lait” in color, while the groom—who now known as “Jacky”—wore a gray business suit. After the ceremony, Ginger said that she was naturally thrilled, adding that a real honeymoon would have to wait about six months because they both had movie commitments. Jack said, in English “which I’m still learning,” that he hopes then to take Ginger to France to meet his parents.

Of interest to her Hollywood acquaintances is the fact that three of Ginger’s four husbands have been named Jack—Jack Culpepper, Jack Briggs and now Jacques Bergerac. The only nonconformist of the quartet is Lew Ayres, Ginger’s second husband.

But of greater interest to Hollywood’s movie colony is the May-December aspect of the wedding. There have been many marriages in the movie colony wherein the bride was a few years older than the groom. Examples that come to mind at once are the weddings of Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers.

(Continued on next page)
One Million Faces Changed in 30 Days!

America's having its face changed, and loving it! Women of every age are getting the beauty thrill of a lifetime with Coty's new "Cream Powder" Compact!

It took only thirty days for the first million women to discover how "Cream powder" differs from ordinary make-ups that accent lines and pores. How fine and poreless it makes skin look. How long it clings! Now, all America is clamoring for this spill-proof blend of "Air-Spun" Face Powder and sheer cream make-up base. How about you?

Love Set (Continued from preceding page)

ERS, Norma Shearer and Marty Arrouge, Greer Garson and Richard Ney, to name only a few. There is, too, the example of Ginger's previous marriage to Jack Briggs, some years her junior. Of course, his marriage ended in the divorce courts, as have some of the others in the May-December classification; but for every such marriage which has failed, there is one which has proved happy and lasting.

Marriage counselors and psychiatrists say that in determining the potential success of a marriage it is the emotional age of both bride and groom which is far more important than the chronological age.

Some experts hold that European men mature more rapidly than Americans and that, therefore, Jacky is much nearer Ginger's age than his actual years would indicate. Others point out that if Jacky had followed the usual practice of his countrymen, he would have married a girl somewhat younger than himself.

Still others maintain that with an actress the case is very special anyhow, for actresses are usually far younger in appearance and manner than most women of their years. And no one can deny that Ginger has always been able to hold her own in physical appearance when compared to girls many years her junior. It wasn't too many years ago, for instance, that Ginger masqueraded—and most successfully—as a teenager in "The Major and the Minor.

It is an ironic fact, however, that in her most recent picture, "Forever Female," Ginger was playing the role of an aging actress at the very same time she was being romanced by the youthful Jacky.

At any rate, even while all Hollywood is speculating as to the eventual outcome of Ginger's marriage to Jacky, everyone in the movie colony is wishing her well. Ever honest and straightforward, she has always been popular with her co-workers in the movie business. Her honesty itself may be one of the saving factors in her new marriage, for informed marriage counselors state that in weddings in which there is a gap in years between the bride and groom there should never be any lying about the age of either the husband or wife. And Ginger has never tried to pretend that she and Jacky are near the same age.

Hollywood being Hollywood, the career problems of both Ginger and Jacky will undoubtedly have a great effect on the marriage. Whether or not Jacky will succeed in his newly chosen career as a motion picture actor is still problematical. He is just now learning the fundamentals of English—with the loving help of his bride.

As for Ginger's career, it is in full swing again, after a period of inactivity a few years back. Recognized as an able dramatic actress, an Academy Award winner, she is as much at home in music-halls and in comedy as she is in a Kitty Foyle role. Certainly her career problems do not hold the question mark facing Jacky, as yet untried on the screen.

Probably no one has given more thought to these problems—the difference in age, the difference in nationality, the difference in their careers—than have Ginger and Jacky. For Ginger is a practical girl, much too practical not to have faced these problems before dash ing off to Palm Springs to marry her handsome Frenchman. Certainly everyone in Hollywood admires Ginger's courage in reaching out for romance—even those who have grave doubts as to the last ing success of the marriage. And certainly, too, everyone wishes her the best in this marriage which must remain a question-mark for months to come.

The End
Do Stars Make Good Parents?

(Continued from page 37)

But Bette Davis, for all her storms and tempers, takes a different view to a faraway sea—goes to the beach, to England, to New York. The only time she was away from them was during the brief pre-Broadway tour with her stage show, "Two's Company"—Little Benjy. The baby, the mother, walks like her mother. And when she grows up, she can never say her mother neglected her or deserted her.

Hedy Lamarr explained to me why she sent her six children to a faraway nursery school in San Francisco while she lives at the Beverly Hills Hotel. "I'm busy and they have better care there." But remember two things. A. Hedy hasn't worked in more than a year and a half. So busy? B. There can be no substitute for your own home and mother—unless the mother is a monster or physically ill. Hedy is neither. She's a warm human being. I've heard her blame her own mother for the lack of loving care in her childhood. Isn't she repeating the same sad mistake?

No one can be more devoted to a child than Olivia de Havilland is to her little Benjy. But you can make a child as lonely as a cloud if you make him different. Benjy is different because he has a chauffeur-bodyguard assigned to him at nursery school and the chauffeur waits outside for the little luffer until school is over. Don't be so anxious, Olivia—heaven protects the working girl's son.

When Judy Garland finished at the Palace in New York and went to Florida with the telephoned understanding that she would return to Hollywood in time for daughter Liza's fifth birthday party. But Judy's latest time was that of her and she lingered with Sid Luft in Palm Beach while Liza had her party without Judy. She loves her daughter, but actually Judy has spent more time away from Liza than Liza has spent with her mother's help. I never can understand why stars choose to have their fun away from their kids. It's tiring perhaps, but so rewarding to have your children around when you're relaxing on vacation instead of having them see you always working and tense.

I believe if Rita had taken her children with her when she went to Aly in Paris, she wouldn't have reconciled so soon. Because Aly adores the little girls, the Aga Khan had specifically wanted to see them, and the family atmosphere might have kept the dashing Prince at home instead of leaving Rita and her children to an lonely life. Rita complained that she wanted a family life. Then why in heck didn't she take the family instead of leaving them here with a nurse?

During Cornel Wilde's marriage to Pat Knowles, his wife of one year, his daughter Wendy a poor second. Cornel had such a fixation on Pat that I'm told he actually presented a child in the house to share her affections with him. And it is true that Pat Knowles was somewhat relative to relatively back east. Even when she was in Hollywood, you'd see her dining out with a governess.

It's different today. Jean Wallace loves children in general, her two boys by Franchot, her young sister and Cornell, Wendy in particular. Now Cornel realizes that having a child can be fun—and not always a chore. He took the entire family along when he went off to French Morocco to work in "Saadiah.

I always shudder when Van Johnson refers to Evie's boys by Keenan Wynn as "my little catalogue makers." Sure it's in fun, but isn't this funny?

Doris Day was singing with Les Peter-son's band on tour, so she used to leave son Terry with her mother in Cincinnati. Terry's grandma was no exception. She came with the boy, who idolized her, to see the only Hollywood pictures. There could have been family trouble when Terry insisted he would only take orders from Grandma. But Mrs. Kappelhoff is as intelligent as Doris and she understood that this was Terry's problem. How could a boy of seven be over her knee, face down, at the time, and told him—"There's only one boss in this house and that's your mother."

There are two bosses now in Terry's life—the papa, the housekeeper—Doris and her husband Marty Melcher.

Joan Fontaine was accused of deserting daughter Debbie when she went to Europe and the little girl lived with her father in New York. But I know better than anyone that Joan married Collier Young was that she could go to Bill Dozier and say, "Now I have a real home to offer Debbie and I'd be happy to be with him again."

And good mother to Martita, the little Mexican girl she adopted so that Debbie could have a sister. I hope she'll be allowed to raise them together.

How could Frank Sinatra leave those two kids of his? For the same reason that Ingrid left hers, I suppose. The irresistible force drawing him away was stronger than his feelings as a parent. Young Frank was an old man's wife, and the little girls are still young. When Frankie is here, he sees them all the time. But he'll have to come up with some good answers when his children are old enough to ask the questions.

It's ironic and sad that Ava Gardner, who wants children so badly, is still without them although married three times. She's good to Frankie's children, but she'll never be very interested in their lives and love when they know some of those answers. Because I can still hear the now-grown-up son of a producer an-nihilating his father verbally, when he learned for the first time that he had preferred a well-known actress to his wife and children.

It's supposed to be cute that the James Masons make their small daughter Pretty the center of their life, instead of leaving her to her own devices. If they're having a party, Pretty can stay up as long as they do. Then she sleeps till noon. Pamela and Barbara are happy until their hand-picked nursery school because "Pretty for the children terribly dull." And do you remember when Pretty was tossed in the pool when she was three months old or thereabouts and the attractive baby pictures were real pretty. But there was a sequel. When the child was old enough to show what she really wanted to do, she wouldn't come near the pool.

I'm always skeptical when I see mother and daughter in identical dresses. Who's it for—the mother or the daughter? I get the feeling the adult is feeding her ego at the little one's expense. You see it a lot in Hollywood. It makes nice combo for the photographers. But one movie star's daughter—and she'll be nameless for her sake, not her mother's—told me she's been a loath. Why? Because her mother wore the identical dress. 'She looked so beautiful in her; I was all arms and legs in mine.' There are more ways of deserting a child than by leaving her.

There were several occasions when my daughter was out of the spotlight, except on rare occasions when she takes her to a premiere of one of her own pictures. But I wonder if she knows that Maureen had a Hollywood career before her mother left her to that fashionable boarding school in Palos Verdes. Something like Ty Power had in the Marines, "So you think you can have anything because you're a movie star?"

And that brings me to John Barrymore, Jr.'s schooldays in a private seminary in Pomona. "The head master hated movie people, and I finally ran away when he beat me up."

"But didn't you tell your family?"

I asked John, shocked. "They were too busy doing whatever it was they were doing," said John bitterly.

It's a swell feller, but I sometimes wonder if he has to accept so many pictures out of the country, which means being away six months from son Pee Dee. Eleanor was supposed to go down to Mexico that same day. But she wouldn't disrupt the boy's school schedule.

Of course, to be with your kids all the time can be a little overwhelming. I know. I've got two. But it pays to grow up well, I can say. And you can sometimes know it one better than Mel Ferrer. Just before he took off for Morocco and "Saadiah," he told me, "I feel like I'm running out on them. But with all the fighting, I have to give up the idea."

I don't believe anyone in Hollywood loves her children more than Betty Hutton. I've waited many times for her to leave them behind when she went to London to appear at the Palladium and then tour the provinces. But she was gone ten weeks—a long time for two kids. Probably like Benjy and Candy to be without their mother.

Now, take Shirley Temple who gave up her career entirely to be a wife and mother. Of course, Shirley retired with a for-tune, so she can afford Betty Hutton's, this a very heavy era. But my point is, she didn't have to go to the Palladium and to Glasgow and to Dublin—unless the force that drives her is stronger than her strong love for her children. She's given them everything she can, heaven knows—their rooms are dainty boudoir fit for two princesses. I guess it's a price you pay for living today.

In the good old, bad old days the kids were packed off to the trunks and breathed stale, dressing-room air and caught colds in draughty trains—but somehow managed to come through to be the Betty Huttons and Judy Garland of today.

What would you do if your job goes off? Look at the happiness in homes like the William Holdens' and the Ray Rovers'. In these homes, the well-being of the kids is Number One on the agenda. Roy and Dorothy Holden have the twenty kids—all ages in their backyard.

The Holdens rushed back ahead of schedule from the longed-for European jaunt last summer, they were so home-sick for the kids. Bill, when he's not working, always takes Brenda's daughter by her previous marriage to school, drives her to dancing lessons, makes her feel a hundred per cent wanted.

And that, in my dictionary, spells the oppo-site of desertion.
Lamas and His Loves

(Continued from page 34
Their interlocoit divorce decree now in effect, late last August—Fernando and his ex-wife, Lydia, have become good friends once more.

"We are civilized people," he said. "We do not even hate each other.

"We were married for six years, and it didn't work. I couldn't tell you it was her fault, my fault—it was nobody's fault but some neutral force. We started argueing—"That's the important word—Why did it."

But it is over, and for good.

With his five-year-old daughter, Alexandra, now in kindergarten in Beverly Hills, Fernando says he has a "beautiful relationship—even better than before.

"I worried," he said, "about what happens to a child when a divorce comes along. A child needs a father, especially a girl child. And Alexandra has one. She is with me every Sunday—I let nothing else interfere. We make it a ten-minute count. We talk...I pay attention. I have to make up for all the other hours. Never once—in our Sundays—do I say 'Go away.' " "Please leave me alone!" It is good.

"It was a moment, "I have a tremendous faith in God, thank God. The whole show is run by Him. We wouldn't know how ourselves.

And you put it away, and I'll help you. Push a little bit, try to get places, and learn everything you experience you have you learn something new, and as long as you learn that's good—even if you make mistakes. I sometimes make the same mistake twice! If you do that, you are on your own.

"You not much to ask, is it? Just don't make the same mistake twice!"

Fernando's mistakes? His tumultuous romance with Lana Turner—which had ended almost violently in the packed and curious atmosphere of Marion Davies' party was that a mistake?

All the Hollywood columnists chronicled the story—how deeply Lana and Fernando were in love, how they would marry shortly after their respective divorces. There were rumors of several other protests when her name was coupled with anyone's except Fernando's, and their warm love scenes in "The Merry Widow" seemed to belie the rumors. Fernando even refused a role in "Sombretto" and went on suspension, rather than go to Mexico and be parted from Lana.

But shortly afterward, when Lana went to Lake Tahoe to divorce Bob Topping, Fernando went into the film, "The Girl Who Had Everything," with Liz Taylor—and this was just when everyone was predicting "Lana Loves," Fernando settled down to serious attention to his career, took daily dramatic lessons at the studio, following his role in "The Girl Who Had Everything" with a starring role opposite Elisha Cook, Jr., in "Dangerous When Wet."

Then, with Lana's return to Hollywood, came the public break. Fernando was reported to be sulking so much was story interested in marriage; this he has denied, saying that instead he said he could not consider marriage until his divorce becomes final in August. He still maintained that as performing "Latin Lovers" he and Lana could have pretended they were lovers.

But Ricardo Montalban replaced Fernando in Lana's picture, "Latin Lovers." When queried at the time about the change, Fernando said he didn't know why the substitution had been made. "I don't know. I was simply notified that I was out."

Had the whole tempestuous love affair been a mistake? "How can I ask Fernando. "How can one ever be sure?"

"I'm just an ordinary man, with ordinary defects, ordinary faults. I am human, thank God. I suffer, I love. I can love. And I can hate."

"How can you love if you can't hate? It all comes from the same center. It goes this way—or that way. But it never stays the same—unless, of course, you are a phony. If you like, you must dislike...unless you are a phony, too."

But Fernando was no phony, just an ordinary man, as he had said, and look what had happened in the last three years! A phony? "I can't make that going to say," Fernando said, without flinching. "Because there is nothing. It is over."

"You read a good book," he added after a moment, "a beautiful book. You come to the end. You close it. That's it. The end."

Whatever happened in the last angy chapter—and the versions of it vary—it was the end—for Fernando and Lana.

And Fernando and Arlene? What of that new book?

How, people wondered, was Fernando emotionally able to make the switch—off with the old love, on with the new—so effectively? "It was easy for me always to have a woman by his side? Is it the strength of a woman he needs? Or a woman's beauty?

And could it have been just any woman—an any graceful and beautiful star? Or is there a deep and important reason—a really vibrant love this time—that made him turn to Arlene so quickly after his romance with Lana came to an end?

To set the record straight: Fernando and Arlene had known each other, long before the Lamas-Turner romance began. Arlene had appeared with him on his very first screen test for M-G-M. But at that time, Arlene and Lex Barker were still married—happily, as far as the world could tell. And if Fernando's marriage to Lydia was already beginning to strain at the seams, no one knew about it—nor, for that matter, would anyone have cared if he did know.

For Fernando, then, had still made hardly a ripple on the Hollywood scene.

But by the time he was cast opposite Lana in "The Merry Widow," the story had changed. Fernando was definitely a personality—in many ways, the man of the hour. And it was natural for him to gravitate toward his exciting leading lady. And, it seemed equally natural for him, after a while, to fall in love with the lovely Arlene, who had remembered him warmly from the days before Hollywood scarcely knew he existed...and who could bring him that feminine excitement his life demands. But will this Dahl-Lamas book come to an end at the altar?

"I cannot answer that specifically, but in general I will tell you," Fernando leveled. "I have no mind to say. When I feel something, I act. I am impulsive. Whatever we feel in our family, we feel strongly. So...If I could think about marriage right now, I would be married. I should be married in a week. But I cannot think about marriage...at least until August."

Arlene had been in Palm Springs the week before...so had Fernando. "In Palm Springs, you can touch the stars," he remembered. "We touched a few."

Arlene had arranged a party at the Racquet Club to celebrate Fernando's birthday. "A few good friends came. They brought a cake, presents. The band played that birthday song and I got very embarrassed."

He looked up, laughing. "I might have said, 'I may say so, but I wasn't really embarrassed.'"

Fernando does not embarrass easily.

Arlene was back on the set by now; tiny waist, lovely shoulders revealed by a deep décolletage, her dancing feet concealed beneath hillowing hoop-skirted ivory satiny. The dancing rehearsal proceeded.

Fernando made a mistake, and Arlene giggled.

"You must not laugh," he chided her, winking. "This is a serious thing we are doing here."

He appealed to the onlookers. "I may forget to remember," he said, "if Miss Dahl laughs at me."

"I'll practice with you tonight," Arlene suggested.

"Tonight!" Fernando shrieked, and then laughed. "Reminds me of the columnist who said to me 'What do you do weekends?' 'Play tennis,' I said. 'Play tennis?' he said. 'Well, I do."

They finished the dance at last.

"We'll go on the road as a dance team," Fernando grinned at Arlene, "a very broken-down dance team. Can't you just see them—Fernando and Arlene!"

Arlene disappeared again, to change back to street clothes, and Fernando looked after her fondly.

"You know," he said, "I've been very lucky in my life—at least these last three four years."

"Sure there have been obstacles, but somehow I got past them. And good things happened too."

He sat silently for a moment, apparently far away in some day dream or other. And then he said:

"I was a lonely little boy. My father died when I was one and my mother when I was four. It was not good. But even then, I kept thinking, for all this pain, God will make some compensation. The present was sad, but I had faith in the future."

"Plan, I told myself. It is not good to remain...to give the road two years and walk on...plan, but don't worry. Everything will happen in good time, and for a good reason."

"And see?"

"See what had happened."

I went through it all again," Fernando said, "forget the bad, concentrate on the good.

I've done all right for a little boy with no father, no mother. For life lies ahead of me.

"I love life...thank God."

THE END
The Castle of Inverary is her home. People always speak of the Duchess' look of perfection. She is devoted to Pond's Cold Cream. "Pond's cleanses my skin beautifully," she says.

The Duchess of Sutherland bears one of Britain's most distinguished titles. She and the Duke are world travelers. Wherever she goes, the Duchess cares for her rose-petal complexion with Pond's Cold Cream to keep it soft and smooth. The Duchess says: "I don't know a better cream in the world than Pond's Cold Cream."

So many of Britain's duchesses, like beautiful women all over the world, love this one special cream. They say nothing gives their complexions such perfect care.

There is an exclusive formulation of skin-helping ingredients in Pond's famous Cold Cream. As you use this satin-smooth cream, its ingredients work as a team—in inter-action. They cleanse your skin immaculately, and at the same time replenish the oil and moisture your skin needs regularly to have that fresh, smooth, young look.

And—you help both sides of your skin, as you swirl Pond's Cold Cream over your face. Outside—imbedded dirt is lifted out of pore-openings. And your skin is given softening oil and moisture. Inside—circulation is stimulated, helping skin repair and refine itself.

A fascinating, immediate change can come over your face.

This double Pond's Creaming cleanses your skin thoroughly—gives it needed oil and moisture.

Soft-cleanse—swirl satin-smooth Pond's Cold Cream up over your face and throat. Tissue off well.

Soft-rinse quickly with more skin-helping Pond's Cold Cream. Tissue off lightly.

Start now to use Pond's Cold Cream every night (mornings, too). Remember, the constant robbing of your skin's freshness goes on every day. Go to your favorite face cream counter and get a large jar of Pond's Cold Cream today.
British and Hollywood films—rows with scriptwriters over suggested alterations, with cameramen over the quality of a shot, and with wardrobe over the suitability of a dress. Rather unsure Jimmy took a small part in the film, "The Man in Gray," for Gau¬mont-British-Gainsborough films. He was instantly recognized as star material. Film critics predicted that Jimmy would grow up, and Jimmy, handsome as ever, was being billed as "The Torso" and "Heart-Throb."

Well, Jimmy has the vanity, like any other actor, or, for that matter, any other man. But, if ever he threw his weight about, it was on somebody else's behalf. He's been known to bawl out an executive for bullying an underling, and tick off, in ten minutes, a director who was too familiar with him, a director for too familiar treatment of some young actress who was too timid to slap down the man on whom her job depended. There was a strongly protective side to Jimmy Granger.

When he first met Jean Simmons, she was a child of fourteen, as innocent and pretty as a flower; she had been given a tiny role as the child Claude, in which Jimmy was to display that magnificent torso of his to the full. Jean, naively admitted she had never read anything written by Mr. Shakespeare, was clearly not used to the grand manner, always preferred to him, in hushed tones, as "Mr. Granger!"

Jimmy, who at that time had no interest in Jean except a fatherly one, viewed the fabulous Gabriel Pascal with horror and suspense, and when Pascal's direc¬tor paraded this sweet, laughing little girl as his protégé, and leading her about the set on a camel! He hated to think the child might be turned, her innocence affected, by Pascal's4 sentimentalities. And he showed it. But a crisis was avoided when the camel bit Pascal!

By this time, Jimmy Granger was in the big money. He could have written anything he liked only the day. He bought a beautiful country house, The Watchers, in Haslemere with sixteen acres of gardens. The old house, where he and Elspeth liked to entertain, was magnifi¬cently furnished.

It was at The Watchers that the couple's second child was born and there too, alas, that the marriage began to go to pieces. When Elspeth gave the second child, she and Jimmy grew apart from each other as couples do. The fact that Elspeth is considerably older than Jimmy was certainly a factor.

After the divorce, Jimmy moved to a house in the country, which was at Wasington Gore (one of the most select residen¬tial districts in London). He was un¬happy and restless. His home was broken up. His wife and children were living with him, but he only saw the children on Sundays.

To occupy himself when not filming, he started collecting French Impressionist paintings and Chinese porcelain. He was an avid boating enthusiast, and often went with his best friend, Michael Wilding. They bought and shared a yacht.

You may wonder why Jimmy did not, at that time, start looking around for a second wife, or, in any case choose a girl¬friend from among the many beautiful women who were hovering over him. Well, strange as it may seem in such a handsome man, Jimmy is not particularly interested in women. He has never been one to in¬tbp into their lives, or their affairs. He is more interested in the company of women, but if they flaunt their sex-appeal too blatantly, he loses interest. It is not only that he puts his career before all things in his life, it is because he is complete within himself.

Jimmy has always been a devoted son to his charming mother. He adores his two children and there is no doubt that he is a faithful and protective husband to Jean.

Yet crepe-papered boys in their dissimilarity in their ages augurs unfavorably for the success of their marriage. And they point out that there is a marked disparity in their life styles and outlooks.

Jean is the youngest of four children born to a middle-class family. Jean's folks are simple people, and Jean was brought up in simple circumstances. Because of her parents' protection and her limited experience of life, she had no urge to change the pattern, until film fame and her friends persuaded her to take a flat of her own when she was twenty-one.

Jean was a girl with a strong will. He collies but Jean had little in the way of formal education. She was at a day school for girls at Edgware, a suburb of London, until war broke out. Then, in common with millions of other girls her age, Jean was evacuated to Somerset, out of the danger of bombing raids. Jean was so miserable away from her family that in 1942 they brought her back to London.

Under Pascal's direction, Jean's great ambition was to "sail right round the world in a small boat." When she returned, she had decided that she would leave sailing to the boys and be a dancer.

Here, with a flitting hand, the Aida Foster school to study dancing. Since dramatic art was part of the course, Jean planned to take that too. But she had only been at the school two weeks when Gainsborough Studios offered her the part of Margaret Lockwood's sister in "Give Us the Moon." Jean was tested and got the part. She was twelve years old then, and hailed as a natural-born actress.

Within the next two years she appeared in six films (including the famous "Caesar and Cleopatra")—and in 1946, she scored an immense success as the young Estella in "Great Expectations." Her performance was her performance, that Valerie Hobson, playing Estella grown up, was entirely over-shadowed.

The British film industry exulted over and exploited the wonder child. Film fol¬lowers, with the formation of the British Film Industry (1947) and in 1948, she became literally world-famous for her Ophelia in Sir Laurence Olivier's "Hamlet."

J. Arthur Rank, to whom she was under contract, realized he had a valuable property and was determined to use her properly. There was no time to live or to grow up—and some of the films of that period were not worth the sacrifice.

"Adam and Evelyn," however, was for the young film star. She played opposite Jimmy Granger. Their roles in this picture were oddly significant. She played a young, unworlthy girl, while he appeared as her early-middle-aged, sophisticated guardian whose protective feeling developed into something more when he realized he loved her.

Little Jean had had a hard time just before this film was made, and Jimmy wanted to make things as pleasant for her as possible. That she should adorn him in red velvet kimonos must have been infinitely appealing to him.

Jimmy admired Jean as an actress, too, and this admiration led to a near disaster. After their marriage Jean was called upon to star in the stage production of "The Power of Darkness," and it was thought that 1948, the year he decided to return in a gloomy Tolstoy play, "The Power of Darkness," and he wanted Jean to appear in it with him. Her stage debut permission. Poor Jimmy, who was not such a good acting ability, acquired through hard work in the theatre, was something entirely different from Jean's unschooled talent.

The last night was misery for Jean. She had never been afraid of anything but was too terrified to act. The audience was hostile. Jean burst into tears, and in full view of the audience Jimmy put his arms around her—this was the first time she had come genuine distress, to comfort her. Her attitude seemed that of a grown-up toward a child. Yet it was this little girl he married eighteen months later.

When Jimmy went to Hollywood, he made it clear that he wanted a child to come over too. He knew it would be good for her career—and to Jimmy that seemed the most important thing in the world. She, however, put her husband first and made him the most important thing. But seen commitments keep her in England.

On her twenty-first birthday, in January 1950, starry-eyed young Jean hoped trem¬ulously that she would be given a chance to share her America to share in the celebrations. She had been given "what I've wanted all my life," a boxer puppy, and she had taken a small flat for herself. The flat was a little pathetic, for she had no idea of how to furnish it. A bed, a couple of chairs and a small table stood on an unfurnished floor—but Jean was as pleased with it as a child with presents.

Jimmy could not make the party, and Jean, like a tired and disappointed little girl, fled from the guests in tears to be petted and consoled by her beloved mother.

Jimmy's absence was unavoidable, but he felt wratched at having upset Jean. Gen¬erally a woman is an important part of his life. He proposed soon after, and they were married the following December. More and more, Jean turned to him for advice and help, ignoring the friends who for satiated of love which she could not. For her he was first love and could do no wrong. And when the opportunity came to play with him again, in "Young Bess," Jean's happiness knew no bounds.

But what of the future of this marriage? Hollywood has given Jean Simmons the appearance of sophistication. But behind the facade, she is still very young. Still very vulnerable. And as long as she re¬mains a child, there is no chance twenty years her senior, will not leave her.

One day, however, Jean will grow up, and find the place her talents must surely make for her among the top stars. When she discovers that a man, no matter how dim, adoring love is not enough. And friends believe that, if that day should ever come, Jimmy, an experienced, cultured man of the world, will give her her free¬dom, but with her love for him, for he does not feel that his marriage has failed. But because she will no longer need his protective kind of love, Jimmy wants Jean to know the greatest possible fulfillment as the woman in a love which is shared with a love and marriage based on mutual sharing and understanding.
doris dodson

knows how to turn heads your way. Two glamorous cottons that make much of pretty shoulders. To wear from afternoon to after dark.

a. Party sheer in washable Wamsutta tissue chambray; exclusive embroidery trims the beautiful off-shoulder line that stays put!


Both styles about $13.

For name of your shop write DORIS DODSON • Dept. P-5 • St. Louis 3, Mo.
For Art’s Sake: No one was allowed to wear make-up in “Fame and Fortune” and Spencer Tracy especially was a bit uneasy! . . . Don’t you love this? Vincent Price was ordered to eat his lunch in his dressing room, because his make-up for “House of Wax” is so hideous—he took away the appetites of visitors in the studio commissary! . . . Inserting contact lenses to make Keefe Brasselle’s eyes look dark for “Eddie Cantor” is such delicate business, they post a guard outside his dressing room door during the operation, to prevent anyone from knocking. . . . Even the wizardry of top cameramen couldn’t disguise Elizabeth Taylor’s added weight which she acquired during pregnancy. Ann Blyth replaces her in “All the Brothers Were Valiant” but lovely Liz will be her old sylph-like self in plenty of time to start shooting “Rhapsody.”

Unconfirmed Rumors: That Lex Barker will follow Lana Turner to Europe—object, marriage . . . That Marilyn Monroe is five years older than her publicized age . . . That Rosemary Clooney is secretly married to José Ferrer—she couldn’t be because he isn’t legally free yet . . . That Dale Robertson hasn’t found happiness in the spotlight of a Hollywood career and threatens to retire to his ranch in Oklahoma . . . That the Kirk Douglas-Pier Angeli romance was all publicity and never serious . . . That Van Johnson is taking instruction in another religion . . . That the box-office draw of Danny Thomas is disappointing (Continued on page 80).
There's something about a Sea Nymph that makes any body more beautiful! Swimming or sunning, this regal Princess suit with cuff plunge collar rates raves. You'll love the exciting French Riviera colors in figure-molding lastex faille. Sizes 32 to 38.
Buy two or three at this happy price. about $9.
Slightly higher west of the Rockies,
Sea Nymph glamour suits come in Juniors, too! Sizes 9 to 15

at better stores everywhere, or write Terry Alden
JORDAN manufacturing corp., 1410 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.
Sea Nymph of Canada, 425 River St., Montreal
Famous First Words: From Thelma Ritter, who flew out from New York to broadcast the winning “With a Song in My Heart” for Lux Theatre, followed by photoplay’s Gold Medal shindig: “I was disappointed in the dinner—it was so good! What happened to the usual creamed chicken in a patty shell?”

Dis-a and Date: John Wayne’s second oldest son is now working part time in the studio fan-mail department. . . . The Rory Calhouns threw a twenty-third birthday party for Robert Wagner and invited twenty-three people including Debbie Reynolds. . . . In “The Marines Have a Word for It,” Burt Lancaster goes “feminine” for the third time in his career. He wears a French negligee! . . . Like Bette Davis, now it’s Debra Paget who’s rented an old-fashioned house on Hollywood Boulevard, the not-so-chic part of town. . . . Ruth Roman sprays platinum powder in her hair, which glists in the sun when she’s on the tennis court. . . . Aldo Ray works out with his brother, Mario, who is a member of the U.C.L.A. football team. . . . In Hollywood they refer to Donald O’Connor, thus: “He has the kind of talent you can’t kill with a spiked club!” True, so very true.

Welcome Stranger: With his humorous perspective, there’s a welcome place for Richard Burton in Hollywood. No sooner was he seen in “My Cousin Rachael” and announced for “The Robe,” than a local columnist cracked that his hat no longer fits. “When I read it,” cracked the amusing guy, “my wife, Sybil, measured my head. By jove, the columnist was right! My head has grown an eighth of an inch.”
Famous doctor’s new beauty care helps skin look fresher, lovelier—and helps you keep it that way!

You should see our mail! Thousands of letters from all over the country! You should read how thrilled women are with Noxzema’s new, home beauty routine...how their fresher, lovelier-looking skin is winning them compliments...bringing new self-confidence!

It’s big beauty news!

Mimi Barker of Bronxville, N. Y. and Phoebe Murray of Lawrence, Mass. are just two of thousands who report thrilling results. This new beauty care was developed by a noted doctor and owes its amazing effectiveness to the unique qualities of Noxzema.

This famous greaseless, medicated beauty cream combines softening, soothing; healing and cleansing ingredients. That’s why it has helped so many women with discouraging skin problems: rough, dry skin: externally-caused blemishes; and that dull, lifeless, half-clean look of so many so-called normal complexions.

Like to help your problem skin look lovelier? Then tonight, try this:

1. Cleanse thoroughly by ‘cream-washing’ with Noxzema and water. Smooth Noxzema over face and neck. Then wring out a cloth in warm water and wash your face as if using soap. See how make-up and dirt disappear! How clean and fresh skin looks after you ‘cream-wash’ with Noxzema. No dry, drawn feeling!

2. Night cream. Smooth on Noxzema so its softening, soothing ingredients can help skin look smoother, fresher, lovelier. (Always pat a bit extra over any blemishes to help heal them—fast!)

The film of oil-and-moisture Noxzema provides is especially beneficial to rough, dry, sensitive skin. Even in extreme cases, where the dried-out, curled-up cells of dead skin give an unattractive grayish look, you will see a wonderful improvement as you go on faithfully using Noxzema. It’s greaseless. No smeary face!

It works or money back!

In clinical tests, Noxzema helped out of 5 women with discouraging skin problems. Try it for 10 days. If not delighted, return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore. Money back!

Look lovelier in 10 days or your money back!
—that things were no longer harmonious in the Dean Martin household. Cynics were quick to conclude that for Dean and Jeanne the song had ended—even if the melody should linger on.

The handsome baritone, who cloaks his thoughts and emotions with a quip and a song, would say nothing for the press. But to his pals, he spoke casually, "Well, things haven't been going too well for some time. I thought it might be better for us if I'd get away for awhile."

There were the usual rumors about a third party. But this, Jeanne herself quickly squelched. "There's nobody else. Not for either of us. We've had some misunderstandings. But in three years of marriage, I think a couple is entitled to a tiff. It's just that Dean is under an awful lot of pressure. He has a lot on his mind. And I'm sure I've made mistakes. But Dean never says anything. He's the quietest guy in the whole world." She was serious and intent. "I wish he would criticize me more. It's like hitting in the dark. But when we get this straightened out, I'll do everything in my power not to make the same mistakes again."

She had no intention of filing for divorce, she said. "I feel sure we'll work things out, and I'm very much in love with Dean." And Dean, despite his seemingly impermeable front, could be moved. "I've never said anything. He's the quietest guy in the whole world." She was serious and intent. "I wish he would criticize me more. It's like hitting in the dark. But when we get this straightened out, I'll do everything in my power not to make the same mistakes again."

Despite the fact that, to the general public, their difficulty seemed to come out of a blazing bright sky, those close to them felt it had been building for some time. And in a sense, almost from the night they met, it was expected that their journey would be as bumpy as their pretty blonde model in the blue dress and big picture hat sitting ring-side at the Florida night club where Martin and Lewis were packing them in.

Born Dino Crocetti, ten years before Jeanne, Dean was right out of Damon Runyon. A self-made success, he is the son of a barber in Steubenville, Ohio, and he'd gotten a start in show business for some local town gamblers who bet on him. He'd been a boxer, he'd cut his first note as a crooning croupier, and he sang and plugged his way up to the championships. Jeanne, a model, petite and curvaceous, and with big blue eyes, was the Queen of the Orange Bowl, the glamour darling of her own collegiate crew-cut crowd.

And this, as Jeanne once said, seemed to be part of her attraction for him. "Dean liked the fact that I hadn't been around. That I wasn't of show business. I was the 'troubled youth' Dean never had."

And Jeanne herself? She fell like a Miami moll for the handsome baritone. As one close friend says, "Dean's the kind of guy who wants to be married—but who should remain a bachelor."

But for all the $2,000,000 Dean makes a year, to long-time friends he hasn't spent a thoroughly happy time. As one close friend says, "I think Dean feels he's kind of a guest in the house."

It's been no secret that Jeanne, on the other hand, has felt she's been excluded from the social and professional circle, closing in from every direction. At times, when he feels himself almost smothered by them, he's been heard to remark that he might "deal" with some of them. As one close friend says, "I didn't have these problems there."

Tampax is the kind of monthly sanitary protection that does appeal to millions of modern, progressive American women... that's to be expected. But all those other women...ruled more firmly by tradition...what's the secret of its success there?

Well, what could be more traditional than for a lady to be ladylike...dainty...feminine? With Tampax you can feel serene, perfectly poised, on "those difficult days." For Tampax does away with bulky, external pads...does away with chafing and irritation...even prevents odor from forming. Worn internally, there are no belt-lines or ridge-lines to "show."

Doctor-invented Tampax is made of pure white surgical cotton in throw-away applicators. Your hands need never touch the Tampax. And it's so small a month's supply fits in your purse.

Join the millions who get easily disposable Tampax regularly. It's on sale at drug and notion counters everywhere. Three absorbencies: Regular, Super or Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.

(Continued from page 31)
why look for pennies

from heaven...

when panties of
Spin-co
are still only about

$0.90

* Sizes full-cut for comfort
* Always nice next to your skin...never clingy or clammy
* Dry quickly... never need ironing
* Wear superbly... come in your favorite pantie style

Extra sizes slightly higher; brief styles slightly lower.

Spin-co
RAYON FABRIC

INDUSTRIAL RAYON FABRIC, Cleveland, Ohio
Producers of Continuous Process Rayon Yarns and ©Tyrone Cord for Tires
REMARKABLE FACIAL TREATMENT

FOR 4 PROBLEMS OF "YOUNG SKIN"

So often the oil glands of "young skin" suddenly become overactive. At the same time, the skin turns sluggish. It fails to throw off the daily accumulation of dead skin cells. Day by day, these tiny dead flakes build up into a layer over the pore openings. Then—there's trouble ahead. Enlarged pores and even blackheads are on the way.

Now—the makers of famous Pond's Creams recommend a special treatment for these four major problems: oiliness, sluggishness, enlarged pores and blackheads. It takes only one minute—and it works!

"Restyle your complexion! Make it clearer, brighter, softer!"

Cover your face, except eyes, with a cool, snowy 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave the greaseless Mask on one full minute. The Cream's "keratolytic" action loosens stubborn, clinging, dead skin cells. **Actually dissolves them off!** Frees the tiny openings of your skin glands so they can function normally again.

Now—after just 60 seconds—tissue off clean. See how tingle fresh your skin feels! How much smoother, brighter, and cleaner it looks!

Don't "stifle" your skin under a heavy make-up! A light greaseless powder base of Pond's Vanishing Cream is sheer flattery!

(Continued from page 47)

"Maybe in a year or two, I do believe that Paris will be there for a loooong time to come!"

Just now Debbie is interested in planning the apartment house. She says she'll surely have one of the jewels for her wedding.

"I hate to be alone, but I need some place to keep my clothes and to spread out. However, since my parents will live in another apartment, I'll still be close to home, and it won't be living alone at all. I love my parents and just because I'm twenty-one doesn't seem to be reason enough to fly off somewhere else."

Some people, though, think there's an age when every young boy or girl should break away from home in order to develop independence. Debbie agrees.

"But," says Deb, "it's an individual problem. Some leave earlier than others.

Look at me for example. I've been on my own since I was sixteen, so I've been away from home, my times and children back again. I think my case is different since most kids don't travel as much as I do."

If you're married, however, Debbie thinks living away from your family is best. But again, it's an individual problem."

"Course, I'm not married," says Debbie, "but..."

"Married" being the magic word it is, Debbie's pretty blue eyes sparkle and light up like New Year's Eve.

"But—that doesn't mean I don't have a man in mind. A sort of ideal man, that is. She's got, but got to have at this. Always and humor for sure. For his own protection, cause I'll probably be teasing him 'round the clock. Then he should like sports, because I like sports. And I feel that the more things we have in common, the better off we'll be."

As for his job, I don't care if he's in the picture industry or not. Just doesn't make any dif. He could sell doughnuts as far as I'm concerned. Lastly, he's got to love children, and I do mean love; because I want four!"

There was a time in Debbie's life when romance added up to one R. J. Wagner. According to Deb, this was no longer true.

"Well, I guess you can say we still see each other, but we don't date any more. However, I think R.J.'s a terrific guy. He has a new apartment in the same building with Dan Dailey that he decorated all by himself. I understand it looks fine, too. I think it's great that he can manage so well. Lots of the younger kids have trouble handling their finances, and when they get off by themselves too much is expected of them. They go overboard financially."

"Not R.J. He's got a good head on his shoulders. I think he got it from his dad. I know that if there is any of the bank's loot left after we build the apartment house, I'm going to ask Mr. Wagner to help me invest it in some good old-fashioned solid-jewelry."

Besides the financial advantage of sharing the new apartment house with her parents, Debbie feels that her family is good for her. They help keep her feet on the ground.

"In fact, they're always on my back," is Debbie's lament. "Recently I had a still picture of me that I thought was terrific. I was only the first thing I really liked. It actually made me look beautiful, all eyes and everything. So I took it home on my birthday and showed it to everyone there. And what do you think? Nice picture, huh? I said."

"Well, yes, it's nice, very pretty, but it doesn't look like you," they say.

"Oh, no?" says I. "Well, who, just exactly who, does it look like? It looks more like me than like anybody else I can think of."

"Oh, sure, sure," they say, and then comes the punch line, "but it just too pretty, Debbie, to be you. It just must be somebody else!"

"So you think that keeps me steady on my feet, do you? I'll have to have to a hundred years old before they'll say anything flattering. Even being twenty-one doesn't make any difference. At least not to me."

There's more than just a flattering influence in Debbie's relations with her parents. The emotional bonds that tie Debbie to her family are strong.

I've heard it said, of course, that girls, for example, have always been two of the nicest days in the year to Deb. But when she made the Korean trip she had to give up this festal holiday time at home.

Debbie returned home to she returned with her four boxes full of presents that she was surprised to find the Christmas tree still standing, lights burning like fire. Debbie's parents, like all other children, were all thrilled, a father, and friends still unwarped and waiting patiently for her under the tree. It's lucky the tinsel glistered the way it did because it kept the tearful gleam of happiness on Debbie's face from being so obvious. No, Debbie's found, you don't have to be twenty-one to be sentimental. Twenty-one or ninety-one she hopes it never changes.

But it's known that Debbie and laugh-talker walk hand in hand. She can't stand being damped-eyed for long, so she broke open her four "trunks from Califay" and luego her family's presents. First, came for Mother; beaded purse for sister-in-law, Joyce; baby niece, Gall, got a fur-lined vest but decided not to wear it."

"For no good reason at all," says Deb. "Except to make me feel like life lined, fur-lined, mind you, vest! But she turned up her cute lil nose at it."

Then it was Debbie's turn to open gifts. First was the present from her kids, a pair of pearl bracelets that joined to make a charming choker.

"It's real elegant," boasts Deb. "I think pearls are in such good taste, because then it looks less loud or obvious. Not that I'd throw away diamonds. I mean, not completely..."

In addition, one of Debbie's neighbors made her a pair of lounging pajamas and her parents, after much hinting, gave her a bowling bag with a plaid carrying bag.

"Mad, absolutely mad," says Deb. "Those p's are all pretty crazy. And the plaid bag, well, really, it's just the last word. I go onto the lanes, and you'd think I was driving a solid gold Cadillac! Let me tell you, we had a ball. Our own special December 25th smack in the midst of January."

The warm secure feeling that Debbie gets from this wonderful family of hers is something she never wants to change. She will never let her being twenty-one pull her away from it.

"In fact," she says, "I couldn't think of celebrating my twenty-first birthday without the family. We had our own special party again. A lot of laughs, the wonderful enchiladas Mom makes, and gag gifts."

"The thrill was the family's serious gift, a watch. I've always wanted! It was the nicest birthday I've ever had, not because I was twenty-one but because we were all together again!"

Debbie said her mother was the only one who gave them any trouble. Though her brother Bill came all the way from Korea, and Dad stayed home from work, mother had to push to find time in her busy schedule. Monday, it seems, is her
day at the Girl Scouts; Tuesday she goes to sewing class; Thursday it's the Red Cross; Friday it's another patriotic project.

"Lucky the first was on a Wednesday," laughed Deb, "or we wouldn't have had any enchiladas!"

Since Debbie has returned from Korea, she has spent most of her free time at the studio trying to catch up on both her work and the pictures she missed. She finished "I Love Melvin" and "Give a Girl a Break" before leaving.

"That's something else that will never change," she says. "I could be twenty-one or seventy-one and I'd still see every movie I could. I saw two Technicolor pics in one afternoon, and when I came out into the dusk, everything was three shades of red and green. I was color blind!"

In addition to the pictures, Debbie works overtime trying to keep up with the run-away-train-of-a-job that's hers.

"When I started in this business," says Debbie, "I was strictly a no-talent kid" (this is Debbie's opinion), "so I had to hustle. I studied and studied hard. Dancing, singing, acting, and I've never quit studying. But I've got a goal in mind and I'm going to keep working toward it until I get it or it gets me. This being twenty-one isn't going to change that, either!"

Debbie, who can sing, dance, and act, longs to be a comedienne. A real, slick comedienne, complete with pie in the face and pratfalls. "Strictly no dignity stuff!"

"But everytime I latch on to a role that I think will lend itself to these indiscretions, I get the same answer. 'You can't do that! You're a girl!'"

"I should hope to tell you, and it's real observing of them to see this. But what they don't seem to realize is that a girl is better equipped for this sort of thing— if you know what I mean."

"Come to think of it, and along this line, maybe, maybe there's one little change that could be made now that I'm of age. Like giving up my chocolate malts with strawberry ice cream. A gal could gain an inch or two if she doesn't watch out. But otherwise, I'm strictly a 'no-change' gal."

Those who know her best, know Debbie means it when she says something. So don't expect twenty-one to reveal a new Debbie Reynolds.

"Gosh," laughs Debbie, "I hardly know the old Debbie Reynolds yet myself. Give me another few years—say twenty-one more—to change my ways of living. That oughta do it!"

It might do it at that. But change can't improve the Debbie who's twenty-one. And a happy birthday to you. The End

STOP cooking the same old HUMDRUM MEALS

Now there is no need to serve your family the same old tiresome dishes day after day. For, with the aid of the new Magic Cook Book, you can put sparkle and variety into every meal. And you needn't strain your budget either.

The Magic Cook Book is different from the usual cook book. Its luscious recipes were gathered from every section of the country by the Food Editors of True Story Magazine. The result is the most thrilling collection of mouth-watering dishes you could ever hope for.

Even Beginners Can Cook Taste-Tingling Dishes

Now, from this selection of over 1500 exciting recipes you can serve your family a tremendous variety of palate-stirring dishes. And as the recipes in this unusual cook book are described in the step-by-step style, you just can't go wrong when you follow these easy instructions. Even beginners can prepare scrumptious meals—at the very first attempt

PARTIAL CONTENTS
Sections on: Cookies · desserts · frostings · cakes · pies · meats · fish · sauces · poultry · salads · eggs · and cheese dishes · beverages · breads · fruits · charts and cooking table · serving · canning · menus · Illustrated · Washable cover

This giant 500 page book contains more than exciting recipes. It is a complete storehouse of cooking information. It brings you important facts on nutrition · special sick room diets · suggestions on cooking for two · new ways to use packaged mixes · rules for table setting and service · and numerous other kitchen aids.

In addition to its many other remarkable features, this book is packed with money-saving ideas. It shows you how to get top nutritional value out of every dollar you spend on food. Here, also, are new ways to prepare low-cost dishes—also, simple ways to make inexpensive cuts of meat appetizing and attractive. Get this remarkable book at once and thrill your family and your friends with your new found culinary skill.

Low, Low Price
The price of this giant 500-page beautifully illustrated book is only $2.98, postpaid—and it is sold on a money-back, if not satisfied, basis. You cannot lose—order copies of this wonderful book for yourself—and as gifts for your friends—today.
Sometimes, I would stop in the middle of these practical discussions and ask myself:

"Is all this real? Can it be happening to me?" It seems fantastic. The pretty, blond girl, Shelley could meet a man and fall in love with him on the second date; walk out of the elevator in the Hotel Excelsior in Rome and see him standing there in the lobby waiting for her and tell herself, "This is the fellow you're going to marry.

When I was a kid, I was always making up wonderful stories like this. I would make-believe and much that finally I'd forget I'd made it up at bell-around home. There was room in my life for a lot of make-believing then. In school in Brooklyn, I had a crush on the husky, red-headed capt-ain of the basketball team, but he wouldn't even look at me. No wonder! I had buck teeth, straggly blonde hair and skinny knees. But I made-believe he was my steady anyway. I told the other girls he was taking me to the prom—and hoped silently that one of us would drop dead before the night came. When it did come, my mother argued a friend of ours into taking me and I put up a gay appearance in home-made gold evening gown.

The next year, I was wearing slinky dresses, dangling a long cigarette-holder and making-believe that I was an English girl. I lived in the real world. In the neighborhood would gladly have told you that movies would never be for me. Hollywood agreed when I first came here. I just didn't fit in. But I got a contract and stayed precisely because I wasn't like anybody else—Rita Hayworth, Betty Grable, or anybody. Even then, I had the feeling that any minute somebody would tap me on the shoulder. Unfor-tunately, whenever a discussion of ours is reported in print you'd think war had broken out in Hollywood. Vittorio says our discussions are proof that we'll never be bored with each other—and he says, "That is good."

Because of its exclusive patented spring action, Gayla HOLD-BOB glides into your hair and holds gently but more securely than any other pin. Be a Gayla Girl—use the Bobby pin the Powers models use.

The Man I Married

Sometimes, it would stop in the middle of these practical discussions and ask myself:

"Is all this real? Can it be happening to me?" It seems fantastic. The pretty, blond girl, Shelley could meet a man and fall in love with him on the second date; walk out of the elevator in the Hotel Excelsior in Rome and see him standing there in the lobby waiting for her and tell herself, "This is the fellow you're going to marry.

When I was a kid, I was always making up wonderful stories like this. I would make-believe and much that finally I'd forget I'd made it up at bell-around home. There was room in my life for a lot of make-believing then. In school in Brooklyn, I had a crush on the husky, red-headed capt-ain of the basketball team, but he wouldn't even look at me. No wonder! I had buck teeth, straggly blonde hair and skinny knees. But I made-believe he was my steady anyway. I told the other girls he was taking me to the prom—and hoped silently that one of us would drop dead before the night came. When it did come, my mother argued a friend of ours into taking me and I put up a gay appearance in home-made gold evening gown.

The next year, I was wearing slinky dresses, dangling a long cigarette-holder and making-believe that I was an English girl. I lived in the real world. In the neighborhood would gladly have told you that movies would never be for me. Hollywood agreed when I first came here. I just didn't fit in. But I got a contract and stayed precisely because I wasn't like anybody else—Rita Hayworth, Betty Grable, or anybody. Even then, I had the feeling that any minute somebody would tap me on the shoulder. Unfortu-nately, whenever a discussion of ours is reported in print you'd think war had broken out in Hollywood. Vittorio says our discussions are proof that we'll never be bored with each other—and he says, "That is good."

By temperament, surprisingly enough for one with even half-Latin blood, my hus-band is easy-going, very easy-going. When he does get mad, he just clams up, and sometimes it's three days before I can find out what's been bothering him. Gossip columns don't bother him at all—unless they upset him, then he calms me down, reminding me that there are more important things in life.

Although Vittorio enjoys working in American motion pictures, the theatre is still his first love. That accounts for the unusual stipulation in his M-G-M contract permitting him to spend six months of every year in Italy. He wants to continue his work as star and producer of classics staged by the Italian Repertory Theatre, backed by his government.

My husband is thoroughly conscientious about this project. So, the actors in the Italian company read about all the movies planned for him in Hollywood and wrote him that they guessed they'd better look for a new director. "Vittorio, don't renew your American contract for another year," they wrote. "You've proved your sincerity by producing four plays in five months in Italy. "Hamlet" and "Othello" were staged at the Teatro Valle—will we see them next season?"

Wherever he is, Vittorio reads constantly—that is, when he isn't translating plays from one language into another, or writing letters to friends all over the world; or working on a novel. As for me, I've been reading every book that's ever been written.
became
couldn't
everything.

It gently

like

better

guess.

baby.

\[\text{Vittorio still prefers spaghetti, and I can cook it in eighteen variations now. I've always liked to cook, but keeping house is something else. Mine is the free-throws approach, pitching clothes and articles where I can pick them up again most easily. Vittorio's no help around the house, either; he can't ever find anything. He's sort of absent-minded.}

\[\text{To relax at home, he loves T-shirts and slacks, but when the occasion demands, he dresses very well and very conservatively. He won't go shopping with me any more. I took him shopping one day, and he's had it now. He just phones the store and says, 'Send the blue ones.' I can't even get him into an American barbershop. He still prefers an Italian haircut. As for my own hairdo, he says it's cut 'like a chrysanthere-mum.' Yep, he can pronounce it!}

But the American institution of the television commercial is too much for him. Finally, it made him mad. Every time he switched on the TV set there was somebody looking delightedly into a refrigerator. We went window-shopping while I was visiting him on location in Mexico, and we stopped cold by a big cut-out in a store window, showing a man and a woman inspecting the latest model, with a sign near-by saying "International Artists Prefer—Refrigerators." "Oh no!" groaned Vittorio. Even I couldn't believe it for a minute. The girl cut-out looking rap-tily into a refrigerator in a Mexican store window was me!

But we have sentiment as well as comic memories of Mexico. We were mar-

ried in Juarez. Since the extent of my Spanish is "Si," I haven't the faintest idea what vows I made, except that I must have automatically agreed to everything. I don't know whether the word "obey" is included in the ceremony there, but I wouldn't be surprised if I said "Si" to that, too. I don't mean that Vittorio's the boss. It's just that I respect his opinions (I keep telling myself).

I've changed in many ways since we first met. With marriage, I found you must remember you're speaking for two, accept-

ing for two, rejecting for two. By the time I had this firmly in mind, I was speaking for three. One of my biggest faults has always been that I couldn't say "No" to an invitation from friends. Before I thought, I'd say "Yes." Vittorio couldn't understand this. "You should say, I'll think about it," or 'I'll talk it over with my husband," he kept telling me. "Then we'll discuss it, and you can call them back." He's very wise, as it turned out. If he hadn't given me this advice, I'd already have had us booked through 1954.

I guess your whole sense of values changes with marriage anyway. At least, mine has. I think I'll even be a better actress because of it; I'll be more relaxed, more . . . sympathetic. My philosophy of living has become more like Vittorio's. He was used to living a quieter life than I was, but I like it, I've found. And I was so sick with the "virus" and with other more natural disturbances during my preg-

nancy that I didn't feel much like going out anyway. With today's medical mir-

acles, you'd think somebody would find an easier way to leave a baby!

Strangely enough, I don't miss the festive life any more. I spent some of the saddest and loneliest nights of my life in night clubs along the Sunset Strip. A year ago, I'd have gotten hysterical if I missed a big Hollywood party. Now my feeling is one of relief—that I can spend another quiet evening at home.

To my own surprise, I found myself saying, "Well, no, I really don't." And I meant it!

I'm beginning to adapt my husband's more relaxed and fatalistic philosophy. If I miss a picture that I've been anxious to do—I'll live. I had three offers for good pictures the week after I found out I was going to have a baby. One of them, with Richard Widmark at Twentieth Century-Fox, was a strong part, written for me. But I wor-

ried about it. It was a strenuous role that called for getting roughed up a bit. Vittorio's reasoning was right, as usual: "Do you think this part is another 'Place in the Sun?' Is it that good? Would it get you an Academy Award?"

"No, I had to say, "It's good, but it isn't that kind of a part."

"Well then, why do it?" For the life of me, I couldn't think of one reason why.

If my career should ever really clash with my marriage, there's no doubt in my mind about what I would do. I couldn't be suspended by the studio any more often in the future than I have been in the past And I know now I'd rather be a happy housewife than a success' lower star.

It's not that I like Shelley less, but that I love Vittorio more.

\[\text{**The ENI**}

---

**100% Mild Palmolive Soap Helps You Guard that Schoolgirl Complexion Look!**

Palmolive's Beauty Plan Is Far Better For Your Skin Than "Just Average Care" With Any Leading Toilet Soap!

Yes, Softer, Smoother, Brighter Skin—that Schoolgirl Complexion Look—most women can have it. 36 days proved it in actual tests on 1283 women. What's more, these doctors found that Palmolive's Beauty Plan Is unquestionably better for your skin than "just average care" with any leading toilet soap.

So don't lose another day! Change today to Palmolive's Beauty Plan . . . gently massage Palmolive's 100% mild, pure lather onto your skin for 60 seconds, 3 times a day. Rinse with warm water, splash with cold and pat dry. In 14 days or less, you can have softer, smoother, brighter skin. Yes, Palmolive brings out beauty while it cleans your skin!

*No therapeutic claim is made for the chlorophyll.

---

**Nature's Chlorophyll**

Is In Every Cake Of Palmolive Soap . . . That's What Makes Palmolive Green!

---

**100% MILD! DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE BRINGS OUT BEAUTY WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR SKIN!**
NEW!

TWO-IN-ONE TALC!

1. It's a deodorant!
2. It's a refreshing body powder!

April Showers
DEODORANT TALC

Now! Discover for yourself this wonderful "two-in-one" talc that gives you all-day deodorant protection — and, at the same time, keeps skin soft and smooth — fresh as April Showers — all over. Family size, 50¢

FAVORITE WITH BOTH MEN AND WOMEN

"A/S"

STICK DEODORANT

So easy to apply . . . glides over the skin!

This "Always Safe, Always Sure" deodorant gives sure, lasting protection. In solid-stick form — wonderful for traveling — not a chance of dripping, staining! 75¢. Prices plus tax.

by CHERAMY
PERFUMER

HERE'S WHERE YOU CAN BUY THE
PHOTOPLAY WONDER-WARDROBE
(For store nearer you, write direct to manufacturer)

DORIS DODSON TRAVEL OUTFIT:
Los Angeles, Cal.: J. W. Robinson Co., or write: Doris Dodson, 1110 Washington Ave., St. Louis 1, Mo.

KORDAY SEPARATES:
New York, N. Y.: Bloomingdale's or write: Korday Sportswear, 1385 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

ART-MOR SEPARATES:
write: Art-Mor Togs, 142 West 36th St., New York, N. Y.

CORNIBERT BLOUSE:
Boston, Mass.: Filene's or write: Cornibert, Inc., 43 West 36th St., New York, N. Y.

RICHARD ENGLANDER HAT:
write: Richard Englander, 64 West 36th St., New York, N. Y.

A. S. BECK SHOES:
at all A. S. Beck stores or write: A. S. Beck, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y.

SIBULKIN SHOES:
at all Leeds, Burt, Baker shoe stores or write: M. Sibulkin Shoe Co., Manchester, N. H.

SANDLER OF BOSTON PLAY SHOES:
Philadelphia, Pa.: Gimbel's St. Louis, Mo.: Famous-Barr or write: Sandler of Boston, 47 West 34th St., New York, N. Y.

CANNON MILLS HOSIERY:
at better specialty shops

GLENTEX SCARF:
Boston, Mass.: Filene's or write: Glen Tex Corp., 417 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

SPEYER BELT:
St. Louis, Mo.: Stix, Baer & Fuller or write: Frank Speyer & Co., Inc., 16 W. 32nd St., New York, N. Y.

DOWNELLE GLOVES:
New York, N. Y.: Saks 34th Street or write: Dowlelle, Inc., 16 E. 34th St., New York, N. Y.

HANDBAGS:
(Jay-Beau, Licht & Kaplan, F. L. Novelty) for all, write to: Fred Gold, 10 W. 33rd St., New York, N. Y.

JEWELRY BY CORO:
Boston, Mass.: Filene's New York, N. Y.: Saks 34th Street or write: Coro, Inc., 47 West 34th St., New York, N. Y.

NYLAST:
at all drug and department stores

AMERICAN OPTICAL SUNGLASSES:
New York, N. Y.: Saks 34th Street or write: American Optical Co., 155 E. 44th St., New York, N. Y.

BROWNIE HAWKEYE CAMERA:
at all camera dealers

SAMSONITE LUGGAGE:
New York, New York: Gimbel's or write: Shwayder Bros., Inc., 629 Grove St., Jersey City, N. J.

WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITES?
Send in your votes for the stars you want to see in Photoplay

In color I want to see:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ACTOR:</th>
<th>ACTRESS:</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>(1)</td>
<td>(1)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(2)</td>
<td>(2)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

I want to read stories about

| (1)    | (3)     |
| (2)    | (4)     |

The features I like best in this issue of Photoplay are:

| (1)    | (4)     |
| (2)    | (5)     |
| (3)    | (6)     |

NAME: ________________________

ADDRESS: ________________________

AGE: ________

Send this ballot to Readers' Poll Editor, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, N. Y. 17, N. Y.
and just a two-hour sail to tropic Catalina Island, where you will view deep-sea life from the famous glass-bottom boats.

PLANNING YOUR VACATION ahead! It's important if you want to cram every minute of your stay to the brim. Write to the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce for interesting, informative literature and lists of hotels and restaurants; to the All-Year Club Free Visitors' Bureau, 517 West Sixth Street, Los Angeles, to get your free copy of a Los Angeles street map and a copy of "Here's Glamourland."

HAPPY HOLIDAY! See you in Hollywood!

Monthly Distress relieved FAST with CHI-CHESTERS — OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Now you can get faster, longer lasting relief from monthly distress, the headache, neuralgia, cramps, etc. 8 out of 10 women found relief with the new Formula Morning Wake-up. Compliments of Dr. S. W. WELD, 80. Your 50c refund if not satisfied. Exchange if desired. Many other clothing bargains for entire family.

DEEZERED 10 FOR $4.95

The biggest bargains we have ever offered. Prices, designs, styles appealing to every taste. Sizes 10 to 16. Satisfaction guaranteed. These dresses were worth up to $150 but are now offered here at $4.95, your 50c refunded if not satisfied. Exchange if desired. Many other clothing bargains for entire family.

U-S MAIL BRINGS FREE CATALOG Allied Mail Order Co., Inc., Dept. 116-D 102 Christopher Ave., Brooklyn 12, N. Y.

Monthly Distress relieved FAST with CHI-CHESTER

— OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Now you can get faster, longer lasting relief from monthly distress, the headache, neuralgia, cramps, etc. 8 out of 10 women found relief with the new Formula Morning Wake-up. Compliments of Dr. S. W. WELD, Jr. Your 50c refunded if not satisfied. Exchange if desired. Get the 50c Purse Pak from your druggist. Economy savings of $1.15 and $2.25. Will mail direct if druggist does not stock.

Bachelor on a Budget

Continued from page 43

right over in my love—and with an okay—where—is it approach. But the landlord was in no hurry!"

“What can I do for you, son?” he asked.

With a quick eye, Bob surveyed the white stakes building. He kept wondering where the landlord was, and he soon

found it was a corner apartment, and said he understood there was a vacancy. Adding, "Have you rented it yet?

The landlord just kept eyeing him. "Do you go to school?" he asked.

"No, I work," Bob explained.

"What do you do?"

"I’m working at Twentieth Century-Fox," said Bob, and noting the door was a little wider, quickly got a toe-hold inside. "Until then it was just the front doorstop," he grins.

Inside, the landlord went back to work, keeping one eye on the bedroom wall and the other wary one on Bob. "Right away, I knew I liked it," Bob says now. First, he noticed the fireplace. Then a large front room. The large bedroom. The large living room. Well, it looked large, then. The living room, he noted, would be great with his mother’s cocones drapes, if he could get there. There was also a closet in the living room where he could put a roll-away bed. "I could see all the possibilities in it. Which was more than the other fellow could see in me."

"How much is it?" Bob asked finally, still pacing it off.

But it was higher than Bob could go. He began selling a little harder, even indulging in a little name-dropping momentarily that a friend of his, Dan Dailey, had an apartment there. "Dan’s a nice guy," the man commented, thawing a little. "And about that time, as though on cue, Dan asked, 'How fast. I'm a dancer. But I'm a dud at dinner. I really get fouled up.'

This he discovered the night he chris-

tened the kitchen, making dinner for one, believing in all fairness that he should be spending the same amount of time, effort and money just as he would if he were to have the whole family together. But a happy, happy, happy rehearsal anyway. He would just follow the book and really let himself go. Two hours later, he decided he would have been happier.

His menu: steak and baked potatoes, seemed simple enough on the surface. "I got the cookbook Jeff gave me and opened it at 'How to Bake a Potato.' It gives all the steps needed. I always do the whole procedure. Just follow the pictures."

He followed instructions faithfully. "But forty-five minutes later... nothing. The potatoes were still hard as rocks. I must have underestimated the temperature—of me pre-heating the oven."

As for the pan-fried steak, "There were illustrations for this too, but I smoked the whole place out first. Finally I decided to heat up some enchiladas I had found in the frozen-food department at the store."

Then more happily, "But I’ve found a wonderful deal now. There’s a place called 'The Casserole' where they deliver barbecued chicken dinners and such with all the trimmings. It's real great," he says enthusiastically.

Bob, Wag's "sense of truth," his ability to adjust, his eagerness to learn—and his eagerness to accept what others have learned—have helped immensurably in adjusting to the drearier details. His natural friendliness encourages in others the desire to help him.

For instance, a new friend of his who works in a cleaning shop close by, comes over once a week, goes through the apartment, helps with all that needs cleaning and pressing and takes full responsibility for it

Bob took a two-year lease on the apartment. Coincidently with moving day, he started working with Barbara Stanwyck and Clifton Webb in 'Titanic'—which seemed descriptive of his personal chores at that time. "I had to move everything: my clothes, furniture, records, books, the works. We'd just started the picture, and I'd been working four straight weeks already on another with no time off to pack. Things were really crazy. But when you have to move, you do."

You move. Fortunately, his parents hadn't gone yet and Bob could have the help of a very willing accomplice, his mother's maid, Vera. She was a big help, too—in purloining as much "lout" as possible from the family home and setting it in Bob's new quarters.

"Vera really stripped the place of everything she could find for me," Bob grins now. "She would have given me the whole job, if we could have gotten away with it. She swiped all my father's cigarettes—and was my mother surprised when she saw her best frying pan take off?"

A van moved all the furnishings Bob and Vera couldn't manage. When the movers didn't deliver him a statement he kept wondering about it, until Dan Dailey hailed him at the studio one day. "Look, I believe in being helpful. But here, pay your own way. And before Bob discovered the van company had sent the bill for thirty dollars to Dan's apartment.

Bob's new quarters, hectic as the whole operation has been, are in very good taste. The living room walls of desert-beige and the matching carpet, the mahogany-frame couch "the landlady left for me," harmonize beautifully with his mother's best cocoa-colored drapes.

The dining room was already done in blue, with small-priced wallpaper and made a very acceptable background for the blond oak dining set Bob's folks contributed.

"I had my own bedroom furniture. And Dad had a lot of football stuff: trophies, pictures and such. He's a fan of the Detroit Tigers—which help take care of the mantel." Which Bob further decorated with a large framed portrait of his dad and mom and himself—to make it feel more like home. "Of course I still have some shopping to do. I want a radio-phonograph, and I need a couple of pictures here and there."

The whole room in blue and white too, and Jeffrey Hunter provided the most necessary item to furnish it—"A Wolf In Chef's Clothing," a very well-illustrated cookbook. As Bob puts it frankly, "I'm not much of a whiz at making breakfast. But I'm a dud at dinner. I really get fouled up."
Is there now a

"WONDER DRUG" FOR PIMPLES?

A report to everyone who has pimpls now or who may be afflicted with them from time to time.

This report reveals for the first time, the extent to which the problem of the acne-type pimple has shared in the many recent triumphs of modern medical research.

NEW SCIENTIFIC ADVANCE. Two years ago, an entirely new type of medication, especially developed for pimply, was made available under the name CLEARASIL. Its formula was perfected by an eminent research scientist working with leading skin specialists.

CLINICAL TESTS by skin specialists were conducted on 202 patients. Of this number, 9 out of 10 were cleaned up or definitely improved.

Over-activity of certain oil glands is recognized as a major factor in acne. CLEARASIL actually "starves" pimply because it helps remove the oils that pimply feed on.

SKIN-COLORED to hide pimply. CLEARASIL is compounded in a delicate flesh tint so that it hides pimply while it helps dry them up. Newsless, stainless... pleasant to use.

In the two years since CLEARASIL was first introduced, it has proved so effective that more boys, girls, adults use CLEARASIL than any other specific medication for pimply. GUARANTEED to work for you or money back. 50¢. At all drugstores.

Special Offer: Send name, address, and 15¢ in coupon or stamps for generous two weeks trial size. Estaco. Inc., Box 1211, White Plains, N. Y. Offer expires June 10, 1953.

*According to actual data and reports.

---

For Exciting Listening

Don't Miss

"THE ADVENTURER"

Starring

Burgess Meredith

ABC RADIO NETWORK

Every Sunday at 9:30 P.M. ET

(CEck your local newspaper for radio listings.)

DOLLARS!

At Your Fingertips!

No investment necessary! You need no previous experience! We furnish materials. All you have to do is handle orders for us—on your own time!

Represent us in your community. Help your friends and neighbors by handling their magazine subscription orders for them. Write us today without delay and let us tell you how easy it is. U. S. A. sales only. Address:

Macfadden Publications, Inc.
Box 55, Dept. PS-53
205 E. 42nd Street
New York 17, N. Y.
Darling, Wish You Were Here . . .

(Continued from page 51)

"Now there's nothing to worry about," Barbara said as she kissed her husband goodbye. "I'm fine, the baby's fine. You're all set to go to work with a free mind. No more worrying." Before he took off from New York, he phoned. "I'll remember everything," he told Barbara. "And I'll make plenty of notes so you and I can repeat this adventure story by Jeff. And don't you worry about me," he said. "Everything is fine."

This was only partly true. Jeff had the scare of one man's life when the London-bound plane developed engine trouble shortly after it had taken off from Gander, Newfoundland, headed into the trackless skies above the steel-gray Atlantic. The pilot swung around and returned to Gander where, nine hours later, it was believed that essential engine repairs had been completed. Jeff cabled Barbara to explain the delay, which was a good thing because Jeff's mother (in Milwaukee) waited two hours after the plane was to have arrived in London, then telephoned Barbara in Hollywood to ask whether all was well.

Little did either of the waiting women realize that when the plane was finally taxied out for take-off, the pilot didn't like the sound of the engine and returned to the airport for further repairs. As advertised, though, London eventually shone out like a pearl. They might not walk in the mist, and the steady lights of city traffic moving busily in the wrong direction. Jeff wrote to Barbara: "Dearest Barby. You and I will descend on London at this same hour some evening, and you'll say —just as I thought—'But everything is flowing against the tide.' We'll see the great gray snake of the Thames curled under its storied bridges, and you'll say, 'Saw it, it's falling down, no matter what we used to sing about London Bridge when we were children.'"

Jeff was met by Twentieth's British representatives and whisked from airport to town with one stop—at a pub to give Jeff his first glimpse of one of England's most famous institutions. It was here that Jeff spotted an object that excited his covetousness. It was, he wrote to Barbara that night, entirely unique. "Exactly the sort of conversation piece we'll need for the den we're going to have in our house some day."

This affair consisted of a solid brass box about ten inches long, six inches wide, and five inches deep. The top lid was divided into two sections. In one section there was a coin slit large enough to take a copper English penny (about the size of our half-dollar). In order to work the mechanism, one deposited two pennies, pushed a plunger which in turn unlocked and opened the second lid section. In days gone by, this was used in pubs as a cigar dispenser, a portable forerunner of today's American cigarette vending machines.

"I don't know how to go about getting one of these gadgets for us, but I'll find out somehow. You'll get a kick out of it . . ." wrote the man who was reminded of his home by everything he saw.

He also wrote: "P. S. I'm getting better about picking up my clothes and hanging them on hangers. No more shirts over the backs of chairs. No more trousers flung into the theatre. I think untidiness would horrify the maid in this posh hotel (yeah, 'posh' is the British for 'swell'), but what is really important is that I'm trying to please you even at a distance of six thousand miles. I don't intend to turn our home into a seven-room clothes closet!"

Whenever possible, Jeff saw one of the plays current in London. He saw Flora Robson and Jeremy Spencer "who were terrifyingly good, even during a Saturday matinee of 'The Innocents.' He saw the Lunts in a "talky, intensely delightful" play entitled 'Quadrille.' He brought his dreams for himself and Barbara up to date by writing, "I still think the time will come when you and I will be able to do a play together. Maybe it will be 'little theatre,' but it's so important to us that it will have to come true. I think the Lunts have the perfect life for an acting team. Probably every husband and wife in the theatre think of the Lunts pattern wistfully, but perhaps you and I might have the luck to follow in their footsteps in a minor sort of way."

Jeff managed to get to Paris over one weekend at a distance of four thousand miles. He wrote to Barbara—"Darling, Paris is incredible. Nothing one has read about it quite prepares the

**Zonitors**

(Vaginal Suppositories)

**FREE!**

Send coupon for new book revealing all about these intimate physical facts.

Zonitors Dept. ZPP-53, 100 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y.

Name:  
Address:  
City:  
State:  
*Offer good only in the U.S. and Canada

**NEW! Zonitors Now Packaged Two Ways**

☑ Individually foil-wrapped, or
☑ In separate glass vials

**Hear no evil**

**See no evil**

**Speak no evil**

Three shots ring out in the gloom of dusk. The cartridges are the only clue to the killers of the person who will hear, see and speak no more. This and similar problems confront police every Sunday on the exciting, factual "True Detective Mysteries" radio program. Listen! YOU MAY WIN **$1,000.00 REWARD**

for information leading to the arrest of a fugitive criminal named and described on the program. Hear the details about this $1,000.00 reward on "True Detective Mysteries" every Sunday afternoon on 527 Mutual Stations.

Don't miss—"THE FBI AND THE HATCHET SLAYER"—traveled from Detroit to Miami. In May "True Detective" on sale now.
stop pain instantly
COMBAT INFECTION
PROMOTE HEALING
WITH SOOTHING
Campho-Phenique
(PrONUNCED CAM-FO-FIN-EEK)

USE IT FOR
FEVER BLISTERS
COLD SORES, GUM BOILS

Not only do fever blisters heal faster, but the same thing happens when Campho-Phenique is used on cold sores, gum boils. Wonderfully soothing too, for minor burns, poison ivy, aching insect bites. And Campho-Phenique is a highly effective, pain-relieving antiseptic for minor cuts and scratches from paring knives, can openers, tin cans, etc.

Used on pimples, Campho-Phenique helps prevent their spread and re-infection.

F R E E P H O T O

LARGE 8 x 10 SIZE
HIGH GRADE STUDIO TYPE PHOTO.
FREE ILLUSTRATED CATALOG AND
SAMPLES OF HISTORIC PICTURE young and
CONFIDENTIAL INFORMATION OF
IMPORTANT PICTURES OF
PHOTOGRAPHS.

STEWART-CROXTON STUDIOS
P. 0. Box 2390, Dept. M.C.G., Hollywood 28, Calif.

MAHLEI'S, INC. Dept. 51-F
PROVIDENCE 15, R. I.

DESTROY UNWANTED HAIR FOREVER
Temporary relief IS NOT enough
keeps RELIEF I S DONE FOREVER, brings relief
and social happiness. Do not use our method until
you have our booklet back carefully, and
then return to see the MAKER METHOD safely and
scientifically, and successfully over thirty years.

SEND ST TODAY FOR BOOKLET | BE READY TO ORDER

PRAYER
Is a Tremendous Mighty Power. Are you facing dificult
Problems? Poor Health? Money or Job Troubles? Love
or Family Troubles? Worried? Drink? Unhappiness
of any kind? Would you like more Happiness, success
and "Good Fortune" in Life? Here is wonderful
NEWS of a remarkable NEW WAY OF PRAYER that
is helping thousands, to glorious NEW happiness
and joy! Just clip this Message now and mail your
name, address and 8p stamp to LIFE-STUDY, FEL-
LOWSHIP, Box 6916, Newton, Conn. We will rush
this wonderful MESSAGE OF PRAYER and
FAITH to you by AIR MAIL absolutely FREE!

Borrow by mail

$50 TO $500.00
CASH IN A HURRY
MAIL TODAY

If you need cash for ANY PURPOSE, you may
Borrow $50 to $500, regardless of your Income, or
— regardless of your Credit.
CONFIDENTIAL service. No Co-Signers! NO
INQUIRY made. All replies are treated as
confidence problems. Solve your money prob-
lems, now! Consolidate old bills! Help what
you need and repay in convenient monthly
installments. No credit report made! Just
complete and mail this coupon today.
AMERICAN LOAN PLAN

Incorporated by the State of Nevada
219 City National Bank Bldg., Omaha 2, Neb.
NAME
ADDRESS
AGE
OCCUPATION
CITY
STATE
YOU PICKED THEM!

Your favorite radio and television stars and shows—chosen in a nationwide vote of listeners—are announced in

MAY RADIO-TV MIRROR

Magazine

at newsstands now

Great Stories!
Great Pictures!

My Brother, Arthur Godfrey
by Kathy Godfrey

LUCY'S NEW BABY

JACKIE GLEASON
BOB HOPE
WARREN HULL
IMOGENE COCA

“PERRY MASON”
“HILLTOP HOUSE”
“OZZIE and HARRIET

Get the Big
AWARDS ISSUE
of
Radio-TV Mirror

Magazine

at newsstands now

got home you and I are going to become students in earnest. We'll spend entire evenings during which we won't allow ourselves to speak to one another except in French. It's a fascinating language; it floats over the ear like music.”

From London, the production company of “Sailor of the King” flew to Malta, Mediterranean base of the British fleet. Jeff, who had read about the valor of Malta's resistance during World War II, was excited about living on the island.

His first impression from plane-approach altitude was that of descending upon a mass of solid rock. As the plane neared the landing field, the rock walls separated and tiny gardens became visible. Then narrow streets winding through storybook villages appeared to wind through a landscape drawn by a child.

Once established, Jeff wrote, “This is a spot to be visited by two people in love. The Mediterranean is as blue as an angel’s eyes, warm, and so clear that you can watch the veiled tropical fish weaving around a thousand feet below the surface.”

He spent some time spear fishing, but most of Jeff's leisure was invested in his future. He prowled the precise little shops for household equipment and bought exquisite handmade lace luncheon sets and aprons for his mother and for Barbara's mother, as well as for the future Hunter home—and toys for the baby.

"Isn't it remarkable," he inquired of Barbara, "to realize that in these days it is possible for a baby, born in California, to grow up with toys bought for him by his father in Malta?"

When the Malta sequences were finished, Jeff made a fast trip by air to Rome and Naples, then back to England where he found that he had accumulated so much merchandise for the Hunter dream house and the Hunter family that he couldn't fly home with it all without bankrupting himself.

He booked passage on the smugstumptuous new United States—fastest ship aloft—cabled Barbara his anticipated arrival time, and dropped onto the bed in his stateroom, exhausted.

He was still catching his breath when a gale which had gradually gained intensity for hours, slammed the mighty liner against the docks, damaging it extensively enough to postpone sailing for twenty hours.

A rough start for the trip by air, a rough finish by sea.

Barbara and Jeff had made arrangements to rendezvous in Chicago on a split-second schedule, then go on to Milwaukee for Christmas with Jeff's parents. As it worked out, Barbara was on her plane, ready to take off from Los Angeles International Airport when her mother, baby-sitting, received the cable from Jeff announcing his late arrival in New York. Mrs. Rush had Barbara paged, gave her the news. “Just so he's safe,” said Barbara. “We have too many plans for anything to go wrong now.”

At the last minute, no one knew at which of Chicago's seven railway terminals Jeff would arrive. Barbara and Jeff's parents picked out the two most logical, considering train schedules, and while Jeff's father met one train, Jeff's mother and Barbara met the other. Barbara's contingent hit the jackpot.

The first thing Jeff said, after that breathless, laughing, crying kiss was, "Oh, honey, I have so much to tell you..."

And so, with the new year bright as a penny in their pockets, they returned to Hollywood, to Christopher. (“Good night!” said Chris's dad. "He looks ready to check out in a football uniform right now at four months of age," and then, with real distress, "But, Honey, he doesn't even know me!") and to a life in which dreams are served with the morning coffee.

But the Hunters say it in French. For French, at the moment, is being spoken in the Hunter household. One must be prepared for a trip to Paris because who knows at what moment such a plan may come true.

That's for sure. Or as the French say, "C'est vrai."
what has happened to her . . . I liked her and hated to see her just disappear . . .

Pat E. Kiger
Washington, D. C.

She retired in 1947 to marry William Moss,
has since been a fulltime wife and mother.—Ed.

Could you please tell me who played Calvin,
the boy whose mother didn’t want him to join
the National Guard in “Thunderbirds”?—

Miriam Fry
Troy, Ohio

That was Ben Cooper. He is under contract
to Republic Pictures.—Ed.

I haven’t seen the picture, “Come Back,
Little Sheba,” but I would like to hear more
about Richard Jaeckel . . . How old is he?
Is he married?

Selma Reese
Bowling Green, Missouri

He was born in Long Beach, New York
10/10/26. He’s married to Antoinette Marches
and they have two children.—Ed.

Dick Jaeckel: Too good to ignore

I would like to know the name of the picture
in which Ava Gardner and Gregory Peck acted
together. The picture was about gambling . . .

Janice Fapson
Dickson City, Pennsylvania

That was M-G-M’s “The Great Sinner.”—Ed.

I would like to learn in which film Marge
and Gower Champion first appeared?

Esen Sel
Istanbul, Turkey

They made their film debuts separately—
Gower, in 1946, in “Fill the Clouds Roll By,”
and Marge, in 1950, in “Mr. Music.”—Ed.

. . . After a movie is shown throughout the
United States and abroad, what happens to
it? . . .

Lois Sheetz
Alexandria, Virginia

Studios keep a master print of each reel in
each film libraries. These are sometimes taken
out for re-release.—Ed.

It is most important that I hear from you.
A fellow just back from Japan and I got
talking about movies . . . and who played in
“State Fair.” He said, among the many stars,
Kathryn Grayson also played in it. I said, “No.”
. . . I know she didn’t, but I want to show him
in black on white.

Mrs. Dolores Trucco
Columbus, Ohio

She was not in the picture. The first leads
were played by Jeanne Crain and Dana An-

(Continued on page 97)
(Continued from page 48)

(At the Curtis house, they budget their earnings carefully—and keep a piggy bank to take care of the odd fripperies the budget doesn't cover.)

3. Do you share each other's hobbies and interests? And—if you don't—are you willing to try to learn to do so? And—if they still leave you cold—can you understand that if your husband wants, for instance, to play golf once a week, his doing so by no means constitutes desertion?

(Janet and Tony both love the outdoors—fish and swim together. And they love teaming to do the magic tricks they learned for "Houdini.")

4. Can you let your spouse (or date) finish telling a story (even if you do know the punch line, too) without interrupting?

(This is a toughie for people in the acting business, who are used to having the center of the stage. But the Curtises are perfectly happy about acting as "straight man" for each other.)

5. Can you refrain from making public corrections of tiny fact errors that aren't important anyway? ("No darling, you're wrong. It wasn't Tuesday. It was Thursday.")

(Tony and Janet never interrupt each other—never alter each other's facts. Any conversational editing is done in the post-mortem sessions after they get home—and never, never in public.)

6. Do you try never to be late for an appointment?

(Tony tries hard—but he doesn't very often succeed. But Janet—who is a human clock and appointment calendar combined, has long since given up being annoyed when Tony keeps her waiting. "Tilting about it," she says, "just adds to the time wasted. And subtracts from happiness.")

7. If one of you is naturally neat, and the other on the disheveled side, can you work out a meeting of the minds—with the sloppy one trying to pick things up, and the neat one trying not to heckle when it doesn't happen all the time?

(Either extreme can be a headache. "Janet's so neat that," says Tony, "half the time she picks up my clothes and sends them to the cleaner with a note attached."

She empties ash trays frantically, and she gets the dishes washed before the last course is eaten. Tony, on the other hand, would just as soon leave anything he's been using right where he's used it. But they're both trying—Tony, to pick up after himself once in a while, and Janet, to give him a chance to finish what he's doing before she gets the broom and the duster out.)

8. Are you willing to forget about dignity every once in a while and just be silly and gay for sheer silliness sake?

(At this, the Curtises are expert! Not only have they been "starring" in the whacky home movies their buddy, Jerry Lewis, makes, but they're masters of slapstick at home.)

9. Can you bypass some of your favorite foods and learn to like some of the things your partner loves—to keep peace at the dinner table?

(The problem of liking different things has never arisen for Tony and Janet. "With Tony," says Janet, "it's a matter of his not wanting to eat at all! I have to practically tie him down to get him to finish a meal.")

"This is the only thing," says Tony, "that we ever really spit about." And those spats are good—natural.

10. Can you not criticize each other's clothes—except constructively?

(The Curtises are always buying wearing apparel for each other as gifts—love each other's taste. Says Janet, "I wouldn't dream of buying anything Tony doesn't like."

And I love what he chooses for me.

That red fur coat he bought me, for instance, is a stunner.

11. Will you make every effort to understand and love your in-laws (or your future in-laws) no matter how different they may seem from your own parents?

(No problem at all. Tony and Janet were crazed about each other's families right from the start.)

12. Do you share each other's love for animals. And, if you don't, can you try to learn?

(This one's a snap for the Curtises, too. Janet wanted a dog. Tony bought her one—a French poodle. They named her Houdini, in honor of their co-starring roles in "Houdini," call her Hoodoo for short, and both love her and spoil her together.)

13. Can you respect each other's weariness—or need for some peace and quiet after a hard day's work—and foregoing that night on the town?

(Being pro's, both Tony and Janet know what hard work means. And while they both love getting dressed up and hitting the night spots, they don't love it enough to try to wheel each other into going out when one or the other of them wants to stay home and rest.)

14. Can you share each other's life, understand each other and cooperate, without losing your own individuality?

(Say Tony and Janet: "We have discovered what every happy couple discovers—the more you do together makes you grow more both as a couple and as individuals." Neither personality has been swallowed up by the other—but both personalities have gained new facets through their marriage.

To Tony and Janet, knowing the answers to most of these questions posed no problem. And they were willing to work at those that were troublesome. But working at marriage, they say, is the most fun they've ever had. And from all indications, it's fun they're going to keep right on having.)

(You'll be seeing Mr. and Mrs. Curtis together, as a working team in Paramount's "Houdini." Janet is also in RKO's "Jet Pilot," and in "Confidentially Connie" and "Naked Spur" for M-G-M. Tony is in "U-1s "Drifting.")

The End
Readers Inc...

(Continued from page 95)
drews, the second, by Vivian Blaine and Dick Haymes.—Ed.

Quite a few years ago, I saw a picture starring Doris Day and Bing Crosby. Could you please tell me the name of it?

JOY STERN
Rutherford, New Jersey

Your memory's playing tricks on you. They have never made a picture together.—Ed.

... I wonder if you can help me with a question about Maureen O'Hara. My friend says she is the mother of six children. I say she has only one child, a daughter. I told my friend she must be thinking of Maureen O'Sullivan, who has several children... would you help settle this debate...

MRS. JOHN SEMENAK
Minersville, Pennsylvania

You're right. Maureen O'Hara has only one daughter, Bronwyn Bridget, Maureen O'Sullivan, however, has seven children.—Ed.

Could you please tell me the name of the beautiful, talented ballet dancer, Pavlova, in "Million Dollar Mermaid." I have heard that is her correct name.

FAY WATSON
Salisbury, Maryland

The dancer was Maria Tallchief, playing the part of Pavlova, Anna Pavlova was one of the most famous ballerinas who ever lived.—Ed.

Could you please tell me how long Marilyn Monroe has been in pictures. And what was the first picture she appeared in.

BEVERLY LANGLEY
Manchester, New Hampshire

She had a bit part in "Scudda Hoo, Scudda Hay" in 1948.—Ed.

Doesn't Margaret O'Brien exist any more? Has she, or is she going to make more movies?...

VICKI RISS
Steubenville, Ohio

She was recently in a play called "The Intruder," which closed after several weeks, and she is planning to make a movie about Japan next.—Ed.

I am writing for my sister Pat who is ill. She saw "The Savage," and asked would you please print a picture of that fine actor who played "Long Man."

ANGEL WHITE
Butte, Montana

Here he is. That was Larry Tolan, who is at present a free-lance player.—Ed.

Larry Tolan of "The Savage"
Unpredictable Mona

(Continued from page 39)
their charming little daughter, Mona, Jr. And seldom has Hollywood been less sure what the ultimate outcome will be.

This split, unlike many in Hollywood, is not a direct result of the wife's career. The trouble between Mona and Pat developed as they themselves grew into different people—quite different from the pair they had been when they took their vows at the altar of a Catholic Church.

From all reports, Mona is the one who has changed most, but this does not necessarily mean that the change should be held against her. She was nineteen when she married Pat, and she married him a very young bride. In fact, there was little time to learn anything about him, other than that he was one of the sons of the well-known Ford dealer in Los Angeles, that he had an enchanting sense of humor, that he boasted of a balance and freckles and was, like Mona, of Irish descent. To Mona's mind it was a perfect combination, adding up to love.

Last April, Mona and Pat tied the knot in a private ceremony. He and she have described their pre-marriage as a problem, with the ultimate solution of his surrender to Hollywood's influence, and it is said that Pat's fascination with the idea of associating with movie people was responsible for his easy attitude towards matrimonial dating almost entirely to studio apartments, and it is said that Pat's fascination with the idea of associating with movie people was responsible for his easy attitude towards

He was a boy whose talents were simple and whose life was not complicated, etc., etc., than a volume of The Bobsey Twins. He had grown up in a family untouched by the insanity of Hollywood, and he was described by those who knew him as "a brainy, good-looking boy," Pat's sole surrender to Hollywood's influence had been his penchant for dating young girls in the industry. Both he and Mona have been active in the studio since they were fifteen, and they have never been as intrigued at times by their lack of marriage as they have been by their choice of Pat and Mona.

In 1929, when they were twenty-five, they were married. Pat was twenty, and Mona was twenty-one. They have been married for five years, and they have been active in the studio since they were fifteen, and they have never been as intrigued at times by their lack of marriage as they have been by their choice of Pat and Mona.

Housework Easy Without Nagging Backache

Nagging backache, loss of pep and energy, headaches and disturbances may be due to overload of kidney function. Doctors say good kidney function is very important to good health. When some everyday condition, such as stress and strain, causes this important function to slow down, many folks suffer nagging backache—feel miserable. Minor bladder irritations due to cold or wrong diet may cause getting up nights or frequent passages.

Do not neglect your kidneys if these conditions bother you. Try Doan's Pills—a mild diuretic. Used successfully by millions for over 50 years. It amazes how many times Doan's give happy relief from these discomforts—help the 16 miles of kidney tubes and filters flush out waste. Get Doan's Pills today!
But last spring, despite the new house and all its furnishings, Mona began to tire of it. Some say that it was the result of Mona’s love of change; others, that she had matured beyond Pat; still others, that despite the fact that all her earnings went into splendid housekeeping, when they lived on Pat’s salary, Mona was growing increasingly interested in that root of all evil, money.

At any rate, the marriage happened almost simultaneously. She left Paramount Pictures, she was given her thousand-a-week contract by Howard Hughes, and she announced that her marriage to Pat was an endgame.

Hollywood couldn’t have been more shocked if the Robert Youngs or the Fred MacMurrays had separated. People recalled their visits to the Nermey apartment, recounted how Mona clutered with happy evidence of their life together—Mona’s paintings, Pat’s photographic equipment, and small Monie, adoringly. Mona brooded,” her father observed, and Mona entered the new life in the big house and the pride with which only recently Pat and Mona had furnished their new home.

There had been Mona’s insistence on cooking, in afternoons she had worked all day at the studio, and there had been Pat’s thoughtful gifts to his wife. Above all, people remembered Mona’s repeated statements—“I won’t.”—“Many girls are willing to let marriage break up their marriages, but not me!”—“I’m lucky I married Pat. If I’d married anyone else I don’t think I’d be married today. He’s a wonderful husband.”

And there was the poem she had written on a card that went with a Saint Patrick’s Day gift to him—“Rosies are red, violets are blue, it’s the luck of the green that I’ve got you.”

Suddenly it had all gone down the drain. Pat tried everything he knew to mend the rift. Mona went off to Republic Studio and started a column with John Derek, and the people who worked with her on that picture report that she was unusually quiet. “I wouldn’t say that Mona broadened,” said one, “but she had none of her usual sparkle.” But she was brooding, talking with her in RKO’s “Angel Face” made much the same comment.

While the marriage was still a going concern, a close friend had said of Mona, “One of her chief virtues as a wife is her affection for old-fashioned ideas. She doesn’t like night clubs. She’d rather stay home. Mona’s no frantic career girl, just passing around town after fleeting values. To her, Pat means more than any acting contract anybody could dangle in front of her.”

Yet, even after she sued Pat for divorce, Mona climbed on a bandwagon. It was as if she were determined, now that she was free and twenty-six, to prove she was twenty-six. She wore spangled, spangled clothes before she had seen sophisticated places. When she wasn’t writing in a picture she frequented the town’s brightest night spots. She began leaving the home and heard she had valued so highly during her marriage to Pat, and at this writing is still doing it. And that same friend has said regretfully, “It looks very much as though Mona has become a frantic career girl.”

She went to Palm Springs, desert playground of the stars, and dated Johnny Faunce, professional tennis player. Shortly after that, Bing Crosby arrived at the resort for the Palm Springs golf tournament. It was about this time that Bing began coming out of the shell of grief that had encompassed him since Dixie’s death more than a year before. He dated starlet Mary Murphy for a golf game, and then he dated Mona.

Mona was fourteen when she first was put under contract to Paramount, and she adored Bing from the start. Now, a dozen years later, she found herself his dinner companion. It wasn’t the first time. A few weeks before, Bing had taken Mona to an opening night at the Club GaLa back in Hollywood. Now in Palm Springs, he took her to lunch at the Racquet Club, to dinner at the Chi-Chi to another dinner at the Doll’s House. And they continued to see each other in Hollywood.

All this has raised eyebrows, naturally, and the press has closed in to comment. Mona has agreed to the reports that she has dined with Bing. “But I wouldn’t call it a romance. He’s an old friend. We’ve known each other for a long, long time.” Asked about Bing’s reaction to Dixie’s passing, Mona said, “He’s been so wonderful about it, through it all.”

People may not call it a romance story, but they realize that it does lessen the chance for a reconciliation between Pat and Mona. This was something everyone had been working for. As a married couple, the Nermey’s had been immensely liked, and as individuals they have a great many friends. Almost without exception, their friends wanted to see Pat and Mona back together again. They went to him and they went to her and asked if there was anything they could do to help. And the answer from both was a polite “no-thank-you,” tinged with wistfulness.

There was a ray of hope when, on New Year’s Eve, Pat and Mona went to Moore’s. They saw each other often after that—sometimes for a quiet dinner but mostly for conversation regarding their daughter. Yet nothing happened.

Asked what he thought about the odds for a reconciliation, Pat Nermey said, “It looks very remote. I wouldn’t say no positively, because who knows what might happen with time? I couldn’t say, for instance, that in ten years Mona and I wouldn’t be together again. Nothing’s positive. But it’s remote. You might say we’re both satisfied now, I see little Monie quite often, and Mona’s wonderful about it—says I can see her any time I want to.”

I went to the new house, after Mona started divorce proceedings, I really had myself a time. I loved it over there. Those Europeans have a way of bucking you up to a fellow who’s feeling low.” And then he added, “I’ll never marry again. My religion, you know. But I’ve dated—there’s been Peggy Ann Garner, and Wanda Hendrix, and Coleen Gray and Martha Vickers. I love ’em all. But I won’t get married again.”

He spoke willingly about it, and he sounded very much like the young man he is reputed to be, soft-spoken and polite. And he also sounded quite sad.

As for Mona, she is on the merry-go-round and when she’ll stop nobody knows. The divorce will not be final until September 25 of this year, and as Pat says, nothing’s positive. In the meantime, Mona is leading the kind of glamorous life that is attributed to Hollywood stars. She is seen with wealthy and influential men, and while she is twenty-six, a fact which even her close friends tend to forget, it does seem that they and the columnists are right. Mona is traveling too fast in her new world of freedom, going at a pace where happiness is seldom found. The End
FREE!
ANN PINKHAM BOOKLET explains the intimate mysteries of female system—reports doctors findings about how you may

STOP MONTHLY CRAMPS
...even on the First Day!

Regularly priced at 25¢...but easily worth $1. Under limited “first edition” offer, new 24-pg. booklet, fully-illustrated as color—yours absolutely free! Tells why you menstruate, explains physiology of process, Why do you call it “the curse”? How about regular cramps?
EYELASHES WITH A KURLASH CURL LOOK LONGER, LOVELIER!

Give your lashes a glorious, sweeping, lasting curl in only seconds— with KURLASH! Curled eyelashes look longer and more alluring. Curled lashes let in more light, help eyes look larger, brighter. Over 16,000,000 smart, discerning women have bought KURLASH. Exclusive KURLASH clip refill snaps in and out for quick changing. Only $1.00. Purse Pack KURLASH $1.25.

P. S. KURLENE Eyelash Pomade applied to lashes aids curling, lends lustre to lashes and eyebrows, gives eyelids dewy, exotic sheen. 25c, 50c & $1 plus tax at cosmetic counters everywhere.
Kurlash Co., Inc. Rochester 4, N. Y.

CORN REMOVED BY
Your money refunded if not satisfied. The Moss Company, Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED! CHILDREN'S PHOTOS
For Calendars • Billboards • Magazines Your child's photo may bring you as much as $250 from advertisers. But demand for pictures of boys and girls 6 months to 18 years old. Let your child, too, have this unique opportunity to gain exposure on the nation's leading advertisers. (Not a contest) Send ONE copy of your photos (ONLY ONE). Print child's name and parent's name and address on back. Picture returned in 60 days if not accepted.

TODAY'S HIGH PRICES
Got You DOWN

Rid yourself of those "bill" blues! There's money all around you—easy money! Help yourself to some of it NOW! It's simple—costs you nothing but your spare time. Just help your neighbors and friends by taking care of their subscriptions. (U.S. Sales Only.) And, remember, you can save all year round gift problems with Gift Subscription orders! Make YOUR money NOW, easily and quickly! It means $10 or $15 a week for your spare time, possibly $50 for full time. Write today without delay for complete details.

Macfadden Publications, Inc.
Dept. P5-53, 205 East 42nd St.
New York 17, N. Y.

Farewell, Hollywood

(Continued from page 45)

Pope, she again spoke of her desire to become a nun. At any rate, although June had left Hollywood, the embattled girl, she came back from that trip with a new assurance, a new happiness. She seemed to know, for the first time in many years, what she wanted.

More than two years ago, it was reported that June had applied for dispensation from the Church to enter a convent. Such a waiver is necessary for a woman who is legally divorced, for although June has been legally divorced, she is still married in the eyes of the Church. Clearance in a case of this kind is quite possible, but the first rumbles began at that time, but June denied them, understandably in view of the uncertain circumstances.

After that, a great deal happened to confirm the suspicion. Last year, June sold her lovely home in Cheviot Hills, and afterward, offered for sale by auction the Miss Havisham. Later, she moved into her mother's apartment, and then two weeks before her decision was made public, she told her studio that she would not renew her contract when it expired. At the moment, it is typical of June's fairness that she refused to accept her salary for that remaining period. All of these things pointed to the ultimate conclusion that, until everything was arranged, in order June refused to make any comment.

The most revealing clue of all, however, was June herself. She had never conformed to the Hollywood idea, and had not only shielded away from the gaudy parties but had confined her friendships almost entirely to people outside the industry. As one friend put it, "She just never really belonged to Hollywood."

People who knew her well could never reconcile her glamorous screen roles with the sincere and serious girl they knew as a friend. Over the past two years, she grew increasingly interested in helping others. Whenever anyone had a problem, or was sick, or bereaved, June was always on hand with whatever help she could lend, and even to other people, and as one person, a non-Catholic, said, "She couldn't have done more had she already been a nun."

If Hollywood was surprised at her eventual decision, neither did they understand it. The citizens of the town tend naturally to dramatize the slightest incident, and on reading June's statement in the newspapers, they immediately began asking each other "Why?" It was supposed, as a matter of course, that June's tragic experiences in love had led her to this decision. They said that no girl could be expected to live through the heartbreak of such a marriage as that with Jimmy Zito; that no girl could survive such deep grief. But, in fact, June had fallen deeply in love with the charming John Duzik, without finding the need to seek consolation. June's father, a non-Catholic, and a man who has seldom seen his daughter, and whose knowledge of his daughter's heart, came to this conclusion: "It is a result," he said, "of her hard work, her heartbreak and her deep faith in the Catholic Church."

But no one ever realized June more intimately, the first two reasons are completely unsound. If Dr. Duzik had lived of course, and if he and June had been able to secure from the Church an annulment, then when she visited the Montevideo Film Festival in South America last year, she made a guarded admission to a Catholic layman that she was interested, and spoke very highly of the life of a nun. She went to Rome in 1951, following the death of her fiance, Dr. John Duzik, and obtained an audience with Pope Pius XII. It is said that during her meeting with the
of the day and then assists at Mass and receives Communion. After a simple breakfast with the other novices, she begins a sixteen-hour day that is filled with study, except for more than five hours devoted to prayer.

After eighteen months of study and prayer, she will be ready to be professed. She will, if deemed suitable for the life she has chosen, take three vows. By the vow of poverty, she renounces all earthly goods. By the vow of chastity, she renounces all passionate attachments. By the vow of obedience, she renounces all self-interest and self-love.

Following this process, she will make vows for one year only and renew them once a year for the next five years. The sixth year, she makes her vow for life, if she still wishes it. At any time until then, she may make the decision to withdraw, if she should desire.

Although the Sisters of Charity are not cloistered nunneries and may visit with their families, she has made the profound, stupendous decision to make, and one that calls for a great deal of both courage and love. Heeding such a call is particularly difficult in June’s situation, not only because of the publicity washing over her personal feelings, but because she is bound always to be singled out from the other sisters as once having been a famous movie star. With her vowing, and her religious intentions in mind, it will be difficult for her tactfully to avoid such attentions. Others will not easily forget the fact that for nine years June lived in what is regarded as the tinsel town of Hollywood. It will show in their eyes when they look at her, and it will be a real problem for June.

She started the first among many movie world to choose such a path. There has been George Hughes, who is now an Episcopalian monk and working with the American Red Cross, as has been Jose Mosca, opera and picture star who is now a Franciscan monk in Peru. There is Juanita Quigley, famous child star, now a nun in the order of the Daughters of Mary and Joseph. There is lovely Colleen Townsend, who last year renounced a budding movie career to join her husband in his missionary work.

All of them no doubt had the same sincerity of purpose, yet it hits home a little harder in the case of June Haver. She is so young, so beautiful, was at the peak of a fabulous career. It is perhaps difficult for her to realize, but while it is one that must be admired. Many people ask her family why June, who could do so much good for others in her career as a movie star, wanted to enter a convent. The problem is with her family’s answer is always the same:

“She has a right to some happiness of her own. All her life she has done many things that she didn’t want to do. In her school years she missed a lot, because she went to a studio school and never had the fun other kids have in high school. She was always under orders from her studio, sometimes to the point of not wanting to go to school. She was always under financial pressure from a hundred different sources. Since she was a little girl she couldn’t do what she wanted to do. This is what she wants, and we’ll stick to it.”

Her family, her mother and sisters, do not completely understand, but they remember the line of dialogue spoken by a nun in a movie June so much admired. June has always loved. “You don’t become a nun because you’ve lost something, but because you’ve found something.”

They know that is the way it is with June, and she feels she’s seeing her often, she is happy—truly happy for the first time in her life.
ABOVE AND BEYOND—M-G-M: Gripping saga of the first A-bombing. Family woes of Bob Taylor, Eleanor Parker seem trivial. (A) February

ALL ASHOF—Columbia, Technicolor: Pleasant, tuneful tale of three sailors' shore leave. Mickey Rooney, Dick Haymes, Ray McDonald. (F) April

ANDROCLES AND THE LION—RKO: Wordy, sometimes witty tribute to persecuted early Christians (Jean Simmons, Alan Young). (A) February

ANGEL FACE—RKO: Mild suspense drama involves Bob Mitchum in innocent-looking Jean Simmons' scheme for murder. (A) March

APRIL IN PARIS—Warners, Technicolor: Feathweight but fun. Songs and dances by chorine Doris Day, diplomat Ray Bolger. (F) February


BLACKBEARD THE PIRATE—RKO, Technicolor: Muddled thriller. Robert Newton's hammy: Keith Andes, Linda Darnell, handsome. (F) March

CINERAMA—Cinerama Productions, color: No story, but plenty of excitement. Amazing new technique using a huge curved screen is now showing in New York and Detroit. (F) January


CLOWN, THE—M-G-M: Red Skelton lays on the pathos too thick as a has-been comic with a small son and a rich ex-wife (Jane Greer). (F) April

COME BACK, LITTLE SHEBA—Wallis, Paramount: Intimate, grueling drama of marriage and the desires of youth. Shirley Booth's splendid; Burt Lancaster, Terry Moore score. (F) January

CONFIDENTIALLY CONNIE—M-G-M: Gay little comedy. Prof Van Johnson and wife Janet Leigh cope with living costs (especially meat); rancher Louis Calhern intervenes. (F) January

FACE TO FACE—RKO: Two-story film. James Mason stars in a dreary sea tale; Robert Preston, Marjorie Steele, Minor Watson, in an excellent, unusual comedy Western. (F) January

FORBIDDEN GAMES—Times Film: Powerful tragedy of war's effect on children (amazingly portrayed by Brigitte Fossey, George Poujouly). French dialogue, English titles. (A) March

FOUR POSTER, THE—Kramer, Columbia: Fanny, touching, too-talky history of a marriage. Lilli Palmer and Rex Harrison, sole players, are fine; cartoon intertitles are brilliant. (A) February

GIRLS IN THE NIGHT—U-I: Stilted story of youth in the slums, with attractive newcomers Patricia Hardy, Glen Roberts. (A) April

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN—Goldwyn, RKO: Technicolor: Magical musical. Danny Kaye is the story-spinning cobbler; exquisite Jeannine is Farley Granger's ballerina wife. (F) March

I LOVE MELVIN—M-G-M, Technicolor: Airy, youthful, tune-film with lovable co-stars. Donald O'Connor makes a cover girl of Debbie Reynolds, movie-struck chorine. (F) April


JAZZ SINGER, THE—Warners, Technicolor: Lush, heart-tugging musical with Danny Thomas as a cantor's son who loves show business and Peggy Lee. (F) April

JEOPARDY—M-G-M: Taut, artificial suspense drama. Barbara Stanwyck, Barry Sullivan are a holidaying couple in grim danger. (F) April

KANSAS CITY CONFIDENTIAL—U. A.: Sleek, tricky thriller about an armored-car robbery. With John Payne, Coleen Gray. (F) February

LAST OF THE COMANCHEES—Columbia, Technicolor: Vigorous, tightly constructed Western in which cavalryman Broderick Crawford leads a chance-met group in its stand against desert thirst and hostile Indians. (F) February

LIMELIGHT—U. A.: Highly personal, slow, affecting story of a has-been comedian (Charlie Chaplin) and a young ballerina (Claire Bloom). Fine slapstick; pensive tragedy. (F) February

LITTLE WORLD OF DON CAMILLO, THE—L. F. E.: Rollicking, inspiring French film with English titles. Fernandet's a fighting village priest; Gino Cervi, the red mayor. (A) March


MEET ME AT THE FAIR—U-I, Technicolor: Harmless, nostalgic comedy-with-music about a medicine-show man (Dan Dailey). (F) February

MEMBER OF THE WEDDING, THE—Kramer, Columbia: Shapeless but often touching story of a troubled adolescent (Julie Harris), with magnificent acting by Ethel Waters. (A) April


MOULIN ROUGE—U. A., Technicolor: Subtle color and rich Parisian atmosphere overshadow Jose Ferrer's portrayal of Toulouse-Lautrec, the tragic, deformed painter. (A) March

MY COUSIN RACHEL—20th Century-Fox: An elegantly mounted but pedestrian mystery presents Olivia de Havilland as either murderess or innocent suspect, with newcomer Richard Burton scoring as her acerbic suitor. (A) March

NAKED SPUR, THE—M-G-M. Technicolor: Big, rugged Western with beautiful scenery. Outlaw Robert Ryan (with companion Janet Leigh) is captured by James Stewart. (F) April

NEVER WAVE AT A WAC—RKO: The Army makes a human being of snotty Rosalind Russell, with an assist from ex-husband Paul Douglas. Marie Wilson adds more laughs. (F) March

NIAGARA—20th Century-Fox, Technicolor: Entertaining melange of murder, Marilyn Monroe, magnificent settings. Joseph Cotton her trayloaded husband; Jean Peters scores. (A) April

NO TIME FOR FLOWERS—RKO: A neatly scripted comedy of captive Czechoslovakia focuses on Viveca Lindfors and Paul Christian, as young Reds slowly reformed by love. (F) March

PETER PAN—Disney, RKO, Technicolor: Enchanting cartoon feature based on the beloved Barrie fantasy of eternal childhood. Peter, Wendy, Tinker Bell, Captain Hook come alive to the tune of many sprightly songs. (F) February

REDHEAD FROM WYOMING, THE—U-I, Technicolor: Pleasant Western wherein William Bishop dupes Maureen O'Hara into helping him plot a range war. Alex Nicol plays sheriff. (F) March

ROAD TO BARI—Paramount, Technicolor: Further adventures of Crosby, Hope and Lamour—a casual, comical, musical improvisation on the South Seas theme. (F) February

ROGUE'S MARCH—M-G-M: Disarmingly old-fashioned melodrama about the British in India. Peter Lawford's the disgraced hero. (F) April

SHE'S BACK ON BROADWAY—WarnerColor: Slight but bright backstage tale. Trying a comeback, has-been movie star Virginia Mayo feeds with ex-lover Steve Cochran. (F) April

STARS, THE—20th Century-Fox: Uneven but substantial story of a movie actress (Bette Davis) who can't face failure. (A) April

STARS ARE SINGING, THE—Paramount, Technicolor: Warm, charmingly informal musical, with Rosemary Clooney as a singer who helps refugee-singer Anna Maria Alberghetti. (F) April


STOP, YOU'RE KILLING ME—WarnerColor: Cheerful gang comedy, Broderick Crawford as a beer barrel gone straight, Claire Trevor as his loving wife. (F) March

TAXI—20th Century-Fox: Amusing though flimsily plotted. Dan Dailey, obliging New York backie, helps just-off-the-boot-colleen Constance Smith in search for missing husband. (F) April

TROPIC ZONE—Paramount, Technicolor: Ronald Reagan saves Rhonda Fleming's banana plantation in a Central American Western. (F) February
There are three Breck Shampoos for three different hair conditions
Your hair tends to be dry, oily or normal. Three Breck Shampoos have been developed—one for each of these different hair conditions. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. A Breck Shampoo cleans thoroughly, yet is mild and gentle in action. When you buy a shampoo, ask for the Breck Shampoo for your individual hair condition. A Breck Shampoo leaves your hair soft, fragrant and lustrous.

The Three Breck Shampoos are available at Beauty Shops, Drug Stores, Department Stores and wherever cosmetics are sold.

Beautiful Hair
B R E C K
There must be a reason why MORE PEOPLE SMOKE CAMELS than any other cigarette!

MILLIONS of smokers have changed to Camels — and they back up their choice by buying Camels, day after day after day! Camel leads all other brands by billions of cigarettes per year!

What better evidence could you have of the rich smoking enjoyment of Camel’s exclusive blend of costly tobaccos?

Make your own 30-day Camel mildness test. Smoke only Camels for 30 days and see how mild, how flavorful, how enjoyable they are — pack after pack, week after week!

"I CHANGED TO CAMELS BECAUSE THEY HAVE A FLAVOR AND MILDNESS I CAN'T GET IN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE."

"CAMELS' FLAVOR AND MILDNESS KEEP ON PLEASING ME, PACK AFTER PACK!"

Start your own 30-day Camel mildness test today!
Bride
Of the Year—
ANN BLYTH

"STOP TELLING LIES ABOUT US"—
DALE ROBERTSON
“ah-h! my Ivory Bath
it’s a pleasure... pure pleasure!”

Ivory makes more lather, faster!
Your bath’s a moment to treasure—it’s all pure pleasure—with Ivory! For Ivory never disappears into the depths—it floats! And, at a touch, Ivory makes the richest suds you ever soaked in! Ivory, in fact, makes more lather, faster, than any other leading bath soap!

Ivory gives you famous mildness
...and such a clean, fresh odor!
Your skin is caressed as well as cleansed, when you treat it to baby-gentle Ivory lather. For Ivory’s mildness is a byword—more doctors advise it for skin care than any other soap. And Ivory’s lather is so clean, so fresh-smelling, too. It leaves you in a glow... full of go!

Ivory gives more for your money!
Isn’t that a nice surprise? America’s favorite soap... pure, mild, floating Ivory... actually costs you less! Gives you more soap for your money than any other leading bath soap!

99\(\frac{44}{100}\)% pure...it Floats

“The whole family agrees on Ivory!”
Ameri-ca’s Favorite Bath Soap!
As Laura read Jim's old love letters she could scarcely hold back the tears. She could imagine people whispering as she passed by, "That's the Morton fellow's ex-fiancée... Poor thing! I don't know what came between them."
Unfortunately, Laura didn't either, and she spent many a lonely evening before she discovered that sometimes there's a breath of difference between "ex" and "exquisite." Once she corrected her trouble*, she gradually won Jim back. And exquisite she was as he carried her across the threshold... a girl with breath as sweet as the blossoms in her bridal bouquet.

**LISTERINE STOPS BAD BREATH**

4 times better than chlorophyll or tooth paste

Why is Listerine Antiseptic so much better?... Why does it not only stop *halitosis (bad breath) instantly, but usually keep it stopped for hours on end? The answer is Listerine's superior ability to kill germs.

No chlorophyll kills odor bacteria like this... instantly

You see, germs are by far the most common cause of halitosis. They start the fermentation of proteins that are always present in your mouth. As a result, as research shows, your breath stays sweeter longer depending upon the degree to which you reduce germs in your mouth.

Listerine instantly kills these germs by millions, including the bacteria that cause fermentation. Brushing your teeth doesn't give you any such antiseptic protection. Chlorophyll or chewing gums don't kill germs. Listerine Antiseptic does.

Clinically proved four times better than tooth paste

No wonder that in recent clinical tests Listerine Antiseptic averaged four times better in reducing breath odors than the two leading tooth pastes, as well as the chlorophyll products, it was tested against.

That's why we say, if you're really serious about your breath, no matter what else you may use, use an antiseptic. Kill those odor bacteria with Listerine—the most widely used antiseptic in the world. Rinse with it night and morning, and before any date where you want to be at your best.

Every week 2 different shows, radio & television:
"THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE & HARRIET"
See your paper for times and stations
PHOTOPLAY
JUNE, 1953 • FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

HIGHLIGHTS

Romance in the Air? (Farley Granger, Dawn Addams)...
Inside Stuff...
Fathers' Day...
You Don't Have to Be Pretty to Be Popular...
Collectors' Items No. 6 (Delma Paget)...
"Stop Telling Lies About Us" (Dale Robertson)...
Bride of the Year—Ann Blyth...
Has Anybody Seen My Gal?...
Love That Jane! (Jane Powell)...
Why Gentlemen Prefer Blondes...
Domesticated Dreamboat (Rory Calhoun)...
With a Song in Their Hearts (Susan Hayward)...
Charlon Loves Lydia (Charlton Heston)...
Photoplay Star Fashions ("How to Look Like a Movie Mermaid")...
Down Mexico Way (John Wayne, Gary Cooper)...

FEATURES IN COLOR

Gene Nelson, Jane Powell...
Joan Crawford...
Rita Hayworth...
Bob Waterfield, Doris Nelson...
Tab Hunter, Debbie Reynolds...
Ricardo Montalban...
Virginia Mayo, Michael O'Shea...
Alan Ladd...
Terry Moore...

SPECIAL EVENTS

To Reach the Stars...
Impertinent Item...
It Really Happened...
Readers Inc...
Let's Go to the Movies...
Hollywood Parties...
Laughing Stock...

Brief Reviews...

Cover: Ann Blyth—Natural Color Portrait by Apger
Ann is in M-G-M's "All the Brothers Were Valiant"

Tony Gray—Editor
Charlotte Plimmer—Managing Editor
Rene Firth—Associate Editor
Susanne Nocoll—Assistant Editor
Janet Graves—Contributing Editor

FRED SAMMIS—Editor-in-Chief

HOLLYWOOD EDITORIAL STAFF: Sylvia Wallace—Editor TONI NOEL—Managing Editor
CONTRIBUTING STAFF: Maxine Arnold, Jerry Asher, Ruth Waterbury
HOLLYWOOD ART STAFF: Phil Stern, Sterling Smith

JUNE, 1953

PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHED MONTHLY by Macfadden Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y.
EXECUTIVE, ADVERTISING AND EDITORIAL OFFICES: 229 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Editorial branch office: 931 South Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif. Copyright, 1953, by Macfadden Publications, Inc. Published monthly at 229 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. RATES: $3.00 a year, $3.60 per year, Canada $5.00 per year, other countries $6.00 per year. Postage extra in Canada. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: 6 weeks' notice essential. Please furnish sclennial-impression address from a recent issue. Address changes can be made only if we have your old, as well as new, addresses. Write to Photoplay, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 229 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.
MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS, AND PHOTOGRAPHS should be accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes and return postage. No letters will be acknowledged unless accompanied by self-stamped, self-addressed envelopes and return postage.

FOREIGN All rights reserved through Macfadden Publications International Corp., 229 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Printing by Litho-Graphic Corp., 160 West 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Copyright, 1953, by Macfadden Publications, Inc. Copyright, 1953, by Macfadden Publications, Inc. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. No part of Photoplay may be reproduced without permission in writing.

Member of The True Story Women's Group

PHOTOGRAPHY CO-OWNERSHIP: ...
Mystery-comedy at its best!
Meet two swing-happy sweethearts who dish out hot licks amid blood-chilling menace!

Broadway's stage hit is on the screen!
Playwrights Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse who did "Arsenic and Old Lace" have done it again! A riot of fun!

M-G-M presents JUNE ALLYSON VAN JOHNSON "Remains to be seen"

CO-STARRING WITH
LOUIS CALHERN • ANGELA LANSBURY • JOHN BEAL • DOROTHY DANDRIDGE
SCREEN PLAY BY
SIDNEY SHELDON • HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE
PRESENTER ON THE STAGE BY LELAND HAYWARD
DIRECTED BY DON WEIS • ARTHUR HORNBLOW, JR.
PRODUCED BY AN M-G-M PICTURE
Special Offer to get you to try New MUM with M-3 — Destroys Odor Bacteria — Stops Underarm Odor All Day

Don't miss this wonderful, no-risk chance to try new Mum cream deodorant. Mum now contains M-3, a scientific discovery that actually destroys odor bacteria — doesn't give perspiration odor a chance to start.

Gentle Mum is safe for normal skin. Safe for clothes. Certified by the American Institute of Laundering. Won't rot or discolor even your finest fabrics.

So get a trial size jar — FREE of extra cost. You pay for only one jar. And you'll be thrilled with its amazingly effective protection or 99c will be mailed to you promptly.

*Accept this offer!*

Use bonus jar of Mum with M-3. If you don't agree that Mum is the best deodorant for you, return unused 99c jar (before July 31, 1953), with your name and address, to Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. MM, 630 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y. for 99c refund. (Offer good only in continental U.S.A.)

A Product of Bristol-Myers
Dig those crazy spook-busters! They've got bats in the belfry, spooks in the spare room and gals on their mind!

Ghosts, gangsters, gals, gags, songs in the most hilarious haunted castle that ever made you scream with laughter!

AND CO-STARRING

LIZABETH SCOTT
CARMEN MIRANDA

GEORGE DOLLENZ · DOROTHY MALONE · WILLIAM CHING

Directed by George Marshall · Screenplay by Herbert Baker and Walter DeLeon · Additional Dialogue by Ed Simmons and Norman Lear

Based on a play by Paul Dickey and Charles W. Goddard · A PARAMOUNT PICTURE
The bullet was waiting for Colby at the Zapotec gate... guarding the ancient Mayan temples and exotic riches hidden from the world! This was the terror-trek that took him to the gold Sun-Goddess—and a golden-haired spitfire who almost spelled disaster!
The most astounding motion picture since motion pictures began! Warner Bros.' amazing feature in natural vision 3D DIMENSION

From Warner Bros. the first feature picture produced by a major studio in 3D!

Starring

Vincent Price • Frank Lovejoy • Phyllis Kirk • Carolyn Jones • Paul Picerni

Screenplay by Crane Wilbur • Directed by Andre deToth • Produced by Bryan Foy
when hair loses that
“vital look”

Helene Curtis
shampoo
plus egg
brings out natural
“life” and sparkle...
conditions even
problem hair!
The one and only shampoo made
with homogenized fresh, whole egg
which contains precious CHOLESTEROL, ALBUMEN and LECITHIN.
See for yourself how this conditioning shampoo enhances the
natural “vital look” of your hair—gives it maximum gloss and super-
sparkle.
You’ll find your hair wonderfully
manageable—with the caressable,
silky texture that is every woman’s
dream. Try Helene Curtis Shampoo
Plus Egg today. You’ll be delighted that you did.

Available at All
Cosmetic Counters
and Beauty Salons
59c and $1

Helene Curtis
The Foremost Name
In Hair Beauty

Impertinent Interview

BY MIKE CONNOLLY

“Now do you have the nerve to tell one
magazine interviewer after another that
you’re not going to get married till you’re
thirty?” I asked Bob Wagner just before
he left for Florida to do “Twelve Mile Reef.” “You might meet the gal this
afternoon and rush her to the altar
tomorrow—it’s happened to a lot of other
people, you know.”

Bob frowned. But only momentarily.
Then the sun broke through. And if
you’ve watched the witchery of a Wagner
smile on the screen you know just
what I mean.

“I get your point,” he said, “but mar-
riage is a big responsibility and the way
I have things figured I won’t be able to
take on additional responsibilities till
I’m thirty.

“After all, I’m only twenty-three and
just getting a foothold in this business.
I want more than anything to get ahead,
to be a success. Some day I want to get
married and have kids, sure, but first I
want to have the money saved up for
a ranch, horses, college education for
those kids—and when I marry I don’t
want my wife to work. I’m going to
bring home all the bacon in our family!”

All of which makes our boy Bob
sound more than a trifile on the inde-
pendent side. And I guess he is. Even
though his dad is a well-to-do manu-
facturers’ representative here in Cali-
ifornia and has always had well-lined
pockets. Bob has been more or less on
his own since he was twelve. If he
wanted a bike, he earned it—caddying,
working as a bus boy—no silver spoon
stuff-and-nonsense for him!

I persisted. “Have you ever been in
love?”

“I thought I was a couple of times,”
Bob said, “but it always backed up on
me. Frankly—and I’m almost afraid to
say it—I think the real reason show-
business people get all fouled up in this
love and marriage business—and that
includes me—is that real love demands
that you give of yourself. And let’s face
it!—most of us actors are too interested
in ourselves to give!”

CORRECTION

The April issue of Photoplay, on page 31, featured this photo of Zsa Zsa Gabor with
screenwriter Andrew Solt, who is currently
engaged by Paramount Pictures to write
“Lisbon,” starring Joan Crawford. The caption incorrectly referred to Mr. Solt as
Waldo Salt. We sincerely regret this error.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
100% Mild Palmolive Soap Helps You Guard that

Schoolgirl Complexion Look!

Betty Kreuscher, Pasadena City College, says: "A mild soap is a 'must'—and Palmolive is 100% mild!"

Marilyn King of Sargent College says: "Palmolive gives me everything I need for gentle beauty care."

Joan Ryba of Rice Inst. says: "To help keep my skin fresh and radiant I rely on 100% mild Palmolive."

Ann Allen of S.M.U. says: "I love the way my skin feels after using Palmolive...so much fresher and softer."

Palmolive's Beauty Plan Is Far Better For Your Skin Than "Just Average Care" With Any Leading Toilet Soap!

Yes, Softer, Smoother Skin—that Schoolgirl Complexion Look—most women can have it within 14 days. 36 leading skin specialists have proved it in actual tests on twelve hundred and eighty-five women. What's more, these doctors found that Palmolive's Beauty Plan is unquestionably better for your skin than "just average care" with any leading toilet soap.

So don't lose another day! Change to Palmolive's Beauty Plan...massage Palmolive's 100% mild, pure lather onto your skin for 60 seconds, 3 times a day. Rinse with warm water, splash with cold and pat dry. In 14 days or less, you can have softer, smoother and brighter skin. Yes, Palmolive Soap brings out beauty while it cleans your skin!

*No therapeutic claim is made for the chlorophyll.

Nature's Chlorophyll*

Is in Every Cake of Palmolive Soap...That's What Makes Palmolive Green!

100% MILD! DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE BRINGS OUT BEAUTY WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR SKIN!
Put that $100 gleam in your hair!

Here are three more winners in Wildroot's nationwide Model Hunt! They all have something wonderful in common—radiant, shining hair they keep beautiful with Lady Wildroot Shampoo. How about your hair? Would it make you eligible for Wildroot's Model Hunt? Take a tip from these girls (none are professional models). Start using Lady Wildroot Shampoo with Lanolin today. Watch how the soapless suds froth up instantly! See the sparkle, shining highlights, the smooth softness come out in your hair! You'll be a Wildroot girl, too—once you've used this suddy, sweet-smelling shampoo!

You can win $100 too!

Send a snapshot or photo (not larger than 8 x 10 inches) showing your hair after using Lady Wildroot Shampoo, plus a Lady Wildroot Shampoo box top, to Lady Wildroot Shampoo Model Hunt, P. O. Box 109, New York 16, N. Y. Print your name and address on back of picture. If your photo is chosen, Wildroot will pay you $100 and your portrait may be painted by a famous artist and used in a Wildroot ad. Judges will be a New York artist and an art director, whose decisions are final. No photo returned. Offer good 90 days from the appearance of this magazine only. Send in your photo today.

Desert vision: Gregory Peck

Here is a Hollywood true story which Hollywood itself would never bring to the screen.

The reason is that if this incident turned up in a script, someone up at the top would knock it out as being so improbable as to be unbelievable.

We were out in the southwest desert country making "David and Bathsheba." There, we had built a reconstruction of Biblical Jerusalem, and I must say that from a distance it certainly gave the effect of a city suddenly risen from the desert.

To understand this little incident, you have to understand a couple of things about Gregory Peck:

In the first place, he's always on the side of the underdog. If Peck thinks someone is being abused or picked on, he does something about it.

There is another thing about Greg—he loves anything that gets him out-of-doors. And he likes to walk alone.

It was our first day of shooting.

Greg was made up and in his costume even before dawn, and, the first light of day found him strolling over the scrubby dunes, concentrating on his lines.

He topped a little rise and came on a desert prospector who was in the act of breaking up his over-night camp.

The first thing Greg heard was a lot of spirited cussing.

The prospector was typically "grizzled." He could have come right over from Central Casting, he was so perfect for his part. He'd strapped his entire camping outfit onto the sagging back of one small burro and was trying to prod the poor animal into moving.

If there is one thing Peck can't stand
it's seeing anyone abuse an animal.

Greg was standing on this little hillside with his back to the rising sun. The old man hadn't seen him yet. When the prospector kicked the burro, Peck thundered:

"Stop that!"

The old man wheeled around, yelling:

"You mind your own G— . . !"

The words died in his throat.

His eyes widened. He gulped, and seemed to pale. Slowly he removed his hat, bowed his head for a moment, and then looked up in awe.

"Yes . . . Sir," the prospector swallowed hard, "I'm sorry I done it, Sir."

It was at this point that Peck suddenly remembered he was dressed in Biblical robes for his role of David. Standing there, with the first slanting rays at his back, he was an impressive figure.

Apparently, the prospector thought he was being addressed by one of the Biblical Kings.

Peck is not a fellow who would deliberately impersonate anyone, but—

No actor living could resist that tempting situation.

"Go your way," Peck said, dramatically raising an arm and pointing off to nowhere in particular, "and sin no more!"

"Yes, Your—Your," the old man mumbled.

"And don't ever kick that donkey again . . . ."

"No, Sir, I shore won't . . . ."

The old man was goggle-eyed when he topped the rise and saw our Biblical city below him.

"The Holy City!" he murmured.

"Yes," Peck asserted in inspiring tones, "but this is the last time you'll see it, if I ever catch you abusing an animal again!"

"I shore won't," the old man said fervently. Then he stopped, turned around and removed his hat once more.

"There's one thing I'd like to ask."

He was humble.

"Would you mind giving me yore autograph? I seen you in that airypine pitcher and you were shore good!"

Peck relaxed and grinned. "You bet," he said, "but that still goes about not kicking the burro!"

"And how's about speaking to the director about gettin' me a few days' extra work?" the old prospector added with a twinkle.

And that's how come you saw a sly old guy with a gleam in his eye in mob scenes in "David and Bathsheba."

(Henry King, who wrote the above incident, directed "David and Bathsheba." More recently, he directed Greg again in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro.")
Angel Face! Today's best-loved "complexion"

Creamy-smooth powder and foundation in-one!

Goes on smoother than powder—

clings longer! Angel Face by Pond's
— the velvety "complexion" that is
powder and foundation in-one. Goes
on with its PUFF—and stays! So
sheer, so natural—yet it hides little
skin flaws. Never shiny. Never
drying. The Countess de la Falaise
says, "Angel Face gives my skin the
smoothest, most natural finish!"

Tuck it in your handbag. It can't spill!
Angel Face—in its sleek, slim Mirror
Case—is the best beauty insurance you
can carry! Just a touch of its puff
gives you a lovely, fresh make-up—any-
where, anytime. No powder room
privacy required! "It's the easiest, most
flattering make-up . . . in the sweetest
case that ever went into a handbag,"
says Antonia Drexel Earle.

The Ivory-and-Golden
Mirror Case
The most important bit of flattery
in your handbag! With mirror,
puff, and your choice of 6 Angel Face shades—just

*plus tax

Also in the sweet
blue-and-gold box—89¢, 59¢*
NOW! GET THIS UNUSUAL GIFT FREE
WITH PHOTOPLAY’S SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER: 15 MONTHS FOR ONLY $2.00!

Photoplay has a thrilling gift for you, if you act now. Fill in and mail the attached card today and you get Photoplay’s candid Photos of the Stars—a dazzling collection of candid closeups of your favorite movie stars taken in their unguarded moments. You get TEN remarkably natural, unposed photos in 4 x 5 size, including Liz Taylor, Esther Williams, Tony Curtis, Doris Day, Rock Hudson, Janet Leigh, Tab Hunter, Marilyn Monroe, Robert Wagner, Debbie Reynolds. They’re beautiful, handsomely printed on quality stock...an attractive you will want to frame them immediately or mount them in your album. You will treasure these intimate, true-to-life photos for years to come. The supply is limited, so mail the attached card today to: Photoplay, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. (Offer Good in U.S.A. Only.)

YES! Send me FREE and AT ONCE Photoplay’s CANDID PHOTOS of the STARS, containing ten terrific, unposed photographs of my favorites. At the same time, enter my subscription for 15 months of PHOTOPLAY for only $2.00—saving me $1.00 of the newsstand price.

* $2.00 enclosed with this order, or [ ] Bill me

*EXTRA! If you send payment with your order, saving us billing expense, we will send you an additional issue of Photoplay. You will then receive 16 issues for only $2.00, plus your FREE candid photos.

Name........................................... (Please print name and address)
Address....................................................
City.................................................. State..........................
[ ] Check here if you are now a subscriber, to extend your present subscription on above terms, and to get your candid photos free.

PHOTOPLAY, 205 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK 17, N.Y.
NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
205 EAST 42ND STREET

PHOTOPLAY

ACCEPT THIS GREAT BARGAIN AND GIFT OFFER TODAY!

BUSINESS REPLY CARD

NEW YORK, N. Y.
(SEC 349, Pt. 2)
FIRST CLASS

ACCEPT THIS GREAT BARGAIN AND GIFT OFFER TODAY!
SOAP BOX:

In your last issue... Phyllis Durnon said that Esther Williams was going "sexy" on movie fans. Such a statement is like stepping on my toes... (Not that she couldn't be sexy if she wanted to.) I don't think we'll ever see the day when she puffs on cigars or has pictures taken where her month hangs open in a half-angle manner... she's a down-to-earth person, has a fine husband and two handsome little sons.

Lee Andersen
Minneapolis, Minnesota

I say three cheers for Jimmy Stewart. A few days ago, Jimmy made a personal appearance here in Denver for "The Naked Spur." After the show, the ones who went to the stage door to watch him leave were lucky to have him shake our hand... a swell guy!

Roberta Geis
Denver, Colorado

Cheers for two of the most wonderful guys in Hollywood, Rory Calhoun and Bob Wagner. We went to the studio to see the broadcast of the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal Award picture, "With a Song in My Heart," on Lux Radio Theatre... went backstage to get autographs. All the stars were hurrying to go to the Beverly Hills Hotel for the award dinner. But Bob and Rory stayed for a half hour and gave autographs to everyone... We never met two nicer guys...

Jean Burkin
Los Angeles, California

It's ridiculous the way Hollywood goes on about the non-existing "accent" of all Southerners. We certainly don't refer to individuals as "you-all." Our speech is just softer and more civilized than gushy Californians' or sharp-voiced Northerners. In "Belles on Their Toes" and "Bloodhounds of Broadway," they made us sound like hicks.

JANIE HARPER
Anderson, South Carolina

I am a jeep driver over here in Korea and I read the story of Piper Laurie in January's issue. What I would like to know is who does that guy named Rick think he is?... he better open his eyes or go see an eye doctor...

Vincent F. Porzio
Cliffside Park, New Jersey

After reading your February issue, we, the members of the 187th Airborne Regimental Combat Team, wish to express our opinions and answers to your article, "Are Actors Sissies?"! We would like to know what makes Victor Mature so rugged and tough just because he wears unmatched socks and goes out with his "men friends." Can't he afford matched socks and sit with women for companionship?

We are certain the remainder of the "rugged-tough" actors would make fine infantrymen over here in Korea... All we ask is that we be permitted to train them—under fire... we take off our jump helmets in tribute to John Derek, a fellow-paratrooper and a great actor! The Members of the 187th ABN, R.C.T.
c/o P.M., San Francisco, California

Open Letter to Zsa Zsa Gabor:
Congratulations! You have proved... that you are a real human being for... giving Lou Sullivan a good, red-hot reply to his criticism... Instead of haughtily ignoring the insult and pretending to be "too big" for a reply—you answered.

Your acting may still be unproved—but I, for one, think you are very pretty. As for your accent—well—with or without it you are the best thing since Carol Lombard. You are the combination of an intelligent woman and a lovable screwball...

Jane Matris
Tulsa, Oklahoma

What do you girls in Hollywood think you are anyway, Shakespeare? Filming all those tragedies! "The Heiress" and "A Place in the Sun"—both Monty Clift pictures—ruined my estimation of him. Today I saw "Angel Face" with Bob Mitchum. It ended the worst of all. Please no more tragedies!

Darlene Glen
Boise, Idaho

Three cheers for Hedda Hopper as usual! Her article in March PHOTOPLAY was really hitting a big nail on the head. The stars such as Rita Hayworth, Lana Turner, Ava Gardner and Mario Lanza can quit movies altogether today and it won't be too soon...

Carol K. Martin
Beaumont, Virginia

I have just read "Marilyn Monroe Was My Wife" by James Dougherty, and honestly, it was wonderful! I cried all through the story because it was so heartrending. If Marilyn was still like that today (and I believe she really is), she must be a wonderful person.

Mrs. L. M. Dennis
Birmingham, Alabama

I have just had the dubious pleasure of witnessing a showing of... the first full-length feature... in 3-D, "Bwana Devil."... Even 3-D couldn't save this one... Give us good pictures—interesting pictures—such as "The Bad and the Beautiful" and "Come Back, Little Sheba." An interesting story, well-acted, and the flatteries will out sell any gimmick, 3-D otherwise.

Katrin Kranson
New York, New York

CASTING:

I think they should put Scott Brady in more Westerns. I saw "Untamed Frontier"... he was wonderful. He's cuter than Dale Robertson and Audie Murphy put together.

Martha Peterson
Rolia, North Dakota

Why do they always put Audie Murphy in Westerns? He would have many more fans if they starred him in a love story.

Carol Menowitz
Brooklyn, New York

... wondering why the studios don't team Steve Cochran and Marilyn Monroe in a good mystery... they would be a terrific combination.

Nes. J. C. Boller
Gridley, California

... Let's see Liz Taylor in some great drama that could win her an Oscar, like say the remake of "Gone With the Wind." Monty Clift would be a great Rhett Butler...

Martin Winkler
Morristown, New Jersey

Why doesn't some studio make a film of Samuel Shellabarger's novel, "The King's Cavalier"?... Craig Hill and Janet Leigh would be perfect...

Barbara Hamilton
Washington, D. C.
(Continued on page 14)
Use new White Rain shampoo tonight—tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!

It's like washing your hair in softest rain water! This new gentle lotion shampoo pampers your hair... leaves it soft as a cloud, bright as sunshine, and so easy to care for!

CANT DRY YOUR HAIR LIKE HARSH LIQUIDS
CANT DULL YOUR HAIR LIKE SOAPS OR CREAMS

White Rain
Fabulous New Lotion Shampoo by Toni

Readers Inc...

(Continued from page 13)

I read in the paper recently where Director Victor Saville is looking for a Mike Hammer for the screen version of "I, the Jury" by Mickey Spillane... I would like to see Barry Sullivan... and for the beautiful Charlotte Manning none other than Marilyn Monroe... Mrs. Yost Hagg Abingdon, Virginia

... Wendell Corey... has one quality which should be put to good use... The resemblance to Abraham Lincoln...

Besides having more than the necessary ability to portray Mr. Lincoln... Mr. Corey is appropriately long and lanky (6'2") and his deep voice could make the word tooth paste sound like a call to arms...

ELEANOR V. MACKAY
Grand Rapids, Michigan

Recently I read that M-G-M was going to make the Broadway hit, "Carousel"... and that Mario Lanza was mentioned for the top role. I certainly don't think he should play the lead... the only one... is Howard Keel. He's got the looks, talent and a great personality...

ROBERT BOURGEOIS
Manchester, New Hampshire

... Why not—William Holden in the movie based on "The Caine Mutiny"?...

DONALD WARREN
Jersey City, New Jersey

QUESTION BOX:

I have always liked Richard Long... Could you please tell me what his latest picture is? Where could I send for a picture of him?

FAYE DRYDEN
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Write him c/o U.I. where he's returned after a hitch in service. His first film under new contract: "All I Desire."—ED.

Just saw "Breaking the Sound Barrier"... the name of the girl who played Jess Peel. Think she was in "Ivory Hunter" too.

MARGE WOLF
Chicago, Illinois

That was Dinah Sheridan, one of England's top actresses.—ED.

Does Forrest Tucker hail from Michigan? Is he Forrest Evashewski, the football star?...

DOLORES JEWEL
Detroit, Michigan

(Continued on page 16)
Six-feet-four of fighting man
—to tame a wildcat beauty!

Explosive intrigue engulfing a reckless love
made desperate by danger!

DAVID E. ROSE presents

YVONNE DE CARLO • ROCK HUDSON • MAXWELL REED

in

SEA DEVILS

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

Produced by DAVID E. ROSE • Directed by RAOUL WALSH

Screenplay by BORDEN CHASE • A CORONADO PRODUCTION • Distributed by RKO RADIO PICTURES, INC.
With Magic Touch, a new, wondrously beautiful complexion becomes "your very own"... so natural-looking, so flawless-appearing, with each little imperfection hidden, yet never a trace of that "made up look."

1. So easy to put on—
   Such magic blending!
Rub your finger-tips lightly over creamy Magic Touch. Then with gentle strokes, smooth it on face and throat, beginning with forehead. Replenish the cream on finger-tips as needed. No clumsy sponge or puff, no liquid to drip or bottle to leak, no powder to spill.

2. So soft on your skin—
   So pleasant to use!
Blends like magic, without streaking. (Smoothing with finger-tips gives perfect color-depth control—longer smoothing lessens color.) Your skin will feel so velvety soft—look so naturally youthful, fresh and clear. Magic Touch is new. Don't confuse with other cream or stick make-ups.

3. Flawless beauty—
   Natural-looking loveliness!
Look in your mirror! Your complexion is flawless, alluring. For a dewy, fresh look, use Magic Touch without powder. Powder over lightly for a long-lasting, smooth mat-finish. (Magic Touch is never oily or greasy looking—even without powder—and always looks natural.)

6 magic shades

... by CAMPANA
Want to 
LOSE WEIGHT?

Listen to
Hedy Lamarr

No Drugs . . . No Diet . . . Results Guaranteed!
Excess weight may ruin your health and your 
looks, too. Lovely movie stars lose weight 
the Ayds way—why not you? In fact, you 
must lose pounds with the very first box 
($2.98) or your money back!

Proved by Clinical Tests. With Ayds you lose 
weight the way Nature intended you to 
—without dieting or hunger. A quick natural 
way, clinically tested and approved by 
doctors, with no risk to health. With the Ayds 
Plan you should feel healthier, look better 
while reducing—and have a lovelier figure.

Controls Hunger and Over-eating. When you 
take Ayds before meals, as directed, you 
can eat what you want—all you want.
No starvation dieting—no gnawing hunger 
pangs. Ayds is a specially made, low calorie 
candy fortified with health-giving vitamins 
and minerals. Ayds curbs your appetite—you 
automatically eat less—lose weight naturally, 
safely, quickly. Ayds is guaranteed pure.
Contains no drugs or laxatives.

New Loveliness in a Few Weeks. Users report 
losing up to ten pounds with the very first box. 
Others say they have lost twenty to thirty 
pounds with the Ayds Plan.

Hedy has a large collection of records. 
"Every star has to take care of her fig- 
ure," says Hedy. "Ayds helps you slim 
the way Nature intended you to."

Hedy Lamarr in a famous role. "If I find 
myself putting on weight," says Hedy, 
"the first thing I turn to is Ayds. I 
sincerely recommend it."

Ayds has helped many famous Holly- 
woods stars to a lovelier figure. It can 
do the same for you! At your drug or 
department stores.

17
From Out of Space... 
came hordes of green monsters!

Capturing at will the humans they need for their own sinister purposes!

A General of the Army turned into a Saboteur!

Parents turned into... rabid Killers!

Trusted police become... Arsonists!

Told in a panorama of fantastic, terrifying COLOR

Starring HELENA CARTER - ARTHUR FRANZ - JIMMY HUNT

WITH LEIF ERICKSON - HILLARY BROOKE - MORRIS ANKRAM - MAX WAGNER - BILL PHIPPS - MILBURN STONE

WILLIAM CAMERON MENZIES - RICHARD BLAKE

An Edward L. Alperson Production

Released by 20th Century-Fox

EDWARD L. ALPERSON, JR.
CALL ME MADAM  20TH CENTURY-FOX, TECHNICOLOR

The tuneful story of "The Hostess with the Mostes" sweeps onto the screen as just about the cheeriest musical ever made, vibrant with irresistible personalities. Ethel Merman's warm self-assurance and matchless gift for selling songs make the lady ambassador a memorable figure, shrewd but susceptible, uncouth but knowing, wearing gorgeous costumes with an air. Donald O'Connor's next in line, playing her young press attaché with his unique blend of brashness and humility, his precise sense of rhythm. Sedate princess Vera-Ellen keeps step with him entrancingly in dancing numbers. But George Sanders is a real surprise. Hereetofore a pretty chilly type, he eases into the film's good humor; his suave diplomat becomes a genuinely charming gent. Even the plot, about a tiny mythical country out for a U. S. loan, is as bouncy as the Berlin score.

Verdict: Lush, lovable, star-bright musical  (Family)

MAN ON A TIGHTROPE  20TH CENTURY-FOX

Once upon a time, a small circus sneaked through the Iron Curtain to freedom. Here's a film inspired by that true incident, with a mixed flavor of fairy-tale and bitter reality. Fredric March, in a superb portrayal, is the harassed showman who quietly plans escape from the prying and bullying of Czechoslovakia's Reds. There are two love stories, both torrid. Gloria Grahame's at her most sensuous as March's second wife, abusing him for his apparent spinelessness. Terry Moore, as his daughter, and Cameron Mitchell, as a roustabout with a vague background, team in a spirited youthful romance. Minor roles are done with color and conviction—even the Communist heavies, notably Adolphe Menjou. As the getaway plot builds to its climax, the audience increasingly shares the desperate urge to breathe the free air across the border.

Verdict: Witty, picturesque triumph of suspense  (Adult)

SALOME  COLUMBIA, TECHNICOLOR

The saga of the lady with the seven veils is in the tradition of the most successful Biblical-era films, providing spectacle, sex and inspirational values. Rita Hayworth affirms her rank as one of the screen's great beauties, though her Salome is more on the side of the angels than the gospel indicates. But the spare, powerful narrative of the Scriptures is expanded to generally good effect, as Christianity challenges a debauched court in a far corner of the Roman Empire. Playing a Roman convert, Stewart Granger is almost as handsome as Rita. Judith Anderson's Queen Herodias is convincingly ambition-ridden, and Charles Laughton makes King Herod evil and pitiable. Alan Badel's John the Baptist, however, has too much of the fanatic about it. Caudy as it is, the movie's closer to the spirit of the story than earlier fictional treatments.

Verdict: Satisfying if superficial pageantry  (Adult)

More reviews on next page
LETS GO TO THE MOVIES

continued

For John and daughter Sherry, Charles Coburn's a strange boss

TRouble Along the way

 Warners

Cross "Going My Way" with the yearly football epic, add a generous dash of humor, and you have this affable John Wayne movie. Charles Coburn gets his juiciest role in years as the long-time headmaster of a small Catholic college about to be closed for lack of funds. As in the Crosby film, these good fathers are very human beings, full of human crotchets. Wayne's an agreeably tough hero, a once-famous football coach blackballed because of a fondness for the bottle and a hazy sense of athletic ethics. The unworldly Coburn hires him to put the college on its feet with a winning team, and Wayne uses outrageously direct means to this end. Sherry Jackson, a forthright child actress, is the brightest part of a sub-plot involving Wayne's daughter, his selfish ex-wife (Marie Windsor) and the social worker (Donna Reed) checking on the child's welfare.

Verdict: Impudent comedy, appealing sentiment (Family)

The war of the Worlds

Paramount, Technicolor

Riding high on the crest of the current enthusiasm for science fiction comes a chiller that will have movie-goers nervously scanning the sky for flying saucers as they leave the theatre. We're targets of an imagined Martian invasion, starting in Southern California and then clutching at the rest of the earth. The people chiefly concerned are sketched lightly: scientist Gene Barry; his sweetheart, Ann Robinson; a general, Les Tremayne, who finds the U. S. Army's most potent weapons—even the atomic bomb!—are helpless against the invaders' superior gadgets. The cast plays second fiddle to the special-effects man. We get a good look at the awesome machines issuing from the space ships; the glances at the monstrous beings who run the machines are terrifyingly brief. Subtlety and documentary detail are missing, but the visual impact is strong.

Verdict: Good, horrible, fantastic (?) fun (Family)

Split Second

Eko

Collect a few miscellaneous strangers; isolate them in a dangerous situation; and you have a time-tried formula for good melodrama. Tops in this group is the able, extremely attractive Keith Andes, as a reporter whose assignment is switched from the latest A-bomb trial to the prison break of some public enemies. In the western desert, Keith picks up a hitchhiker (Jan Sterling), a plucky gal who's been around. Both are captured by the fugitive-killer (Stephen McNally), whose loyal companion (Paul Kelly) was wounded in the escape. Other captives—an old prospector (Arthur Hunnicutt), a restless wife (Alexis Smith), her lover (Robert Paige) and, eventually, her doctor husband (Richard Egan)—are also trapped in the ghost town that's to be at the center of the bomb blast. Credit Dick Powell for a brisk, efficient debut as a director.

Verdict: Smart, up-to-the-minute action story (Family)

Reviews continued on page 22
Exciting!

Susan Hayward is glamour itself... with her titian hair, her blue-green eyes set in a heart-shaped face. Add a complexion of exquisite creaminess, and you know why Susan's fan mail is so high.

"I've an easy way to smoother skin"
says Susan Hayward

It's so simple... just a one-minute Lux Soap facial can make your skin enchantingly softer, lovelier.

What are glamour girls made of? Just look at Susan Hayward... at the exciting sparkle, the radiant freshness of her skin. This lovelier look can be yours—yes, take Susan's word for it! "I'm sure my simple Lux facials will work for every girl. This gentle care really smoothes and freshens skin."

Why is Hollywood's daily Lux facial such a perfect complexion care? Because it has a gentle toning action that wakes new smoothness... gives your skin fresh, sparkling appeal. And you'll see this lovelier look so quickly, too... with just one cake of Lux.

So try the beauty care that glamorous screen stars use—gentle, mild Lux Toilet Soap facials. This very week... Hollywood's Lux-lovely look can be yours!

Susan Hayward starring in "THE PRESIDENT'S LADY"
A 20th CENTURY-FOX PRODUCTION
Just look at her baby!

Ida Lupino
and her daughter, Bridget

"I've used PLAYTEX for my baby from the start...and I know it's the best!"

Says Miss Lupino, distinguished actress and the only lady director in the film capital. Her latest release is "The Hitch-Hiker."

PLAYTEX Babies are Happier Babies...Neater, Sweeter and Cleaner

Only Playtex® Panties

Fit so gently... Protect so safely... Waterproof so completely

Your precious baby enjoys a whole new world of comfort with PLAYTEX. Only PLAYTEX Panties let your little darling roll so readily... crawl so comfortably or toddle so freely. Made entirely of creamy latex, without a single stitch or seam, PLAYTEX Panties actually stretch all over to give all-over comfort—as no ordinary baby panties do. PLAYTEX Baby Panties stay soft, snug and attractive... are accurately sized by baby's weight. They slip on in a jiffy, rinse fresh in a wink, and pat dry with a towel. Get several pairs today—and let PLAYTEX Panties keep your baby "Socially Acceptable" always!

Featured at your favorite Department Store and wherever Baby Needs are sold.

More babies wear PLAYTEX than any other baby pants!

MOTHERS, HERE'S PROOF!

Prove to yourself right at the store counter that no other baby panty fits so gently, yet so snugly! Simply slip your arm through a leg opening and feel why PLAYTEX Panties never cut circulation; never bind or irritate... are stretchier than any other baby pants made.

PLAYTEX SNAP-ON PANTIES $1.19

PLAYTEX TRANSPARENT PANTIES $0.89

NOW AVAILABLE IN "SUPER-SIZE." ONE SIZE FITS ALL PLAYTEX PULL-ON PANTIES $0.79

(Prices slightly higher outside the U.S.)

MOVIES continued

THE PRESIDENT'S LADY

(20th Century-Fox)

History provides a batch of sure-fire elements—Indian-fighting, a tender love story, drama that aims straight for the heart—to make a satisfying vehicle for Susan Hayward and Charlton Heston. Big events are subordinated to the personal lives of Rachel and Andrew Jackson, pursued by the undeserved scandal surrounding Rachel's unhappy first marriage. As the disguised wife of the future president, Susan is beautiful and deeply sympathetic, while Heston—showing a striking resemblance to Old Hickory—gives his best performance so far. Backgrounds, with well-done minor characters, carry an exhilarating flavor of early America.

Verdict: Highly emotional close-up of a famous marriage (Family)

DESTINATION GORI

(20th Century-Fox, Technicolor)

Wild as this yarn may seem, it, too, takes its inspiration from fact. Richard Widmark, able as always, has another of his serviceman roles, this time with a weather unit in Mongolia near the close of the war with Japan. The fast-moving plot pits him against wily Mongol tribesmen, hostile Japs and the hazards of the Gobi Desert. Casey Adams, Don Taylor and Darryl Hickman are stand-outs among his fellow GI's, while Murvyn Vye scores as a chieftain of doubtful allegiance, Judy Dan as a Mongol maiden. Excellent photography plays up the magnificent scenery (Nevada dubbing for Mongolia).

Verdict: Ripping adventure tale, rich in action, humor, good acting (Family)

BRIGHT ROAD

(20th Century-Fox, Technicolor)

This gentle story of a confused little boy and an understanding teacher happens to take place at a Negro grade school in the South. Lovely Dorothy Dandridge, known chiefly as a singer, approaches the business of acting with disarming simplicity, playing a young teacher who refuses to believe that the problem child of her first class is really backward. Philip Haden's a delightful hero, a stubborn rebel in school, though his interest in nature and its creatures shows keen latent intelligence. Only catch is, the reason for his hostile attitude is never explained; his family, though poor, is a loving group. An implied romance teams Dorothy with the principal, Harry Belafonte. Also a singer, a young man with a fine, thoughtful face, Belafonte is ill at ease as an actor. He does one ballad—irrelevant, but spellbinding.

Verdict: Winning, though slightly blurred study of childhood (Family)

BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOON

(Warner Bros., Technicolor)

The fresh, nostalgic charm of "On Moonlight Bay" tasted like more, and here it is,

(Continued on page 24)
Isn't this "Juliet" pretty? The crown is smooth, sides curl gently upward. With Bobbi, no days of waiting for a natural wave. It's yours from the start.

Swing to casual hair styles demands new kind of home permanent

Tight, bunched curls from ordinary home permanents won't do. Now here's the happy answer...Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent! The only permanent that waves so softly...so permanently...so easily.

At last you can get the casual hair styles you want in a permanent...as easily as putting your hair in pin-curls. No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed even for beginners. Just pin-curl your hair the way you always do. Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. Rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out—and that's all. Immediately your hair has the modish beauty, the body, the casually lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And with Bobbi, your hair stays that way—week after week after week! Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion—if you can make a simple pin-curl—you'll love B. b'i.

Easy! Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. No separate neutralizer, no curlers, no resetting.

The "Page Boy" is a young dream. Imagine a wave natural-looking as a temporary pin-curl, but without nightly settings. Yes, it's yours with Bobbi!

There's royal charm in the "Princesse"! Bobbi's just right for all such casual styles. Gives you exactly the wave you want—where you want it.

Notice the soft curls at the ends of this flattering "Peter Pan" style. With Bobbi you can easily get curls like these all by yourself—you need no help.

Everything you need! New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. $1.50 plus tax.
a sequel that brings doughboy Gordon MacRae back to his serene midwestern town and the eager arms of Doris Day. The upright, naive young vet, however, shrinks from marriage; he wants to get set in business first. And when Gordon's ready for the altar, Doris turns skittish, mistakenly believing that her dad (Leon Ames) is about to elope with an actress, leaving her mother (Rosemary DeCamp) alone. In and out of this frivolous plot are woven the misadventures of that lovably un-actorish kid actor Billy Gray. again playing Doris' brother. Like most sequels, this one lets the surprise value of its predecessor settle into a formula. But the songs and the people make good company.

Verdict: Amiable, slow-paced tune-film, both sentimental and comical (Family)

THE STORY OF THREE LOVES
(M-G-M, TECHNICOLOUR)

Short stories on film can be excellent, to-the-point entertainment. The first episodes in this package are so-so: James Mason and Moira ("Red Shoes") Shearer do a wistful vignette about a ballet impresario and a doomed dancer; Ethel Barrymore does some magical meddling in little Ricky Nelson's quarrel with governess Leslie Caron, producing Farley Granger out of nowhere. But the third sequence is a strong suspense item. Kirk Douglas' grim style and athletic frame suit his role of a grounded aerialist, whose recklessness costs one partner her life and haunts his career. Pier Angeli is tremulously beautiful as the girl he rescues from suicide and trains to fly through the air with him.

Verdict: Articulated episode movie, including one real thriller (Adult)

THE DESERT RATS
(20TH CENTURY-FOX)

"The Desert Fox," with its sympathetic portrait of Rommel, created some controversy. So here's the other side of the story, a much more exciting war picture, turned out with crisp, matter-of-fact expressness. Richard Burton's compelling personality and acting skill lead off a group of good performances. He's the British officer who commands a desperate stand at Tobruk, prelude to the ruin of Rommel's Afrika Korps. Usually too enthusiastic, Robert Newton's subdued into a forceful portrayal of a drunken ex-teacher. James Mason plays Rommel with splendid authority.

Verdict: Hard-hitting picture of heroism, with many human touches (Family)

SOMBRERO
(M-G-M, TECHNICOLOUR)

Lots of good intentions, local color and vivid players get lost in this tangle of Mexican romance. Carefree Ricardo Montalban loves Pier Angeli in spite of a feud between their villages. Aristocrat Vittorio Gassman loves déclassée Yvonne DeCarlo, but his family wants him to marry blue-blood Nina Foch. Humble villager Rick Jason loves gypsy Cyd Charisse in spite of opposition from her possessive brother,
Why Dial Soap protects your complexion even under make-up!

Dial's skin-clearing ingredient washes away blemish-spreading bacteria that other soaps leave on your skin

Here, at last, is real skin protection—continuing protection that works even under make-up. And it is yours in the mildest kind of face soap.

Now, no matter how lavishly or how sparingly you normally use cosmetics, when you wash beforehand with Dial, the fresh clearness of your skin is continuously protected...underneath your make-up.

For Dial does a wonderful thing. It washes away trouble-causing bacteria that other soaps (even the finest) leave on your skin. Dial does this because it contains AT-7, known to science as Hexachlorophene. This ingredient clears the skin of unseen bacteria that so often aggravate and spread surface blemishes.

Works in a new way!

Until Dial came along, there was no way to remove bacteria effectively. Even after thorough washing with other kinds of soap, thousands are left on your skin. Then, when you put on make-up, they are free to cause trouble underneath.

But when you wash every day with Dial, it removes up to 95% of these troublemakers. No other leading soap can do this—Dial's the only one with Hexachlorophene. This ingredient also removes skin bacteria that cause perspiration odor. That's why Dial has become the favorite bath soap of millions...it stops odor before it starts.

Photomicros Prove Results

After ordinary soap (1). Thousands of blemish-spreading bacteria on skin...

After using Dial (2). It removes up to 95% of trouble-causing bacteria.

And Dial is so mild!

You'd never guess this mild, gentle soap gives you such benefits. Dial's creamy lather gently removes soil and make-up; gives you scrupulous cleanliness, helps overcome clogged pores and blackheads. Then Dial continues, with its skin-clearing action, to protect your complexion all day.

Skin doctors know how Dial clears away troublesome bacteria. They recommend it for adolescents and adults. For simply by washing with Dial every day, your skin becomes cleaner and clearer than any other kind of soap can get it. Why not let Dial protect your complexion—even under make-up?

Mild, fragrant DIAL Soap keeps complexesions clearer by keeping skin cleaner
Make your hair obey the new soft way

No oily after-film
...just soft shimmering beauty

Now...try the only hairdressing that makes hair obey the new soft way...With miracle Curtisol—so amazingly light, so penetrating it never leaves oily "after-film"! Just a touch "sparkles" hair, prevents dryness and split ends, frizziness after a permanent. Gives you "easy-do" hair instantly. Even after shampoo! No wonder women prefer Suave 7 to 1.

Suave

LIQUID 50c-$1
CREME 60c

End dry hair worries with miracle Curtisol—Only Suave has it

created by HELENE CURTIS foremost name in hair beauty

MOVIES continued

matador Jose Greco. By the end, it's hard to remember who loves whom. Montalban emerges as the most appealing character; Cyd and Jose both present exciting dances. If you don't try to keep the plot straight, you'll find the players and the brilliant backgrounds pleasing to the eye.

Verdict: Muddled but picturesque tale of crisscrossing loves  
(Adult)

LONE HAND  
(WARNERS)

Told from the small-boy viewpoint of likable Jimmy Hunt, this is a straightforward Western of admirably simple structure. Widower Joel McCrea and his son (Jimmy) arrive to settle in a section of the frontier troubled by outlaws. The inquisitive youngster is soon horrified to find his dad joining forces with bandits Alex Nicol and Jim Arness and refusing to help the vigilantes headed by Charles Drake. The lad's suspicions are shared by Joel's new bride, Barbara Hale. Maybe the outcome won't surprise horse-opera aficionados, but the picture's sure to satisfy them.

Verdict: Novel melodrama with nice open-spaces atmosphere  
(Family)

COUNT THE HOURS  
(SKQ)

An unpretentious suspense yarn about a young hired man (John Craven) wrongly accused of murder generates a reasonable amount of tension. Craven's wife (Teresa Wright) knows he's innocent; lawyer MacDonald Carey believes he is, and wrecks his own career trying to prove it. The story isn't done in mystery form. Psychopath Jack Elam is early spotted as the real killer; Adele Mara tries to do a Marilyn Monroe as his money-loving wife.

Verdict: Acceptable murder story with few surprises  
(Family)

THE BLUE GARDENIA  
(WARNERS)

The classic whodunit requires that the murderer should richly deserve his fate. As a philandering artist, Raymond Burr certainly does. Anne Baxter, trapped in his apartment just before his death, believes she must have killed him in defending her virtue, though unacustomed drinking hazes her memory. But Ann Sothern and Jeff Donnell, as her apartment-mates and fellow telephone girls, and Richard Conte, as a gossip columnist of the sort known only to scenario writers, help to rescue Anne. The end is predictable.

Verdict: Undistinguished mystery with some attractive performers  
(Adult)

THE GIRLS OF PLEASURE ISLAND  
(PARAMOUNT, TECHNICOLOR)

Here's an idea that sounds promisingly youthful and rich in laughter: Three young girls have been raised in seclusion on a South Sea island that's suddenly visited by 1,500 U.S. Marines. But the slender story is told in painfully obvious

(Continued on page 82)
**More than a Girdle... better than a Corset!**

**New!** Tummy-flattening latex “finger” panels firmly assist the gentle lift of your own body muscles. Waists-trimming non-roll top stays up without a bone, seam or stitch.

**New!** See how the new boneless non-roll top and the latex “finger” panels are invisibly moulded in. The Magic-Controller itself is invisible under sleekest clothes.

**New!** Fabric lining inside, with textured latex surface outside. Magic-Controller is as comfortable as your own skin. And it washes in seconds, dries like a miracle.

---

**Amazing New Playtex Magic-Controller!**

With new non-roll top and hidden power panels, it slims and supports you as Nature intended!

Here is natural figure control! Natural control that works with your body, not against it...resilient, firm control that revitalizes your proportions, your posture, your pride!

Simply hold Magic-Controller up to the light and see the hidden latex “finger” panels that firm you without a bone, stay, seam or stitch. Playtex slims, supports, never distorts!

Magic-Controller is all one piece of fabric lined latex. Every inch reflects firm control. It does more for you than any girdle, and frees you forever from restricting, constricting corsets.

Dramatic proof of its power to “fashion” your figure naturally comes when you wear it under the season’s new styles. You’ll think you’ve lost a full size (and more than a few years!)

---

**Playtex Magic-Controller**

with 4 sturdily reinforced adjustable garters.

Look for Playtex Magic-Controller in this newest SLIM Playtex tube. At department stores, specialty shops everywhere, $7.95 Extra-large size, $8.95

Fabric Lined PLAYTEX GIRDLES from $4.95
FAMOUS PLAYTEX GIRDLES from $3.50

Playtex... known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube.
PARTIES AND PREEMS in bunches this time! Heading the list was the shindig before, during and after the opening of "Call Me Madam." Ken Murray was in the foyer, greeting stars galore for the video cameras and Ethel Merman (even though she couldn't be present) became the overnight toast of Hollywood-town. What a night!

Don't want to make you "hair-sick"—but Mitzi Gaynor, aside from being in floor-length white crepe, tipped by white mink stole, was also wearing her new very dark hair, liberally sprinkled with silver dust. Looked right purty—but Hugh O'Brian, who danced with her, got most of the silver on his tux—and his cheeks. On account of the cheek-to-cheek way they danced! Evelyn Keyes, back from France, sported something she called "my own color," she should have said "colors"—a mixture of brownette (natural) with various shades of bleached strands from golden blonde to almost white—giving a sort of sunburst effect!

On with "the show": Jeanne Crain, wearing rhinestone earrings as big as chandeliers, with Paul Brinkman; Piper Laurie, in flower-trimmed white, with a white ermine stole—on the arm of Leonard Goldstein.

Also present were Susie Zanuck with Bob Wagner; Dawn Addams with Farley Granger; Terry Moore with Nicky Hilton; Debbie Reynolds with Bill Shirley. To say nothing of Marilyn Monroe, a slinky sylph in a simple, tight-fitting (woot else?) white satin, strapless sheath—white fox stole slung around her shoulders—and no jewelry. Her hair-do, a longish, almost page-boy bob, with just a suggestion of bangs across her forehead. And, oh, yeh—matching white satin gloves that ended exactly where her gown did—across the bust-line—low bustline! Janet Leigh, seated beside us, wore a white and silver gown—with the lowest neckline of anybody—and a dark, starlight mink stole; Anne Francis in a silvery-coated white taffeta gown; Virginia Mayo; the Tony Martins—I could go on forever about glamour-pusses glimpsed!

A cozy and warm party was the one the Masquers Club of Hollywood gave to honor Lucy Ball and Desi Arnaz at a "Mr. and Mrs." dinner. Roy Rogers and Dale Evans, Ozzie and Harriet Nelson (she stunning in a semi-summer pastel bouffant of starched organza), Gracie Allen and George Burns, Barbara Britton (hiding her "expectin'" with an exquisite, heavily embroidered cotton shortie evening dress), Marjorie Reynolds, Bill Bendix and lots more movie and TV personalities were there to pay tribute.

Some of the standouts for shape, style and beauty at a party at the Bel Air Hotel included Mitzi Gaynor (with Hugh O'Brian again) in red, trimmed with black. I did a little "research" on Mitzi's omphly fagara. She was wearing no stays, push-ups, wires or "cinchers." Quite a shape to drape, that one! Jane Russell was regal in slinky floor-length black, trimmed with black beads, with a huge stole of black crepe, also heavily beaded. Leslie Caron, usually no fashion-plate, looked quite chic in starched red lace. Terry Moore wore an ivory ribbed-taffeta, strapless bodice, the long skirt draped to the back where a huge bustle of matching tulle cascaded to the floor. Marge Champion (her Gower was wearing the brightest pink skirt!) was in full-skirted white taffeta with a sash of garnet silk that formed a slight bustle in the rear. Cute Patti Lewis lifted her ankle-length green taffeta skirt to show me white petticoats—trimmed with ermine tails!
Why not wear stars tonight? All it takes is one quick shampoo—and your hair will be winking with these starry highlights, silky soft, silky smooth. The sight of it, the feel of it will put you in seventh heaven!

New magic formula . . . milder than castile!

There's silkening magic in Drene's new lightning-quick lather! No other lather is so thick, yet so quick—even in hardest water!

Magic . . . this new lightning-quick lather . . . because it flashes up like lightning, because it rinses out like lightning, because it's milder than castile! Magic! because this new formula leaves your hair bright as silk, smooth as silk, soft as silk. And so obedient.

Just try this luxurious new Drene with its lightning-quick lather . . . its new and fresh fragrance. You have an exciting experience coming!

A NEW EXPERIENCE . . .
See your hair left silky bright! This new formula flashes into lightning-quick lather—milder than castile! No other lather is so quick, yet so thick!

New Lightning Lather—
a magic new formula that silksens your hair.
Milder than castile—
so mild you could use Drene every day!

This is a New Drene!
A PRODUCT OF PROCTER & GAMBLE
How you, too, can look lovelier in 10 days or your money back!

Doctor's new beauty care helps your skin look fresher, lovelier —and helps keep it that way!

If you aren't entirely satisfied with your skin—here's the biggest beauty news in years! A famous doctor has developed a wonderful new home beauty routine.

This sensible beauty care owes its amazing effectiveness to the unique qualities of Noxzema. This famous greaseless beauty cream is a medicated formula. It combines softening, soothing, healing and cleansing ingredients.

Thrilling results!

Letters from women all over America praise Noxzema's wonderfully quick help for rough, dry, lifeless skin and for externally-caused blemishes.

Like to help your problem skin look lovelier? Tonight, do this:

1. Cleanse thoroughly by 'cream-washing' with Noxzema and water. Apply Noxzema, then wring out a cloth in warm water and wash your face as if using soap. See how fresh your skin looks the very first time you 'cream-wash'—not dry, or drawn!

2. Night cream. Smooth on Noxzema so that its softening, soothing ingredients can help your skin look smoother, lovelier. Always pat a bit extra over any blemishes® to help heal them—fast! You will see a wonderful improvement as you go on faithfully using Noxzema. It's greaseless. No smeary pillow!

3. Make-up base. 'Cream-wash' again in the morning, then apply Noxzema as your long-lasting powder base. *externally caused

Blemishes:* "Noxzema helped heal my teen-age skin and I still use it," says Gloria Shearer of Jamaica, L. I. "'Cream-washing' helps keep my complexion looking fresh and smooth."

NOXZEMA Skin Cream

Get Noxzema today—40c, 60c and $1.00 plus tax at drug, cosmetic counters!

Laughing Stock...

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON

(See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Red" on your local TV station)

One movie queen to another about another movie queen: "Lovely girl. Wears dark glasses and all that. Unfortunately, you can still see her."

Ed Wynn's definition of a toupee—Top Secret.

Steve Cochran says it seems strange that a guy who will propose to a girl under a light he wouldn't think of choosing a suit by.

Two dolls met on Hollywood Boulevard. "Gosh Mabel," said the first. "What have you done to your hair? It looks like a wig."

"It is a wig," replied the other.

"Goodness," said the first, "You'd never know it."

Definition of 3-D films: A new movie process that will make Katharine Hepburn look like Jane Russell.

The plush mansion in which Bette Davis lives in "The Star" is the Beverly Hills home of the film's producer, Bert Friedlob. Movie star Bette Davis' modest home didn't look like a movie star's home!

M-G-M couldn't find a black leopard in Africa for a scene in the Clark Gable-Ava Gardner starrer, "Mogambo." So two of the beasts were flown to Africa from darkest New York.

Comedian Jack Leonard to Sam Levene: "I saw your last picture and I think it was."

A movie king who has had his share of lost weekends was complaining to his agent that he should have had the Gary Cooper role in "High Noon."

"True, true," said the agent, "but the producers just wouldn't change the title to 'High at Noon.'"

Dancer Bambi Linn was asked, "What is more important than stamina, poise and perseverance to carry on despite career disappointments in striving for success as a professional dancer?"

"Well," pondered Bambi. "You should know your left foot from your right."

Movie director to Zsa Zsa Gabor: "Please, can't you learn to pronounce it why instead of why?"

Gabor: "I'm working on it."

A star was describing his agent to a friend: "There's no middle ground where he's concerned. You either hate him or despise him."

Dismissing rumors of a third marriage, movie director Ray Garnett said: "I've already been sub-divided twice."
**NEW Pink'n Sassy**

A gay, party-going pink—feminine as it is fiery!
Wear it when you're in the mood for spur-of-the-
moment dates...lively music...a sudden kiss!

*Strike Me Pink...*  
Dramatic, sophisticated!  
For the moments when you feel very  
"femme fatale"...in the mood for a  
Paris hat...a new love affair!

**NEW Pink'n Sweet**

Pink for a proposal! Marriage on your mind?  
This is for you...a tempting, rosy-soft pink...so romantic,  
it's practically guaranteed to make it happen!

**Cutex**

*puts your love-life in the pink with the*  
prettiest shades of the season! Try some of this  
Cutex color-magic tonight...and listen  
for these sure-to-be-whispered words  
..."LOVE YOU IN PINK"!

*Spillpruf Cutex, 15¢ plus tax*
*Stay Fast Lipstick, America's Creamiest Indelible. 29¢ plus tax*
*Lovely Cutex Trillium Case, contains 3 different  
shades of Stay Fast Lipstick—color-keyed to your  
complexion. $1.25 value for only 89¢ (tax) plus tax.*
YES, ESTHER WILLIAMS uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo. In fact, in less than two years, Lustre-Creme has become the shampoo of the majority of top Hollywood stars! When America's most glamorous women use Lustre-Creme Shampoo, shouldn't it be your choice above all others, too?

For the Most Beautiful Hair in the World
4 out of 5 Top Hollywood Stars
use Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Glamour-made-easy! Even in hardest water, Lustre-Creme "shines" as it cleans... leaves your hair soft and fragrant, gleaming-bright. And Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with Natural Lanolin. It doesn't dry or dull your hair!

Makes hair eager to curl! Now you can "do things" with your hair—right after you wash it! Lustre-Creme Shampoo helps make hair a delight to manage—tames flyaway locks to the lightest brush touch, brings out glorious sheen.

Fabulous Lustre-Creme costs no more than other shampoos—27¢ to $2 in jars or tubes.  
...and thrilling news for users of liquid shampoos! Lustre-Creme now available also in new Lotion Form, 30¢ to $1.00.
ROMANCE IN THE AIR?

For a long time Farley Granger has been a thorn in the side to the would-be Cupids of Hollywood. Young, handsome, talented—and almost irritatingly eligible—Farley became aloof after Shelley Winters' marriage and was seldom seen at Hollywood's social events. No matter how hard the well-wishers tried, they were unable to produce the girl who spelled romance to Farley. But now it looks as if—in fresh-faced lovely twenty-three-year-old newcomer Dawn Addams—he's found exactly what he's been waiting for!

Wishful thinking can often be premature in labeling friendship as a big romance. But in this case everyone's hoping—for Farley is himself once more, and Dawn is turning to someone nearer her own age rather than the older men she's been dating. Together they sparkle as neither has recently in the company of others—and that's just one more reason why everyone is wondering whether it may at last be a real romance.
Rattles and Tattle: Poor Shelley Winters, who was too sick to talk, was in the hospital twenty-four hours before anyone knew she was a mother. Born prematurely on Valentine’s Day, Vittoria Gina Gassman weighed four pounds, ten ounces and was promptly placed in an incubator. Pity! Vittorio wanted a son so badly. But when Shelley called him in Italy, where he’s in a play, he was, of course, delighted.

... ‘Tis true her studio may not know where Marilyn Monroe lives (they have to contact her through her agent), but Cal can tell them. The “bad” and the beautiful one checked out of the Beverly Hills Hotel and into a brand new apartment on North Doheny Drive. It’s very modern and exclusive with only six units to the building. One, incidentally, is occupied by heart-whole and fancy-free John Hodiak. He hasn’t met Maid Marilyn yet—but everyone has to borrow a cup of sugar from a good neighbor! And what a goody this one is!

Hollywood Believes: That despite their current companionship and the fact that they’re expecting a second child, the Tyrone Powers have merely reached an “understanding” and are waiting only until the propitious time.
to announce their permanent separation . . . That Joan Crawford, whose loyalty to Hollywood is far beyond the call of duty, still stuck her beautiful neck out by publicly “spanking” Marilyn Monroe for intentionally attracting too much attention and not behaving like a “lady.”

Col Salutes: Robert Wagner for keeping a handsome head on level shoulders. When a writer referred to him as a big star, Bob remonstrated: “Look—Robert Taylor, Clark Gable and Gary Cooper are big stars. I’m just beginning.” . . . Lucille Ball for retaining no bitterness toward those who pushed her around a few short years ago. Says the incomparable Lucy: “When I left M-G-M, I was terribly discouraged, but I tried to believe it was all for the best. Now, when Desi and I return there for ‘The Long, Long Trailer,’ we’ll receive $250,000 for our work. Looking back, maybe I could have hated a lot of people. But I’ve lived to learn that hating only destroys the hater.”

In Case You Care: Mitzi Gaynor’s hair is back to brawn again, her natural color . . . Since his separation, Dean Martin’s been living with Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Lewis . . . Keefe Brasselle can’t wear his “Eddie Cantor” contact lenses in the sun because they make his eyes water . . . Ginger’s Jacques draws $250 a week from M-G-M until his English warrants a screen test. In the meantime, the studio hasn’t actually signed him . . . Jane Wyman requires one day’s notice before she receives a gentleman (or lady) of the press on the set . . . People sometimes mistake attractive Georges Saurel, who is especially attracted to Lana Turner, for Gary Merrill, who belongs to Bette Davis.

It’s News That: Two operations in one week for Dick Powell may have been rough on him, but they turned June Allyson into a lovely hysterical wreck . . . Humphrey Bogart, who is a student of Greek mythology these days, suffered a tongue injury while driving a car in Naples . . . All’s quiet on the matrimonial front with the Robert Newtons, who are now expecting the stork . . . The Guy Madison’s may reconcile. Actually, he only moved into an apartment because “Burning Arrow” is his first movie in years and he needed peace and quiet to concentrate . . . Evelyn Keyes is back in Hollywood to make a movie with John Wayne and to collect, she hopes,
"Legs" Chandler's really going out on a limb—competing with co-star Marilyn Maxwell on "East of Sumatra" set!

"Let's you and me hit the road, baby," mutters Bob. But all Liz Scott wants of Hope is a handy shoulder at dinner.

According to husband Paul, Jeanne Crain's new glamour routine is old stuff with her.

all or part of that $20,673 back alimony owed her by director John Huston . . . Just as Cal predicted months ago, Van Johnson is leaving M-G-M. He'll check off the lot at the end of this year. Also leaving are the Gower Champions and maybe Spencer Tracy, too. Yes, the Hollywood scene moves on.

Help Wanted: Once upon a time, Jeff Chandler couldn't get his big toe in a studio. Now, when Twentieth tried to borrow him for "The Robe," all U-I asked in return was the services of—Marilyn Monroe! . . . Due to illness, Ann Sothern's future looked hopeless. Then her comedy stole "The Blue Gardenia," and her "Private Secretary" on TV is so good that Jack Benny has now requested Ann for his summer replacement on radio . . . Paramount needs a strong dramatic actress and they want Susan Hayward. She was only under contract there for years and nothing happened. Now—try and get her!

Professional Plasma: Third Dimension or the 3-DT's, as it's kiddingly called, has arrived in Hollywood. Currently, the method, still new and experimental, has the town in a turmoil. But the general feeling is that—as a means of fighting TV—it's the healthiest and helpfulest thing that's happened since the advent of talkies! Stars come to life in 3-D.
They look round and real instead of artificial and flat. Paramount's product called Paravision, features the first 3-D in Technicolor and stars Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas in "Sangaree." Wow, does their love-making come to life! At Twentieth, they're shooting "The Robe" in their own CineScope. Columbia's using Warners' Natural Vision—and wait till you see what 3-D does for those Can-Can dancers in "House of Wax"! Of course, you know about Cinerama, with its three curved screens. And note: those polarized glasses people are wearing to view "Bwana Devil" aren't a necessary evil. Currently, the major problem is to devise the best and easiest method, because special screens and projectors will have to be installed in theatres all over the country. Naturally, equipment will have to be standard. So Hollywood's keeping production at snail's pace till things simmer down and normalcy rules the roost again.

At the Moment: When Debbie Reynolds isn't with new actor Tom Morton or singer Alan Dale, she is with Tab Hunter, helping him find a cabin site at Lake Arrowhead, where he plans to build. Farley Granger, who's been fancy free for a long time, has found himself a gal! Dark-haired, lovely Dawn Addams is his constant date. Fair exchange: Robert Wagner has promised to introduce Rock Hudson to Terry Moore in exchange for a formal knockdown to Piper Laurie. The two blond-Ls, Lana and Lex sharing a "Missionary's Downfall" (that's a drink, son) at the Beachcombers.

One Man's Family: The way things happen in Hollywood, Carl is surprised that Aldo Ray actually won the role of Sergeant O'Hara in "Miss Sadie Thompson" with Rita Hayworth. The guy, who's merely perfect for the part, called his family in Crockett, California to tell 'em, "My kid brother, who's in high school, got on the phone," grins Aldo. "He was thrilled—always wanted an autographed photo of Rita Hayworth!"

Around the Hollywood Clock: Marlon Brando's former roommate is now TV's famous "Mr. Peepers." Dan Dailey and Mrs. Donald O'Connor in the same party when singer Peggy Lee opened at the jam-packed Coconut Grove. John Lund, who's always the life of every party, astounded Hollywood with the serious talent he displayed on tour reading Shakespeare. Painting his own car in the studio transportation department, Dale Robertson invited Bill Landigan and Jeff Hunter to drop by and "split a brush" with him. To inquiries about her famous husband during his long run in New York, Mrs. Danny Kaye had a stock answer: "He's at the Palace—where he'd rather be than any other place in the world!"

Animal Kingdom: Janet Leigh is hunting for a husband for Houdini. The French poodle Tony Curtis bought her from Ann Sheridan's kennel. Beautiful Barbara Bates spends her spare time trapping gophers, and you would too if they destroyed your elegant and expensive garden. Whenever Steve Cochran has feminine guests for dinner, Clarence, his pet parrot, screams out, "What a man!" Carleton Carpenter's new boxer puppy wiggles her hips when she walks, so he's named her—Marilyn.

Feed the Kitty: Talk of the town is Zsa Zsa Gabor's rumored $7,500 weekly take-home pay for her Las Vegas nightclub stint. Fanged one fragile female: "Imagine what they'd pay her if she had any talent!"

People and Places: Gloria Grahame with Cy Howard, Robert Taylor with Ursula Thiess, Rock Hudson, Jeanne Crain, Joan Crawford, the Stewart Grangers, endless others at columnist Sheilah Graham's reception to meet Wojciechowicz S. Woejkiewicz, the handsome new husband she refers to as Bow-Wow—and need we add why! Fans mistaking Virginia (Continued on page 32)
Fathers' Day

Just like fathers everywhere,

Alan Ladd never knows whether he'll be met by space men or Indians when he's home. This time it's "Superchief David" who greets him!
these glamour guys have the time of their lives being "Kings for the Day"

Santa Claus rules at Christmas, but on June twenty-first pop has his inning! And if you think that’s not important in Hollywood you don’t know your leading men. Tough guys rush home from screen villainy to dandle babies on their knees. Dashing cavaliers are tamed by baby talk. Suave sophisticates mix formulas and get up docilely for the 2:00 A.M. feeding.

This year Alan Ladd and his brood will celebrate Alan’s day in Europe. Father’s Day has a special poignancy to John Derek. For a long time, he and Patti wondered if they’d be able to keep their son Russell—he was so ill for so long. But now he’s happy and healthy and every day is Father’s Day for Daddy. At the Mitchums’, daughter Petrine and her two big brothers make the day special to Bob. And for first-time fathers Dale Robertson and Jeff Hunter the day is something entirely new.

There are Hollywood fathers who are bemused by the birth of their first child. Jeffrey Hunter was only five days away from sailing for Europe to do “Sailor of the King” when young Christopher Merrill was born. Jeff had been rushing, packing, worrying that the baby wouldn’t be born before he left. Then when it happened he went into a quiet state of shock. Barbara’s mother had her first look at her grandson and floated out on an ecstatic cloud to tell Jeff. “Such a beautiful baby!” she exclaimed to Christopher’s father. “So perfect, so healthy. A beautiful baby!” (Continued on page 84)
CALLING ALL UGLY DUCKLINGS:

I have had many, many letters from girls who write to me saying that you are very worried because you are not the prettiest girl in your school, or at your work, or maybe in your particular town.

You are polite, you Americans, so you do not say that you write to me because I, too, am a plain girl. But I can read between the lines. Besides, it is true. I can practically hear you saying, in those letters, "How could a girl with your looks become a movie star?"

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE PRETTY TO BE POPULAR

BY Leslie Caron
I will tell you this. I am more astonished to be a Hollywood personality than you can possibly imagine.

The other evening a magazine gave awards to me and Marilyn Monroe at the same time. I stood beside Marilyn, and looking up at her beauty, I thought, “What am I doing here—next to her?”

But I can say one thing in all sincerity to you girls who think you’re not pretty: To be plain need not be a handicap. In fact, it can be a help. It keeps you from expecting things to come to you too easily. It forces you to cultivate your taste, your brains, your personality. And, most important, it helps you to appreciate things when you do get them, and to have values that are true and lasting.

Let us be blunt: some of you are not pretty. The way your faces are put together there is not much chance—physically—of your ever being other than homely. Certainly you can not be beautiful—not feature by feature, that is. So what can you do?

Personally, I think the important thing is to cultivate your mind and cultivate your body. I think you must do both—and neither one at the (Continued on page 87)
In a town like Hollywood a girl like Debra is bound to be a “puzzlement.” But the fact is, she really does have so much fun with her family she's never wanted to look elsewhere for a good time. Recently, Debra and her family moved to a new house. The renting agent couldn't believe his eyes when he saw the gang. “Err... are all these people yours, Mrs. Griffin?” he stuttered. Deb's mother assured him they were—all nine of them. For sister Teala, her husband and their two babies were over so often, they decided to move in permanently with Deb, her Mom and Pop and the two younger sisters!
From the patio of the new house, visitors look up with awe at the three levels above. A stairway leads from the backyard to the second floor where Debra has her room—a vision of pink walls, white satin drapes and red velvet spread. No wonder Debra’s eyes light up when she shows it to her friends. But there’s another reason for her shining eyes—sister Lorna has a contract with Universal-International! “She’s the family clown and has great talent,” beams Debra, who celebrated by painting their car lilac! “You never know what my family will do,” says her dad. “And Debra’s the most unpredictable of all!”

Says Debra of her family, “This is the ‘givingest’ gang in captivity!”

Debra’s balcony. What, no Romeo? Lorna’s movie debut has Debra all excited! Lawn ornaments: Debra and a model burro.
“Stop Telling Lies About Us”

—DALE ROBERTSON

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

“Until now we’ve never made any statement about our marriage. It’s all been gossip.”

For a long time now, Twentieth Century-Fox’s big he-man from Oklahoma, Dale Robertson, has been the subject of talk and gossip items hardly calculated to advance his popularity with moviegoers.

Dale had changed completely with his stardom, reports said, and success had gone to his head in a big way...

Dale was spending more and more time away from home, they said—golfing, hunting, riding, even night-clubbing—leaving his wife Jackie to cry her heart out alone with baby Rochelle...

Dale and Jackie had reached the parting of the way, gossips claimed, and he was seeing an incendiary blonde young actress recently married; others said he was beaunig a top-drawer movie queen who had just shed her third husband...

Jackie’s reaction to all this has been one of mounting indignation. “They’re not being fair to Dale!” she’d exclaim. And close friends have said that if the Robertson marriage is shaky, it is just these items of gossip that are to blame; no household could ignore them completely. (Continued on page 93)

Rochelle: she’s the apple of her parents’ eye
With this ring, I thee wed, for richer, for poorer,
June 27, 1953, is The Day—the day Ann Blyth will walk down the aisle of St. Charles Church to become the bride of Dr. James McNulty. Ann will be given in marriage by her Uncle Pat Tobin, and the dazzling list of her bridesmaids reads like an all-star movie cast. These attendants will be Jane Powell, Jeanne Crain, Jane Withers, Joan Leslie, Betty Lynn and Ann’s stand-in (though not on this very special occasion), Alice Kraysiva. Dr. McNulty’s best man will be his brother, Dennis Day. And all members of both families will be there.

Like all young lovers, Ann and her Dr. Jim were faced with the problem of where to live after their marriage. The day after they became engaged they started their house-hunting, and—unlike many young lovers—they found their dream house with a “For Sale” sign in the front yard! It’s in the Toluca Lake district near Hollywood, and they purchased it immediately. Ann’s home-to-be is a Connecticut-farmhouse type, exactly the dream house she has always wanted. In fact, Ann laughs, the house is so perfect they will not even have to repaper or repaint a single room in it.

Afternoons these days—and mornings too when Ann hasn’t been busy at M-G-M for her role in (Continued on page 73)
HAS ANYBODY
SEEN MY GIRL?

Somewhere I'll find her. And when I do, I'm warning her. My intentions are strictly matrimonial!

BY ROCK HUDSON

The next female reporter who asks me when I'm going to get married is going to be dragged to the nearest Doctor of Divinity and get hitched to me. And what happens to her in the next fifty years will serve her right.

At least, that's what I keep telling myself I'm going to do. Twenty-seven isn't exactly juvenile, but there are a lot of guys who don't get married until they're over thirty. Nobody pesters them. They just slide through life the way they want to. But somehow people expect an actor, the minute his voice changes, to go out and get himself a bride.

Sure, I want to be married some day. But a guy doesn't pick a wife the way he does an avocado. There's more to it than that. With me, it's a question of finding a girl I like who likes me, and the second part is harder to achieve than the first.

A girl can tell right away about a lot of my faults. I take my shoes off all the time, for instance. And there are few women who can love a guy enough to look at his bare feet all evening. There are other things about me that only my mother knows, and a girl would have to be married to me for a while before she'd find out about them.

Take Hudson in the morning, as a case in point. Once I wake up I'm a bear before coffee, but it's going to take a bit of doing on the part of my bride before she can discover that awful truth. This is because I don't wake up unless and until I've been hit in the head with a pile driver. Noise won't do it. Soft little noises like alarm clocks or kettledrums sail over my head like a morning breeze.

Under these circumstances I have no right to pick and choose about the method (Continued on page 91)

I dream about a girl with Piper Laurie's mouth... Vera-Ellen's legs... Susan Cabot's nose... Gene Tierney's hair!
Through her husband, Geary Steffen, Jane has found the deep inner security she needs.

*No doubt about it, Jane Powell is firmly set in the affections of the movie-going public—and they feel that her new maturity can only enhance her appeal as a star and as an actress. Your answers to the Powell Poll in *Photoplay* were in the amazing ratio of nineteen to one in Jane's favor. Of the 9,788 tallies, some 9,367 were an emphatic no to the question, “Will maturity end Jane’s appeal?” Many of you accompanied your ballots with letters saying that although Jane’s progress to mature roles has been sudden, it has nevertheless been graceful and easy, a natural follow-up to her young adolescent roles.

Actually Jane continued her adolescent roles under protest long after her own effervescent girlhood had...
been left behind. And now at long last her roles are catching up with her. Her first young adult role was in “Royal Wedding,” and in the new “Three Sailors and a Girl,” she wears lovely, glamorous clothes, and her own carefully styled hairdo, boyishly short in the back and softly curled around the face.

“In a way,” Jane explains, “it seems as if I grew up overnight. There was nothing conscious about it. It was just that I fixed my hair differently—I had it cut short, styled it myself—and I found I liked suits, and dresses with more style. It all came about naturally!”

Hollywood is a place where you can’t stand still, you have to go forward or be dropped and forgotten, and no one knows this better than Jane. Still on the threshold of her adult career, she is alert and eager for each new opportunity, and smart enough to be prepared. Through her husband, Geary Steffen, she has found the inner security she needs, and in motherhood, the full flowering of her love. The pattern of her life is rich in youthful achievement, richer in mature promise. There can be no doubt that maturity has brought new beauty, and a new and glamorous appeal to the youngster with the lyric voice!

“My life may look to an outsider a little like a three-ring circus, but it isn’t really! A little confusing at times, perhaps—but not too difficult.

“It helps,” she says, “to have such an understanding husband. In fact, I don’t think (Continued on page 89)
WHY GENTLEMEN PREFER Blondes

THE GOLD RUSH IS ON WHEN HOLLYWOOD'S BLONDE

- It was a jealous brunette who invented the lie that blondes are dumb and that's why gentlemen prefer them. I never met a blonde who wasn't smart—especially in Hollywood where it's the blondes who steal most of the headlines.

There always seems to be something newsworthy happening to gals like Marilyn Monroe, Virginia Mayo, Doris Day, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Betty Hutton, Shelley Winters and June Allyson, to name just a few of the more formidable fair-haired types.

And if things don't happen in the natural order of events, these gals are smart enough to cook something up that will keep them hot and sizzling in the public eye.

Take, for instance, Marilyn Monroe, who has drawn a lot of criticism for her antics lately, and who keeps on doing what she thinks is right for Marilyn, no matter what people say. One such "I'll play it my way, thank you" incident took place at...
BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

BOMBSHELLS GO TO WORK!

the annual PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal Dinner. That night Darryl Zanuck tapped his foot impatiently, glared at his wristwatch, and finally—good and irritated—walked to the raised dais in the Crystal Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel and sat down. Every seat for the jam-packed dinner was now occupied—except one—Marilyn Monroe's, next to Zanuck.
She was a full hour and a half late when she finally wriggled in, wearing the tightest (Continued on page 97)

M-m Monroe—excitement as planned
Virginia Mayo—her silence is golden
You'd think it would take a lot
to tame a big guy like Rory Calhoun.

All it took was little Lita

"Maybe we're naive about it, but we can't get away from the fact that we're more in love now than when we got married," Lita says. "We don't think people get married to get away from each other. We don't take separate vacations. Except for Rory's occasional hunting or fishing trips, we are always together." (Continued on page 102)
This year, next year, sometime... it began
to look like never. Then suddenly Susan and Jess
were off—having the time of their lives!

● There were, that night, just two
people sitting in the sleek, black
Cadillac convertible parked far back
on the ramp at the drive-in theatre
in Encino. It was cool in the Valley;
the stars, aloof and diamond-hard,
sparkled in a steel-blue sky. The
red-haired star in the mink coat
stopped munching her popcorn and
drew a little closer to the tall, blond
man beside her. On the distant
screen a dozen skiers raced down the
crisp snow of an Alpine slope.
“Nice skiing,” said the blond man.
“Don’t you think so, honey?”
“Ummm,” said the lady with red
hair. Then, “Jess?”
“Yes, dear.”
“Why don’t we go this year? To
Europe?”
“But, Susie, what about the boys?”
“They’ll be all right. They’ll be
eight soon; Mother and my brother
Wally could take care of them...”
“We could phone home every
week...”
“Of course. Oh, Jess, we’ve talked
and talked about it now for three
years; let’s just pick up and go. To
Spain and Sweden, to Ireland in the
spring, when it’s soft green.”
Jess Barker grinned at his red-
haired wife. “Right,” he chuckled.
“This time we’ll really go. But I’ll
bet you nobody at the studio will
believe you’re really going to go
through with it.”
Susan Hayward looked sidewise at
her husband out of those impish
hazel eyes. “Darling,” she laughed,
“are they ever going to be sur-
prised!”
Most unbelieving of all, when Su-
san actually left for Europe late in
February, were those closest to her
at the studio: Emmy Eckhardt, her
hairdresser; make-up man Tommy
Tuttle; and even Vicki Coe, Susan’s
long-time stand-in. As Susan ad-
mitted, “It was an old, old tale. No
reason to believe it this time.”
Salty, outspoken Emmy, who has
washed, set and combed those flam-
ing Hayward tresses for eight years,
listened and looked skeptical on the
set of “White Witch Doctor” while
Susan pored through a lapful of
travel folders and talked endlessly
about itineraries.
“You’ll never get there,” said
Emmy. “It’ll be like that salmon-
fishing trip you were going to take
to Alaska last year, remember? Or
the trip to (Continued on page 95)
The happy humming of bees on a sunny day . . . bubble and squeak . . . country butter in a silver dish . . . starched petticoats . . . Dogwood trees in bloom . . . a domesticated Peter Pan

Photograph by Engstead: June's next is "Remains to Be Seen"
Cornflowers on a black lace handkerchief . . . nightingale at a jam session . . . salt-water taffy and candy hearts . . . parade on Fifth Avenue . . . a gingham girl in a Paris gown
Their story began in a college classroom when a shy, shabby boy looked at a pert coed. The rest is Heston family history

BY RUTH WATERBURY

That afternoon in the spring of 1941 love was at work. The class studying “Fundamental Theatre” at Northwestern University were the brains group, the college highbrows.

In the class was a broad-shouldered, shy and shabby boy named Charlton Heston. A scholarship student, he was running an elevator at nights to keep himself eating. In between classes and the night shift he did all manner of odd jobs. He got little sleep, of course, but that was all right; he was determined to become great in the theatre. That was why he was working so hard, and he was annoyed with himself for not keeping his mind constantly on his objective. For as the spring days wafted one past another, he found himself increasingly aware of a coed named Lydia Clarke.

He had taken the habit of sitting behind Lydia in class so that, without seeming to, he could watch her—her pert, dark curls, her huge, dark eyes, her neat rounded figure. He wasn’t the only guy in class aware of her; this he jealously noted. But Lydia Clarke was obviously an intellectual artiste. To ask such a girl to shoot the breeze at the college malt shop was virtual sacrilege.

And then, this particular balmy day of that spring of 1941, it happened. Lydia Clarke, as the lecture ended, turned in Charlton’s direction. She addressed him.

“I wonder if I could ask your advice, Mr. Heston?”

What a dream question from any girl to any fellow! In one bound Chuck was on his big feet, standing close to Miss Clarke. Because of his height, she had to turn her face up to his. Seen this closely, it was an even (Continued on page 99)
HOW TO LOOK LIKE A MOVIE PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS
MERMAID

This is it: how to look stunning in the sun. Secret? A swimsuit that's new... exciting... and fits like a dream. This summer, anyone can look like a movie mermaid. Now there are suits (from $3 up!) that are miracles of fit and allure.

New suits have built-in secrets to give them that mermaid fit. One has a real, built-in girdle. Another, a separate Lastex pantie. Some have their own body-beautiful bras. Many do it with strong, light-weight Lastex; shirred, elasticized cotton; intricate panels to mold you in the right places. All the new silhouettes are good—and great for your figure!

Here, some of Hollywood's loveliest lassies show you how to improve your place in the sun!


When each wave comes arollin' in... you're the most alluring picture by the sea in your Sea Nymph glamour suit! Curve-channeling sheath with smooth front panel outline-shirred, cuffed sweetheart collar. Lastex faille in a dazzling range of French Riviera colors. Sizes 32 to 38. About $11.

Slightly higher west of the Rockies.

Sea Nymph glamour suits come in Juniors too!
Sizes 9 to 15.

at better stores everywhere, or write
Wendy Carter, JORDAN Manufacturing Corp., 1410 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.
Sea Nymph of Canada, 425 River St., Montreal
PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS

HOW TO LOOK LIKE A MOVIE MERMAID

Corinne Calvet, in a lo-o-ng, lazy stretch, shows you one new way: Rose Marie Reid's exciting, vivid-toned two-piece Lastex suit with contrasting floral trim. 10-16, under $18. Her thong sandals, U.S. Rubber. She's just made Twentieth's "Dangerous Crossing"

Ready to ride the surf. Ursula adds an exotic petal cap by Kleinert

Just to prove mermaids can look angelic too, gorgeous Ursula Thiess (RKO's "Son of Sinbad") shows the hourglass suit in sweet Dutch print cotton, by Brilliant, 32-38, under $8. Sea-shell jewels by Ruby
Ze French Calvet, now a mermaid in typical American style: trim and slimming suit with little-boy shorts in Cone multi-striped, water-loving denim; own patent belt. Rose Marie Reid, 10-18, under $13. American Optical sunglasses

Sleek sophistication is Mayo mood in exciting Form Control suit by Surf Togs, right, with built-in Phan-Tum girdle, nylon-acetate doeskin Lastex, under $13, 32-38. Non-tarnishable gilt trim. Straw hat, Pan American Shop.

Virginia is ultra-modern, far right, in orlon gingham suit, Flexees, 32-38, under $13, with separate Lastex Fancy Pants for girdle fit. Kleinert bag. Ruby shell necklace that's bracelet as well.
PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS

HOW TO LOOK LIKE
A MOVIE MERMAID

Marvelous Mayo soaks up sun in cotton boned-bra sunsuit by Lovable, priced sweet as its name, under $3. 32-36 A, 32-38 B cup. Glentex scarf. Claire McCardell-designed sunglasses. For her golden tan: Tartan lotion

Embroidered chambray denim enhances this torso type swim suit with a gay 90's touch. The shirred bloomer effect adds a charming high-fashion note. Charcoal grey, sailing blue, tan. Sizes 32 to 38. About $8.

BRILLIANT SPORTSWEAR, INC.
1410 Broadway • New York 18
the ONLY swim suits with the patented built-in "Phan-tum" girdle

Hidden Nylon-Lastex panels provide comfortable control plus the healthful support you need for active play. Ask to see form control at your favorite store or write for FREE illustrated style folder and name of store nearest you.

SURF TOGS Dept. (P.J.)
1370 Broadway, N. Y., N. Y.
IN CANADA: Pedigree Mfg. Co. Ltd.,
6407 Boyer St., Montreal Dept. (P.J.)

Footprints in the sand: Virginia's in U.S. Rubber beach shoes; matching hat
The New "Outer-Look" CALLS FOR THE New FORMFIT "Under-Look"

Above the waist the new "Outer-Look" is soft and rounded—utterly feminine but natural and free of exaggeration. Delightful, how Formfit's Life Bras persuade your curves into line... give you the "Under-Look" today's "Outer-Look" calls for... with boundless comfort and freedom. Reason? Life Bras fit you not only for bust size and cup size, but also for degree of separation—to elevate, separate, rejuvenate perfectly. Pick from a parade of lovely styles in nylon, cotton, satin. At the better stores!

Life Bras from $1.25
THE FORMFIT COMPANY
CHICAGO, NEW YORK

For a Sweetheart of a Figure
MORE WOMEN WEAR FORMFIT THAN ANY OTHER MAKE

Virginia Mayo, starring in WARNERS' "South Sea Paradise," is heavenly in pale blue Lastex Sea Goddess by Shepherd with shirred front, 32-38, under $8. Terry cape-stole, under $5

Ursula's elfin charm echoes in enchanting Carolyn Schnurer suit with versatile leash-halter straps, in ABC leaf-print cotton, 32-38, under $11. Frederick Mosell golden earrings

All fashion photos by Christa
Down Mexico Way
What does a he-man star like John Wayne do on a holiday in Mexico? Sit in that South of the Border sun? Water ski? Go fishing? John invited *PHOTOPLAY*'s ace photographer, Phil Stern, along on his holiday to record some of his activities. Having finished his work as a producer on "Plunder in the Sun" and his work as an actor in "Trouble Along the Way," John was more than ready for a few days down Mexico way as a Yankee *caballero*.

*MORE PICTURES ON FOLLOWING PAGE*
Another Hollywood-in-Acapulco visitor was Wayne’s pal, Gary Cooper, who had just finished the filming of “Return to Paradise.” Wayne and Coop are long-time friends, and since Gary was tied up in Mexico making “Blowing Wild,” he asked John to act as his proxy at the Academy Awards ceremony and accept his Oscar.
“All the Brothers Were Valiant”—shoppers have been running into Ann as she gathered together her linens and other items for her trousseau. Like any other June bride, Ann knows exactly what she wants, but her plans for her trousseau didn’t crystallize until after Dr. Jim’s proposal last December. And in the months since then, Ann has found—again like many another young bride—that the demands of her work have cut heavily into the time she’d hoped to be shopping and planning for her future.

But no matter how rushed Ann may be, Helen Rose, one of Hollywood’s most talented designers, has made sure that Ann will be one of filmtown’s loveliest brides. For Miss Rose has created for her a wedding dress, bridesmaids’ gowns and accessories that would make any bride-to-be long for the day.

Ann’s gown, in satin overlaid with mousseline de soie, has a long bodice with lace yoke and a full, full skirt. On her hair, she will wear a heart-shaped lace cap, pearl trimmed, from which cascades a veil of illusion net. Long, white, lace gloves and a bouquet of lilies of the valley will complete the lovely bridal picture. For the bridesmaids, Miss Rose has designed dresses in the most heavenly shades of delphinium blue with ballerina length skirts. Each girl will carry a muff of fresh delphiniums.

The wedding date of June 27 is a happy compromise for Ann, one which will enable her to fulfill her lifetime dream of being a June bride and also will enable her doctor groom to take the least busy two weeks off from his practice for a honeymoon. Where the bride and groom will honeymoon has been a carefully guarded secret; even to her closest friends Ann has declined to reveal their destination.

After they return from their honeymoon, when Ann and Dr. Jim settle down in their Toluca Lake home, she intends to go back to her career; a new picture is slated for her at M-G-M in the early fall. As for Dr. McNulty, he’ll be right back at work, too, for he is one of the most prominent young obstetricians in Hollywood.

Children? Yes, of course—Ann beams in delight at the thought and admits to hoping for a big, big family of ten or twelve youngsters. The prospect pleases her enormously, and her big desire is for a houseful of happy children, particularly in view of her own lonely girlhood as an only child. Besides, Ann realizes that the life of a doctor’s wife can be a lonely one as she sits at home while her husband is at work, and often on call twenty-four hours a day, and Ann wants a big family around her for that reason too.

There may have been bigger and splashier weddings in Hollywood history, but certainly none has had warmer approval than this one, which joins two people whose love is so inspiring to watch.

Ann, ever since her days as a youngster in Hollywood, has been a favorite with everyone. Her friends, her co-workers, all those who know her, join with her many screen fans in best wishes for the happiest days of her life.

A true friend is one who doesn’t require you to make excuses.

GREGORY PECK

All the brassieres features you want most... now in one brassiere.

Munsingwear's vibrant new V'bra.
I'd say Marilyn Monroe has increased my acquaintance with males. Ever since I have escorted The Monroe to several parties, more fellows say hello to me than ever before. Bob Wagner may appear innocent, but I've heard what he's doing. He should be in diplomatic service. Liz Taylor and Jean Simmons look like sisters.

But, Sidney. Ben might have his plans!

There's no other actress I know who has the good humor of Esther Williams. I'd accept her any time for a desert island companion. Debbie Reynolds is always bubbling and always talking. I like Debbie, but I wonder how long I could take the bubbling. Dawn Addams is another name I don't quite believe.

The Sunset Strip is one of my favorite places in Hollywood. I especially like the name, which has a burlesque flavor. I keep tuning in "Dragnet," not so much for the yarn as to see if Jack Webb will overact. I like box-office champ John Wayne's honesty in admitting he's not much of an actor. He explains it: "I don't act. I react." Pamela Mason doesn't act in the movies and gets more publicity than husband James Mason, who does. I think Ursula Thiess is proof of the fact that you can get tired of looking at a beautiful face. Anyway, I can ... Terry Moore interests me in more ways than two. Terry told me: "Just because I switched to sexier roles, people find me sexy. I was always the same. I guess it's how you sell it." ... Marie Wilson to her poodle, "You're going to walk there if I have to carry you."

Burt Lancaster sleeps with nothing on except yesterday's beard. Ava Gardner is registering as a good actress. This should prove what can come of sheer determination and study. I don't think Maureen O'Hara got enough credit for her performance in "The Quiet Man." What's with me? I confuse Arlene Dahl and Rhonda Fleming. This is nothing compared with the confusion in the movie industry, what with Cinemascope, 3-D, roundies, flats, etc. It's enough to make an exhibitor run home and watch TV. By the way, a restaurant on Hollywood Boulevard displays this sign: "We feature 3-D food—Delicious, Destructable. Delicatessen." ... Olivia de Havilland still likes to hear a whistle, a man's.

Lauren Bacall is beginning to sound more like Humphrey Bogart than Bogey. I believe next year's Oscar Derby for the best performance by an actor will be a Battle of the B's: Brando, Burton and Brассelle. I hope the movie industry gets smarter and uses the televising of the Academy Awards to sell movies and not TV sets. Rock Hudson is considered a good date because he doesn't kiss and tell. Newcomer Tom Morton was very impressed by the first Hollywood party he attended. "I noticed that every face belonged to a nationally prominent person," said Morton. "In fact the only person there I didn't know was me." ... CinemaScope should make the newsmen feel better, and they need to be! ... I can't picture Rosie Clooney and José Ferrer together even when I see them together.

I'm rooting for Frank Sinatra to come through with a great performance in "From Here to Eternity." Want to know how to tell who's important in Hollywood? Just watch where the headwaiters at Romanoff's and Chasen's seat the various patrons. Love in Hollywood: A movie couple are celebrating their silver anniversary. It's been twenty-five years that they've been separated. Wonder if there's an actress brave enough to be photographed as she looks when she arrives in the studio make-up department at seven in the morning.

Ethel Merman: the power of TNT

I know of no one else in pictures who can belt out a song like Ethel Merman. Denise Darcel is putting it on too much, and in places where she already has enough ... Sign in Mike Curtis' office: "Everybody is able to give pleasure in some way. One person may do it by coming into a room, another by leaving it." ... I get the impression that Gary Cooper is sometimes doing an impersonation of Gary Cooper. Betty Hutton could create a sensation by playing a role relaxed... It's amazing how Mitzi Gaynor has developed into a glamour girl. And I use the word "developed" advisedly... People think I don't like Piper Laurie. This is not true. I just can't get used to her as an actress, but personally she's nice... On returning to Hollywood, Gregory Ratoff remarked: "The way things are these days, any guy who's normal should see a psychiatrist." ... I know that Tom Jenks told Joan Davis that she's a fool to pose for her own photographs... And that's Hollywood for you.
KNIGHTS OF THE ROAD

BING CROSBY HAS HIT THE ROAD— one way or another—a good many times in the last dozen years or so. But he’s never headed out on a trip—real or reel—where he was half as tickled with his traveling companion as he is on his current easy-going ramble through Europe. He and his fifteen-year-old son Lindsay aren’t worrying about a thing on this jaunt—just getting a lot of golf in and having a leisurely look around before Bing has to be back in Hollywood to start work on “White Christmas.”

If there has to be a reason for the trip, Bing put it, before they sailed, “call it a chance for Lin to learn French at the source.” But both Bing and his boy know that the real reason is to give a father and son a chance to know each other better.

Bing and Lindsay in New York—just before they sailed for European holiday

TANGEE...Stays Put!

Tangee applies easier, looks better on your lips... and it STAYS PUT! No matter how much more you pay, you cannot buy a finer lipstick.

This is due to Tangee's miracle-working ingredient—Permachrome. And Tangee is extra-rich in Lanolin, base of the costliest cosmetic creams. No irritating chemicals! So your lips are always soft, dewy and fresh looking. A full range of the newest shades...from beguiling Pinks to bewitching Crimsons.
HOLLYWOOD WHISPERS
BY FLORBEL MUIR

Larry and Vivien: no more pictures for her?

There is a possibility that Vivien Leigh will never again appear in a motion picture following her nervous breakdown after three weeks of shooting on Paramount's "Elephant Walk," and that she may also be forced to quit the stage. Her health, always delicate even when she was much younger and playing Scarlet in "Gone With the Wind," may have been seriously undermined by her collapse in Hollywood. Only time will give the answer to her worried husband, Sir Laurence Olivier, who flew to California to take her home to England.

Chances are that the Ida Lupino and Howard Duff marriage is not long for this world. They've been squabbling right out loud before a lot of people who've been telling all the details to other people until everybody in town knows what's going on. Duff's fist fight with Jack Bueltel in a Sunset Strip night spot with Ida as participant didn't pour any oil on the troubled matrimonial waters. They're betting around town that they won't be Mr. and Mrs. when the New Year rolls around.

Dick Haymes' new romance is Yvonne Rivers, Mexican actress, while his wife Nora is trying to make up her mind whether or not to sue for divorce. Joanne Dru, his ex-wife, asked for a contempt of court complaint against him late in March because he didn't pay her the alimony the judge ordered. With income tax and alimony troubles piling up, the singer has been having trouble sleeping lately.

John Wayne's eyes are starry as he gazes at Pilar Pallete, Peruvian beauty, who's on his arm nearly every time John appears in public lately. He not only escorts her everywhere but also has her under contract with his motion picture company. Maybe it's Pilar's influence, but all of a sudden he's not only making the rounds to parties but he's tossing them, which is a switch for him. He's always hated parties.

Joan Crawford is seeing a lot of Jennings Lang these days. When Lang's wife, Pamela, died from an overdose of sleeping pills, Joan was hysterical with grief. "She was one of my best friends," she cried. The popular actor's agent appears to be completely recovered from the gunshot wounds he incurred when Walter Wanger, husband of Joan Bennett, fired on him one evening in a Beverly Hills parking lot. On the subject of his marriage, Wanger said in an announcement there would be a reconciliation with wife Joan. So far, no word from La Bennett.

The obstacle to the romance of Pier Angeli and Kirk Douglas appears to be her religion, which makes marriage with a divorced man taboo. Little Pier's mama is ever vigilant and isn't likely to let her daughter stub her little toe. But gossip hints at the possibility of a marriage in Europe this summer with both Kirk and Pier over there on picture assignments.

The Nicky Hilton-Terry Moore romance seems to be generating much heat one day and just simmering the next. Terry has eyes only for Nick when she is with him, and he acts as if he loves it. Then—next day she's off dating another.

Jose Ferrer appeared with his wife at the preview of "Three Angels" (one of his ex-wives was in the cast) and Rosemary Clooney was nowhere in sight. Is that warm, warm Clooney-Ferrer friendship at an end?

Her fans are going to see a new and infinitely more delectable Betty Grable when "How to Marry a Millionaire" hits the theatres. The picture was shot in CinemaScope, Twentieth's new 3-D process and what it does for Betty is sheer magic. And wait till you see co-star Marilyn Monroe sashay in three dimensions!
HERE'S WHERE YOU CAN BUY PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS
For store nearer you, write directly to the manufacturer

BRILLIANT
New York, N. Y.: Arnold Constable or write: Brilliant Sportswear, Inc., 1410 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

FLEXEES
Philadelphia, Pa.: Lit Brothers or write: Flexees, Inc., 417 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

JANTZEN
Atlanta, Georgia: Rich's, Inc.
New York, N. Y.: Stern Brothers or write: Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon

KLEINERT PETAL BEACH CAP
delivered at store locations everywhere (about $2.50)
or write: I. B. Kleinert Rubber Co. 485 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

LOVABLE
Cincinnati, Ohio: H & S Pogue Co. Los Angeles, Cal.: The Broadway Dept. Store
or write: Lovable Brassiere Co. 180 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

ROSE MARIE REID (both styles):
New York, N. Y.: Saks-33th Street (two-piece suit only)
Denver, Colo.: Denver Dry Goods Co. Los Angeles, Cal.: Bullocks St. Louis, Mo.: Stix, Baer & Fuller
or write: Rose Marie Reid, Inc. 1410 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

SEA GODDESS
Boston, Mass.: Gilchrist's New York, N. Y.: Oppenheim Collins or write: Shepherd Knit-wear Co., Inc. 1410 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

SEA NYMPH

SURF TOGS (Form Control Suit)

U. S. RUBBER SHOES, CAP
cap at department stores everywhere (shoes, about $2.50; cap, $1.50) or write: U. S. Rubber Co. 1230 Sixth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Opportunities for Everybody
For advertising rates write to Publisher's Classified Department, 9 South Michigan Ave., Chicago 2, Illinois

Help Wanted Female

LEATHERCRAFT
MAKE LEATHER-FILLED MOUTH GILLS or to sell. Each assembled buttons, pins, gloves, woolen tips, etc. Need no tools or experience. Apply today for big extra profits. Write Blaine Dept. 185H, Lynchburg, Va.

HOME SEWERS WANTED

EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES
PRACTICAL NURSING—LEARN EASILY at Home Space Time, no special school necessary. Write for free literature. Wayne School, Dept. AA-2, 1838 West 43rd St., Kansas City, Mo.


HIGH SCHOOL—No classes, study at home. Spare time, Diploma awarded. Write for Free Catalog HCH-6, Wayne School, 2257 N. Western Ave., Chicago 14, Ill.

PERSONAL

OLD COINS WANTED—$190.1-dime coin pay $50.00. Certain 1913 silver nickel $100.00; quarter $20.00 or $50.00; hundred of others. Know their true value Company handles high grade. Catalogue free. Worthy Collectors Co., Boston, Mass.

WE PURCHASE INDIANHEAD pennies. Complete album catalogue 20c. Macaroni Box 61-00, White Stone 37, New York City.

EMPLOYMENT SERVICES
OVERSEAS JOBS, WOMEN Men big pay, transportation, expenses, Clerical, professional, mechanical workers. Most all trades. Latest listings airline, construction, manufacturing, government employment, construction, government agencies, many other opportunities. Up to date information on secure employment, contacts, pay in application forms. $1.00 Overseas Jobs, Box 333-183, Hatton House, L.A.

Old Leg Trouble
Easy to use Vive Cosmetics may heal many old leg sores by relieving venous congestion if caused by varicose veins, leg swelling or injuries. Send today for brochure.

R. G. VISCOSE COMPANY
140 N. Dearborn St. Chicago 2, Illinois

Relieves Pain of Headache, Neuralgia, Neuritis
The way thousands of physicians and dentists recommend

Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not one but a combination of medically proved, active ingredients in easy-to-take tablet form. Anacin gives fast, long lasting relief. Don't wait. Buy Anacin today.

Psoriasis
PSORIASIS SUFFERERS: Has everything failed to bring even temporary relief from scales, lesions and discomfort? Then write today for FREE INFORMATION. You need only fill in name, address, city and state.

"Dark-Eyes" Dept. P-43
3319 Carroll Ave., Chicago 24, Ill.

Check Shade: ☐ Black ☐ Brown

Name ____________________________
Address ____________________________
City ____________________________ State ____________________________

New Trial Size

Indelible Eyebrow and Eyelash Darkener
Swimproof tearproof application lasts 24 hours 4 to 5 Weeks! cost of $200 or less is included for returning unused portion to TRIAL ACHIEVEMENT of "Dark-Eyes" with care.

1945

'45

P

3561

P

77
Photoplay
Sneak
Previews:

"MELBA"

Opera lovers everywhere have long thrilled to the sensational success story of the great Nellie Melba—the simple Australian girl whose magnificent voice brought her the plaudits of millions and the devoted love of many men. So when Patrice Munsel—the unaffected American girl whose operatic triumphs have been almost as spectacular as those of the brilliant Australian—was chosen to play Melba in a film, those same opera lovers were delighted. And their delight is well-founded. For Miss Munsel re-creates the heart, warmth and talent of the great Melba as no other star could have.

(Left) Melba (Patrice Munsel) dines with one of her ardent admirers (John Justin)

Munsel performs many of Melba's great roles. (Opposite) "The Barber of Seville"
The American singer triumphs in "Tosca" just as her Australian predecessor did.

Donizetti’s "Daughter of the Regiment" provides one of the movie's gayest bits.

As the abandoned Marguerite in "Faust," Munsel is a figure of haunting tragedy.

STOP PAIN INSTANTLY
COMBAT INFECTION
PROMOTE HEALING
WITH STAINLESS
Campho-Phenique

(PRONOUNCED CAM-FO-FIN-EK)

WHEN USED ON
PIMPLES-ACNE

Campho-Phenique helps prevent their spread and re-infection.

It's wonderful, too, for fever blisters, cold sores, gum boils, cuts and scratches, minor burns caused by book matches, hot cooking utensils, hot water or steam. Campho-Phenique relieves itching of insect bites, poison ivy, etc. Just apply Campho-Phenique next time and see how fast this pain-relieving antiseptic goes to work. And it doesn't stain the skin! Get a bottle today.

FREE PHOTO

The American singer triumphs in "Tosca" just as her Australian predecessor did.

Donizetti’s "Daughter of the Regiment" provides one of the movie's gayest bits.

As the abandoned Marguerite in "Faust," Munsel is a figure of haunting tragedy.

IN GROWN NAIL
Hurt ing You?
Immediate Relief!

A few drops of OUTGRO® bring blessed relief from tormenting pain of ingrown nail. OUTGRO® toughens the skin underneath the nail, allows the nail to be cut and thus prevents further pain and discomfort. OUTGRO® is available at all drug counters.

DOLLARS!
At Your Fingertips!

No investment necessary! You need no previous experience! We furnish materials. All you have to do is handle orders for us—on your own time! Represent us in your community. Help your friends and neighbors by handling their magazine subscription orders for them. Write today without delay and let us tell you how easy it is. U.S.A. sales only. Address: Macfadden Publications, Inc. Box 55, Dept. EP 63. 205 E. 42nd Street New York 17, N.Y.
OSCAR GROWS UP

Shirley Booth hit the peak in "Little Sheba"

Celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary, the annual Academy Awards ceremony outdid all previous Academy affairs in a program which this year reached an estimated total of 91,000,000 people via TV and radio. And Oscar—as the award is affectionately referred to—turned twenty-five with a party that for drama, thrills and nostalgia has never been matched.

The winner of the award as Best Actress, for her role in "Come Back, Little Sheba," was Shirley Booth, while Gary Cooper got his second Oscar (his first was for "Sergeant York") for his performance in "High Noon." The awards for Supporting Performances went to Gloria Grahame, for "The Bad and the Beautiful," and to Anthony Quinn for "Viva Zapata!" "The Greatest Show on Earth" was voted the Outstanding Production of the Year, while its producer, Cecil B. DeMille, was also awarded the Irving Thalberg Memorial Award for distinguished contributions to the art of motion pictures. The award for Best Direction went to John Ford for "The Quiet Man."

Almost as impressive as the awards themselves, however, was the galaxy of stars assembled to make the presentations—past Academy Award winners such as Janet Gaynor, Mary Pickford, Ronald Colman, Luise Rainer, Greer Garson and many more. The scene of most of the presentations was the Pantages Theatre in Hollywood, but Shirley Booth received her award in New York, where she is appearing in "The Time of the Cuckoo."

In recognition of the splendid work of the NBC-TV network in bringing the awards ceremony to millions of Americans at home, PLAYBILL presented its special Award of Merit to NBC. Truly, this year the Academy ceremonies took on added meaning for the millions who were able to see them. Oscar steps into his twenty-sixth year with a record of which he may well be proud!

Shirley Booth hit the peak in "Little Sheba"

John Wayne accepted Oscars for two good friends who were away on location. Janet Gaynor presented Oscar for Best Actor, Gary Cooper; Olivia De Havilland for Best Director, John Ford
manner, and even the ingratiating players can’t save it. Leo Genn does his best as the father who’s cloistered his trio in an implausibly luxurious island paradise; Audrey Dalton, as the most spirited girl, proves she rates better opportunity. Sisters Joan Evan and Dorothy Bromley, marines Don Taylor, Gene Barry and Peter Bald- win hardly register.

Verdict: Comedy that misses fire. (Family)

LAW AND ORDER
(U-1, TECHNICOLOR)

This Western goes about its familiar business at an ambling pace. Ronald Rea- gan looks at ease on a horse, but he’ll get no chance at an Oscar with his role of a marshal who tries to retire. Unhappily, he moves to a town ruthlessly ruled by Preston Foster, and when Ron’s brother (Alex Nicol) is killed, the ex-marshall puts the badge on again. Dorothy Malone’s a comely heroine; Russell Johnson and Ruth Hampton also romance.

Verdict: Okay for Western fans (Family)

CRY OF THE HUNTED
(1945-M)

Colorful settings and a likable lead performance by Barry Sullivan fail to salvage a chase picture that’s fatally slow. There’s a certain mutual respect between pursuer Sullivan and fugitive Vittorio Gassman. (In outline, the plot’s similar to “The Wild North,” though the film’s far less effective.) Jailed for his first mistep, Gassman escapes and heads for his remote bayou home in Louisiana. As Barry’s wife, Polly Bergen’s pleasing to look at, but her dialogue is painfully arch.

Verdict: Mild, repetitious action movie with sympathetic touches. (Family)

DESSERT LEGION
(U-1, TECHNICOLOR)

At a comfortable distance from reality, an unabashed adventure yarn sends Alan Ladd, peace-loving officer of the Foreign Legion, into a Shangri-La country lost in the North African mountains. However, its serenity is disturbed by the power-hungry plotting of Richard Conte, and Ladd has to put up a mighty battle before he’s made the place safe for princess Arlene Dahl and her gentle subjects.

Verdict: Innocent thriller of romantic doings in faraway places (Family)

THE GIRL WHO HAD EVERYTHING
(1946-6)

The lackadaisical love affair of rich-girl Elizabeth Taylor and raketteer Fernando Lamas doesn’t generate anything like the warmth you’d expect. A remake of the lusty old Gable-Shearer film, “A Free Soul,” this puzzling movie muffs all its chances. Scenes between Liz and William Powell, as the lawyer-father who has given her too much freedom, are lacking in drama, and Gig Young is colorless as a socialite.

Verdict: Weak love story with hackneyed crook-film trimmings (Adult)
INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 37)

Mayo to be Mrs. George Sanders at the “Call Me Madam” premiere. Virginia signed their books—Zsa Zsa Mayo! The Gower Champions and the Gene Nelsons at the Biltmore Theatre, watching Katharine Cornell on the stage and silent-screen siren, Theda Bara, who sat right in front of them.

Blues in the Night: Hades and Hollywood are paved with good intentions. Certainly Doris Day’s motives were the best when she happened to hear Merv Griffin singing in Las Vegas and induced studio executive Bill Orr to send for the singer and test him. Merv actually wasn’t too eager to try his luck in pictures, so you know the answer to that one! The successful singer got a contract! Now they’re saying that Doris used her influence to get herself a new leading man and put an end to making movies with Gordon MacRae. How can you win?

Paging Pinkerton: The Gary Cooper situation continues to mystify everyone. Now their old home is up for sale and they’re building a new one—together. No, they haven’t reconciled and they have no plans for a divorce. Rocky continues to date the eligible males about town. In Mexico, Ing “Blowing Wild,” Gary seemed to be captivated by a fascinating female known as Chanelle. Rocky is planning to visit Europe, where Gary will be working to complete the eighteen-month tax sojourn.

Love’s Like That: Friends believe that it’s only a matter of time (and timing) before Fernando Lamas and Arlene Dahl give their romance back to Dan Cupid, with the sexy South American heading in the general direction of Rita Hayworth—he hopes!

Hollywood Wonders: If John Wayne has a new lady-love who visited the “Island in the Sky” location set and resembles Duke’s first and second wives? . . . Why Kirk Douglas calls syndicated columnists from Europe, asking them to give his love to Pier Angeli? Her phone out of order or sumpin’? . . . When will Vera-Ellen find happiness? She’s lost so much weight she now has a twenty-inch waist and continues to live on a starvation diet . . . Where Scott Brady gets the ideas his remarks are amusing, like those made to entertainers invited to his table at the Macayo?

Memory Course: Has it ever happened to you? If it has, you will know how the Ricardo Montalbans felt when they walked into a total stranger’s house. “Sally Forrest was being married there,” recalls Ricardo. “But we didn’t know a soul and everyone kept glaring at us. That’s when we discovered we were a week too early!” It happened again, recently, when agent Paul Small entertained for Ginger Rogers and husband Jacques Bergerac. “Georgiana looked so beautiful in a new gown,” Ricardo sighs sadly. “When we arrived the house was dark. A servant answered our ring and informed us that we were a week too late!” Maybe Cal should send the Montalbans a Marilyn Monroe calendar.

Starbright: Readers of PHOTOPLAY certainly can pick ’em! Last year’s winner of the “Choose Your Star” contest was blonde Lori Nelson. Now Universal-International seconds the motion! Lori has been elevated to full-fledged stardom and assigned co-star with Audie Murphy in “Three Were Renegades.” Congratulations to Lori and to readers of PHOTOPLAY.

Off the Cuff: Ingrid Bergman has plans and hotel reservations in New York for the month of July. She definitely wants to spend a month with her daughter Jenny Ann, whom she hasn’t seen in two years. In the meantime she hoped to finish filming.
her director-producer husband's latest picture. Picture progress developed a snag when husband Rossellini lost the leading man. With no shooting script and incomplete financing, Rossellini signed George Sanders to co-star with Ingrid. After a few weeks of the Rossellini system of filming on the peaceful Isle of Capri, George was a nervous wreck and left Italy for England and another picture commitment. 'Tis said he might return if and when Roberto Rossellini shows him a finished shooting script and financing for same.

Together Again: After the absence of her husband, Bob Mitchum, from their home, Dorothy Mitchum announced their separation. But on the following day, Bob called her up and explained that he had been entertaining some visitors from Texas and had stayed with them at their hotel and that he'd be right home. That same night Bob took Dorothy to dinner and she announced that they were together again... Dean Martin bought his wife, Jeanne, a new Cadillac and announced that their trial separation is off. They're together again... The on-again, off-again marriage of Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens is still on and off, but—you guessed it—they're always together!
NOW...A WONDER TREATMENT FOR 4 "YOUNG SKIN" PROBLEMS

Are these "young skin" problems spoiling your looks?  
Skin oily—yet flaky?  
Pores beginning to "spread"?  
Blackheads popping out?  

Such an unkind but common trick of nature! Suddenly, the oil glands start over-working. At the same time, skin grows sluggish—can’t throw off the everyday accumulation of dead skin cells. This mixture of oil and dry skin cells begins to build a "choking" layer over the pore openings. Now—enlarged pores, even blackheads are on the way. Your skin needs help quickly.

A 1-MINUTE TREATMENT by Pond’s now brings you new help for these four common "young skin" problems—over-oiliness, sluggishness, enlarged pores, and blackheads.

Right away...this remarkable facial cleans off...brightens...softens "young skin"

Just cover face, except eyes, with a snowy-white, greaseless 1-Minute Mask of Pond’s Vanishing Cream. Its "keratolytic" action loosens, dissolves off stubborn, dead skin cells. Free the tiny skin gland openings to function normally. Now—after 60 seconds—tissue off clean. See how tingling-fresh and completely un-greasy your skin looks! How smooth it feels.

Get a jar of Pond’s Vanishing Cream today—give yourself your first 1-Minute Mask tonight. You’ll see encouraging results right away.

"Young skin" doesn’t like heavy make-up! A sheer touch of greaseless Pond’s Vanishing Cream makes a fresh, un-shiny powder base.

(Continued from page 39)

"That so?" asked the glassy-eyed father politely.

And then there was Ricardo Montalban, who—despite the fact that he had been a new father three times before—found life a great fluster when Victor, the fourth baby was en route in April, 1952. The picture Ricardo was working on at the time was behind schedule, and that meant production had to be stepped up—no matter what. Ricardo, however, was determined to break away in order to get his wife to the hospital on time. The cameras cranking on him that day did not record his jitters, but people in the cast reported afterwards that they were sure the loud thumping of his heart could be picked up on the sound track.

His careful plans went sour, though, and Georgiana was rushed to the hospital while he was still on the set. When word reached him, Ricardo tore off like a jet plane. By the time he arrived at her side, Victor was already waiting for him. And both mother and baby were doing just fine. But the father? He fainted dead away!

Alan Ladd’s another old hand at the father routine—and he seems to take it all in easy stride. Fathers’ Day, as far as he’s concerned comes 365 days a year, and all plans he makes to do anything or go anywhere always include his youngsters. Before he and the family left for England early this year, where Alan made "The Big Jump," he had a million and one things to do—naturally. But he stopped them all dead because young David wanted to spend just one day, "Just one, Dad, please..." on the family ranch before they took off. It’s a long, long drive and it took a lot of time out of a schedule that was already much too crowded. "But how," Alan wanted to know, "could I possibly have said no?"

Some of the stories of Hollywood fathers and their relationship to their kids are chockful of fun; some are crammed with hairy nonsense. And far more often than you’d think, the stories are filled with qualities that can be described only by such words as tender and courageous.

One of the tenderest of them all is the tale of Bert Lancaster and his son Billy. When Billy was stricken with polio, the doctor advised—along with massage, hydrotherapy and a wide variety of exercises—that the boy do some dancing to strengthen his muscles. Little Billy was horrified! He was a he-man, just like his pop, and he wasn’t going to have anything to do with this silly stuff!

So Bert went off quietly on his own and did a little extra-curricular work. Dancing then, was as out of character for him as Billy thought it was—but not, Bert was determined, if it would help out in the difficult father role he was playing. One day, he came whirling and tripping into Billy’s room. And it worked. If dancing wasn’t too girly—girly for Pop, then Billy couldn’t see anything wrong with twirling about himself.

The process was slow and painful. But the first real steps that Billy took were dancing with his father. And today, he shows no trace at all of the crippling polio.

Gene Nelson’s son, Chris, wants to be all he-man too. But it was tough going for him for a while, because he’s the youngest and the littlest kid in his neighborhood. So it was only natural—children being what they are— that Chris got picked on, and even roughed up once in a while. He hated it, but he was so much little than the others that he didn’t know what to do about it—and every once in a while he’d come home and weep and moan.

Finally, Gene had one of those man-to-man talks with the boy. He explained to him that crying wasn’t going to do him a bit of good, and that the other fellows would think he was a sissy and would keep right on picking on him—as long as he came running to his parents in tears.

"Yah, Pop, I know," Chris mumbled out of a tear-stained face. "But they’re all bigger than I am.

Gene was full of fatherly philosophy. "If you’re big enough to play with them, then you’re big enough to work out some way to get along with them," he pronounced his edict and then he wondered what was going to happen next.

He didn’t have long to wait. Chris walked right out of the house, picked up a stick, and clouted the biggest, bulkiest boy of them all over the head with it. And life has been peaceful ever since.

"It wasn’t exactly what I had in mind," says Gene a little sheepishly. "I don’t want Chris to be that kind of a tough guy. And I know how far from tough he really felt as he was using that stick. He was so scared you could see his little shorts shaking. But it was his own system. And it worked. And that’s good enough for me. And for Chris!"

In the Roy Rogers household, there’s

WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITES?  Send in your votes for the stars you want to see in Photoplay

In color I want to see:  ACTOR:

(1)  (1)

(2)  (2)

I want to read stories about

(1)  (3)

(2)  (4)

The features I like best in this issue of Photoplay are:

(1)  (4)

(2)  (5)

(3)  (6)

NAME ____________________________  ADDRESS ____________________________________________  AGE ________________

Send this ballot to Readers’ Poll Editor, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, N. Y. 17, N. Y.
always some amazing or exciting kid stuff going on. Right now, Roy is keeping busy getting acquainted with the two youngsters he and Dale adopted last year, shortly after their little daughter Robin died. Young Sandy still hasn't quite gotten over his original shyness with his new family, and, as a result, he speaks very little and usually very timidly when he speaks at all.

So Roy was delighted when not long ago, Sandy got impatient with Little Doc, who was teething, and was as far from good-natured as teething babies usually are. She cried and cried and cried, and after watching Dale's fifth unsuccessful attempt to put her to bed one night, Sandy spoke up, "Dad, do you think we ought to give her back to those Indians?"

"With that kind of comment," says his proud pop, "you'd think he was being raised by Will, not Roy Rogers!"

Keelin' up with his young 'un keeps George Murphy a lot younger than he really feels he has to be. Dennis Michael is all boy—and all busy boy, at that! For the moment, he has hired himself out as a hand on Dick Powell's ranch. That, says George, may keep him fully occupied for a while—a mountain man, for any long-range respite. Dennis is always up to something says George with a tone that's far more proud than irritated. "You never know what to expect next." Like the time, for instance, when George settled down quietly for an afternoon in front of the TV set when who should grin out at him from the screen but his own small fry! Dennis had heard about a pet contest, gone out and entered his cat, and the next thing George knew, there they were—the whole cat and caboodle—calmly being televised.

That cat, incidentally, has as much to do with keeping George Murphy spry as Dennis does himself. It loves to climb trees—up trees, that is. But getting down out of them is something else again. And now, the Murphy neighbors are used to the sight of papa George, shinnying up a tree to rescue Tabby.

Of all Hollywood's fathers, the most out and out lady's man is probably Robert Mitchum. He's always treated his two sons, Chris and Jim, as a couple of regular guys—which they are. But baby Petrine, just a little over a year old, has brought in the cavalier in him. He can't get over the wonder of having fathered something so delicate and feminine. And he can't stay away from her.

When he was on a personal appearance tour not long after she was born, he found an old-fashioned baby carriage in Denver, Colorado—a perambulating surrey with a fringe on top. The carriage was banged up and battered, but Bob could see it as the ideal coach for his baby princess. So he hauled it home, repaired and repainted it. And that's where Petrine rides whenever Pop's around. He wheels her from the kitchen to the study, from the study to the garden—wherever she stops to roost for a moment. And there's conversation every minute of the time, with Bob confiding gravely to Petrine any matter that happens to be on his mind. And Petrine, gurgling happily back at him in that mysterious baby language which nobody else can understand, but which Bob insists means, "Gee, my pop's a great guy!"

They take to their duties and responsibilities in a million different ways, do these Hollywood glamour boys! But there's one thing they're all unanimous on: that nothing's ever happened to any of them in their exciting, romantic and action-packed careers can possibly compare with the downright fun and the full-fledged pride they get out of having somebody call them Pop!

THESE EYES TELL
THE STORY OF AN
enchanting change

You can look far lovelier . . . have more beautiful eyes. It's ever so simple! Dramatize your lashes with Maybelline Mascara—they'll not only look longer and darker . . . but your eyes will appear larger, lovelier. And for graceful expressive brows . . . just a touch of soft Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Give your eyes romantic beauty with

Maybelline

PREFERRED BY SMART WOMEN THE WORLD OVER

MASCARA * EYE SHADOW * EYEBROW PENCIL

SAY GOODBYE
to those "bill" blues!

START NOW—earn the extra funds you need. Absolutely no cost to you!

Here's how:—In your own community there are your friends, neighbors and relatives who are anxious to subscribe to OUR MAGAZINES.

All you need do is act as magazine agent for them. Take care of their subscriptions for all of our popular publications.

Yes, it costs you nothing but your spare time. We supply you with all material. Write today—NOW:

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC.
Box 55, Dept. P6-53
205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

I am interested. I want to make more money. Send full information immediately.

Name. ____________________________
Address. __________________________
City & State. ______________________

GREYHOUND
EXPENSE-PAID TOURS

SPEND 5 EXCITING DAYS IN New York City
on a GREYHOUND TOUR

Add Greyhound round-trip fare from your home. Prices subject to change. U.S. and extra.

HUNDREDS OF OTHER TOURS TO CHOOSE FROM!
See say Manhattan! Visit the Statue of Liberty, Radio and TV Studios, Empire State Bldg., Chinatown, Bowery, Free time for shows, shopping. Four nights at smart hotel. $27.85
the outstanding value in your home

MORE THAN 101 WAYS SODA SAVES YOU TIME, WORK, MONEY

For: Acid indigestion
As a toothpowder
Mouthwash
Gargle
For sunburn
Scalds and burns
Insect bites
Ivy poisoning

For: Baking lighter-textured biscuits and fresher keeping cakes

For: Cleaning refrigerators
Glass coffeemakers
Vacuum bottles
Bread boxes
Silverware
Baby bottles
Combs and brushes
Enamel and tile

Why buy a number of different products to do a number of different jobs when soda does them all and costs less?

Soda is so pure you use it for cakes, cookies, biscuits. And the same soda you know is safe in foods you know is safe with foods. So you clean your refrigerator with soda—and sweeten it, at the same time.

1/2 teaspoonful of soda in 1/4 glass of water brings prompt relief from distress of indigestion—mild and soothing in your stomach.

From baking to brushing teeth, from soothing sunburn to putting out fires, there’s nothing does a better job than pure bicarbonate of soda.

Arm & Hammer and Cow Brand Baking Soda meet all requirements of United States Pharmacopoeia.

Free: a booklet on the "Usefulness of Soda." Write Church & Dwight Co., Inc., 70 Pine Street, New York 3, N. Y.

When Dick Powell was taken critically ill, all of Hollywood stood vigil in spirit at his bedside. And when the news came that the hours of danger were over, all of Hollywood rejoiced for the pair whose romance is one of the tenderest, whose love one of the most enduring that Filmtown has ever seen. During the days of crisis, June Allyson refused to stir from the hospital, and she herself all but lost pound for pound with the terrifying twenty-two that Dick shed.

There was an added twinge of irony in Dick’s illness coming just at the moment when he was so successfully launching into the third phase of his career—from singer, to actor, and now to director. Those who know directing best say that his work in “Split Second” guarantees an exciting new future for him in this field which Dick has for some time been longing to try.

Now Dick is back at home again, and under June’s watchful care he’s regaining his health. Keep well now, Dick, to give that future a fair chance to flourish—and to keep June as happy as she has every right to be!
You Don’t Have to Be Pretty to Be Popular

(Continued from page 41)

expense of the other—each is a part of the whole, which is you.

When I was first in my teens, I used to ride back and forth in the Paris subway on my way to ballet lessons. The year was 1944, and like all the other French people who were young, I had accepted the cruelties of war.

I mean, I thought the only way anyone lived was to be always hungry. You could never buy enough to eat. And you were always shabby, because in order to get anything new, you had to give up three old dresses, or coats, for one, and the new ones were made of such dreadful materials that they wore out almost immediately. You grew accustomed to being cold and uncomfortable. You even grew accustomed to the German...

But there was one thing I could not stand, when I was thirteen. If anyone looked at me, I was very embarrassed. I would turn my face quickly, so that no one would see me in profile. I would hold up my chin in a certain way that I felt concealed my protruding teeth a little better.

From the time I was a tiny girl, I hated everything about my hair. When I was always trying to improve it. In France little girls cannot get at cosmetics and they do not even have hair curlers and never, never permanents. So about the only thing I could think of that would better my looks was to chop my hair.

Even the color of my hair was uninteresting. It was absolutely straight and just hair-color, a sort of lightish brown. It was still that.

Each day my mother would say to me, “Leslie, promise me you will not chop away at your hair today,” and I would promise. But almost always the impulse was irresistible. I would pull up a couple of locks somewhere, and snip, they were off! Once I had braids on one side of my head, short locks on the other. Another time I let my bangs grow down to my eyebrows and my back hair to my waist. One day, when I was about ten, and the war had been going on for two years, I did up my hair on strips of paper, trying to make curls.

When I looked at myself in the mirror, I cried. I still do not like my hair curled. And I still can’t resist chopping bits off it.

Moving?

Please notify us six weeks beforehand; otherwise some issues may miss you. Also, back copies may not be available. Write to:

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC.
205 E. 42nd St., New York 17

Send both old and new address, postal zone number and, if possible, enclose a mailing label from your last issue of Photoplay.

It’s possible to have your mailing address corrected by filing your new address with the Post Office, which in turn will notify us. But if a copy of the magazine is sent before that notice reaches us, it means expense for you, because the Post Office will not forward copies unless you pay extra postage.

I do not know whether it was the trials of war or her understanding of me that kept my mother from punishing me for this disobedience. She was very sympathetic, my mother. In her youth, she had been a dancer, but she never once urged me to it.

Of course, in war time, you can not look ahead. One is grateful, day to day, to be still alive. I did not think of my future. I was thin and short, and very anemic. But when I was eleven, I saw my first ballet, and then I knew what I wanted to do. I begged my mother to let me take lessons, and she agreed.

I entered the ballet class and I saw the other girls’ eyes on me. They seemed to say, “Who wants this clown?” I was absolutely flat-chested, I had pipe-stem arms and legs, and my hair looked like a witch’s. Also, in terms of beginning ballet, I was old. Most of the other girls had been studying since they were five or six. But I wanted to dance, and I worked hard to catch up with the others.

Ballet is very strenuous. You really should be stuffed with beefsteaks all the time you are studying it. You should be warm, and you should have the right slippers. From the ages of eight to sixteen I had none of these things. Yet I grew strong through the ballet. I began to understand grace. I began to know what it meant to move correctly, and therefore beautifully. I never became a prima ballerina—that is, the “star” of the particular company in which I worked. But I did advance to where I was a premiere danseuse—that is, I did individual solo dances, in which I could personally stand out.

Then, one night, when I was just fifteen, the miracle happened. I danced out from the wings, I did my solo and I heard the applause. I must have been better than usual that evening for the applause went on, and as I took my bows, I suddenly thought, “They like me. I am such an ugly duckling, but they still like me.”

I believe you girls who are plain can work this miracle for yourselves. You do not necessarily have to study ballet—though even a few months of it would help anyone under the age of twenty, I think. But you can certainly study ball-room dancing. I am very much for swimming, too. But I mean real swimming—not just once or twice across a twenty-foot pool or something. I mean you should study swimming to the point where you can do a quarter of a mile at a time—and you should do some swimming or dancing daily. Or if you live in a community where you can only swim in summer, or where it’s difficult to find a place to swim at all, you can surely do some other sport. There are tennis, golf, fencing. Choose whichever you prefer—but do it daily, and try to keep on with it until you are tops, or nearly tops.

You will get more grace from such physical training. Too many girls do not comprehend how much it increases their vitality and strength are—for instance, as they are in Esther Williams. When I was in my early teens, I used to lump and be round-shouldered because my back was so weak I honestly couldn’t hold it straight.

As I took my ballet lessons, however, all my muscles strengthened and the more I worked, the more energy I had until today, when I am in training for a new ballet for a picture, I have so much energy that after twelve or sixteen hours of work, I can come home with enough left still bubbling in me to make me want to build a brick wall.

So please do not mope. Do not feel that life has been cruel to you in not giving

Silverplate with the look and feel of sterling

... for $200 less!

It’s true! Many women think these patterns are sterling. Note the depth of detail, superb finish and artistry of design. Surprisingly, a service in this silverplate costs $200 less than a comparable service in sterling... only $74.95 for a 52-piece service for eight, on Club Plan terms too.

And remember: Holmes & Edwards is Sterling Inlaid Silverplate. Most used spoons and forks are inlaid with two blocks of sterling silver at the points where they rest on the table.

ORDINARY SILVERPLATE: IF PLATE DOES WEAR SHOWS

STERLING INLAID SILVERPLATE: IF PLATE GOES STERLING SHOWS

FREE “Silver Sense”—a booklet to guide you in your purchase and care of silverware. Write Dept. P-6, Holmes & Edwards Division, The International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn., 953.

ALL PATENTS MADE IN U.S.A.
NEW
Refreshing Way to STOP
Under-Arm Odor!

Now you can put Chlorophyll to work where it does the most good! Just a touch of Gaby's cool green stick destroys perspiration odor instantly! Gaby protects longer because Gaby contains both Chlorophyll and Hexachlorophene. Get this double protection!

Gaby DEODORANT STICK
with CHLOROPHYLL

- NO MUSS...no dribble...no waste.
- NON-IRRITATING to normal skin.
- WON'T STAIN you or your clothes.
- DRIES IN SECONDS...cools, too.
- THRIFTY...one stick lasts ages!

Get it at your favorite cosmetic counter today.

only 60¢ PLUS TAX

If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send 60¢ plus 12¢ tax to Gaby Co., Phillips 22, Pa.

By the makers of famous GABY Greaseless Suntan Lotion and GABY Suntan Cream

The thing that is probably most often opened by mistake is the mouth.

JERRY LEWIS

you a face like a flower. Stand up straight and see what you personally can do about yourself.

Where ballet is better even than sports, I think, is in the by-products it gives you. You learn good music. You learn decor. You learn make-up, and on stage, at least, you are dressed in a classic, beautiful way.

Personally, I took a very long time learning about off-stage dressing. In matters of choice, I was as I had been with my hair. I kept experimenting. In one way this was necessary. If I was to have any clothes at all, while I was growing up, they had to be old things of my grandmother's, my mother's—my father's, even my father's, cut down. Some of them didn't look much better than the frumpy things I wear in the beginning of my latest picture, "Lili." By the time you can right on being flat-chested till I was past sixteen. I had perfectly awful, scrappy shoulders, with bones at the ends of them that stuck up like wings. In France, all little girls know how to sew and I thought it would be quite a good thing for many American girls to know, too, even though you do have so many charming ready-to-wear things.

I remember, when I was sixteen, I tried to make a dress for myself from an old suit of my father's. It was very good tweed, and I thought it would make me look plump. And right where my bosoms should have been, I carefully put two pockets! How my family laughed when I came in wearing that outfit. My heart was broken then, my pride was seared, but now I know how good it was for me, for from that moment on, I began really studying fashions.

Eventually I learned what I believe is the first rule of attractive dressing: Forget about your bad points, and don't waste your time disguising them. Instead, emphasize your good points. And, remember, the clothes themselves aren't so important; it's how you feel in them that counts.

My personal good fortune was that as a greeny I was a very young one. I was one of the older girls in the company (they were a shattering twenty-four and five) and they were off to their American up to that in my own two cents' worth by little is very plain and with my husband in our little house where the living room, dining-bar and kitchen are all in one.

Yet I know what I absorbed, in terms of being a greeny, is just living from studying good poetry, through visiting museums and absorbing paintings, sculpture, antiquities. I feel such beauty helps you know your own place in all of life. You feel surrounded—by the dreams that men have had since the beginning of time. You aspire to better things. You dream. You, believe, are sensitive. You are surrounded by that you can and of the ages you see that other people, feeling such things, have mastered them.

For me, this was a sure cure for loneliness, for weariness, for lack of food and money and pretty things.

But I was still shy. American girls grow up earlier than we do, date earlier, marry much earlier. In France, no nice girl dates before sixteen at the earliest and then she sees the boy in her own home, with her parents present. I had no dates in France, because, for one reason, our young boys were in the war. Then, I was only seventeen when I heard the amazing news that Gene Kelly was interested in me—for films in Hollywood!

I felt it could not be. I ran away and hid. Mr. Kelly was leaving Paris the very next day. No one could find me and I breathed safely when I knew he was gone. I felt I had saved myself a big humiliation.

But he remembered me and the next year, M-G-M in Paris sent for me. I said, then the one I very one very that, and I would have to change me utterly. They said, "We want you just as you are." It was impossible—but what they said was true. They photographed me just as I was, my straight hair in its natural color, my mouth which is too big and my cheeks which are too round. And when they sent the test to Hollywood, Hollywood cabled that I was to rush overseas at once.

That was the second miracle that happened to me, and I came very humbly and shyly but very, very happily to Hollywood. I saw all the beautiful girls about me, but every one was very kind, and I forgot myself in the dances before the camera, and just tried to concentrate on projecting how very beautiful life itself can be.

My third miracle, you know, of course. My first date in all my life turned out to be with the man who is now my husband. I had gone to that date out of sheer loneliness, with two other girls from the ballet, and their dates—and then—Geordie Hormel, my Geordie, walked in. I spoke almost no English—but he spoke French. And from the very beginning we understood one another, in things that go deeper than words.

You and I, we are similar people. Geordie and I, even despite our so dissimilar upbringings. We both love studying things. We both love simplicity, the simplicity, that is, which means books, and the strange, amusing people who are young in spirit, rather than the pretentious folk of any age.

I hear you thinking, some of you readers, what more can a girl want? I agree, the more I can, the more I could want, except, soon, our children.

And behind it all, I have, as I look at my funny face in the mirror, one reassurance. It is a simple thing, but it is the thing that this girl has, that the beautiful girl never has. You know you are loved for yourself, for the personality that in my case is named Leslie Caron, and in your case is named Mary Smith, or Helen Jones, or Betty Brown—the individual you, the unique you, which God sent into this world.

In turn, you love the man who falls in love with you, even more, perhaps, than you know he wasn't caught by any surface glitter, any superficial thing that you can't possibly maintain as the years go by. No, he will have been, by the time you develop and deepen in your character, that can make your life richer and richer as time goes on.

This is the gift life presents to us girls who did not get the Greek noses, the slumberous eyes, the flawless lips. Personally I am deeply thankful for it.
it would be possible if the husband weren't understanding. But I'm lucky—mine is!

"I can't imagine myself being happy without my career—I've worked too hard, too long, it has been too big a part of my life! It may be pretty much of a merry-go-round, and there are times when you'd like to stay home, just relax and enjoy being the lady of the house. But after awhile, you begin to miss the work, you find you have too much time, and you are not accomplishing anything. Life seems to be at a standstill, and you can't wait to be busy again!"

Outwardly, success seems to have come easily to Jane. But remember, this is a girl who has worked since she was a child. Ever since her first Hollywood break, when she was thirteen, her life has been dominated by hard work, to the exclusion of play, of the casual fun that is such a large part of the lives of most girls. And out of her early experiences, she has derived her philosophy. "I try to take things as they come," she explains, "I know that time heals everything, takes care of all your problems. What is to be will be, and all you can do is accept it, and be ready for what comes."

That means being on your toes, ready for each new challenge, each new break. In the past ten years, Jane has had little time off, except to have her babies. When you add to her screen work her tours, the radio and benefit performances, and more recently the night-club appearances, you wonder where this tiny person finds the sheer physical stamina to keep up with it all!

But even this isn't all, for in addition, there is her marriage, and the start of a family, in the small persons of Geary Anthony Steffen, III, and tiny Suzanne Flene, better known as Sissy. Jay and Sissy were born exactly sixteen months apart, to the day.

Actually, having her babies did not interrupt Jane's career for long. Eleven weeks after Jay's birth, she was off on a tour. Five weeks after Sissy's arrival she was at work again, on loan-out at Warners for "Three Sailors and a Girl," with Gordon MacRae and Gene Nelson. For one thing, she is careful not to gain too much weight, watches her diet, and exercises faithfully morning and night. Today, she weighs only ninety-six pounds, less than she has for some time, but she looks wonderful, feels fine, and hopes to stay that weight.

Lacking brothers and sisters of her own, Jane has always insisted that she wants a large family. Now that she has two babies, she says emphatically, "We want four more!"

But undoubtedly, the years, and the babies, have brought changes—changes however, that Jane feels have come about as naturally as has her own growing-up process. Just as a year or so ago, she found she had outgrown the long hair, the pleated skirts and Peter Pan collars of her teens, she accepts the need for a larger house for her growing family.

With quite typical Steffen prudence, Geary and Jane did not look for a larger place when they first knew there was to be another addition to the family. "If it should be a boy," Jane murmured, "we won't need to move—the two boys can certainly share a room."

But with the arrival of Sissy, they got busy. Dreaming of a house was all right, but you couldn't ask the stalwart young Jay to share his room with a sister, could you? The answer to their needs was a lovely colonial house in Westwood, with four bedrooms and plenty of yard space...
for the youngsters. They found it and bought it all in one day.

The larger house will entail changes, too: more furniture, more help. But Jane says simply, "We don't have enough furniture, so part of the house will be shut off for a while. Later we'll have to find a maid, to help Gladys."

The indispensable Gladys has had a great share in smoothing out the path for her employers. What they would have done without her, Jane just can't imagine.

"When we can afford it" prefaces all Jane's plans for the house. Some day they will put in a pool, but first, they will have to redecorate, a room at a time, and gradually acquire more furniture.

Inevitably, in the Steffens' three years of marriage, there have been difficulties, adjustments. "It is not career trouble," Jane hastens to explain, "but just a matter of two people learning to live together."

There have been some rough spots in their marriage. After all, no marriage is perfect. But no matter how serious their disagreements have been, Jane and Geary have always talked them out. They've learned to compromise.

The hardest compromise of all came several years ago when they had to talk about their separating. But they both knew, then as always, that their marriage is too important to let anything happen to it.

On Geary's insistence, a careful fifty-fifty division of their affairs financially, but in other matters, when arguments arise, Jane insists a sixty-forty arrangement is necessary, on both sides!

"You have to work at marriage," Jane believes. "It takes time and effort. It is the most important thing in your life, then you're more than willing to make sacrifices, to give everything you've got to it. It isn't a matter of trying to change each other, but to adapt to each other! Geary likes music a little less than I do. I care less for sports. I am nervous and high-strung. He is very easy-going. I like to have everything in its proper place, am a doer. Geary is inclined to leave things around—his socks, his neckties, a messed-up newspaper. The important thing is understanding."

"You're jealous!" I'm jealous, am I jealous of his tennis, if you want to call it jealousy! I'm going to take lessons—when I have time—but I don't expect ever to be as good as Geary.

Early in her marriage, Jane insisted that she and Geary liked all the same things, did everything together. As far as possible, she has made that come true. For a girl who had no time to learn sports and games, she has had the advantage of playing with Geary, who was not only a professional skater, but an all-round athlete. Jane has learned to skate, to ski, to water-ski "Not too well," she interrupts, "but not badly."

"I don't doubt that they will like, or want to be?" Jane comments. Naturally, Geary hopes his sons will be athletic, but neither would ever try to force a child to be anything he was not. "My father didn't expect me to be a star in anything, but he always taught me to do it well," he says.

They have no definite plans for the children. "The way we feel is that we want them to be what they want to be," she says. "We want them to be happy and to do things that they enjoy doing."

Geary and Jane do not believe studying books of psychology is necessary in raising children. "You make certain that they like and love and have fun, but let them develop their own likes and dislikes. And let them have their way if they have a reason for it."

"You never know how much a person who has never been hurt will like being hurt," Geary says. "You've got to let them make their own mistakes and then help them to overcome them."

"We try to fix what we can and not worry about the rest. And that's the way we want the children to learn to do things, too." Jane answers.
Has Anybody Seen My Girl?

(Continued from page 49)

used for hauling me out of bed, but I'm fussy about it. I can't help it. Mom used to call me and call me and call me, and on the seventeenth try her exasperation had made her sound like chalk screeching across a blackboard. This brought me to my feet half awake and furious as a bull full of banderillas. In the event that my wife's idea of my marriage quality, I'm just as likely as not to leap out of bed sound asleep and land a right jab to her flower-like facade.

You know what I want my wife to do? I want her to lift me into an upright position, make sure my head is resting on some sharp object, and then tiopte out of the room. Inasmuch as I weigh in at 200 pounds, it'll require some strength of Samson and/or nurse's training. To say nothing of tolerance.

This means I'll probably marry a fairly large female. Except for the necessity of strength, I don't care whether my bride is tall or short. Like it says in the old song, "Bless 'em all, bless 'em all, the long and the short and the tall."

And I, Mom always wine up with short blondes, but it isn't a matter of preference. A tall brunette is a lovely sight in any man's language. Neither am I fussy about a girl's figure. Why should I be, when no matter what it looks like, if it looks like a retreating hippopotamus? The truth is that having given myself more than ten years of dating, I've discovered that the manner in which a woman is slung together is a lot easier to do with than true happiness in a marriage.

What I want, I think, is somebody I can love and have fun living with and, although I don't know exactly how this could be accomplished, somebody who could like me the way I am.

I don't care what she looks like, although I sometimes dream about a girl who is blessed with either my hair, my Ellen's legs, Susan Cabot's hips, or a good pair of slacks. But I do manage to interest such a mythical creature, other things would be more important.

If I suggested that she go deep-sea fishing with me and she closed those Clifford eyes, wrinkled Cabot's nose, and wrinkled, in disgust at the idea, I'd lose a lot of interest in a hurry. Looks may be the first thing that attract a man but if there isn't anything to go along with them, the girl bounded away. After all, you don't want to own because you're tired of it.

I like girls who can whack a tennis ball or handle a gun, or at least girls who will try. I think if I ever get married and found this out the first evengings whipping up needlepoint bath mats, I'd feel a little lost. Sure, it'd be nice to have her home sitting while I'm earning the bread to feed this, with their own companionship. I want my wife to be feminine but not to get so carried away with the idea that she can't share her leisure time with me.

It's a foolish guess whether I'll eventually marry an actress, but I'd prefer my wife not to work. I don't have any dominant male ideas about her having certain domestic duties, like darning my socks or making my coffee. I've had a day or two to have enough money to employ servants to take care of those things, and I don't care who does them as long as they're done. All I want is to find my wife there when I come home. She'll have to put up with a lot of beeling about my work, and if she isn't an actress she might not understand the demands of the movie industry. But even at that, I'd rather try to teach her than come home to an empty house while she's off pretending she's Gisele Stump, girl piano tuner.

If my bride is on the wide side I'd prefer she wouldn't wear slacks or blue jeans, but I think slender girls look wonderful in them. I really don't care what kind of clothes the future Mrs. Hudson wears, so long as she wears them well. If she likes suits and looks nice in them I won't mention that I like dresses better. But there's one point where I'll draw the line. I will not go shopping with her.

Women's stores make the hair on the back of my neck stand up. There's something about them I can't describe. Once I went and got my mother a formal dress and it was the worst day of my life. I went from shop to shop, and although everything looked all right on the hangers, I couldn't picture what Mom would look like in that. I finally got something that was made out of that material—I don't know what you call it but it's soft and always looks as though it needs pressing. Anyway, Mom won't, maybe out of courtesy—I don't know.

Aside from that, the only clothes I ever bought were sweaters for Vera-Ellen. They're easy, just like mine, only smaller. Other than that the only thing if my wife ever asks me to go shopping with her I'll sit outside in the car and wait.

One thing I can't stand in a girl is a sort of pseudo-elegance. The kind you see in the fashion models who are always leaning against the wind in a hat that would cover a circus and in a pose that would break anybody else's back. The kind you see in girls who lead leopards on gold chains down Fifth Avenue. Although this I've yet to see.) This scares me to death, the girls more so than the leopards. When a girl points her little finger away from a coffee cup I get suspicious. The kind the kind who will dabble at her food like Scarlett O'Hara and never admit that she'd like to tackle a three-inch stake. Me, I like women in love to eat, because I find it variably that that's the way they go at life in general—with warmth and gusto—and that's why I'd want my wife to go at our marriage.

There's a happy medium somewhere between the clinging-vine type of female and the fiery, self-assertive girl. The extreme types have their drawbacks, like the independent type who won't open a door for her. There's nothing that will quash the male ego faster than the girl who bowls a better game and then insists on dry cleaning her clothes, picking up her own handkerchief and getting your car by herself. Guys want to wait on women—at least I do.

Just as bad is the helpless type who expects to be waited on hand and foot all but carried aorvest streets. I remember one small number I knew years ago. She looked perfect, so doll-like that just watching her walk down the street made me feel I wanted to spend my life meeting her. But on our first date she was so destitute of strength that I had to do everything except put her wilted lettuce salad into her mouth.

I had a sudden revelation that night. I saw the cottage we might have in years to come. Our son came limping into the kitchen, a nail through his foot, and our daughter had just put her hand on the hot waffle iron and was howling in pain. Genevieve took one look at the situation,
flattened her eyelids and fainted dead away. The helpless type, I told myself, was not for me.

I don't mean to sound choosy about all this. My wife is going to have to live with an Irish temper and German stubbornness, and at top of it I have an open admiration for paste tube from the middle. Not only that, I sling wet bath towels over doorknobs or Chippendale chairs or whatever happens to be handy when I wander out of the shower. And the water from my showers, I might add, always ends up by the bucketful all over the floor.

I tease, too, and I suppose sometimes I go beyond the limits. If a girl can't stand to hear knuckles crack, I'm just the kid who can do it for her. Betty Abbott, a script girl at the studio, gets duck bumps if anybody closes one eye and leaves the other wide open. So I spent five minutes on each of our dates like a one-eyed owl while she shrieks for help. I tease Betty about her walk, too, even though it makes her furious, and then I talk her out of it by teasing some more. I suppose that only letting off steam after going through boyhood as an only child and not having anybody around to plague.

There's one thing about Betty, though, that can't rest—her sense of humor. Take the night I was driving her to some place in downtown Los Angeles.

"You're sure you know how to get there," she asked.

"Look," I said. "I used to drive a truck around this town, remember?"

So we got in my car and every time I took a wrong turn Betty just sat there and said nothing. Pretty soon I wound up on the freeway leading to Pasadena and as soon as I realized it I made a quick turn out of there, hoping Abbott hadn't noticed. Her face was buried in the collar of her coat and I was telling myself happily that she might be asleep when suddenly she threw back her head and went into hysterics. That's all. She never once said, "I told you so." She just laughed.

For me, this is great. I guess I'm typical of all men when I say I can't stand having women tell me how to do something. If I'm driving the car I'm at the wheel and don't take kindly to back-seat driving. And when I get married, I'm afraid I'm going to be even less open to suggestions. If there's a lamp in the house that needs fixing I'd like to find out about it myself, and when I do, I'll fix it. But if the little woman brings up the subject every hour on the hour, we're apt to sit around in the dark.

Like I said, I'm stubborn. I know this is asking too much, but I think it would be delicate handling of the situation if in in the event of telling me about it she would put the book I am reading, plus a Swiss cheese on oye, on the chair under that lamp. The bait would lead me to it and it would be fixed in no time.

I've nothing to say for women who can get a man to carry out their wishes by making him think this is what he wants. Not many of them can do it, but those who can have my blessing. Even when I know I'm being steered around corners so that they can reach their goal, I get a bang out of it. I've lived long enough to know that I'm not going to be the boss in my marriage, but if the little woman wants to let me think I am, it's fine with me.

I only hope she doesn't use tears as a weapon. I've known enough girls to be aware that sometimes they cry just to get their own way, but even though I know it, a woman's tears make me helpless as a man watching his home go up in flames. I want to help but I can't, and it's a terrible feeling. When I turn on the tears I just go away somewhere.

The tactic that makes me angry is the one where, when you're discussing a point with a girl, she stops the argument unfairly. This is done by sticking to her guns until the guy says, "How do you know?" And then she gets a mysterious look on her face and says in a faraway voice, "Oh, I know."

This is supposed to make me adore her no doubt, because she's up on that well-worn pedestal, but its only result is to make me boil. Even though the man may be right, what can he say after that?

I like a girl who'll discuss things with me on a level that is fair and square. According to cartoonists, people who have been married a year or two haven't anything left to talk about, but I hope my own marriage isn't like that. To me, every day brings new food for thought and conversation, and, if my bride has the kind of personality I like in a girl, we'll be nothing away from it. It is a wholehearted wish, however, that she will not be an authority on anything. This is mostly because I'm not one myself. I'll listen to anything once, understand, but I'm not one to take malicious glee in driving home the point that I am an ignorant cipher.

There is just one more point concerning conversation that I'm fussy about. If it is a joke, I have no objection to hearing it on her wet-blanket way. It seems to me there are two types of women to come under this heading (and men, too, if I have to admit it). The first wife lets the old man get half way through her story and

"I had no one to turn to" said countless people facing a hard-to-solve situation —until they heard their very problem solved on radio's "My True Story." For this true-to-life program presents, in vivid dramatic form, real problems of real people—directly from the files of "True Story Magazine." When you listen, you'll hear everyday situations involving such emotions as love, hope, fear, jealousy . . . you'll meet the kind of people you've known all your life.

TUNE IN "My True Story"

AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS

Be sure to read this tragic story, "CHILDLESS—I TURNED TO ANOTHER MAN"—in the June issue of TRUE STORY Magazine—on sale everywhere.
then informs the assembled listeners that he is a notably bad teller of jokes and that she will take over forthwith. The second is the type who, the minute her husband starts to argue, six times, yawns loudly and says, “Oh, no! Not that one again!” Let my wife forget the punch line on her own jokes, but leave mine strictly alone.

I hope my wife is not a confirmed ashtray-emptier. I like clean people and clean houses, but there’s nothing so disconcerting as having your ashtray emptied while you’re still smoking, or what’s worse, having the vacuum cleaner run under your legs while you’re on the last few pages and just about to find out who killed Cathy in the basement.

As a matter of fact, other than these things, I’m extra fussy about cleanliness. I think the best-looking girl in the world is the one with the well-scrubbed look. I like it so well that make-up bothers me, particularly that powdered look some girls have. It reminds me of a death mask. Make-up’s all right as long as it isn’t overdone. I like a casual-looking girl, and am left cold by the one who’s always consulting her mirror to make sure she’s her raving best, or the type who combs her hair in public.

On the subject of hair, I hope my wife’s hair will be its natural color. I’m told this is an irritating quality in all men—that we’ll whistle at anything in mascara and lipstick and bleached hair, but we want our own wives minus the accoutrements. If this is true, then go right down the line with the rest of the guys.

There are other things I’m obstinate about. My suits must be pressed, my ties must be given away before they’re sent to a cleaner, I like to go to any movie starring Lina Turner, I won’t have in-laws living with us—mine or hers, I like music for listening played loud enough to be heard down at City Hall, and I don’t like to dance, although I suppose if my wife felt her happiness depended on it, I’d take her out shuffling once in a while.

Another thing. When I’m sick I’m an unadulterated mess. I like people around me even when I’m well, but when I’m sick I can’t be alone a minute. Mrs. Hudson will be trying to season the stew or change Junior’s diapers, and I’ll be roaring at the top of my lungs that I need her, now, this minute.

To tell the truth, I’ll be wanting to be with her all the time, for although she may not like it, I’m an extremely possessive guy. If I ever find a girl who’ll put up with me and who has even one-sixth of the attributes I have in mind for a wife, I’d be crazy if I wasn’t possessive with such a doll. Somewhere I’ll find her.

And when I do, I’m warning her. My intentions are strictly matrimonial. The End

"Stop Telling Lies About Us"

(Continued from page 44)

Dale himself, however, has said not a word throughout the entire barrage, partly out of a stubborn conviction that he was answerable for his behavior only to his own conscience. But now with the situation showing signs of getting out of hand, he has finally decided to speak out in his own interest and in no uncertain terms.

"From start to finish, the stuff the columnists have been dishing out on me is pure, unadulterated hogwash," he adds flatly, his eyes tightening noticeably at the corners. "Where they’ve been getting their alleged information, I wouldn’t know, but it hasn’t come from either Jackie or me—that’s for sure. Up until now, we’ve never made any statement about our marriage, and anything that’s been written was either random speculation or loose gossip. Why don’t they stop telling lying stories?

"Regarding this latest item in the papers, to the effect that Jackie and I are ready to call our marriage quits," Dale continues, buckling down to cases, "nothing could be farther from the truth. Suddenly, we’re happier than we’ve ever been! And as for any so-called ‘reconciliation,’ we were never separated in the first place and there hasn’t been any question of a divorce—at least, not on my part!"

"There was a time not so long ago when I was under a lot of emotional pressure and Jackie and I, like countless other couples in and out of the picture lines, had some serious thinking to do. I thought we could do it better by being alone for a few days, but I never did leave home. I said I’d be back and I was. After all, deep down I’m a family man and on top of that I’m crazy in love with this Jacqueline of mine.

"As for this business of my having acquired new feminine interests, of all the items that have been tossed about the prize for being the most ridiculous! The only blonde-haired, recently-married actress I know is a girl I worked on a picture with. She’s just made her first broad and the new bride who happens to be very much in love with her husband and whom I haven’t seen twice outside the studio. And as regards the movie queen I was supposed to be dating around, I did run into the lady in question on Hollywood Boulevard and we stopped to chat with her for a second. But that’s all there was to that, and the romantic build-up it got from the columnists was sheer poppycock.

"The same goes for the numerous published reports that Jackie was being made a number of varieties of widow—golf, hunting, fishing, and horse. And while that’s far from being the truth, in that I’ve been extremely fond of outdoor life from the time I was a kid and still am, they have no foundation in actual fact.

"I’ve always been especially keen about hunting, but I’ve gone hunting only once since we’ve been here. I love to fish, but I’ve been fishing exactly twice during the past five years. I like to play golf—and I used to play a good deal. But if I play at all now, I do it on Sunday mornings while Jackie’s asleep. I get up at five o’clock and I’m home by the time she wakes up so that we can be together for the rest of the day. And I haven’t even done that since the baby came.

"Regarding the printed allegation that for a while we had whooped things up in regular playboy style among the glittering boites along the Sunset Strip while Jackie sat languishing alone at home with the new baby, Dale declares emphatically that it just isn’t so."

"My so-called playboy romp among the bright lights was confined to a single visit to Ciro’s when my mother and uncle came to visit from Oklahoma. But neither then nor at any other time has Jacqueline been left to sit at home by herself. When I’m working on a picture at the studio, I’m home every evening. And if I’ve had to be away on location or for personal appearances, I’ve made sure before I left that somebody was going to be there to stay with her during my absence."

Dale is equally vehement in labelling as a base canard the intimation that he and Jackie are roughing it in the modest but
Photoplay Pinups No. 3
Better than ever!

Here's another colorful album of Hollywood stars in captivating poses, prepared by the editors of Photoplay Magazine. This great new album is more glamorous than any of the previous editions.

Each thrilling photograph in Photoplay Pinups is reproduced in full-color. Each photograph is a stunning picture of one of your favorite Hollywood stars. These breath-taking pictures are printed so that each one can be cut out for framing or pinning up without interfering with any other picture in the book.

These Great Hollywood Stars in Stunning Pin-up Poses
- Debbie Reynolds
- Marilyn Monroe
- Doris Day
- Anne Francis
- Virginia Mayo
- Zsa Zsa Gabor
- Anne Baxter
- Terry Moore
- Mari Blanchard
- Laurette Luez
- Mona Knox
- Paula Doretti
- Marci Lang
- Clea Moore
- Mara Corday
- Jane Greer
- Vanessa Brown
- Piper Laurie
- Rita Hayworth
- Arlene Dahl
- Ava Gardner
- Janet Leigh

Only 35¢ At Newsstands Now
If newsletter is sold out, use this coupon

PHOTOPLAY, Dept. WG-653
205 E. 42 St., New York 17, N.Y.
Send me postpaid, PHOTOCAL PIN-
UPS No. 3. I enclose 35c.

Name
Address
City State

nevertheless exceedingly pleasant home which they live in, in Roseda.

From the way the columns have de-
scribed it, you'd think our home was a
primitive, one-room, log-cabin affair! Actu-
ally, it's an attractive, modern, brown
stucco and fieldstone, three-bedroom job.
And it's decorated in coco, chrysanthemum
and flamingo—with modern furniture to
match," he remarks, jaw jutting out. "Sure,
it's nothing fancy, but it's comfortable and
it's more than adequate for now. Later, when
we can afford it, we'll build something
better."

While Dale has been understandably re-
sentful of the malicious misstatements that
have appeared in the press, his ever-loving
Jackie is buried to a crisp at the word's
theme of "The Cowboy and the Lady"
and at the attempts many writers have
made to draw a sharp line between her
background and Dale's by painting her as
a well-bred, ultra-refined lady educated in
Switzerland, and her spouse as a rough,
moody cowpoke wafted to Hollywood di-
rect from a remote Oklahoma ranch.

"I don't know who's responsible for the
toney la-de-da build-up I've been getting
in the columns—and at Dale's expense," she
exclaims with a toss of her pretty head.
"But it's high time it was nalled down for
the pure piece of fiction that it is. And as
for Dale, he's certainly no cowboy. He's
never roped a cow, I'm sure, and I can't
imagine him bulldogging a calf. I doubt
whether he's ever even been in the rear
distance of a team of mules, much less
had experience handling them.

"Furthermore, no matter what the rep-
utation in the columns, the cowboy and
his family was raised in a lovely home
that reflected the best of taste and an ap-
preciation of the finer things. He went to
college and he has a keen knowledge of art,
music, and literature. And during the
hours of poetry by the hour. A cowboy! What
a notion! Why he actually studied the violin
for ten years."

Ask Dale point-blank whether it's true, as
the columns always change, he has
changed completely with success and star-
dom and he smiles good-humoredly.

"About the changing part, a man isn't
the best judge of a thing like that, but I
don't think I've changed to any appreciable
extent. He says I still want all the things
I came to Hollywood wanting. I still have
the same interests and the same friends,
and I still have the same attitude toward
people, and I accept individuals for
what they are.

"But as for stardom and success having
gone to my head, nothing could be more
absurd—and for two good reasons: In
the first place, making pictures is
strictly a business—one that I happened
to select in preference, say, to being an
oil man or a construction engineer. Having
a businessman's viewpoint toward my job
I entertain not the slightest feeling of
glamour or personal prestige for any
phase of it, including stardom.

"And secondly, even if I were the rank
egotist some columnists make me out, I
couldn't possibly continue my current status
in pictures with even a reasonable facsimile
of success when there are any number of
people right in my own studio who have
made fewer pictures than I have and are
getting their full share of every west.
I'll admit that I've done more thinking
about success lately than I ever have be-
fore... because I'm trying to put some-
things away for myself. I'm sure that
anything should happen to me, Jacqueline
and the baby would both be amply pro-
vided for.

"Speaking of the baby, Dale still smoul-
ders at the item that appeared in one of
the columns, to the effect that he was "keenly
disappointed" that his first child wasn't a
boy. "For sheer stupidity this item really
turns me on, but no offer of a baby. If
the baby came, I vacillated. One day, I'd
think I'd like a little boy and the next, I'd
think a little girl would be awfully nice.
And when the hospital phoned me out
that afternoon, I thought it was all right.
Jacqueline was all right and that we had
a healthy baby girl with five tiny little
fingers and feet on her and I never
had been happier."

To appreciate how happy her father is
and also how very proud, one has only
to see Rochelle and her Dad together...
to watch Dale playing with her and put-
ting her to bed.

"I wouldn't trade this little angel of ours
for eighteen boys, in case anyone should
ask," Dale declares with a flush of paternal
pride. "She weighs nineteen pounds now
and she's as strong as a bull."

"But it's still better than average, according
to the doctor. And on top of that, she looks
exactly like her mother, which means she's
got more than her share of natural beauty.
"I also offers some additional details on
the subject of Dale, the doting parent.

"Dale just can't wait for Rochelle to
grow up," she says with a hearty chuckle,
"and he even has his own ideas about the
way she should look. But he's very soft-
ly. He can't wait for her to get big
even enough to wear the beautiful little
dresses he's bought her, so that he can get her
all decked out in her Sunday best and take
her to church."

As for the reports that Jackie had left
Dale in a huff to go tooling off to Oklaho-
ma City for four weeks following their
marriage, the fact is that she really did
make the trip, but not for the reasons indi-
cated. She did so at the insistence of Dale's
mother, who didn't want to go back home
alone and prevailed upon Jackie to keep
company. And during the entire time she
was away, she and Dale were separated
only by the geographical miles between
them. Almost every other night, Dale
phoned to tell her what a dog's life it was
being off-color and how sorely she was
being missed.

That hardly sounds like a man who
doesn't care about his wife!

Their four weeks apart, however, coming
as they did on the heels of their recent
misunderstanding, gave Dale and Jackie an
opportunity to find out just how much
their marriage meant to them. And as a
consequence, there's a new radiance—
brighter than ever—in their daily lives.

"I suppose it was my old-fashioned no-
tion of what a husband should be, as a
d-time we were volunteers when you try to pin
him down about the source of the misunder-
standing. "I was raised to believe that a man was
the head of the home and..."

"Even though we have our differences, we
never really raised our voices at one
another," Jackie hurries to add. "We used
to argue about little things, but there
never seems to be anything at all to
argue about any more."

"We always talked, but not about the
right things," Dale chimes in again, grab-
ning the ball. "Sometimes women are
a little hard to talk to, and at times it was
hard to talk to them, and it takes
more than talk anyway. You can't just
speak yourselves into being happy...

"But Jackie and I are definitely happy
as of right now, all opinions in certain
circles to the contrary." Dale echoes back
like a shot. "And furthermore we intend
to remain that way come hell, high water,
and the writing efforts of the entire breed
of Hollywood columnists jumped together!

And that, it would appear, is that.

The END
national driving permit required at border crossings. All this, while guide books, travel folders and maps blanketed the floor of the den.

"But," says Susan, "I left with a very happy heart. There couldn't be a better time. Right now the studio is in the midst of all the new 3-D. CinemaScope excite- ment; the picture business is changing and Mr. Zamor doesn't have an immediate script for me. So no one will be yelling for me—I hope. We'll be terribly, terribly lonesome for the boys, but they'll keep busy with their schoolwork and games. And, anyway, we'll be phoning them at we'll only be apart once a week. All the omens are there; it just proves God is still looking after me."

Sheer sentiment, rather than logic, guided Susan in booking the lands she most wants to see. Spain because of its romantic vistas, Sweden because of its modernism and social progress, and Ireland . . . "well, Ireland because I had an Irish grand- mother who was born in County Cork."

That Susan—sentimental and emo- tional, with a mixture of Irish and Swedish and French-Huguenot in her. Such a gal would understand, take in and dig. Susan didn, a unique medalion to carry on her journey—one given to her by Otto Lang, the producer of "White Witch Doctor." There's St. Christopher on one side, and on the other, the Virgin.

There were other countries, too, that Susan thought she ought to visit, and as the days went by she kept adding places to the list until Jess, the logical one, laugh- ingly called her gullible. "Hold it, Susie; hold it," Jess counseled. "If we eat in all the restaurants and go to all the 'darling' little places our friends have recommended, 'When we get home we'll have on us a six months' Cook's Tour."

"I know," Susan pouted, conceding tem- porary defeat, "but there's so much to see.

Paris, the Mediterranean, Mont St. Michel. They say that there they make the finest omelettes in the world," Susan said.) Then Madrid, Nice, Rome . . .

Languages? Red-haired Susan wasn't worried. She could already say alguno, muchas gracias and 'you said it.' And I can always pick up one of those little language books and point to the words. With some limber fingers and an active imagination, we'll get along fine.

She and Jess had two cameras: a Rollei- flex, and a new Stereo-Realist in a leather case, made and branded with her name burned into the leather. She did it with Timmy's new wood-burning set which he got on his birthday. As for real fancy eating . . . well, as Susan says, 'I'm tired of it.'

Nor did Susan plan any real shopping sprees. Trinkets, perhaps, or earrings, and easily-carried gifts for family and friends back home. But that's about all. Possibly she and Timmy could pick up golden gloves from Rome's famed Audarium, because her secret passion is gloves. Clothes, however, were out. "There's nothing I could buy even in Paris that I couldn't get at home," says faithful Sue. Besides, I won't have room for new clothes in my one suit-case. We're both going very light.

"With a change in skirts and blouses," Susan said, "I'll manage beautifully. I'm taking only a dozen nyons and four pairs of shoes—two brown and two black, and two pair will be good, sturdy walking shoes. Some cosmetics, of course, and some rhinestone jewelry, and my make-up kit for odds and ends. Everything will be streamlined. I'm even keeping my hair long, because I won't have too much time

Do you know that twenty per cent of the price you pay to see a movie is a federal tax?

FIGHT THIS CRIPPLING CHARGE. Write your Congres- sman, asking him for re- peal or reduction.

FIGHT THAT TAX!
to spend on it. I'll just tie it up in a chiffon scarf and let it go at that.

Some time ago, there was an air-mail letter from Spain, with her report on how her dreams were coming true.

"Here we are in Madrid (she wrote) and Jess and I have just had a wonderful talk with a very interesting girl, in the course of which we unveiled a picture of the house at home. We have been so homesick for them, and concerned about their health, like any absent parents. But we needn't worry about the children, the two of us-Tommy and Greg-assured me that "they've been doing their homework like mad!"
The trip over by plane from New York, though it was ten hours' flying, was agreeable.

I had seen Jess off just an hour before my plane was due to leave. And Jess was waiting for me when my plane swooped in at Orly Airport an hour or so later. Jess was a trio of suitors and a representative, all talking pure American.

Charles Boyer. Jess was still holding the only feminine-looking Pan-American overnight bag I had asked him to carry for me. I understood that the trip was a wedding on the 17th at New York's Idlewild Airport; I was so fearful that they wouldn't let me bring anything back to the country upon my return. Even the Customs officer hadn't been able to hide a smile.

"Paris was so wonderful, far lovelier even than we had expected. About those first few hours I can remember little except the lights and the glow of the enchanted city, the way we were by our friend, Lancaster, and to bed. But the next day, when we came down to a very late breakfast, we thought we were back in Hollywood—wae we saw so many people we knew, Gene, Gregory, and I—talking and talked. We hadn't seen each other since we worked together in The Snows of Kilimanjaro—"Les Neiges de Kilimanjaro" as they billed it in Paris.

Afterwards we went to the restaurant La Mediterranée, which is on the Place de l'Odeon, near the famous Théâtre Français Salle Luxembourg. (I hope I'm getting this right, though my impression is as you place.) Anyway, La Mediterranée is a most renowned fish restaurant—so completely French in every way, yet again we ran into more celebrities: Michele Morgan and Bill Maloney, who have a place in London.

"Most of the next day Jess and I were knee-deep in all the forms, regulations and complexities involved in taking possession of the lovely pale blue Jaguar car we had been promised for our tour of Spain. At last, after what seemed hours of singing our names over and over (the officials were really most kind), our car was turned over to us, and nothing would satisfy Jess except a drive from Monte Carlo to the St. Regis and along the banks of the Seine. If you know me, you know what I did—just sat and gawked like any gal taking the two-dollar tour.

"Oh, yes, we did stop at a little shop to send off some postcards to my mother and the twins, and one in particular to Emmy Eckhardt, who had bet me a dollar I wouldn't write. So now Emmy owes me a buck, and I'll even collect!"

"Dinner that night was at the world-famous "La Tour d'Argent," where the specialties include a"
Why Gentlemen Prefer Blondes

(Continued from page 53)

of tight gold dresses. While everyone watched, the blonde swayed sinuously down the long room to her place on the dias. She had instantly turned cold. Who could ask for anything more?

Two years ago, if anyone had told Marilyn she’d keep Darryl Zanuck waiting ninety minutes for his dinner while she was sewn into her dress to attend an im-


portant party, I don’t believe that even the blonde atom would have believed it. For in her early Hollywood days, she was just one more pretty face that had been left on the cutting-room floor. And though a lot of people had her tagged as dumb, she knew enough to learn to use what heaven had seen fit to give her.

When her studio bosses first heard of the nude posing, they cautioned Marilyn to keep quiet. Libel laws being what they are, they knew that, so long as Marilyn didn’t admit she had posed for the photo, reporters would have thought twice before identifying her as the girl in the birthday suit. But—“I had to tell the truth,” says Marilyn, half closing her big, beautiful blue eyes, “I just had to. . . .”

The publicity hasn’t hurt her yet. Neither have the much-quoted witticisms that flow from her rose-bud lips. Like the time she came face to face with a very bitter, very homely female reporter who has never dropped taking cracks at Marilyn. Everyone expected the fur to fly. But the star was gracious. “How come?” she was needed. “I thought you’d skin her alive.” “It was more cruel,” Tossed Marilyn, “to leave her skin as it is!” Wow!

The wisecracks, the cleavage, the never being on time (the studio actually has to employ a maid just to awaken Marilyn in the morning!) didn’t just happen accidentally. It’s all been carefully planned and expertly executed to make Marilyn what she is today—the most exciting star in Hollywood. If people talk, who cares? Not Marilyn. Not while she’s riding so high, at least.

There’s always some kind of talk making the rounds about somebody, anyway. Right now, it’s not only fashionable to criticize Marilyn, but it’s definitely the mode to purse up your lips, shake your

head in a melancholy manner, and mur-
mur, “Poor Shelley Winters.” Stuff and nonsense! This blonde got everything she


ever set out for—a career, a husband and a baby. And what’s wrong with that?

Like the Monroe, Shelley was around for a while before she made a ripple on the Hollywood pond. Then she got wise. She dropped the ingenue pose and let us have it smack on the typewriter.

Shelley isn’t pretty, although she has a definite and unique kind of appeal. When she was expecting the baby, she let herself go in appearance as completely as a woman could—and still vaguely look nice. But every time Shelley does gets into the papers and keeps the fire burning on the career front. And right now she’s in her thirties, just to give the toress people a lot busy—a remodeled Shelley, sleek and glamorous. And when the surprise of a chic Shelley wears off, there’ll be something else. She’s a smart cookie. She has to be—still to be on top despite all the people who don’t like her.

However, the real test of Shelley’s IQ won’t come until after she’s resumed her married life with Vittorio Gassman for a while. She didn’t appear before he left for Italy, but she was pregnant, and unhappy not to be going with him, which explains why she emptied that glass of water in his lap when she thought he paid too much attention to Zsa Zsa Gabor. But now it’ll be man-to-woman stuff. Don’t muffle it, Shell!

Talking of Zsa Zsa, this blonde by choice—she wasn’t particularly pretty before she lightened her hair—is a fantastic example of what egocentricity and one of the ten sharpest brains in the business can do for a girl. I’ll never know how she persuaded John Huston to let her play Jane Avril in “Moulin Rouge.” True, the money man, Jimmy Woolf, insisted, but Huston has never been pushed into a casting he doesn’t approve of. So what happens? Zsa Zsa spends every cent of the $6,000 salary in drummer lines from Constance Collier, who coached Hepburn. But it was her beauty that stole the picture for me, not her acting.

She’s made the covers of many a magazine—you name it—Zsa Zsa’s been on it. Her wisecracks are quoted all over the world. Her glamour is a byword in London and Paris where they quality every woman with “She’s not as attractive as Zsa Zsa.” George Sanders apparently can’t live with her, or without her. I believe she loves him or she wouldn’t put up with his rudeness. And let’s face it, she gave up $36,000 a year from Conrad Hilton to

Why Do They Pick On Marilyn?

READ THE INSIDE STORY

OF HOLLYWOOD’S FEUD WITH MARILYN MONROE

IN THE JULY ISSUE

OF Photoplay ON SALE JUNE 10

Now, an extra-effective

deroantor for women
with sensitive skin!

NEW!

FRESH

DEODORANT

STICK

Stroke it on ... perspiration odor gone ...

You’re safe in seconds, with new Fresh Deodorant Stick. Mild. Refreshing. Cooling! Women with even the most sensitive skin love it. Safe for fabrics, too. Use daily.

Quick! New! Push-up stick applicator!

WANTED—MAGAZINE SECRETARIES!
Big opportunity—earn extra cash in spare time as subscription agent. Write Dept. P 6-53; Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

Psoriasis doesn’t keep me from parties ... I USE SIROIL

Learn how hundreds of thousands of users have found Siroil to tend to remove psoriasis crusts and scales on outer layer of skin. Light applications help control recurring lesions. Siroil doesn’t stain clothing or bed linens. Offered on two weeks satisfaction or money refunded basis.

Write for free booklet
Siroil Laboratories, Inc.
Dept. M-69, Santa Monica, Calif.
EXTRA DOLLARS
AT YOUR FINGERTIPS
NOW—Be Your
OWN BOSS!
No Experience Necessary!
Earn from $5 to $50 in your spare time—
just take care of subscription orders for OUR
magazines for your friends and neighbors!
Steady Extra Income!
Now—solve all your extra money worries
—pay those bills, buy that dress, fix up
your house!
Thousands of women across the country
tell us how many wonderful things they've
done with the extra money they've earned
in their spare time!
Your Big Opportunity!
If you have a regular job—you can repren-
tent us in your spare time. Or you can
devote full time to our job—be com-
pletely independent and build up a busi-
ness of your own. In either case you can
increase your earnings—tremendously.
Act NOW!
Start NOW—it's easy, costs you noth-
ing—just act as mailing secretary for
your friends and neighbors for OUR MAG-
AZINES. (U.S.A. sales only.) Write to-
day — NOW — for FREE material and
information to: Dept. W. G. 6-53, Box 55.
Macfadden Publications, Inc.
205 E. 42nd Street
New York, N. Y.

—

KIDNEYS
MUST REMOVE
EXCESS WASTE

Nagging backache, loss of pep and energy, head-
aches and dizziness may be due to slow down of kidney
function. Doctors say good kidney function is very
important to good health. When some everyday con-
tion, such as stress and strain, causes this im-
portant function to slow down, many folks suffer
nagging backache—feel miserable. Minor bladder
irritations due to cold or wrong diet may cause
getting up nights or frequent passages.
Don't neglect your kidneys if those conditions
bother you. Try Doan's Pills—a mild diuretic. Used
successfully by millions for over 50 years. It'll amaz-
ing how many folks get the relief from these
discomforts—help the 15 miles of kidney
and filters flush out waste. Get Doan's Pills today!

—

CORNS
removed by
MOSCO

NEW! GOLD PLATED PICTURE RING
and any PHOTO ENLARGED

Send 60c for FREE SAMPLE 
Send Money with your Order—No Money Refunded

BOTH 97c

For ONLY

2 Enlargements and 2
Rings. 

2 Enlargements and 2
Rings. 

Marshall Art Studios, Dept. JR
2712 Fullerton Ave., Chicago 47, I1.
NEW! Flesh-Tinted Medication

CONCEALS as it helps

HEAL PIMPLES

THE TRUTH ABOUT "BAD" SKIN

Pimples are the result of temporary excess secretions of oil that the skin can not throw off. Greaseless Wunder-skin is medically-fernated to help treat blemishes of these excess oils ... dry up pimples. Wunder-skin contains anti-septic Dermiunn® to discourage the bacteria that can cause and spread unsightly pimples.

NO ONE NEED KNOW! Wunder-skin is especially flesh-tinted to conceal pimples, blemishes, blackheads ... Blends amazingly well with skin tones. Quick-drying, stainless! Leave Wunder-skin on day and night for round the clock medication.

Reader's Digest reported recently on Wunder-skin type medication used successfully in clinical tests. Wunder-skin contains ingredients long prescribed by skin specialists.

GUARANTEED to help your skin condition or money back. Large tube 59¢, Economy size 98¢. At all drug counters.

SPECIAL OFFER: Send name, address and 10¢ in stamps or coin for trial size. Purepac Corp., P.O. Box 249, Lenox Hill Sta., N. Y. 21, N. Y.

Greaseless • Flesh-Tinted • Anti-septic

Wunder-skin

ANOTHER FINE PUREPAC PRODUCT

*Purepac's brand of 2,4- dichlorophenol/ 3,4 - dichlorophenol

Callouses

Pain, Burning, Tenderness

SUPER-FAST RELIEF!

Puts You Right Back On Your Feet!

You'll enjoy super-fast relief from your painful callouses, tenderness or burning on the bottom of your feet when you use Super-Sof® Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. They're wonderfully soothing, cushioning, protective and remove callouses one of the fastest ways known to medical science. Try them!

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Prevent POLIO CRIPPLING

Sister Kenny Foundation

Polio

Prevent

POLIO CRIPPLING

Sister Kenny Foundation

99
Thrilling New Massage Cream Contains PC-11. Acts Instantly to DRY UP SKIN BLEMLISHES
From Both Oily Skin and External Causes!

Have you tried in vain to get rid of oily, muddy look, pimples, "Hickies," other externally caused skin blemishes? Have you never had PC-11 before? That's POMPEIAN's name for Hexachlorophene. Wonderful discovery of science helps dry skin blemish. Now PC-11 is now contained in NEW POMPEIAN Massage Cream! Acts instantly to clear up dirty, help you remove blackheads like magic! See how it goes on for many gray:

GENEROUS TUBE TRIAL—10 CENTS! Send name, address and 10 cents for 1 massage to POMPEIAN, 421-F, Baltimore 24, Md. (Offer good only in U.S.) Or get Pompeian Massage Cream at any drug store.

(Continued from preceding page)

He was ten when his folks moved to Chicago and he met other kids, but previsouly, he had lived a lonely kind of life amid the wilds of Michigan.

Perforce, he learned how to shoot and fish from the very moment he was able to tote a rod or a gun, since this was one of the ways by which the Hestons ate. It would have harmed many children. All it did to Charlton was make him dream. He invented friends for himself. In the forests he found dramas behind every tree. Looking into streams, studying the changing sky, he saw romance.

Shy, awkward, insecure, there couldn't have been any better corrective for him in college than to fall in love with a spirited, brainy girl like Lydia Clarke. She forced him to think, because she argued every point with him. She forced him to be dominant, since she was not to be easily conquered.

"When I first dated Lydia, she had a splotter temper," Chuck tells you grinning.

"Once, before we were engaged, I hit him with my purse, I was so angry at him," Lydia confesses.

"See this scar," Charlton says, pointing to a mark on his forehead. "This happened after marriage. Lydia had bought herself a little radio. She had it on too loud and I told her to turn it down. Instead, she tossed a candle at me. She missed, and I laughed, whereupon she tossed the candlestick. That didn't miss, and it took six stitches to knit me back together again."

It took three years, America's entry into the war, Chuck's persistence and his draft call to wear Lydia down. Even her parents were opposed to their union.

Chuck chose their wedding day, March 17, 1944. The March 17 gag was so that he would win it for her date. The place was Greensboro, North Carolina, where he was stationed. They both knew he was about to be sent overseas—to a tropical climate, he thought, since his outfit had been issued some jungle equipment.

It was a dreadful day, March 17. "Raining cats and dogs," Chuck says. Lydia wore a little lavender suit and a white hat covered with flowers.

She had paid fifty dollars for the suit, which was a lot of money then. Just before Christmas of 1946, the first year Chuck was out of the Army, Lydia sold that suit. She got ten dollars for it, including the hat and the suitcase in which she carried it to the pawn shop. Then she socked the ten bucks into a Christmas gift for Chuck.

Because, by then, things were really rugged with them. The Army, with its usual consistency, had sent Chuck and the other jungle-equipped men to Alaska and then to the bitterly cold, dreary Aleutians. Lydia, meanwhile, had gone back to Northwestern to finish her course and get her degree. On graduation, she took a small room in Evanston and did some work as a model in Chicago.

When Chuck was demobilized, they took two weeks off for a honeymoon. Chuck had the key to his grandfather's battered lodge on the Michigan property. It was heaven for the lovers to be alone—but they soon discovered neither of them could cook a thing.

"We still can't," Chuck says.

So they headed for Evanston and tried living in that single room, mostly out of a foot locker Chuck had brought back from the war. That was too terrible, so they gambed on New York. Gambled and Chuck.

There was, you see, the housing shortage in New York. That's how they finally found the flat in "Hell's Kitchen" and they only managed to get that because Chuck was a vet. They hadn't been there a week when Lydia was bedded with a dreadful cold she had got in its cheerless rooms. She ran such a temperature that she had to be hospitalized, which ate up all their savings. Chuck pounded the pavements looking for work. One of a hundred thousand other veterans doing exactly the same grim thing.

"There was nothing," Chuck says. "There was nothing, nothing, nothing.

But presently Lydia was up and around, and she began working as a model again. It wasn't high style modeling. It was hours and hours a day, being photographed in the cheap little dresses that retail for $3.95. Sometimes, Lydia got the chance, too, to pose for photographers and painters, but Chuck, pounding the pavements for eight and nine hours a day, every day, got precisely nowhere.

"No one who hasn't been an actor can know how ego-shattering that is," he tells you. "I went up for stage shows, radio, TV, anything. In ordinary work, you are just turned down, impersonally. But in theatrical work, you are told you are too big or too short, your eyes aren't the right color, your voice is terrible. The rejection
is a total rejection of you as an individual."

By 1947, they at least had hope, for
Charlton got a chance at three different
plays. Three different plays and three
different flops. Then he and Lydia did
a little stock, and as a result of that they
got a chance to co-star at the Thomas
Wolfe Memorial Theatre in Asheville, North
Carolina.

It was their first real break, and it was
nearly their undoing. That was because
it came right after the sad ending of a pro-
duction of "Romeo and Juliet" in which
they were both to have played. The show
flopped. They were hungry and shabby.
At Asheville, while they made almost no
money, they offered a little house.
They could direct and star in all the
plays there. They could live in a charming
town among interesting people. They did
so, for eight months and seven plays.

Then Lydia and Charlton talked it over.
The greatest bond between them, next to
their love, asserted itself: they both
wanted to do fine things in the theatre.
They wanted that more than security.

"Another thing was," Charlton says,
"that I didn't particularly like directing. I
wished to play the scenes myself, not tell
other actors how."

"We directed one another," Lydia said,
"but we both knew that directing was
mental, where acting was emotional.
We both missed the release of acting."

So, courageously, they said goodbye to
their friends in Asheville, and went back
to the cold-water flat in New York.
They had no prospects. But on the trip,
Charlton bet Lydia a new hat, he'd have
work inside of two months.

And then for the first time, fate really
smiled on them. For he got work within
two hours after their arrival in New York,
in the company of the mighty Katharine
Cornell. And he had little more than
achieved that, than he got his first calls
for TV, then still new. Lydia got her hat.
And shortly thereafter began look-
ing up for her personally. She got the
chance at the role of the wife in "Detective
Story" even though the woman in the
part was written as ten years older than
Lydia.

You know the rest. You know how TV
actually turned the trick for Chuck, for
that is where Hal Wallis discovered him.
You know the rest of his career to date—
and that it can get to be nothing save
more brilliant. As for his love story, that
keeps on perfecting itself.

The Restons are separated by their work
so often that the divorce rumors pop up,
Charlton takes this very seriously. Lydia
merely smiles.

He says, "We are often separated geo-
ographically, but never emotionally." Lydia
says, "Relax. My big break will come."
But she refuses to sign any sort of a con-
tract, for fear it might keep her from being
with him at times when it is important.

Her husband is deeply grateful for this.
He was madly in love with her when they
married. He is more in love now, nine
years later.

He says, "I don't think it's possible to
have a marriage between a pair of actors
without slighting one of the careers to a
certain extent. Conversely I don't see how
any woman could be happily married to
any actor if she weren't an actress. I can't
even buy theatre tickets two weeks ahead
because I don't know where I'll be or
whether I'll be working that night. This
goes for concerts, dances, dinner parties
or seeing friends."

"Last winter, when we were in New
York, we borrowed Huntington Hartford's
apartment to give a cocktail party for
seventy-five friends. Two days before,
Lydia was called back to Hollywood for
a picture and I had to host it alone.
Brother, did I miss her! I spent my entire
time saying, 'So glad you could come.'
Pouring drinks, passing food and then
saying, 'Goodbye, see you soon.' I never
had time to have one decent bit of con-
versation with anyone.

"A few weeks later, we gave a cocktail
party in Hollywood. We set it for Thurs-
day, but then it turned out that I had to
do a radio show, so we switched back to
Wednesday. That kind of thing would
drive most women mad—but not Lydia.

"When I'm working I get up at seven,
finish at seven, because I stay to see the
rushes, go to bed six days a week at nine.
Most wives would take a very dim view
of this. Lydia takes it with complete
calmness."

Lydia smiled. "I'm the girl with the
awful temper," she said.

Chuck reached for her hand. "I'm the
fellow you couldn't stand," he said.

It wasn't necessary for either of them
to say that they are that rarest and loveli-
est of human achievements: a happy couple
creating an ideal marriage.

The End

Today's story is compliments of
HANG AROUND...

... your radio every Sunday afternoon and be
to listen to the exciting, factual "True Dete-
cutive Mysteries" radio program.

You may win
$1,000.00 Reward
for information leading to the arrest of a fugitive
criminal named and described on the program.
Hear the details on
TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES
Every Sunday Afternoon on 527 Mutual Stations

You'll chill to a terror that swept the countryside. Read "SEVEN
STRANGLED GIRLS" in June TRUE DETECTIVE now on sale.
Domesticated Dreamboat

(Continued from page 35)
Lita made a hero of him, on condition, but anyone who knew the rugged, six-foot-three Calhoun at the time of his marriage to the little dancer, Lita Baron, would have bet he’d remain a holdout from life in Hollywood. Even Rory thought so, and as recently as two years ago he was planning to live on his Ojai ranch and come to Hollywood only for the necessary weeks when he’d be before the cameras at Twenty-Sixtury-Fox. But today that plan is changed, and Rory and Lita, along with a houseful of dogs, are happily set as residents of movietown. To Lita the change seems completely natural. OK.

So it is that Rory was easily domesticated because for the first time in his life he has what he has been hungering for: a home atmosphere that is his own. "Rory knows I love him," Lita says, and "I don’t think he ever knew that about anyone else before."

In other words, Rory’s outdoor living was perhaps an escape from the city living to which he felt he didn’t belong. Even as a boy, Rory took to the woods around Santa Cruz, California, whenever possible. He liked to cook his breakfast outdoors. To him felt that the birds and animals were friendly and kind. He grew up to find Rory is good at gentling strange animals. As he grew older it seemed a natural step from roaming the woods without purpose to hanging up a greenhorn’s tent. And when Rory was big enough to pull his own weight he left home to become a logger.

Other outdoor jobs followed for Rory. He worked as a hardrock miner in Nevada and then as a forest fire-fighter, as a fisherman. The story of Rory’s discovery is a familiar one: While he was visiting his grandmother in Los Angeles he went riding one day. As he was returned to Lita and out of breath, Lita asked Rory if he was right, and then an actor’s agent. And it wasn’t long before the handsome Rory was started on his career as a ballet dancer.

In those days, though, a movie career was just a means to an end for Rory. He repeatedly said that he was working only for the time when he could live on a ranch as he had done. When Lita Baron, bigtime singer with Xavier Cugat’s orchestra. And in spite of all his plans, Rory fell in love with the glamorous girl who knew nothing of the beauty of Leather and Lace and the Silver Slipper. Lita, brought her gifts like levis and plaid shirts. He didn’t take her to the popular Hollywood night spots for dinner; best of all he liked to spend the evening at home with her large family.

Even then, while his plans for the future were undergoing a drastic change, Rory had to look out every month or so for new programs, and when Lita Baron died he’d swap nights out in the open in a sleeping bag. He didn’t, and in fact still doesn’t, like crowded city life. Rory says that crowds of people bother him, that there are too many of them, and that he could be after a while as he feels as if the air has been breathed by too many people.

Relaxed and easy on the surface, Rory still seems to feel today that the public life is Lita’s world rather than his. He has no simple pose no problem. He is never very far away from her in their public appearances. "Most of our friends aren’t in picture business," Lita says, and even though she’s been known to look out for him just as he does me. If Rory sees me trapped in a corner by some bore, he drifts over and gets me out of it. And I do the same for him.

Still Rory is courteous almost to the point of courtliness, and he is not at all nervous with small groups of people. Animals don’t like nervous people, and whenever he’s at home, there are always animals sitting on him or under his feet.

"What Rory needed most," Lita says, "was to feel that he belonged to somebody. And for the question as to how to domesticate a character like Rory, Lita has one simple rule: Just don’t pick at him about things. Let him do things in his own way and when he wants to. Lita thinks Rory needs to work with his hands around the house, for that is the only way he can reconcile himself to life in the city. He has repainted the bar in their home in knotty pine without any outside help, and it is beautiful. It is his and his job. There is a speedboat resting on two horses out in the backyard, and Rory works on it sporadically to refinish it.

For the past several weeks two elegant-looking doors have been leaning against the side of the Calhoun garage; Rory made the doors for his dressing room upstairs. "Rory might not hang those doors for six months," says Lita, "but it isn’t important. What’s important is that he doesn’t have to hang them until he gets around to it, and he knows it. What he always has minded about cities was all the people, and his way, and the what-to-do and the what-not-to-do."

"If Rory got that on the outside and at home, too, he couldn’t stand it. We don’t want him working too hard, but he does everything he does wonderfully because it’s natural with him. Here he is a married man with a wife who loves him; he is responsible for me and the house and the animals and the ranch. We depend upon him. It gives him a feeling of having roots, of being permanent, and he’s proud. And when a man’s proud, he’s happy."

When Rory comes home from the studio—usually for a quickie called the Silver Slipper—he doesn’t bring his acting problems with him. For this domesticated man, home is the place for relaxation free from his daily job. And if there’s any doubt as to Rory’s complete domestication, take the word of outsider Debbie Reynolds.

"I never knew Rory and Lita very well until we went to Korea for Christmas," Debbie says. "They’re very sweet people. They'd swap seats with me for awhile; he’d go up and play cards with the guys while Lita and I sat and talked. But I was wasting my time if I thought I could sleep. Next thing I knew he’d be there, rapping my bones and saying, ‘Beat it, peanuts. It’s past your bedtime. And besides, it’s time I saw my wife.’" The End

Want to give your gams a Grable rating? Show off slender underpinnings with your new swimsuit and slim summer dresses. Then read Photoplay’s free, exclusive booklet, “How to Have Beautiful Legs and Feet.” It’s an exciting, authoritative round-up of the five steps the stars take toward gameloum, written by our own fashion editor, Jessica Bradt. Everybody’s reading it . . . write for yours now! Just send your name and address to: Dept. P.A., Holeproof Hose Co., Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin.
BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see PHOTOPLAY for months indicated. For this month’s full reviews, see page 19

A—Adults  F—Family

O’Connor makes a cover girl of Debbie Reynolds, movie-struck chorine. (F) April


JAZZ SINGER, THE—Warners, Technicolor: Lush, heart-tugging musical with Danny Thomas as a cantor’s son who loves show business and Peggy Lee. (F) April

JEOPARDY—M-G-M: Taut, artificial suspense drama. Barbara Stanwyck, Barry Sullivan are a holidaying couple in grim danger. (F) April

LAST OF THE COMANCHE—Columbia, Technicolor: Vigorous, tightly constructed Western in which cavalryman Broderick Crawford leads a chance-met group in its stand against desert thrill and hostile Indians. (F) February

LIL—M-G-M, Technicolor: Delicate, charming romance-with-music. Leslie Caron’s a delightful sly wily who works for the dour puppet-master (Mel Ferrer) of a French carnival. (F) May

LITTLE WORLD OF DON CAMILLO, THE—F. E.: Rollicking, inspiring French film with English titles. Fernandel’s a fighting village priest; Gino Cervi, the red mayor. (A) March

MA AND PA KETTLE ON VACATION—U-I: Funny, good-natured bokum gets the Killbride-Main team tangled with a Paris spy ring. (F) May


MEMBER OF THE WEDDING, THE—Kramer, Columbia: Shapeless but often touching story of a troubled adolescent (Julie Harris), with magnificent acting by Ethel Waters. (A) April


MOULIN ROUGE—U. A., Technicolor: Subtle color and rich Parisian atmosphere overshadow José Ferrer’s portrayal of Toulouse-Lautrec, the tragic, deformed painter. (A) March

NAKED SPUR, THE—M-G-M, Technicolor: Big, rugged Western with beautiful scenery. Outlaw Robert Ryan (with companion Janet Leigh) is captured by James Stewart. (F) April

NEVER WAVE AT A WAC—RKO: The Army makes a human being of snappy Rosalind Russell, with an assist from ex-husband Paul Douglas. Marie Wilson adds more laughs. (F) March

NIAGARA—20th Century-Fox, Technicolor: Entertaining mélanage of murder, Marilyn Monroe, magnificent settings. Joseph Cotten’s her betrayed husband; Jean Peters scores. (A) April

OFF LIMITS—Paramount: Bob Hope and a meek new Mickey Rooney join the MP’s to provide a lot of laughs, a few slack spots. (F) May

PETER PAN—Disney, RKO, Technicolor: Enchanting cartoon feature based on the beloved Barrie fantasy of eternal childhood. Peter, Wendy, Tinker Bell, Captain Hook come alive to the tune of many sprightly songs. (F) February

ROGUE’S MARCH—M-G-M: Disarming old-fashioned melodrama about the British in India. Peter Lawford’s the disgraced hero. (F) April

SEMINOLE—U-I, Technicolor: SATISFACTORY action yarn of Indian warfare in the swamps, with Rock Hudson, Anthony Quinn. (F) May

SHE’S BACK ON BROADWAY—Warners, Technicolor: Slight but bright backstage tale. Trying a comeback, has-been movie star Virginia Mayo feuds with ex-lover Steve Cochran. (F) April

SMALL TOWN GIRL—M-G-M, Technicolor: Jane Powell’s the girl; Farley Granger, the spoiled big-city kid in a listless musical with pleasant songs and dances. (F) May

STAR, THE—20th Century-Fox: Uneven but substantial story of a movie actress (Bette Davis) who can’t face failure. Sterling Hayden helps her salvage her life. (A) April

STARS ARE SINGING, THE—Paramount, Technicolor: Warm, charmingly informal musical, with Rosemary Clooney as a singer who helps refugee-singer Anna Maria Alberghetti. (F) April

STOOGE, THE—Warners: Loudly海南i vibes show business. Dean Martin plays a swellheaded star; Jerry Lewis, his humble partner. With Polly Bergen, Marion Marshall. (F) March

STORY OF MANDY, THE—Rank, U-I: The education of a deaf child (Mandy Miller) is deeply affecting; the marital problem of mom, Phyllis Calvert, less so. British-made. (F) May

SYSTEM, THE—Warners: Sentimentalized racket-busting story with no punch. Frank Lovejoy’s an implausible gambling boss. (A) May

TAXI—20th Century-Fox: Amusing though slumily plotted. Dan Dailey, obliging New York hackie, helps just-off-the-seat coleen Constance Smith in search for missing husband. (F) April

TONIGHT WE SING—20th Century-Fox, Technicolor: Classical numbers outweigh the slim story of impresario David Wayne and wife Anne Bancroft. Ezio Pinza’s impressive. (F) May
I do want luggage as smart as my going-away suit

THE SMART BRIDE says “I do” I do want luggage that matches my husband's
I do want luggage that is open stock

I do want **Samsonite**!

I wonder brides fall in love with Samsonite! It **lasts**... like a good marriage. Its tapered shape and costume colors have great fashion flair. And the better-than-leather finish keeps **spotless** with a damp cloth. And what jewel-box elegance there is in Samsonite's interiors! Luxurious linings, plastic hangers, silk-soft curtains and dividers!

Samsonite is open stock, so you can add to it as your family and fortunes grow. Matching men’s pieces for your fiancé. A set of two pieces costs less than you'd expect to pay for just one piece of such fine luggage.
"Chesterfield is my cigarette—has been for years. I say . . . much milder Chesterfield is best for me."

Peggy Lee

Chesterfield is Best for YOU!

First cigarette to offer PREMIUM QUALITY in both regular and king-size

When you are asked to try a cigarette you want to know, and you ought to know, what that cigarette has meant to people who smoke it all the time.

For a full year now, a medical specialist has given a group of Chesterfield smokers thorough examinations every two months. He reports:

no adverse effects to their nose, throat or sinuses from smoking Chesterfields.

More and more men and women all over the country are finding out every day that Chesterfield is best for them.

Enjoy your Smoking!

Try Much Milder Chesterfield with its extraordinarily good taste.