IN COLOR: NEWLYWEDS LIZ TAYLOR AND MIKE WILDING AT HOME

PHOTOPLAY

Mitzi Gaynor's Happy Life with Color Pin-up

Betty Hutton's Wonderful Love Story

Reduce With Hollywood's Four-Day Miracle Diet

Betty Grable
As this Camay bride proved—a clearer, brighter complexion can be yours with your First Cake of Camay!

A girl who has hopes of popularity and romance—of a marriage proposal and all the bliss that it brings—may hope in vain if her complexion wears a mask of dullness!

Never let your complexion be marred by shadows! Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women, can take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of new loveliness. Change to regular care—use Camay and Camay alone—and you'll marvel at the fresher, clearer complexion your very first cake of Camay will bring!

For complexion or bath, there's no finer beauty soap than Camay. The mildness of Camay is so kind to your skin. And Camay's rich, creamy lather cleanses so gently. Take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of new loveliness with Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women.

New beauty awaits all your skin!

The daily Camay Beauty Bath brings all your skin that "beautifully cared-for" look! It touches you with Camay's flattering fragrance. For more lather, more luxury, use big Beauty-Bath size Camay.

Camay
the Soap of Beautiful Women
Sometimes a very small thing spells the difference between neglect and popularity. Take Jennie’s case. It’s typical. It might be you. At almost every party the boys simply cut Jennie out...danced with her once, if at all, then snubbed and ignored her. And she, poor, bewildered child, never suspected what her trouble was. Once she found out and corrected it...My!...how the boys came flocking!

Why Risk It?

Why let halitosis (bad breath) put you in a bad light when Listerine Antiseptic is such a wonderful, extra-careful precaution against it? Listerine Antiseptic is the proven precaution that countless popular people rely on.

**Listerine Antiseptic Stops Bad Breath For Hours**

Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic and bad breath is stopped. Instantly! Delightfully! And usually for hours on end. Never, never omit it before any date where you want to be at your best.

You see, Listerine instantly kills millions of the very mouth germs that cause the most common type of bad breath...the kind that begins when germs start tiny food particles to fermenting in the mouth and on the teeth.

**No Tooth Paste, No Chlorophyll Kills Odor Germs Like Listerine Antiseptic**

Although tooth paste is a good method of oral hygiene, no tooth paste...no chlorophyll...kills odor-producing germs with anything like Listerine’s germicidal efficiency.

So, when you want that extra assurance about your breath, trust to Listerine Antiseptic, the proven, germ-killing method that so many popular, fastidious people rely on. Make it a part of your passport to popularity. Use it night and morning and before every date. Lambert Pharmacal Company Division of Lambert Company, St. Louis 6, Missouri.
Colgate has proved so completely it stops bad breath!

*Scientific tests prove that in 7 out of 10 cases, Colgate’s instantly stops bad breath that originates in the mouth!

For “all day” protection, brush your teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream. Some toothpastes and powders claim to sweeten breath. But only Colgate’s has such complete proof it stops bad breath.

Colgate’s wonderful wake-up flavor is the favorite of men, women and children from coast to coast. Nationwide tests of leading toothpastes prove that Colgate’s is preferred for flavor over all other brands tested.

Colgate’s has the proof! Colgate’s is best for flavor!

Colgate’s has the proof! The Colgate way stops tooth decay best! Yes, science has proved that brushing right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream stops tooth decay best! The Colgate way is the most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!

Colgate’s the proof! It cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth!

Colgate’s the proof! The Colgate way stops tooth decay best!

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“LOVELY TO LOOK AT” is M-G-M’s sumptuous summertime delight, an entertainment as eye-filling as its title suggests, gay and chic and romantic as Paris, lilting with the Kern-Harbach songs! A magnificent must-see musical starring Kathryn Grayson, Red Skelton, Howard Keel, dancers Marge and Gower Champion, Ann Miller and America’s most beautiful models. Breath-takingly filmed in glorious color by Technicolor.

“IVANHOE” will be August’s important picture, starring Robert Taylor, Elizabeth Taylor, Joan Fontaine, George Sanders, Emlyn Williams in Sir Walter Scott’s exciting story of love and adventure. From M-G-M, the company that gave you “Quo Vadis”, in all the splendor of color by Technicolor.

“THE MERRY WIDOW” is lovely Lana Turner—it could be none other!—and Fernando Lamas is co-starred. A gala M-G-M event for September, with Franz Lehar’s music and color by Technicolor.
Cheers and Jeers:
The story, “Her Heart Knows” (Jane Powell) in April Photoplay, stinks. If Geary is the dictatorial, egotistical person the story portrays him to be, he is just kidding himself if he thinks he can keep the spirited Jane with such tactics “till death do us part.” I just can’t imagine such subservience. However, I must admit he is generous by insisting on going fifty-fifty on the household expenses. What a man!

Sue Blue
Lawton, Okla.

Please let’s have more on Lana Turner, Liz Taylor, Ava Gardner and Rita Hayworth. These gals have real glamour and they do something exciting once in a while. Anybody can sit home at night and rock a baby, as you read about some stars doing.

Georgia Clark
Clearwater, Fla.

Is Hollywood in the movie business or the burlesque business? In “Show Boat,” “His Kind of Woman” and “Painting the Clouds with Sunshine,” I was shocked at the clothes worn by Virginia Mayo, Lucille Norman, Virginia Gibson, Jane Russell and Ava Gardner. They were disgraceful. People go to the show to see a movie, not some half-dressed women. So let’s put some tops on the dresses.

Gayle Benedetto
Detroit, Michigan

In your May issue, Sheilaah Graham’s article, “More Dressing, Please,” was pretty disgusting. Who is she that she can point out the worst-dressed women in Hollywood? It’s certainly not one’s business how any of those actresses dress when they’re off the set. I don’t mean to be nasty, but it’s not fair. These actresses mentioned have given people all over our country hours of enjoyment. We should be grateful instead of griping.

Carol Haines
Hopewell, Ohio

Readers’ Pets:
I just saw “The Greatest Show on Earth” and I thought it was wonderful. I don’t see how Farley Granger and Tony Curtis get so much rating when Charlton Heston has twice the acting ability and looks that Granger or Curtis have together.

Jean Moss
Miami, Fla.

I’ve just seen Pier Angeli in “Tomorrow Is Too Late” and all I can say is, “What an angel!” She is everything a man looks for in a girl, charming, modest, beautiful. Hollywood’s so-called glamour girls may now take a back seat.

George Adams
New York, N. Y.

Casting:
What’s the meaning of starring Vera Ellen and Fred Astaire in “The Belle of New York”? Why wasn’t a young, handsome actor like Gene Nelson or Gene Kelly given the role, not an old man like Fred Astaire?

Jane Stewart
Olyphant, Pa.

Why doesn’t someone team Doris Day and Gene Kelly in a top musical hit! I know it would go over big—both are wonderful.

Cpl. D. Aymes
APO N.Y., N.Y.

Question Box:
Could you please give me some information on the boy who played Jimmy McDermaid in “Retreat, Hell”? Will you please tell me if he will be in any more pictures?

Kay Wade
Houston, Tex.

(That was Rusty Tamblyn, born in Los Angeles, Calif. 12/30/34. He has brown hair and eyes, is 5’9”, 135 lbs. He is a senior at N. Hollywood High School. His hobbies are tumbling, magic, singing and dancing. Now under contract to M-G-M; his next pictures, “The Winning Team”; “The Making of a Marine.”)

Could you please tell me what happened to Turhan Bey? I enjoyed the pictures he played in and was wondering what caused him to disappear so suddenly.

Evelyn Gospodarek
Manitowoc, Wisc.

(Turhan has given up Hollywood for Europe. He is now a producer in Vienna.)

I would like very much to know why you have stopped putting pin-ups in Photoplay. I know a lot of girls who are collecting the pin-ups and would like very much if you would start putting them in Photoplay again.

Frieda Sallee
Shoals, Ind.

(We’ll do our best to have a pin-up every month—see page 58.)

I have just seen “Elephant Stampede.”
Would you please tell me whether or not Johnny Sheffield is married? If possible, please print a picture of him and his address.

Donna Marie Mancuso
Lackawanna, N. Y.

(He is still single. Write him c/o Monogram, 4376 Sunset Drive, Hollywood, Calif. See pages 47 and 49 for information about writing other stars. John Sheffield is 5’11½”, 190 lbs, has brown hair, hazel eyes, was born in Pasadena, Calif. 4/11/32. His next picture, “African Treasure.”)

Susan Hayward just made “With a Song in My Heart,” the life story of Jane Froman. They said it was Miss Hayward’s first musical. I have a sheet of music which shows her in a costume which would be used in a musical. The name of the picture was “Hit Parade of 1943.”

Patricia Gould
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

(You’re right. Susan played the lead in this picture, but she had a straight dramatic role—that of a songwriter.)

Address letters to this department to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. However, our space is limited. We cannot therefore promise to publish, return or reply to all letters received.

READERS INC.
Yes, Even More Laughs Than "The Paleface"

Bob 'n' Jane are back with more o' that "Buttons 'n' Bows" fun—and King of the Cowboys, Roy Rogers 'n' Trigger are along for the ride!

EVERYBODY SINGS

"Am I in Love"
"A Four-Legged Friend"
"California Rose"
"Wing-Ding Tonight"
"There's a Cloud in My Valley of Sunshine"
"What a Dirty Shame"

SON of Paleface

starring BOB HOPE · JANE RUSSELL · ROY ROGERS

Color by TECHNICOLOR TRIGGER

Produced by ROBERT L. WELCH
Directed by FRANK TASHLIN
Written by Frank Tashlin, Robert L. Welch and Joseph Quillan
A Paramount Picture
Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty-five and have been married four years. My husband and I, plus our little daughter, have a very happy family life. We are deeply devoted, but I do have one minor problem.

My husband is taking an extension course on which he works at night. It will require three years for him to complete this course, perhaps four. However, it is very much worth while for our future.

The difficulty is that he works between two and three hours every night, and during that time there is nothing I can do. The baby goes to bed at six-thirty, and I have my dishes done and my preparations for breakfast completed by seven. Then the question arises: what shall I do with my time?

I can’t play the radio or the phonograph because my husband must concentrate. I can’t learn to play a musical instrument (I should like to study piano, which I started once, but it would be unfair). I have limited eyesight, so I am unable to read for that long period, and my oculist has forbidden fancy work of any kind. No sewing, no embroidery, no crocheting, knitting, tatting, or even weaving.

Frankly, I’m at my wits’ end. Have you any ideas?

(Mrs.) Maureen C.

There are two possible solutions, I believe.

You can still obtain ear phones which can be plugged into a radio, making it possible for you alone to hear the program being broadcast. The old crystal sets, which are still in museums, were operated on that principle. I understand. Discuss this with your nearest radio dealer, who may be able to help you at once.

The second solution would involve your husband wearing a certain type of pliable wax eartip which can be purchased for twenty-five cents at almost any drugstore. These are excellent devices for shutting out all but the loudest of sounds.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I will soon be sixteen and I have a very serious problem. Sometimes I wonder if it isn’t breaking my heart.

You see, I have an older sister of twenty. She is very pretty and ever so popular; what I mean is, she has half a dozen important boy friends. There is one in particular who comes to the house regularly. He plays the piano like a six-armed monster and simply sends everyone. He takes my sister dancing, usually bringing her flowers to match her dress.

Any number of times he has telephoned and I have answered the telephone. He always recognizes my voice, and he says, “Hi-lo, Beautiful. How is my little Jeanie today?” My name isn’t Jeanie, but he says that on account of my light brown hair. I knew he is in love with me and I am in love with him. He has never asked me out, but then how could he? My folks won’t permit dates until I am sixteen.

Do you think I should tell my sister about this secret romance? I am miserable trying to go to dancing parties (in town of parents) with boys my own age who are believe me, one hundred per cent squidgy. I think I should be permitted to go to parties with my sister and this boy. I know it would make him happy.

Neota T.

No, I wouldn’t tell my sister, if I were you. You might hurt her feelings—her reaction might hurt yours.

After all, you’ll soon be sixteen and then you'll be able to have dates with friends of your own.

Meanwhile, it wouldn’t be wise for you to jump to the conclusion that this boy is in love with you simply because he is pleasant to you on the telephone. Undoubtedly he has nice manners and an inclination to be sweet to his girl friend’s little sister. If you were to take his general sociability personally, he might be dismayed.

Better stick to boys of your own age, even if they are—er—squidgy.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

My two daughters are devotees of your column. They have asked me to submit our divergent views to you for an expression of opinion. Understand, please, that I have not agreed to abide by any suggestion you might make. I have acceded only to submission of my ideas.

My daughters are beautiful girls. One is nineteen and one is twenty-two. They have been sheltered and adored all their lives.

While they were little, their mother and I and the girls made up a supremely happy and devoted family. Now that they are older, I am puzzled by their restlessness and their resentment of discipline.

We have a rule that the girls must be in this house at midnight on weekdays, and no later than one-thirty on Saturday nights. Sunday nights are family nights, so there is no difficulty about that.

The penalty for breaking the time rule is a spanking with a razor strap. One blow for every five minutes of tardiness. I tried to take away privileges and to engage in lectures, but I have found that nothing produces the desired promptness except a good old-fashioned whipping.

The girls think I am a tiresome old fogey, but anyone seeing the girls and getting to know them would agree that their mother and I have brought up a fine pair of citizens. I don’t intend to relax my efforts at this time.

A devoted father.

I don’t doubt that your intentions are of the best and that you feel you are a devoted parent and entirely justified.

(Continued on page 31)
When all America called him Alex the Great they were really throwing kisses to her!

You'll read of the everlasting glory of Grover Cleveland Alexander in all the records big-league baseball cherishes—but the name they forgot to include is that of the lovely, young lady—the inspiration for the cheers that shook the nation.

WARNER BROS. PRESENT

DORIS DAY - RONALD REAGAN

...in... and as "The Winning Team"

SCREEN PLAY BY TED SHERDMAN AND SEELEG LESTER & MERWIN GERARD

ALSO STARRING FRANK LOVEJOY

PRODUCED BY BRYAN FOY DIRECTED BY LEWIS SEILER

SOON! ALL THE GREAT JOY OF "Where's Charley?" COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

SOON! ALL THE GOL-DARNED GREATNESS OF "The Story of Will Rogers" COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR
... offer you the most complete selection of famous brand toiletries available anywhere. Whether you want the small sizes for convenience or the large economy sizes for savings—you'll find your needs at money-saving prices.

**BUTLER BROTHERS**  
National Distributors of Merchandise  
Headquarters—Chicago, Ill.
'VASELINE' petroleum jelly. Brings prompt relief, quick healing to burns and scalds. 15¢ and 25¢

'VASELINE' hair tonic, for well groomed, good looking hair. Helps to overcome dry scalp. 10¢, 27¢, 47¢

VETO cream and spray deodorant. Stops odor instantly! Checks perspiration effectively! Cream, 10¢, 25¢, 39¢, 59¢. Spray, 39¢ and 59¢

HALO shampoo. Reveals the hidden beauty of your hair. Lathers abundantly, rinses completely! 10¢, 29¢, 57¢, 89¢

CASHMERE BOUQUET talcum powder. Enjoy soothing, cooling comfort after your bath and before dressing. 12¢, 29¢, 43¢


PALMOLIVE Lather and PALMOLIVE Brushless shaving cream. Proved in actual tests to make beards easier to cut, to give smoother, more comfortable shaves.
Lather, 15¢, 35¢, 53¢. Brushless, 15¢, 29¢, 47¢

Lather, 15¢, 35¢, 53¢. Brushless, 15¢, 29¢, 47¢

COLGATE ribbon dental cream. Cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth. 12¢, 27¢, 47¢, 63¢

COLGATE Chlorophyll toothpaste. Destroys bad breath! Fights tooth decay! 43¢ and 69¢
Guys and Their Dolls: Elizabeth Taylor signed a new contract with M-G-M, as we predicted months ago. And now they have Michael Wilding's name on the dotted line, too, so everybody's happy . . . Aldo Ray hasn't dated a single Hollywood glamour doll (they're furious too!) and for a very good reason. He isn't yet divorced from the girl he married several years ago in his own home town, Crockett, California . . . Oskar Werner, the handsome German star of "Decision Before Dawn" fame, arrived in Hollywood and disappointed local gals. They discovered he's one "Oskar" they can't win. He's married.

Man of Distinction: Cal always searches for Burt Lancaster items because they're unusual and different. This one, kiddies, is no exception! Burt, we hear, wanted to buy a popular make car. The agency who distributes them offered him their higher priced car and agreed to give him a new one every year for five years. Because they were so anxious to have Burt seen driving it, they even offered Mrs. Lancaster a new station wagon every year for the next three years! So help us, our friend Burt, who believes we pay the most for the things we get for nothing, answered with a big fat—NO!

Studio Scuttlebutt: Her friends may adore Gloria Swanson, but it ain't healthy to mention her name out Republic Studio way where "Three for Bedroom C" was filmed. So the story goes, glorious Gloria was a real life "Norma Desmond" and her deportment reeked of silent-day histrionics . . . 'Tis whispered that Olivia de Havilland wasn't a bit pleased that Twentieth Century-Fox solicited her infallible acting talent after it was impossible to get
Jimmy Stewart and his Gloria have three good reasons for beaming—their twin daughters Kelly (left) and Judy, and Jimmy's portrayal of "Carbine Williams." On the set of his welcome new musical "Because You're Mine," Mario Lanza gets a visit from the family—his wife Betty, his parents Antonio and Maria Cocozza, and his daughters, three-year-old Coleen and year-old Elissa.

His eye is on the song sparrow when Robert Taylor, as well as Alan Ladd, is among the many stars attending Hollywood columnist Mike Connolly's party for former movie actress Lillian Roth, now a night-club songstress. Cued up for rehearsal with dialogue coach Frances Dawson, actresses Donna Corcoran, Ruth Roman and Nadene Ashdown run through lines of "Young Man with Ideas." Vivien Leigh for "My Cousin Rachel"... It's a double celebration for Jeffrey Hunter's Barbara Rush who starts a wonderful M-G-M contract after their baby is born.

**Fabulous Fellow:** Jimmy Stewart is fascinating Hollywood with stories about David Marshall Williams, who now refers to himself as "Carbine Williams" since Jimmy portrayed him in a picture of that title, based on his life story. Before he was granted a full pardon, "Carbine" served eight years of a thirty-year sentence for second-degree murder in a North Carolina penitentiary. Today, as a famous gun designer, he is fabulously wealthy. "The real 'Carbine,'" says Jimmy with a twinkle, "has red hair, long sideburns, wears a huge Stetson, an encrusted gold belt buckle and ruby cufflinks that would choke a horse. Once while walking down Fifth Avenue, he saw a diamond ring in a window, walked in, peeled off forty-four $1,000 bills. The clerk fainted!" After the picture the real "Carbine," who was a sort of technical adviser, gifted "Carbine Stewart" with a solid gold horseshoe money clip. "You-all have it engraved," he told Jim. "Just put on anything you think I'd say!"

**Famous First Words:** Fred Allen has a new parrot that sohs when it sings. "Scrape the feathers off," cracks Mr. Vinegar Puss, "and you've got another Johnny Ray"... The whole M-G-M lot was convulsed the day Carleton Carpenter finished six weeks of working with a lion in "Fearless Fagan." To the bigwigs in the front office, the string-bean star wistfully inquired: "If I'm real good in the picture—now can I act with people?"

(Continued on next page)
INSIDE STUFF
(Continued from preceding page)

Hearts A-Burn: Lana Turner and Fernando Lamas disappointing salesmen in Ruser's jewelry store. They were looking for—aufflinks! . . . Robert Taylor with Diane Garrett at the Cocomar Grove one night, at Judy Garland's opening with beautiful Ursula Thiess, the next . . . Jane Wyman at the Beverly Tropics with Travis Kleefeld, acting more engaged than the engaged couple they used to be . . . Carleton Carpenter and Barbara Ruick holding hands in the Hollywood Bowl two weeks before the music season officially opened!

Hearts A-Chilling: Scott Brady forgetting Dorothy Malone (at least for one evening) by showing the town and vice versa. to M-G-M's beautiful Elaine Stewart . . . Ann Blyth pool-pooling those overzealous press agent reports that she's engaged to Maureen O'Hara's brother. They're friends but not very close ones . . . Steve Cochran, that mighty warrior who doesn't discourage easily, still trying to get Marilyn Monroe to answer his frequent telephone calls!

Peeks at Production: Someone sent a broken-down violin to Van Johnson (he suspects Jack Benny!) when he grew long hair for "Plymouth Adventure" . . . No one recognizes David Wayne these days. The versatile actor is now a curly-headed brunette for his role of Sol Hurok in "Tonight We Sing" . . . They're shooting Technicolor scenes on "Hans Christian Andersen" one day, retaking 'em the next because producer Sam Goldwyn is a perfectionist. Incidentally, Farley Granger plays his smallest role to date in this one

(Continued on opposite page)

THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU
BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

I'm tired of hearing how glamorous yesteryear's movie heroines were. I'll stack Elizabeth Taylor, Ava Gardner, Lana Turner and Betty Grable against any glamour backfield of any year. And don't forget I've got Rita Hayworth and Marilyn Monroe warming the bench . . . In fact, I'd say you'd have to go all the way back to Billie Dove to find an actress as beautiful as Zsa Taylor or Hedy Lamarr . . . I liked "Singing in the Rain" much better than I did Oscar-winning "An American in Paris," but I did think Gene Kelly looked a little too old to be Debbie Reynolds' boyfriend. Or maybe I should put it this way: Debbie Reynolds is a little too young to be Gene Kelly's girl friend . . . I am apologizing to Tony Curtis. At a party I almost mistook John Derek for him . . . First place every tourist wants to go is a movie set . . . I'd bet anything that Tony Dexter carries a pocket comb . . . Mary Martin sings a lyric more distinctly than any other pop singer.

I find the best show in town to be watching Shelley Winters and Vittorio Gassman. I know that Shelley can understand Vitt's peculiar English but I have my doubts about Vitt getting Shell's . . . Fat comedians think because they're fat they're funny. Nothing fazes Corinne Calvet. When the Harvard Lampoon voted her the worst actress, Corinne smiled and said, "At least I won an award!" Success in Hollywood is like riding a bucking bronco because even when you're up, where are you? . . . Stewart Granger doesn't appreciate natural beauty when he can say to wife Jean Simmons: "Darling, why don't you put on some lipstick?" . . . I'm convinced that although a bosom may not make an actress, it does make a box-office attraction. The most intriguing statement I've read is that of Jane Nigh, who immediately after her marriage remarked: "I'm sorry I got a noodle cut. Long hair looks so good on a pillow."

KATHERINE HEPBURN usually fights with people before they become her friends . . . I wonder who makes up those hob-musician gags . . . Aldo Ray is a comic Marlon Brando . . . I'm waiting to see an umpire admit he's wrong, even if I only see it in a movie . . . Constance Smith studied ju-jitsu just to master the "sleeper hold." "I'm an insomniac," said Connie, "and I want to try the hold on myself" . . . People appreciate a good movie more since TV . . . Zsa Zsa Gabor was without an answer for once when she was introduced to a veteran producer in a darkened projection room. The producer said, "Zsa-Zsa? Why, Miss Pitts, you're looking marvelous!" . . . Dinah Shore's bed was designed and made by George Montgomery . . . In Hollywood, if a fellow is not an egotist, he's concealed about that.

I think Humphrey Bogart has mellowed since he won the Oscar, but I have confidence he'll regain his former style . . . Joan Crawford continues to be my idea of a movie queen. And Gable is still "The King," so don't get the idea that I go strictly for new faces . . . I'm banking on Keefe Brasselle to be a big hit with the hobby-sxers as Eddie Cantor in "The Cantor Picture" . . . What's with M-G-M and Cyd Charisse? They should realize by now that movie fans want to see her . . . Susan Hayward says she can forgive a man practically anything because she likes men. Susan isn't so lenient with women, including herself . . . I like Robert Taylor personally, but at parties he's so quiet. As if he's waiting for the script to arrive with the dialogue . . . Esther Williams can prove she has muscles where a gal should have muscles . . . Radio isn't passe when Bing Crosby and Judy Garland team for a program . . . I want you to know that the original story of "It Crows on Trees" was about a tree that grew one-dollar bills. But in the movie the same tree will grow five- and ten-dollar bills. That's Hollywood for you.

Scott Brady rates a dinner date with two beauties—Betsy von Furstenberg and True Story cover girl Elaine Stewart

Keefe Brasselle

Hedy Lamarr

Katie Hepburn
HOLLYWOOD PARTY LINE

BY EDITH GWYNN

There’s no doubt about it, the freshest (in more ways than one) and most popular shades this summer will be any shade of green, from that of a pale lettuce leaf, through the limes, through the vivid greens to the deepest of leaf-tones. Susan Hayward has a divine apple-green coat-dress of pique, deep V-necked, and self-buttoned from there to the hem. She combines it with a grapefruit yellow chiffon scarf, tucked into the neckline (or just carried if the day’s too hot) and lots of gold jewelry. And if you don’t think that color combination is heaven for a red-tressed gal, you ain’t seen nothin’!

At the fancy preem of “Singin’ in the Rain,” star Gene Kelly was absent, picture-making in Europe. However, the crowd in the bleachers wasn’t lacking for stars to cheer. Present were Debbie Reynolds with Bob Wagner, Joan Crawford (in black marquise) with writer Mel Dinelli, the Donald O’Connors (Don was so-o-o flustered when Joan asked him for his autograph!), Joan Fontaine (wearing yellow roses in her blonde hair) with Collier Young, the Dennis O’Keestes. Vera-Ellen with Rock Hudson, Claire Trevor, the Wendell Coreys, Carleton Carpenter with his crush, Barbara Ruick. And there was lovable Charlie Coburn, Bob Stack with Claudette Thornton, Marge and Gower Champion (Marge literally covered with flowers), Elaine Stewart (in black lace) with Richard Anderson—and Audrey Totter, wearing a Chinese-type dress, its narrow skirt slit up both sides.

Glitter in all forms—and on everything—is going right on through the season. Jo Stafford, who’s just finished her first starring picture, lunched at the Brown Derby in a snappy melon-colored cotton suit threaded with gold. The skirt was slim; its snug-fitting jacket featured a large square collar. On the collar was pinned a huge gold calla-lily, its center sparkling with little diamonds. “Glitter” can go on your tiny cocktail hats by way of simulated diamond stars, or other pairs of jewelled pins. Similar trinkets can be pinned to gloves (as Leslie Caron pins them, but not, of course, if she’s wearing them any other place) or on lapels, or attached to plain belts in bunches.

Vera-Ellen, who loves full skirts, has a darling outfit that is both daytime suit and nighttime dress. It’s of white pique. Nipped-in jacket with long sleeves and stitched shawl collar covers a calf-length strapless dress of the same material, with a very flaring skirt—and plenty of starched petticoats beneath it. When the coat comes off, Vera’s ready for a cocktail party or a dance-date—and a small bunch of bright red poppies at the waistline adds a nice touch of color to the otherwise unrelieved white.

The kids came into their own this month with two big shindigs especially for them. One was at the Blum candy and ice-cream emporium in Beverly Hills—strictly for the very much younger set. Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman brought two of their sons; the Pat O’Briens brought their Terry and Bridget. Dotty Lamour with her Ridge, Benay Venuta and her kids, Lex Barker with his two kids (by his first wife), the whole Eddie Bracken family, little Portland Mason with her nurse, Maureen O’Sullivan with four of her seven children—were some who found out exactly how much sweet stuff kids could absorb during that afternoon’s first Smorgas-Blum, as it was called. Joan Bennett brought her daughter Stephanie to this party—and a few days later Walter Wanger took the child to Theodora Lynch’s similar party at her hillside home, only this time it was a “treasure hunt.” The Van Johnsons had their sprigs there, Mrs. Gregory Peck ditto, Sue and Alan Ladd came with their children, also the Don DeFore and the Jack Buetels with their children.

Lucille Ball was the first actress to wear the “Dahl Cap” that Arlene designed and put on the market. Lucy wore it in a scene on her TV show. It’s a cute beanie of ruffled net to cover pin-curls—before you take out the pins, that is.

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from opposite page)

...As a burlesque queen in “Stars and Stripes Forever,” Debra Paget makes her best “showing” since she’s been in pictures... Shelley Winters behaved like an angel when U-I loaned her for “Letter to the President.” Husband Vittorio Gassman is under contract to M-G-M and our Shel would like nothing better than to work permanently for Leo the Lion.

Junior Critics: Cal caught up with Alma Day, who is Doris Day’s sweet mother. In the lobby of Warner Brothers’ Hollywood Theatre following the preview of “The Winning Team,” Mama Day was ecstatic. “Wasn’t Doris wonderful!” she sighed. “Of course I’m her mother and shouldn’t say it. Oh, look who came with me to see the picture!” We looked, but Doris’s son Terry, who was supposed to be at his grandmother’s side—wasn’t. He was over at the curb spitting out his bubble gum. “How did you like the picture?” Cal queried when operation bubble gum was completed. “It was keen,” he exclaimed, then turning to Mama Day, eagerly added: “Nana, please can we come back again and see Abbott and Costello in ‘Jack and the Beanstalk’?” These double features will do it every time!

For Your Information: Ava Gardner, who was practically the only remaining star without a poolside cut, finally gave in because the man she loves—loves it that way... Arlene Dahl and Lex Barker are an unpredictable pair, but the announcement of their separation came as no surprise to Hollywood, for their quarrels have been many... why or (Continued on next page)
at whose request we don’t know, but Doris Day’s husband in all copy is now referred to as “Martin” instead of “Marty” Melcher . . . Vittorio Gassman didn’t teach Shelley Winters how to cook spaghetti in vain. She merely crowded thirty-five people into her small apartment, cooked and served a meal that would have made all Italy proud of her!

Love and Hisses: By this time everyone knows the going got a bit rough during the shooting of “Suddenly Fear.” According to printed reports, Joan Crawford’s leading man Jack Palance and director David Miller didn’t exactly form a mutual admiration society. One amusing highlight remains unrevealed until now. It seems that Palance, who had never done movie love scenes before, made love to Joan—for real! That is, he kissed Joan with the same intensity a guy might kiss his wife or his gal. With the gorgeous, glamorous Crawford on the receiving end, wouldn’t you? The point is, the scene would never pass censorship with the Breen office, so they had to keep re-kissing and retaking until on film it looked good!

Lost Laughs: Twenty years ago the kids back in Cedarville used to laugh at Eleanor Parker’s skinny legs. Recently the boys in Korea selected her as “the girl whose legs we

(Continued on opposite page)

What Hollywood’s WHISPERING About

BY P. S. LOWE

DALE ROBERTSON’s taking vocal lessons from John Charles Thomas . . . The rumor that all Bob Topping wants before he gives Lana the settlement she asks is a $250,000 emerald necklace that once belonged to his mother . . . Bob Arthur’s never-ending torch for Wanda Hendrix. Bob, who was really brokenhearted when Wanda married Audie Murphy, never stopped caring. Although he dates dolls like Joan Evans, Helene Stanley and Susan Zanuck when Wanda’s away she’s the girl he’d like to make Mrs. A.

Jeanne Crain’s relinquishing her role in “Old Sailors Never Die” to Pat Neal. Although Jeanne badly wanted to do the picture, her doctor told her to take it easy for a while after the birth of her little girl . . . The efforts of the Reverend John Smith of the All Saints Episcopal Church in Beverly Hills to effect a reconciliation between Walter Wanger and Joan Bennett.

Farley Granger in very tight tights doing intricate ballet routines for “Hans Christian Andersen” . . . The continuing streak of unhappy first marriages among former child stars. Peggy Ann Garner’s the latest to follow the unhappy road taken by Durbin, Garland, Temple, Taylor, all of whom married while they were still in their teens. Child-star marriages surviving are Jane Powell’s, Jane Withers’, Bonita Granville’s.

The fact that while some of the former pin-up queens are refusing to pose for cheesecake art these days. Anne Baxter, the epitome of sweet dignity, is now going in heavily for the Bikini business Bill and Brenda Holden’s joy at finally straightening out their schedule so they could take a longed-for four months’ trip to Europe together . . . Corinne Calvet’s having to sing a number for “What Price Glory” seventy times before the studio passed it for the picture.

A premiere means a party for set designer Jacques Mapes, Shirley Booth, Marilyn Erskine and Ross Hunter, former actor turned producer. Shirley, Broadway star making debut in “Come Back, Little Sheba,” is crazy about Hollywood and all its stars. Gene Kelly takes co-star Pier Angeli on a guided tour of Munich, Germany, where they recently finished “The Devil Makes Three"
Impertinent
INTERVIEW

BY MIKE CONNOLLY
Hollywood Reporter Columnist

Alimony is never a pleasant subject if you’re on the paying end. And if you’re a wife who is asked to pay your husband’s ex-wife’s alimony, it’s even more unpleasant. Nevertheless, I squared my shoulders and took up the matter with Virginia Mayo.

Los Angeles Superior Court had just ordered Virginia to present her accounts to Mrs. Grace O’Shea’s attorney. He wanted to know why Virginia couldn’t pay the $27,129 back alimony which her husband, Mike O’Shea, had testified he couldn’t afford to pay. Grace’s attorney invoked the California community property law and named Virginia as co-defendant.

“Why should I pay it?” Virginia asked. “I don’t feel that I owe it. She and her lawyer evidently think I’m loaded with money, but they’re wrong.

“Anyway, the divorce settlement was tremendous. She won three properties—an eight-room town house, a three-acre beach house, and a one-hundred-acre farm in Connecticut. She also received a cash settlement, in addition to $700 a month alimony. And Mike was not a wealthy man at the time of the divorce.

“You know how it is in Hollywood. One year you make a lot of money and the next you can’t get a job. That’s what happened to Mike. He got behind in his payments. Meanwhile, I understand Grace has sold the property. And now she wants me to pay her what Mike owes. She can try. I don’t think she’ll succeed.

“We do agree on one thing. It’s due her from Mike. But how can she expect me to pay?

“And here’s another question that has entered my mind:

“Which one of us is Edward Francis Michael O’Shea (that’s his full name, bless his heart!) bound by law to support—his first wife or me? And—omigosh, what a horrible thought!—supposing he couldn’t afford me?”

INSIDE STUFF
(Continued from opposite page)

like most to look at”... Once upon a time a Hollywood agent told Jane Powell she was too sweet to be a success in pictures. Casting directors today refer to certain roles as “a Jane Powell type”... Dale Robertson once lost a contract at a certain studio, because he refused to lose his Oklahoma accent. Recently the same studio offered a fantastic sum to borrow Dale because, “his accent is perfect for the part”...

Although his father was a tailor, Tony Curtis could never afford a tailor-made suit until he became a Hollywood star. Now a local firm makes his suits gratis, because Tony boy is such a good advertisement!

Solid Citizen: Alan Ladd never ceases to amaze Cal. His contract is fabulous at Warners, he has the redecorated Bette Davis dressing-room suite with his secretaries occupying the second floor, the entire lot is devoted to him. We watched Alan do his first scene in “The Iron Mistress” and, so help us, you’d never dream he’d faced the camera for eleven years at Paramount. “This morning Alan told me his stomach was filled with butterflies,” a wardrobe man whispered. Later we asked him how it felt being back on the lot where he once worked as a grip. “It’s better to drive in than punch in,” he said gratefully. Isn’t it nice when it happens to a guy who deserves it?

(Continued on next page)
Hollywood Rainbow: Judy Garland came “home” and Cal, like the thousands who witnessed the triumphant first night in the Los Angeles Philharmonic Auditorium, wept unashamed. Outside and inside, the scene was awe-inspiring. Tickets reportedly sold for one hundred dollars a pair, and Hollywood stars fought to buy them. Fans lined the street ten deep. The nostalgia Judy pours into her songs would turn a stone to tears. She kidded about her weight, she kicked off the shoes that were “killing her feet,” she dug vaudeville right out of its twenty-year-old grave and turned it into a glorious reincarnation. The following night Cal sat next to Judy at the Beachcombers. She was dining with the Van Johnsons and a party of friends. Suddenly she looked at her watch, hurriedly rose to her feet as she exclaimed: “I’m having such a good time I almost forgot I’ve got a show to do!”

Mr. Big: Cal’s got news for producers! These days when stars are sent out to plug their pictures, the hottest actor with live audiences is Howard Duff. Recently he went out with a group to make personal appearances. Everyone received a cordial welcome until Senor Spade walked out on the stage. Then there was almost a riot! This happened in theatres all over the country and the ironic part is, Howard doesn’t even belong to a major studio. Nothing bothers him these days, however. Little Bridge Duff, weighing in at four pounds, was born prematurely. Howard and Ida Lupino are much more thrilled with her than the best contract in Hollywood.

Star Struck: Cal practically disrupted the studio the day he took Shirley Booth to Twentieth Century-Fox for lunch. To Leif Erikson and Casey Adams, Anne Baxter revealed she was fired from her first play, which was when her friendship with Shirley began. It was Cary Grant who amazed us. This super-sophisticate was practically speechless. “How can you pay someone a compliment,” he said to Shirley, “when you admire her as much as I admire you?” She grinned as she answered, “I’m sure I don’t know. That’s why at this late date I can’t tell you how much you and Ethel Barrymore thrilled me in ‘None but the Lonely Heart’.” Cal never ceases to be thrilled over the simplicity of Shirley Booth.

Happy Hips Dept.: Hollywood has gone Hawaiian! The John Waynes returned from a second honeymoon on the isle, bearing Moo-Moos and whatnots for friends. John

(Continued on page 21)
Compare Fatima* with any other King-Size cigarette

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Even their names spell adventure!
The Sheriff of Nottingham
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Little John
Friar Tuck

Produced by Perce Pearce • Directed by Ken Annakin
Screenplay by Lawrence E. Watkin • Distributed by RKO Radio Pictures

LAUGHING STOCK

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON

(See Erskine Johnson’s “Hollywood Reel” on your local TV station.)

A KOREAN war headline, “HOPE TO END STALEMATE,” opened the eyes of a movie chorus girl, who said: “Gosh, I didn’t know Bob was a diplomat, too!”

Describing a George Raft-Gail Russell love scene for a new film, a screenwriter wrote: “They hold the embrace until the film ignites and we fade out.”

Joan Caulfield, on a personal appearance tour, was asked by an eastern reporter to describe the mink band she wore for a hat. “Oh,” said Joan, “it’s just some leftover fur attached to a bicycle clip.”

Sign in a Hollywood dress shop: “These Dresses Sold for Ridiculous Figures.”

Edith Head designed a black lace, low-cut gown for Marilyn Maxwell, then warned her: “Never sit down in it, honey. If you do there’ll be too much, Marilyn showing. It’s an eye-level dress.”

Frank DeVol’s definition of a woman driver: “A person who drives the same way a man does—but gets blamed for it.”

Talking about a new movie starlet, Red Skelton said: “She graduated from high school last year, and was voted the ‘Girl Most Likely To...’”

Judy Canova was telling about her ability as an actress as a child and said: “When I was six I could recite ‘Peter Piper Picked a Peck of Pickled Peppers’ without even getting my tongue tangled up.”

Lah-de-dah actress pouting about her date: “Not only has he broken my heart and wrecked my life, but he’s messed up my entire evening.”

Sign on a little Hollywood bar: “Women with Cloth Coats Welcome.”

Sign on a newly planted lawn in Bel-Air: “Danger—Beware of ill-tempered housewife.”

Talking about a newly married couple, Danny Thomas said: “You can tell their honeymoon is over—he’s taken her off the pedestal and put her on a budget.”

A home-wrecking starlet inspired Henny Youngman’s comment: “Obviously, she moves in the best triangles.”

Joe E. Lewis: “I don’t drink anything stronger than pop—and Pop will drink anything.”

A Hollywood producer suggested to his secretary that she accompany him to Palm Springs for a week-end trip. “Listen,” she snapped, “I may be your typewriter, but I’m not portable.”

Overheard in the powder room at Ciro’s: “She’s using an old flame to burn up her new boy friend.”

Produced by Erskine Johnson • Directed by Lawrence E. Watkin • Distributed by RKO Radio Pictures
Pack more vacation Glamour...

At the station... on the way... when you sweep into a hotel, all eyes follow the girl with Samsonite. Because stunning Samsonite gives you a movie-star-on-tour look!

- You can TAKE more vacation clothes with Samsonite. It's scientifically designed to hold more clothes, and to keep your vacation finery wrinkle-free. And Samsonite's miracle covering is better than leather, wipes clean with a damp cloth.

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Also available in rich ranges: Bermuda Green, Colorado Brown, Admiral Blue, Saddle Tan.
KATHRYN GRAYSON, co-starring in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
"LOVELY TO LOOK AT"—Color by Technicolor.

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 they have under contract. If your favorites are not listed in any contract list, write to them in care of the studio where they came to make their last picture. For autographed pictures send twenty-five cents to the star to cover cost of mailing. Clip this list and save it for future reference.


Goldwyn Studios, 1042 N. Formosa Ave., Los Angeles. Dana Andrews, Joan Evans, Farley Granger.

Lustre-Creme Shampoo is available at all grocers.

KATHRYN GRAYSON...Lustre-Creme presents one of Hollywood's most glamorous stars. Like the majority of top Hollywood stars, Miss Grayson uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo to care for her beautiful hair.

The Most Beautiful Hair in the World is kept at its loveliest...with Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Kathryn Grayson uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo to keep her hair always alluring. The care of her beautiful hair is vital to her glamour career.

You, too, like Kathryn Grayson, will notice a glorious difference in your hair after a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Under the spell of its lanolin-laden lather, your hair shines, behaves, is eager to curl. Hair duffed by soap abuse...dusty with dandruff, now is fragrantly clean. Hair robbed of its natural sheen now glows with renewed highlights.

Lathers lavishly in hardest water...needs no special after-rinse.

No other cream shampoo in the world is as popular as Lustre-Creme. For hair that behaves like angels and shines like the stars...ask for Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

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

Famous Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Glamorous Hair.
Baby talk: At recent party, Ella Raines, Paul Brinkman, Jeanne Crain compare notes on their little girls. Jeanne, mother of three boys, is in a glow over having a daughter!

plays a return engagement on the Beach at Waikiki, when he makes "Jim McClain" with Nancy Olson who honeymooned there herself ... Ann Blyth, who took time out from a needed vacation in Honolulu to appear with Bob Hope for the hospitalized Vets, postcards Dick Clayton she’s learning to dance the Hula sitting down (doesn’t everyone?) ... Now that Jane Wyman’s broken her engagement to Travis Kleefeld (they’re still good friends), she’s canceled her trip to Europe and is heading for the land of fish and poi ... On the other hand, says Eve Arden: "I’ve got my own little grass shack right off Hollywood Boulevard."

Famished Female: Those weight-watchin’ glamour gals could kill Susan Hayward in cold blood—figuratively speaking, that is. The riding high, wide and handsome redhead returned from a New York whirl recently. In one evening she had dinner at the Stork Club, an extra hot strawberries-over-ice-cream dessert at Twenty One and at midnight, chop suey at El Morocco! Susie girl didn’t gain a single ounce. "The USO Camp Shows gave a lunch at the Waldorf for Jane Froman," the "Jane Froman" of the screen told us. "No one told me I had to talk and when they called on me to get up and say something I shook like a falling leaf." Not too many years ago Susan Hayward used to go to the Waldorf—but only to use the phone in the lobby! Isn’t Hollywood wonderful?

Animal Crackers: Anyone got a female raccoon that’s interested in matrimony?

Marlon Brando thinks it’s high time that “Russell,” his pet raccoon, settles down and raises a family ... It can happen here. Now "Francis" will receive a daily henna rinse when the famous mule debuts in Technicolor ... Hollywood dinner invitations for young John Barrymore automatically include his pet South American kinkajou ... On his birthday recently, Hugh O’Brian received a white guinea pig from Ann Sheridan. What Cal wants to know is—with only one, how can Hughie boy learn his multiplication tables!

Ugly Pills: Half the hams in Hollywood would give their best hair piece to look like John Derek. Paradoxically, he continues to retain his antipathy toward the slightest reference to his fabulous face. According to his intimates, John is working toward one goal. He’s practically counting the days until such time as he can become a director and never have to be photographed again. In the meantime, the same intimates feel a bit of applied humor might be the answer to John’s personal predicament. The sincere, serious-thinking fellow worries so much over his responsibilities.

News, All Kinds: Good news for Jane Russell, who’s ironed out all the red tape and finally gets to adopt the little boy she brought back from England last November ... Bad news for Danny Kaye, who was too late trying to reach the bedside of his late father who worshipped David Kaminsky (Danny’s right name) ... Glad news for the Rory Calhouns,

(Continued on page 102)
Best Performances of the Month
James Stewart in “Carbine Williams”
Ronald Reagan in “The Winning Team”
Laurence Olivier in “Carrie”

Best Pictures of the Month
The Winning Team

Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie

Skirts Ahoy!

CARBINE WILLIAMS
(M-G-M)

- This biographical imprint of one man’s life, spent mostly in prison, is told with honesty and conviction. James Stewart portrays Marsh Williams, whose years of confinement led to the invention of the U. S. Army carbine rifle. The story is unfolded by Wendell Corey, prison official, to Stewart’s young son. The years served by Stewart for second-degree murder develop into a conflict between the man’s convictions and the horrible prison conditions of the time. At times the overdrawn detail slows the action but, on the whole, this is a story the truth of which is apparent. Jean Hagen plays Stewart’s wife and Bobby Hyatt his son.

Your Reviewer Says: \( \checkmark \) (F) A dramatic life story told with honesty.

Program Notes: On hand throughout the writing of the script and the actual filming was David Marshall Williams himself, insisting always that only the truth be told. James Stewart returned to his “home” studio, M-G-M, for the first time in two years. Jean Hagen stepped from her role of giddy silent star in “Singin’ in the Rain” to this sympathetic role (see page 34). M-G-M acknowledges the co-operation of the North Carolina prison authorities for their aid. Conditions existing in that prison, at the present time, improved over the system depicted in this film. Young Bobby Hyatt is becoming a veteran at “son” roles, having recently appeared as Fredric March’s son in “It’s a Big Country.”

THE WINNING TEAM
(WARNERS)

- Baseball and the story of one of its greatest heroes, Grover Cleveland Alexander. A fine, gripping story, it is warm and human and as much to be enjoyed by non-baseball fans as by the most ardent rooters. Ronald Reagan is excellent as the Nebraska lad who rose to fame as a big-league pitcher, fell to the bottom and came back with a wallop. Doris Day is the devoted wife whose presence at the field lent her husband moral and spiritual assistance. Frank Lovejoy plays the famous Rogers Hornsby of baseball history and a friend of Alexander’s. Some eight big-league players are seen in action, lending authenticity to a story that packs a powerfully suspenseful climax in a picture you’ll not soon forget.

Your Reviewer Says: \( \checkmark \frac{3}{2} \) (F) A three-base hit!

Program Notes: Doris Day is pleased that Warners have promoted her to dramatic roles. Her warbling in this one consists of one song shared by the cast. A complete replica of a Nebraska farm, including barn, shed, etc., was erected on the studio lot. Movie and baseball stars exchanged autographs during the shooting, each group admiring the other. There was considerable kidding when the “big league” boys grew beards for “The House of David” sequences. An odd coincidence was revealed when Reagan disclosed he had once lived in Galesburg, Illinois, scene of his discovery in the film. Reagan even pitched on a sandlot in that town—as in the story. Mrs. Alexander, the hero’s widow, was a source of invaluable data to the studio, visiting the set many times.
Laurence Olivier sacrifices his home and career for Jennifer Jones in a haunting picturization of the Theodore Dreiser novel

**CARRIE**  
*PARAMOUNT*

- An imposing cast—Laurence Olivier, Jennifer Jones, Miriam Hopkins—in a depressing drama of sacrificial love and unrelenting hatred—until Olivier, who gives up his wife, family and honor for love of Jennifer, hits tragic bottom. The characters are beautifully drawn, but story signposts, pointing each step ahead, are much too obvious and the end is uncomfortably oppressive. Eddie Albert, as Jennifer's first lover, spreads the only ray of cheer in all the gloom. Basil Ruysdael, Ray Teal, Barry Kelly and Sara Berner contribute to the emotional upheaval.

Your Reviewer Says: ✓✓ (A) Heartbreak delivered by an expert cast of stars.

Program Notes: The problem of how to address Sir Laurence Olivier was solved the day after his arrival in Hollywood. He became “Larry” to almost everyone in the cast . . . “Carrie,” adapted from Theodore Dreiser's novel, is Olivier's first Hollywood picture in ten years. It was filmed at the same time Larry's wife (Vivien Leigh) was making “Streetcar Named Desire.” In the elimination of his English accent, Larry's greatest problem, he was aided by his good friend Spencer Tracy . . . The decor of the early 1900's was authentically carried out in minute detail . . . Designer Edith Head concentrated on every type of garment of that era, from housedress to stage costume. As a result, the clothes of both Jennifer Jones and Miriam Hopkins are correctly “in period” . . . Olivier's performance is already being mentioned as of Academy Award calibre.

Laughter, music and sentiment blend in a story of a small town barber—starring David Wayne, Jean Peters, Hugh Marlowe

**WAIT TILL THE SUN SHINES, NELLIE**  
*(20TH CENTURY-FOX, TECHNICOLOR)*

- Sentimental Americana! This musical, heart-warming and tender, has some fine performances and striking musical numbers. David Wayne brings his young bride, Jean Peters, to a small Missouri town; as the town barber he joins the village band, prospers with the town. The story traces fifty years of his life, through the birth and growing up of his son, Tommy Morton, and the heart-break which comes when his wife finds herself attracted to Hugh Marlowe. Overlong and at times overly tearful, the picture nevertheless has merit, particularly in the loving care with which small-town America is portrayed. Excellent actor David Wayne gives a fine performance, nicely shading the details as he ages fifty years. Jean Peters and Helene Stanley are prominent, too, as is Hugh Marlowe. And Alan Hale Jr. and Bill Walker are there to engender the tale along.

Your Reviewer Says: ✓✓½ (F) Could be your family story and your home town.

Program Notes: The early village sequences were filmed in the hamlet of Castleton, near Hutchinson, Kansas . . . Wayne protested that after a few more weeks of dawn risings on that rugged Kansas plain, he wouldn't need a make-up man to age him . . . Sam Silver, veteran Twentieth Century-Fox barber, taught Wayne how to use a straight razor for his barber chores . . . Dan Dailey's offer to be trombone teacher was accepted by Wayne for his home-town band sequences . . . Hugh Marlowe and his wife K.T. Stevens became parents for a second time (a baby girl) while the picture was being filmed.
A GOODIE! A movie that moves, with a story that clicks! Minus all fanfare and big names, “The Narrow Margin” nevertheless hits the bull’s-eye as a story of suspense and intrigue. Most of the action takes place on a crack train traveling from Chicago to Los Angeles. Aboard is police officer Charles McGraw escorting gangster’s widow Marie Windsor to a grand jury trial in California. Believing that Miss Windsor has her husband’s payoff list involving important people, three hired hoodlums also board the train. Their mission is to secure the list and dispose of the widow. The constant maneuvering between the law and hoodlums is excitingly conceived with quite a surprise switch as the train nears its destination. Passengers Jacqueline White and her young son Gordon Gebert play an important part in plot development. Paul Maxey, Peter Virgo and David Clark keep it hot. McGraw is good. Watch out for him.

Your Reviewer Says: A real edge-of-the-seat thriller.

Program Notes: A duplicate of a real Santa Fe special was erected on the set for the action shots . . . Little Gordon Gebert had himself a time going from coach to coach. The dressing room proved a wonderful hideout each day as lesson time approached . . . After the birth of her baby, Jacqueline White, married to a non-professional, retired for a year. “Jackie” has been cast in two more pictures for immediate production.

**1 1/2 (F) The Brigand (Columbia, Technicolor)**

MYTHICAL kingdoms with dashing young kings provide a sexy showcase for Anthony Dexter’s clashing, clashing—no, if you’re a Dexter fan, Tony, younger in appearance and more at ease than in “Valentino,” plays a dual role of frivolous king and his commoner cousin. When the king is wounded, owing to a dastardly plot by Anthony Quinn, his cousin, identical in looks, is persuaded to take his place. The results are good and bad—but good for the king, yummy for the cousin. Gale Robbins plays Flora, the king’s favorite dancing partner. And Jody Lawrence the Princess Teresa. Terpsichorean Dexter clicks heels and prances about like a professional stepper.

**F (F) She’s Working Her Way Through College (Warners, Technicolor)**

MELODY, color and dancing have been added to the stage play, “The Male Animal,” and as a musical it comes out corny. There are highlights—Gene Nelson’s wonderful acrobatic dancing, Virginia Mayo’s looks and Ronal Reagan’s professorish drunk scene. But, on the whole, it’s just another college picture with little of it believable. For instance, Virginia is an ex-burlesque queen working her way through college. Tie that with a G-string, if you can. Gene Nelson is the college lad who woos her. And Patrice Wymore is the jealous co-ed who exposes her. Don Defore is the ex-football hero with the concrete head who lost his college sweetheart, Phyllis Thaxter, to professor Ronald Reagan. The dashing Blackburn twins step around in the inevitable college play but what they’re doing in school is never explained.

Your Reviewer Says: This one can stay after school and study.

Program Notes: A gigantic construction job was done on one of the sound stages complete with an entire college campus, gym classroom, etc. The studio green department planted trees, lawn and shrubs around the entire set . . . Gene Nelson spent three months perfecting the gymnasium number in rhythm with the song “Am I In Love?” The result is terrific . . . Virginia Mayo with husband Michael O’Shea visited Main Street burlesque houses for first-hand knowledge.
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Playtex . . . known everywhere as the girdle in the SUN tube.

International Latex Corp.'n. . . PLAYTEX PARK . . . Dover Del. ©1952 Playtex Ltd., Montreal, Canada
Mr. O'Shea didn't mind a bit. During the shooting Ronald Reagan was elected President of the Screen Actors Guild for the fourth term.

(F) The Fighter (U.A.)

It begins with a revolution in Mexico and ruthless plundering and murder. Then abruptly the story swings to Texas with Mexican hero Richard Conte fighting his way to victory in the prize-fight ring. His aim is to use his gains to buy guns for the revolutionists across the border. But the continued fluctuation in local and theme so weakens the story props, that interest is not too well maintained. Conte is impressively serious as the fighting patriot and Lee J. Cobb powerfully believable as Durango the rebel. Vanessa Brown, Hugh Sanders and Frank Silvera strengthen the action. The final fight sequences are brutally realistic.

Your Reviewer Says: Gory, gloomy goings-on.

Program Notes: Adapted from Jack London's story, "The Mexican," the time is 1910, the unhappy era of such Mexican revolutionists as Pancho Villa, Zapata (without the V) and Durango. Background scenes were shot in Mexico. But the interior scenes of Mexican homes, the old fort, etc., were duplicated on Hollywood stages.

For several months Richard Conte trained with Johnny Indrisano, former title holder, for the bloody battle that climaxes the story. El Paso, Texas, as it appeared in 1910, was reconstructed from photographs of the town at that time.

(F) The Denver and Rio Grande
(Paramount, Technicolor)

Out west in 1870, railroads were built the nasty way, it seems. Murder, plunder and all kinds of shenanigans went on. Leastwise, that's this story, all about the deadly rivalry existing between two railroads with the same franchise. Sterling Hayden, chief engineer for the Canary City-San Juan group, plays railroad all the way. But Edmund O'Brien of the Denver-Rio Grande road manages to win out over Hayden's schemes, which resemble the horrors of the silent film serial with the heroine tied to the tracks and the 3:15 a-comin' round the bend. Toot! Toot! Dean Jagger plays General Palmer, president of the D. R. & G. line. Laura Elliott, Zasu Pitts, Lyle Bettger and Tom Powers go along for the ride.

Your Reviewer Says: Dime novel doings.

Program Notes: Near Durango, Colorado producer Nat Holt found the location needed on the Denver and Rio Grande's 4 mile range-Silverton narrow-gauge branch line. The famed old engine "Cindy," as exhibited at the Chicago Railroad Fair of 1947, was used to haul Dean Jagger through several sequences. Navies came for mile around to view the smashing head-on wreck. For this scene "Cindy" had a newly constructed stand-in. Five Technicolore cameras caught the beauty of the natural scenery. The extreme altitude proves a problem to the cast who lived for seven weeks in the Colorado mountains.

(F) 3 for Bedroom C
(Warners, Natural Color)

Poofing on a choo-choo train will Gloria Swanson cutting capers in Bedroom C. A forced farce with some gay light moments, the story, alas, is weakened by too many unfunny sequences. Gloria is quite believable as the waning movie star and James Warren is quite hand some as the professor whose bedroom she usurps. Janine Perreau is precocious cute as Gloria's adoptive offspring and ditto Fred Clark as her harassed agent. Hans Conried is the ulcerated press agent and Ernest Anderson is the understandin porter. A famous eccentric actor is laughably burlesqued by Steve Brodie.

Your Reviewer Says: All aboard for some good-natured fun.

Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis have another movie treat in store for their fans with their new Hal Wallis production, "The Stooge." The zany pair are up to their usual wild antics once again and assisting them for laughs are Polly Bergen and Marion Marshall on the distaff side.
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Says Marilyn Norton,
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“I use Helene Curtis Creme Shampoo everywhere I go, with all types of water, in all kinds of climate. And it always leaves my hair softer, more lustrous, more manageable than any other shampoo I’ve ever used.”

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Believe the Tampax user who says “I can go in swimming any day of the month I want to.” She can also picnic in a brief play-suit—on those particular days in question—or go jaunting here and there in clinging slacks. That’s because Tampax sanitary protection discards the bulky external pad with its belt-and-pin harness. It is worn internally. There is nothing outside to “show.”

A doctor invented Tampax for this special use by women. Made of pure, highly absorbent cotton, each Tampax is compressed into its own dainty applicator. With Tampax there’s no bulk to bind or chafe or induce perspiration. No need for a deodorant. (Odor does not form.) And no need to remove the Tampax for tub or shower. Changing is quick. Disposal easy.

Millions of women are now using Tampax. Why don’t you try it? Buy at drug or notion counter. Three absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Average month’s supply can be carried in your purse. Or get the economy package with four months’ average supply. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

![Note: Image contains a advertisement for Tampax, a sanitary napkin, with an inset of Dan Dailey and June Haver.](image)

**F** (F) Diplomatic Courier (20th Century-Fox)

ACTION, thrills, suspense ride hog-wild all over Europe with Tyrone Power playing a top American courier. But due either to writer or director, Tyrone displays more naïveté than cleverness, blundering schoolboyishly into one trap after another. Patricia Neal is alluring and beautiful as the American widow traveling abroad. Hildegard Neff, an unusual personality, is excellent as the gal of questionable loyalty, living ambiguously in the spy-ridden city of Trieste. Looking handsome in his uniform, Stephen McNally plays Col. Cople of the American C.I.D. Karl Malden, tough M.P. Sergeant, is always around to gather up the blundering courier. Boiled down to a tug-of-war between Russians and Americans over secret documents, the story moves apace, springing surprises along the way.

Your Reviewer Says: A giddy-up tale among European spy circles.

Program Notes: Tyrone Power wears modern clothes on the screen for the first time since 1948. His demands to be taken out of costume draynas were finally met by the studio heads. Hildegard Neff, in a new costumé, appears in a turn not seen before. She is a German woman of high society. But when she is found as a spy, she is sent to a concentration camp for women. After her escape, she is captured by the Gestapo and sent to a prison camp. Hildegard Neff, in a new costumé, appears in a turn not seen before. She is a German woman of high society. But when she is found as a spy, she is sent to a concentration camp for women. After her escape, she is captured by the Gestapo and sent to a prison camp.

**F** (F) The Outcasts of Poker Flat (20th Century-Fox)

An UGLY story, brooding, harsh in theme and setting, intensified by the performances of its excellent cast. The Bret Harte tale of the early West has Anne Baxter, Dale Robertson, Miriam Hopkins and Billy Lynn driven from a pioneer town as undesirables. Seeking refuge from a mountain storm, the derelicts are joined by elopers Craig Hill and Barbara Bates. Making his way through the binding storm, Anne’s husband, killer and robber Cameron Mitchell, finds the cabin and sets up a one-man reign of terror. Robertson, the gambler, finally finishes him off and with Anne, rides off to a new beginning. Mitchell is excellent as the killer. Robertson should win new fans by the droves.

Your Reviewer Says: Heavy drama expertly played.

Program Notes: Dale Robertson rode his own horse, Thunder, which he rented to the studio for the film. Anne Baxter, in her first film since the birth of Katrina Baxter Hotalk, wanted in smudgery and fearfully rode horseback over precipitous mountain passes. Cameron Mitchell passed out cigars on the set to celebrate the birth of his third son. Cam and Dale refused doubles in their hectic fight scenes. The result brought bruses and applause from the crew.

**F** (F) Park Row (U.A.)

The fourth estate comes in for a sentimental idealizing with good journalism triumphing over the evil type. The place is Park Row, New York City—street of thriving newspapers in the year 1886. The story, interrupted by eulogistic outbursts of the good old newspaper days, follows Gene Evans, who founds his own paper, “The Globe.” The physical opposition he meets from Mary Welch, publisher of “The Star,” and the whole plant, his dreams and his future. But Gene goes on to new innovations—banner headlines, cartoons, the linotype, and public newstands. In time he even sells the rival paper and its pretty but obstreperous publisher.

Your Reviewer Says: News behind the news—with a bang!

Program Notes: Gene Evans’ rise to stardom is a real Hollywood success story. He was playing bit parts when producer Sam Fuller selected him for the major role in “Steel Helmet.” Gene’s second big role came with “Fixed Bayonets,” and now once more he’s appearing in a Sam Fuller production, all within little more than a year’s time. Mary Welch, who makes her bid for screen renown with this picture, is well known to theatre-goers for her work in the plays “Joy to the World” and “Streetcar Named Desire.”

Dan Dailey and June Haver pair as co-stars in the Technicolor musical “The Girl Next Door.” Like all good actors, they’re adept at improvising; above, Dan’s playing an imaginary piano while June looks on in blissful appreciation of Dan’s talents as a professor of the keyboard.
“You can be prettier... if you're not 'two-faced'!”

says Kim Hunter

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By BEVERLY LINET

She might be called "The Body," "The Blonde," or even "The Stare," but the title Gloria Grahame latched onto for herself is "The Replacement." And with good reason. Time after time when Gloria has signed for a fine role, she’s discovered someone else was wanted first. Her biggest break—the Elephant Girl in "The Greatest Show on Earth"—came when the pregnancy of Lucille Ball caused her to bow out.

Humphrey Bogart wanted his "Baby" to be with him in "In a Lonely Place." Warner, however, had other plans for Lauren. So Gloria was substituted. Shelley Winters begged her studio to let her co-star with Vittorio Gassman in "The Glass Wall," but Universal said, "No, No, No!" Enter Gloria! She "subbed" for Jane Greer in "Macao" and for Anne Jeffreys in "Roughshod" when these actresses felt they just were not suited to these roles.

Gloria never worries about being suited for a role. She is challenged by a variety of parts—even when one like "The Greatest Show on Earth" requires her to let an elephant perch on her nose. She swears she never gave a second thought to any career but acting; proves her point by the fact that she made her debut at the age of nine at the Pasadena Playhouse. During her senior year at Hollywood High she tried out for every play that was put on and did quite well—well enough to be noticed by a Chicago stage producer who signed her for a year's run in "Goodnight, Ladies." When the show folded she headed east—to Broadway. After her second play, an M-G-M executive signed her to a contract and sent her home to Hollywood.

Gloria got nowhere fast at Metro. It wasn't until she was loaned to RKO for "It's a Wonderful Life" (when Ann Sothern wasn't available) that she began to be noticed. Then, in 1947, she won an Academy Award nomination for a supporting performance in RKO's "Crossfire."

Between these two assignments, Gloria married and divorced actor Stanley Clements and in June, 1948, she became Mrs. Nick Ray. They separated early this year. She has a son, Timothy Ray.

Cecil B. DeMille describes Gloria as having "the eyes of a sorceress and the manner of a schoolgirl." Her spare time she spends at the beach, at the movies or out shopping for cashmere sweaters.

Gloria says that at twenty-seven, she's had the best year of her professional life and one that will stand out for a very unique reason. She was slated to appear in "The Great Companions" opposite Dan Dury. She was first choice for this part too. Then a commitment to M-G-M for "Tribute to a Badman" interfered and she was the one who had to be replaced.

The tables have turned for Gloria!
What Should I Do?
(Continued from page 6)

Probably your real difficulty, and one you don’t suspect, lies in your unconscious fear of losing your daughters now that they are grown. No man who writes a letter as sensible as yours could fail to realize that he was behaving in a mid-Victorian fashion, unless there were other considerations which confused the issue. There is something sad in your happy memory of the days when your children were small and you were the supreme authority in their lives. For some people it is difficult to accept the fact that those days pass swiftly, and that children become self-sufficient adults who must be entrusted with their own destinies.

Under no circumstance would you tie one of your older daughter’s hands behind her and then enter her in a championship tennis match, yet in essence you are inclined to let her go into the world handicapped. She should have reached that stage of development, at twenty-two, when you could trust her implicitly to follow her home teaching, no matter at what hour she chooses to come home.

However, all rationalization aside, I must say that your reverting to spanking indicates that you have lost confidence in your reasoning powers and in your ability as an object of affection to elicit loving obedience. For your own self-respect and for the preservation of your daughter’s dignity, you should not do this—not because I advise it. Ask anyone: a doctor, a clergyman, a merchant, anyone at all.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a girl of fourteen and in ninth grade. Recently I have been going out with a possessive boy whose name is Davey M. He gave me orders not to go out with another boy, saying that he would beat up anyone else who asked for a date.

Last Wednesday I met a new boy at our school and he asked me to go to the Levi Leap with him. We have a Levi Leap in the school Gym every Wednesday afternoon from four to five.

Afterwards, this boy, Clark, walked me home, and then when he was on his way home for dinner, Davey waylaid him and beat him up. Now, of course, Clark will have nothing to do with me.

I have thought it over Thursday and Friday, and I have decided that I don’t want to have anything more to do with

Gigi Perreau’s with Maureen O’Sullivan in U-I’s “Bono Goes to College,” the film in which Maureen, mother of seven children, makes a return to the screen

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PH 31
Davey, but I don’t know how to get rid of him. I’m sure he will go on beating up boys to prove what a man he is.
I haven’t told anyone about this, so will you let me know what I should do?

Augusta M.

You should discuss this with your parents at once, and they should get in touch with the parents of the boy who was beaten and with the parents of the boy who did the beating.

It should be pointed out to this lad that he does not own you. You are a free agent and you have the right to accept dates with any of your friends.

Furthermore, and more important, it is against the law for him to maltreat anyone. The charge is assault and battery, and if the young man persists in his cave-man tactics he should be turned over to the juvenile authorities.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am seventeen and have red hair, blue-green eyes, an average build, and I am of average height. Some people tell me I am “cute,” but I have freckles on my arms and legs. They aren’t so bad on my face, but I really have spots on my nose and on my cheeks. I’m so terribly self-conscious that these freckles are ruining my life.

We have a nice indoor plunge in our town and all winter my boy friend has wanted me to go swimming with him. I simply can’t because I’m afraid that he will tease me. When I was little the other kids called me “Speckle” and “Turkey Egg” and “Mud Ball.”

Is there any way to get rid of freckles permanently?

Francey A.

No, my dear, there is no way to get rid of freckles unless you want to turn into a hot-house plant and live in a conservatory, never venturing out until night has fallen. Freckles are as much a part of a certain type of pigmentation as the magnificently smooth skin and the bright hair which frequently accompany freckles.

But why worry? There are many people who insist that one of Van Johnson’s greatest charms is his collection of good-natured freckles. Katharine Hepburn’s freckles, about which she is quite frank, have never modified her talent or fame.

The next time someone teases you about your freckles, have some fun out of it. Simply say, grinning, “Oh, didn’t you know? Originally everyone in the world was as spotted as a leopard, but every time a person told a fib, one of the spots was removed. Nowadays it’s easy to tell who speaks the truth and who doesn’t!”

Have fun, Francey, and you’ll have more friends than freckles.

Claudette Colbert

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of CLAUDETTE COLBERT?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal., and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she’ll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.
Virginia in speech class: "If you're like me, you'll have to work hours getting rid of the localisms in your speech!"

dear winner

"You'll learn a lot of things you never tied up with acting but which, nevertheless, are important to it"

Virginia McGuire, the 1951 Scholarship winner, has exciting things to say to the 1952 contestants, one of whom soon will join her at Pasadena Playhouse.

It's fun writing to you who are entrants in the new Photoplay Scholarship Contest, and I cannot help anticipating the thrill in store for the 1952 winner. I know the winner will find, as I do every day, that winning the contest and being a student at the Pasadena Playhouse College of Dramatic Art are the most exciting things that ever happened. I re-live my own first student days just thinking of yours.

You'll live and breathe the whole theatre world. Every phase of acting is covered at school—stage, screen, TV and radio. You'll live in the dormitory, and you'll soon find that you and your roommate—she'll probably come from a (Continued on page 103)
ROBERT WAGNER says: "Being in a studio like this just flaps me. I never had anything that I got by myself before. I was always Bob Wagner's son."

Robert Wagner Sr. is a bigshot in the steel industry. He naturally wanted his son and heir to be a steel man. Bob was all for humoring "Dad" and he did a brief stretch in steel. But at his father's country club (Bob's a golfer himself with a 75 score), he kept meeting such guys as Clark Gable, Alan Ladd, Randolph Scott, Howard Keel and John Hodiak. It gave him ideas, it did. Then one night it happened. He was having dinner with his father at the Beverly Hills Hotel when agent Henry Willson saw him and sent his card over. Next day he was given a screen test at Twentieth Century-Fox and when Mr. Zanuck saw it he promptly signed him. Since his debut in "Halls of Montezuma" in 1950 he has played in five films.

"The most thrilling moment in my life," Bob believes, "was when a hopped-up Hollywood preview audience clapped after my G.I. shell-shock scene with Susan Hayward in "With a Song in My Heart." I got lumps in my throat." His favorite picture to date, however, is John Ford's "What Price Glory." During this picture he and Dan Dailey became great pals. "Dan helps me with my script," says Bob gratefully. Both boys are avid sportsmen and many of their weekends are spent at Lake Arrowhead, water skiing.

Bob's most steady date at the moment is Debbie Reynolds. But there have been a lot of girls before Debbie and there'll probably be a lot of girls after Debbie. For a while he went with producer Darryl Zanuck's daughter and before that he dated Alan Ladd's Carol Lee.

Bob lives in Beverly Hills with his parents, his sister and her two kids. He'd like an apartment of his own. And he thinks his father may suggest it soon. "I've been horsing around with the drums a little," he says. "And I play records all the time. It drives my poor dad nuts."

He has a passion for automobiles. Changes his car every six months. "So I'm losing nothing but money," At present he has a 1947 convertible Cadillac. Before that he had a hot rod. Now he dreams of a Jaguar. He's never so happy as when he's tinkering with the insides of a foreign car.

JEAN HAGEN is amazed when asked, "Who dubbed the voice you used?" That was the question most often put to her on her recent publicity tour through the South and East for "Singin' in the Rain" in which she co-starred with Gene Kelly and Debbie Reynolds.

"They didn't believe me when I told them I did—until I gave them samples. But I finally convinced them that I was the blonde, not-so-bright movie queen whose squeaky voice was not okay for sound."

Although she has appeared in ten films since she signed her Metro contract in 1948, Jean's fans rarely recognize her. "When I told a group of interviewers that my favorite role, before 'Singin', was in 'Asphalt Jungle,' they wanted to know what part I played. I told them there were only two girl roles. And I obviously wasn't Marilyn Monroe." Jean can't remember a time when she didn't want to be an actress. When the family moved from Chicago to Elkhart, Indiana, Jean finished high school there, joined a theatre group and did local broadcasts. Radio on the big networks helped her finance her way through Lake Forrest College and Northwestern University. Her roommate was Pat Neal, who also had drama on her mind. They were destined to meet later on Broadway when they appeared in "Another Part of the Forest."

After she graduated Jean pushed on to New York. She was welcomed with open arms by the radio folk. The theatre folk weren't so cordial. She was doing her fifth play, "The Traitor," when she was tapped for pictures.

In July 1947 Jean married Tom Seidel, a former screen actor who is now a Hollywood agent. They have a little girl named Christine, born in August, 1950. And come September they are expecting another blessed event. The Seidels had a most unusual honeymoon. Jean broke her leg right before they were married and Tom had to carry her piggyback to the fishing streams around Montreal.

Jean is probably the only Hollywood star who has never been to Palm Springs, playground of the stars. "Is that a peculiarity?" she laughs. "Well, I think that otherwise you might call me completely normal. Except that I have rye toast and a melted every morning for breakfast."
Some are new, some have been around for a while—these players who currently are attracting so much attention on the movie screen • By LIZA WILSON

KIM HUNTER used to be known as Janet Cole. “Janet Cole?” said David O. Selznick, the producer with the platinum touch, “Janet Cole could be anyone. From now on you’re Kim Hunter. That name has glamour.”

It was a big night for her when she won the Academy Award last March 20th for her Stella in Warners’ “Streetcar Named Desire.” The statuette was presented to her later in New York. At the time Kim was playing in “The Chase” on tryout in Philadelphia. She flew to New York on the eleven o’clock plane in time to have Jose Ferrer, a last year’s winner, present her with her Oscar on the stage following the premiere of “Anything Can Happen.”

Kim is living in a rarefied realm these days. The Oscar helps, but the main reason is her husband, actor Robert Emmett, whom she married last December, and with whom she is so-o-o in love. She met him when they were on tour together in “Two Blind Mice.” This is a second marriage for Kim. As she was waiting around for Mr. Selznick to begin doing something with her career (he was much more concerned at the time with the careers of Jennifer Jones and Ingrid Bergman), she married William Baldwin, a Marine. Their courtship was brief, their marriage even briefer. Their daughter Kathy was born in December 1944.

Kim’s most embarrassing moment came when she was invited to a Royal Command Performance in London (she was making a picture there at the time) after which she was introduced to the late King George and Queen Elizabeth. When she curtseyed, her foot entangled in her long formal train, she stumbled forward, and clutched at the nearest support—which happened to be the hand of the Queen. “It set the Queen considerably off balance,” says Kim. “It was almost the fall of an Empire.”

Kim has wanted to be an actress since she was seven. She was a lonely child and amused herself “pretending.” She moved with her family to Hollywood and was playing in “Arsenic and Old Lace” at the Pasadena Playhouse when David Selznick signed her. Then a few years ago Mrs. Irene Selznick, ex-wife of David and now a New York play producer, entered her life and chose Kim for Stella in “Streetcar.” Since then it’s green lights for Kim Hunter.

ALDO RAY got his big chance because director George Cukor was in a stew. Cukor had “The Marrying Kind,” starring Judy Holliday, all set to roll and suddenly no leading man. Sid Caesar, a natural for the part, turned it down. Mr. Cukor, thumbing through the available male list, had an inspiration. Who was that big cocky guy with the raspy voice who played a minor but standout role in “Saturday’s Hero”? Columbia casting director Max Arnow said that his name was Aldo Da Re and that he lived in Crockett, California, and since the football picture he had played bits in “The Barefoot Mailman,” “Never Trust a Gambler” and “My True Story,” “Get him on the phone,” said Cukor.

It came as a complete surprise to Hollywood, but not to Aldo, that he became a muchly raved about star as soon as “The Marrying Kind” was released. A completely uninhibited young man, Aldo confides at the drop of a hat, “I always knew I’d be a big wheel. But I thought it would be in politics, not in pictures.”

With some reluctance Aldo gave up his job in Crockett, where he was constable. He now lives with actress Jeff Donnell and her husband. He frequently baby-sits for them and for the neighbors and can be found almost any afternoon playing football with the kids on the street. Although Aldo is separated from his wife, a Crockett girl named Shirley Green, whom he married in 1948 (a divorce is in the works), he does not run around with any of the Hollywood stars.

He is the son of Italian immigrants. When he was three his family moved to Crockett, California. He has always been interested in athletics, especially swimming and football. He received his induction notice from the Navy the day he was graduated and spent two years in the Pacific area, volunteering for the dangerous duty of “frogman.” He is the oldest of seven children. His husky voice, he claims, is a family trait. His father has it.

The studio tried to change his name to John Harrison when “The Marrying Kind” went into production, but Aldo refused to accept his new name. He just wouldn’t answer to it and insisted that his real name is Aldo Da Re. Finally he grudgingly consented to allow it to be Aldo Ray.
The wild and wonderful years of "Flaming Youth"...when a Tin Lizzie was the "Cat's Pajamas"...the Charleston was the rage...and every Sheik went petting with his Sheba!

The HAPPY DAYS...
The MAD FADS...
The GREAT SONGS of the ROARING TWENTIES

HAS ANYBODY SEEN MY GAL

Starring
Piper LAURIE
Rock HUDSON
Charles COBURN
Gigi PERREAU

And how you'll cheer the Dozen SONGS you'll hear
"FIVE FOOT TWO, EYES OF BLUE" "TIGER RAG"
"WHEN THE RED, RED ROBIN COMES BOB, BOB, BOBBIN' ALONG"
"GIMME A LITTLE KISS, WILL YA, HUH?"
"IT AIN'T GONNA RAIN NO MORE"

produced by TED RICHMOND • A universal-international picture
The romantic score on the Pin-up Girl and the Yankee Clipper

**Will Marilyn Monroe and Joe DiMaggio be the Big Romance of 1952?**

The pin-up girl and the Yankee Clipper met this spring exactly two weeks before he had to report in New York as a TV commentator. During those two weeks, however, they saw each other every night at the little out-of-the-way restaurants that cater to a romantic clientele with violins and candlelight.

"We talked a lot about baseball, believe it or not," Marilyn says. "Joe explained it to me."

It could be he wanted her to appreciate the fine points of his game the night he played for the benefit of crippled children. And obviously she did. For she says, "He was wonderful!"

He has refused to discuss her with anyone. And the whistles he drew after she appeared on the cover of Life with a story and photograph of her as the now famous calendar girl inside did not please him.

However, George Solitaire, Joe's close friend and roommate, who reflects his sentiments on all subjects, has warmth and enthusiasm for Marilyn. "She's a real down-to-earth girl," he says. "She has plenty of heart. She has not gone Hollywood."

Joe, after his TV debut, called Marilyn on the telephone. "He was very nervous about it," she explains. "He's really a shy guy. That's why I have to be so careful what I say about him."

She admits, however, that they frequently call each other long distance and that she hopes to see Joe in New York in June or "maybe before."

In the meantime, Marilyn has been finishing "Monkey Business," which will follow "Clash by Night" and "Don't Bother to Knock." Significantly, Joe's friends no longer speak of any possibility of reconciliation with his former wife, Dorothy Arnold.

Moreover, since Joe left Hollywood Marilyn has been seen with no one else. Asked why, she answers enigmatically, "It just happens I like Joe—so much better than I like most actors."
It was a case of dislike at first sight when Betty Hutton met Charlie O'Curran, her dance director for "Somebody Loves me." Above, Betty and Charlie after her opening at the Palace in New York, where she broke all records.
He used all the arguments against marriage that she had given him for months. But Betty was wiser now. She had been to Korea.

BY
IDA ZEITLIN

Throughout the ceremony that made her Charlie O'Curran's wife, Betty Hutton prayed. It was a simple, childlike petition and, like most simple things, it came from the heart. "Please, God, please, God," she prayed, "please bless this marriage—"

Objective readers may be inclined to point out that God helps those who help themselves, and that the blessing of this marriage lies chiefly in the hands of Mr. and Mrs. O'Curran. You'd find Betty in full accord with that view. To her, prayer doesn't mean the shifting of responsibility to Divine shoulders but a plea, humble and reverent, for guidance. She knows herself as few people know themselves, shortcomings and all. With one marriage behind her, she's intensely alive to the pitfalls of the wedded state. Of course she'd need help. So she turned for it where she's turned instinctively since the days of her anguished childhood. "Please, God—"

(Continued on page 83)
When Jane Wyman ended her three weeks’ engagement, Hollywood wasn’t surprised. For they never believed her heart was in it!

BY PHYLLIS TOWNSEND

It was to have been a June wedding for Jane Wyman and Travis Kleefeld.

“A real wedding,” Jane said, “and I’m going to have a real trousseau—I never was able to afford one before.”

They were making elaborate plans, too, for a glamorous European honeymoon.

And then—just three weeks after they very formally and officially announced their engagement—with designer Edith Head already busy planning Jane’s travel wardrobe and ticket agencies scouting for steamship reservations for two, Jane and Travis released a second cryptic announcement to the press. The engagement was off. They would remain “good friends.”

Of the two news items, only the first took Hollywood insiders by surprise.

Photographers on the night beat began snapping Jane with the young and darkly handsome Mr. Kleefeld on occasional dates at Ciro’s or Mocambo early this year. Travis also was her escort when she turned up to accept the Foreign Correspondents’ Golden Globe Award for her “best performance of the year” in “The Blue Veil.”

But always Jane pooh-poohed every suggestion that this new twosome was a romance.

“Not even a steady date,” she scoffed merrily, and the boys and
girls whose business it is to get all the romantic news and get it straight believed her.

And they are not easily fooled.

They believed Jane when she said she was not seriously interested in Travis Kleefeld because they were dead certain, despite the cagey lady's fervent denials, that she was carrying a great, big, blazing torch for her on-again-off-again beau of the past two years, attorney Gregson Bautzer.

The dopesters, with the engagement story staring at them in the morning papers, were stunned, talking to themselves with question marks.

"Wot happened?" was the first question, but the newshounds couldn't tarry over their answers. "Who is Travis Kleefeld?" was more urgent, and the race was on to dig up the facts about the almost unknown young man who—with the photographers looking the other way—had slipped an enormous diamond on Jane's third finger, left hand.

That Travis Kleefeld was just twenty-six, twelve years younger than Jane, was soon established. And one of the more acid columnists took her revenge for having been caught napping by sniping, "Travis Kleefeld was playing a saxophone in the Hollywood High School band when Jane (Continued on page 88)
Latins Are Not Lousy Lovers

—and to prove our point, we give you the new Shelley Winters. For ever since Shelley married Vittorio Gassman she's been a changed woman!

BY ELSA MAXWELL

“WHOEVER SAID,” asked Shelley Winters, “that Latins are lousy lovers?”

“What you say, Shellee?” Vittorio Gassman wanted to know.

“Latins, they are what?”

“Wonderful! Latins are wonderful!” Shelley told him, her eyes making tender love to him the while. “That is what I say, Vittorio. But some other woman—who she was I do not know—said Latins were lousy—meaning bad—lovers.” She smiled. “The Latin she knew must have been very stupid. And very, very old.”

Vittorio laughed contentedly. And well he might, for his Shelley that noonday was much the best-groomed woman in the big dining room at the Twenty One Club. Also—I'll give odds on it—the happiest.

No longer does Shelley go screaming around in disreputable levis, and unpolished moccasins, her hair untidy and her face without make-up. No longer, either, is she ambition-driven and restless. A dramatic (Continued on page 70)
“I am in love with someone wonderful who loves me. For the first time in my life I am happy,” says Shelley Winters. She appears next in “Untamed Frontier.” Vittorio Gassman is in “The Glass Wall”
A diet, harmless to anyone in good health, which melts away eight to ten pounds in four days, would be good news anywhere. In Hollywood—where calorie counting is almost as automatic as breathing, where million-dollar productions sometimes are held up for weeks while top stars struggle and starve to get back elusive waistlines—it is sensational news.

All Hollywood is talking about such a miracle diet right now and many stars have tried it with such spectacular results that Photoplay is happy to pass on this diet to its readers.

Have at this diet, published in its entirety on the facing page, with our compliments, and greet the bathing-suit season with a streamlined figure and brand new confidence.

The diet originated in the office of a famous Hollywood physician who prescribed it for a golden-haired, blue-eyed glamour star famed for her figure and her sex appeal who relaxes—and rounds out—between pictures and must drop a dozen pounds quickly, prior to the start of a new production.

Her studio (although no studio will admit that any of its priceless “properties” ever needs to reduce) was electrified by the speed and efficiency with which the diet worked and begged a copy for another young player who had returned to work after a holiday with—horrors!—a double chin.

She, too, tried it, on orders from the front office. And she, too, reported on the set four days later as svelte and swan-necked as she had been before her holiday.

The secret of this wonder-working diet is three-fold. First it has high protein content, with generous allowances of lean meat, fish, fowl, eggs; skim milk and egg are permitted as an alternate to breakfast of grapefruit, egg and coffee. Our bodies are protein to a large extent; and are maintained and rebuilt by a plentiful supply of protein foods. Protein reduces—in the absence of fatty foods in one’s diet—by energizing (burning away as fuel) the excess fat stored in the tissues.

Second factor in this diet’s efficiency is its emphasis upon fresh fruits and vegetables. They have the vitamins and minerals essential to good health and good nerves and—this is important—to fighting off the constant attack this fast-moving, tension-making civilization of ours makes upon our beauty.

The third factor will be obvious to anyone already calorie-conscious: on every one of the four days you consume less than 500 calories a day! Since the average American diet runs well over two thousand calories a day, you can see that you must lose weight on this regime and—thanks to the high protein provision—without going hungry!

One word of warning:

The four-day miracle diet should not be repeated for at least one month.

You will lose eight to ten pounds with this diet but...

If you promptly slide back into eating habits which put on the excess pounds in the first place, you will regain those pounds almost as fast as you lost them.

Try Hollywood’s Four-Day Miracle Diet for a fast start toward your beauty goals.
FIRST DAY

BREAKFAST
Half grapefruit, unsweetened
One soft-boiled egg
Black coffee
OR
One soft-boiled egg
One glass of skim milk

LUNCH
Broiled lamb chop, fat removed
Sliced tomato

DINNER
One small brook trout, broiled
Half-cup eggplant
Fresh pineapple (if canned must be unsweetened)

SECOND DAY

BREAKFAST
Half grapefruit, unsweetened
One soft-boiled egg
Block coffee
OR
One soft-boiled egg
One glass of skim milk

LUNCH
Broiled calf's liver
Half-head lettuce, with lemon juice if desired

DINNER
Two-egg omelet (made with water, not milk)
Half-cup brussels sprouts
Half cantaloupe

THIRD DAY

BREAKFAST
Half grapefruit, unsweetened
One soft-boiled egg
Black coffee
OR
One soft-boiled egg
One glass of skim milk

LUNCH
Half small broiled chicken
Three celery stalks with leaves

DINNER
Six large oysters, raw or broiled with lemon juice
Eight small asparagus tips

FOURTH DAY

BREAKFAST
Half grapefruit, unsweetened
One soft-boiled egg
Black coffee
OR
One soft-boiled egg
One glass of skim milk

LUNCH
Broiled steak
Half-cup short-cooked carrots

DINNER
Broiled lamb chop, fat removed
Sliced tomato
One small apple

NO SUBSTITUTES!

NO ADDITIONS!
The great impersonation:
Susan Hayward
as Jane Froman in “With
a Song in My Heart”

She Lived My Life!

BY JANE FROMAN

Susan Hayward took Jane Froman apart—probing her every emotion—and finally made Jane cry over the girl she used to be

Of all the girls in Hollywood who might have played me in “With a Song in My Heart,” the film story of my life, Susan Hayward was my choice—because she has such heart—oh, such heart.

One of the greatest emotional experiences of my life was when I sat in a dark projection room, alone with my husband, and saw this picture. Even though I’d spent four months at the Fox studios, recording the songs and acting as technical adviser, it gave me a terrific impact to watch myself living through it all again. Myself, I say, for Susan Hayward, who plays Jane Froman, is me.

All the time she was doing the picture, off the set as well as on, she lived me and breathed me. And so similar to mine is the quality of her speaking voice that it seems perfectly natural when my songs seemingly come from her lips.

The first time I watched Susan playing me, I thought her mannerisms were not right. “I don’t raise my head, lift my chin when I start to sing,” I said to myself, “or do I?” Upon arriving home that evening, I made a dash for a mirror and proceeded to sing two or three of my favorite numbers. And in the mirror I saw the raise of the head, the quick lift of the chin, the mannerisms which are part of me but of which I’d been unconscious until, in the unflawed mirror of Susan Hayward, I saw them played back to me.

People often question a screen biography, wonder if it is completely authentic. There need be no, such doubt about “With a Song in My Heart.” Not once did I feel, either in the studio or later in the projection room, “Oh, no, this isn’t the way it was!” Not once.

Physical likenesses differ, of course, Susan being fair and Wild-Irish-Rose of skin, with a flame of copper hair and hazel eyes while I am olive-skinned, with very dark hair and blue (Continued on page 78)
Liz Taylor has started a Memory Photograph Album of pictures of herself and Mike. The puppy Frica was Mike's gift to Liz. They saw the homeless pup's picture in the newspaper and Mike raced all over London to find her.

Liz has promised Mike she'll learn how to cook—but so far she's just at the tasting stage, with Mike's cook still on the job!

Liz loves Mike's portrait of her for its poetic feeling, but added some extra brush strokes in an attempt to help the resemblance.
Mr. and Mrs. Michael Wilding open their door, for the first time, to give you this intimate glimpse of their newly-wed life in London

BY JEANNE SAKOL

The gold name plate on the door of the Liz Taylor-Michael Wilding honeymoon flat still says simply, "M. Wilding." Hollywood will be home to them this summer, but always the honeymoon house in London will have a special place in their hearts.

Inside the Wildings' door there is a feeling of tranquillity, with the red-orange embers in the fireplace casting a cozy glow over the sitting room at tea time: Liz likes to curl up in the corner of the enormous maroon couch, her violet eyes bright and her skin flushed and rosy from her nap.

"I sleep in the afternoon so I can be fresh for Mike when he gets home from the studio," she said. "He leaves at six every morning and comes back raring to go. I don't see how he does it. He has more energy than a year's supply of vitamin tablets—all in one dose."

Under the enormous triple window a long, low, black and blue couch reflects the last rays of the sun. In the corner, the grandfather clock chimes the quarter-hour. To the left of the sitting-room door, a small improvised bar seemingly waits for the master (Continued on page 82)
“He’s fabulous!” a big voice boomed out in the sudden light in the projection room. The man speaking was one of a half-dozen top M-G-M executives who had just seen the first run-off of the studio’s new musical, “Singin’ in the Rain.” Nobody was arguing. “He” was fabulous, all right. What’s more, the “he” under discussion was not Gene Kelly, who is top-billed in the picture, but a young sprout cast for what was supposed to have been a minor role, name of Donald O’Connor.

“Whoever said,” one of the top brass summed it up, “that that kid needed a mule?”
The verdict from that projection room whirled through the town, and before his tax advisers had time to take an aspirin Donald O’Connor was the hottest thing in town, signed for two more pictures for Metro, signed to co-star with Betty Hutton in Paramount’s top-budgeted “Look, Ma, I’m Dancin’,” signed by 20th for “Call Me Madam.” These in addition, of course, to the one picture a year Donald had already contracted to make for his home studio Universal-International — also the home of his side kick Francis. All this and his once-a-month television marathon on the Comedy Hour, too.

While studio bigwigs and agents and lawyers toiled over the fine print in the hot Mr. O’Connor’s five-foot shelf of contracts, Donald, at his unpretentious bungalow home in suburban San Fernando Valley was listening to some firm talk from his five-year-old daughter Donna.

He had just explained regretfully that his fourteen-hour-a-day (Continued on page 96)
He began his career as a baby in diapers. At twenty-four he was the forgotten man. Then Donald O'Connor hit the star trail on a mule—and reached the top in a downpour!

BY

PAULINE SWANSON

O'Connor family history was repeated when five-year-old Donna stole the television show from her proud parents Donald and Gwen.

"Whoever said that that kid needed a mule?" Hollywood asked when they saw Donald in "Singin' in the Rain"
It was Piper Laurie who asked Dick Anderson for that first date. And Dick admits he felt shy when he called for her at her home.

Chili and beans or hamburgers are all right with Joyce Holden when fiancé Dok Stanford, young Hollywood writer, is between checks.

Young hearts leap at the touch of a hand . . . going steady means a date with a dream . . . love is a story just beginning. It's the good old summertime!

BY RUTH WATERBURY

Boy meets girl—and what happens thereafter is their personal version of life's most magical feeling. . . Hollywood is pretty special to itself in most things—but not one bit special when it comes to love. The good old summertime works its spell in Hollywood just as it does every other place. Hands clasp, lips kiss, eyes look deep into eyes with the same sweet fervor that is being expressed the world around, as a moon rides through an evening sky.

Joyce Holden and Dok Stanford are the love-at-
Ann Blyth doesn't spoil Dick Clayton's fun by being charming to other men. She concentrates on Dick—and leaves him spellbound!

Anne Francis doesn't sulk when something goes wrong on a date. Says college beau Bam Price, "She's beautiful—but not dumb!"

first-sight couple, for instance, for whom after their first meeting there has been only one thought: how soon can we afford to marry? By contrast, Ann Blyth and Dick Clayton are that boy-and-girl-next-door pair whom you must have, in duplicate, in your town, since their type is everywhere.

It isn't love yet for Piper Laurie and Dick Anderson but is it exciting—and it all started at Photoplay's Gold Medal dinner! As for Anne Francis and her nice college man, Bam Price—well, this is the country club, this is the merriest, this is the red shoes climbing up the golden stairs to cloud seven all the time.

And just in case any of you readers haven't found your own private swoon for June, we got each of these fellows to tell exactly why his chosen doll scores such a high date rating. Check your own score against these scores and if you come out less than sixty per cent, get with it, sister!

Dok Stanford, talking of Joyce Holden, is the most poetic of our men, maybe (Continued on page 98)
MY FIRST YEAR of marriage to Dale has passed much too fast. There are times when it all—our five-day court-
ship, our whirlwind marriage, Dale's constant screen com-
mittments that continuously postponed our honeymoon, and
now the new nursery—seems like a dream.

Sometimes my husband fixes his humorous eye on the
horse heads in the wallpaper in our bedroom, which he
selected just before we met, definitely intending to remain
a bachelor, and grins, "What do you know? A little more
than a year ago, I wasn't even thinking of getting married.
Much less planning on being a family man..."

Ever since we have known we were having a baby Dale
has gone out of his way to be completely casual about the
whole thing. The Jeffrey Hunters also are expecting a
baby—and when the four of us get together, the boys really
give Barbara and me a bad time. Consider the Japanese,
they tell us, they have their children in a corner of the rice
field without even seriously interrupting the day's work.
There's nothing to it. Absolutely nothing.

Yet, it was my husband who was prepared to challenge
the doctor's decision that I could continue riding a horse
during my pregnancy. And, always when he comes home
from the studio, he takes a quick look in the medicine cabinet
and says, almost throwing the line away, "Take your pills?"
Moreover, we and the Jeffrey Hunters almost missed the
Academy Awards when, en route to the ceremony, Dale's
eye was stopped by a baby crib in the window of his favorite
furniture store, Mann & Fields, run by an ex-G.I. named
Bob Cohen. A few blocks away, lights arc-ed across the
heavens, limousines slithered up to the red carpets, and
crowds roared while Barbara and I, rhinestone earrings,
velvet wraps and all, followed the "casual" fathers-to-be
into the store and discussed the respective merits of a plastic-
covered baby mattress and the blue knobs on a baby bureau.

"Won't they swear with the shade of the walls?" I asked.
"Not if I have anything to say about it," Dale assured me.
"We can paint 'em or remove 'em. Nothing's going to swear
with those walls."

By now my husband is something of an authority on the
decoration of a nursery, having painted ours three times—
to get the exact baby-baby-blue we wanted. The first time
he painted at night, and in the morning sunlight the walls
turned out to be almost indigo. He mixed some white paint
with the blue and did the walls over again—on another even-
ing. It still proved too dark. So in went more white. And
the third job done in the daytime produced the desired
shade of blue.

Personally, I would be very happy with a small seven-
pound child. But not Dale. The current crop of children
among our friends has aroused a friendly spirit of competi-
tion among the fathers-to-be. We may be in real trouble too.
Kit and Boots Carson's baby boy weighed ten pounds and
nine ounces, with an eighteen and one-half inch chest. "The
biggest chest of any baby ever born in the Queen of Angels
Hospital," Dale keeps saying, admiringly, and he adds,
"We're going to have to have an eleven-pound baby to out-
do Kit. Can't let them get ahead of us." Men seem to be
convinced that a baby born with (Continued on page 76)
Get excited about being a father? Not Dale Robertson!

But oh, Baby, the plans he has for you!

BY JACQUELINE ROBERTSON
It wasn't salary troubles that made Betty choose to stay home with husband Harry James, daughters Vicki and Jessica.
“Why am I here?” she thought, desperately. And she waited to face the radio audience that would tell her whether the public wanted Betty Grable back.

"Ten minutes, Miss Grable. . . ."

Even as she said, “Thank you,” Betty knew the next ten minutes—before that blue curtain rose—would seem longer than the ten months she had been away. . . .

Betty was in her dressing room, waiting to go on stage for Lux Radio Theatre’s presentation of “My Blue Heaven,” her first public appearance since she’d ended her suspension. In her glittering gown, with her “butch” poodle, as she termed it, carefully coiffured, she looked every inch the motion picture queen her fans always expected her to be. But with each passing minute, she was falling apart inside as she sweated out her performance and the reception she might—or might not—receive, when the curtain went up.

Radio always had terrified her. “What am I doing here, anyway?” she kept asking herself, her heart pounding. “Why am I here?”

Technically, she was there because of her telegram to her studio announcing she was willing, ready and able to resume work.

Beyond that curtain were 1,200 persons, representative of the public (Continued on page 74)
Her Happiness is Showing

With Mitzi Gaynor, gaiety isn’t a pose—it’s a gift. She’s been this way all her life

BY WYNN ROBERTS

It was the year 1933, a bad year all over America, but particularly bad in Chicago. The bitter winter wind blew in, over the teeming city, from Lake Michigan, driving the soot in through the windows of a small mid-city flat.

There wasn’t too much to eat in the kitchen of the flat. And not in the man’s wallet nor in the woman’s purse was there money that went beyond the next month’s rent and meager meals for another couple of weeks. And as for prospects, neither Henry Gerber, musician, nor his wife, Pauline Fisher, ballroom dancer, had any at all.

On this particular February day, nevertheless, Pauline Fisher Gerber was positively jumping up and down with joy. “Look at the baby,” she cried.

“Look at her. She’s keeping time with her bottle to the radio music.”

Henry Gerber, a good man but serious, grunted. “This makes her a most unusual baby, I suppose.”

“Of course! Did you ever before hear of a baby with a sense of rhythm at the age of five months?”

“Beethoven and Mozart—they were composing symphonies at the age of four.”

“Mitzi will be doing something great by the time she is four, too.”

Henry Gerber got up heavily. A Hungarian by birth, an artist by instinct, he was given to moods. He loved his gay, pretty wife. He loved his child, too. And he loved America and music, serious music. But to believe, as (Continued on page 104)
DEBBIE Reynolds

Color portrait by Ornitz. Debbie's in "Singin' in the Rain" and "I Love Melvin"

A Chevy, honking at a Cadillac... twinkling stars in a midnight sky... tomboy in petticoats... kitten on the keys... An imp making faces at life
The changing moods of gypsy music
... castle gardens in the moonlight...
laughter in the heat of danger ...
the shifting patterns of a restless sea ...
D'Artagnan wearing casual tweeds

CORNEL Wilde

Color portrait by Smith and Fink. Cornel's in "The Greatest Show on Earth" and "Danger Forward"
He's no rose—a grubby Peter Pan, some call him. But in any group of women, the name Marlon Brando acts like a flash fire.

Hollywood's new Sex-boat

BY HEDDA HOPPER

"Marlon Brando the new movie sex-boat? Why, that's ridiculous!" protested a guest at my party. "He positively gives me the shudders!"

Instantly Marlon's name spread over my living room like a flash fire. "Marlon Brando? He's exciting!" "Marlon Brando! He's coarse, he's vulgar!" "Marlon Brando, he's male! High time someone like him came along. . . ."

Hollywood citizens are at odds about Marlon. Jean Peters, his co-star in "Viva Zapata," says, "I think Marlon's very sexy. But not for me." Plenty of the Hollywood girls agree only with the first half of Jean's comment. A dozen or more I could name went through all sorts of elegant and supposedly subtle diodes to attract him. But Marlon wasn't having any. He simply wouldn't bother to get dressed up and take them out, said he did not have the right clothes, anyhow.

However, although his habitual costume was levis, a T-shirt and moccasins worn without socks—with no item of this wardrobe in very spruce condition—he could, upon occasion, find other clothes. At Photoplay's party for "Choose Your Star" winners, of which he was one, he was both well groomed and
charmingly mannered. And at the party Vivien Leigh, his co-star in “Streetcar Named Desire,” and her husband, Laurence Olivier, gave for the English set, Marlon turned out to be the only man correctly dressed for a Sunday afternoon, all the Britishers having arrived in old beat-up flannels and tweeds.

Both Vivien and Laurence liked Marlon tremendously—quite contrary to what had been expected. With Vivien, you see, Marlon was as delightful as he can be because he admires her greatly. “She charms me,” he says glowingly. “She is all woman. I have a complete appreciation of her as an actress and as a person.”

Except for his impersonal delight in Vivien Leigh, his Hollywood preferences ran to the girls he met in the studio offices or the girls who served him in shops.

“I like intelligent women,” he says, “who have a sense of humor.”

Usually he does not, like most gentlemen, prefer blondes. Redheads seem to (Continued on page 108)
Photoplay Fashions

- Summertime is the time for dainty dresses that will keep you looking your cool best at the office, on weekends and on dates—the time for sheer cottons, nylon and organdy. On this and following pages, Photoplay suggests an ideal summer wardrobe to keep you looking fresh and lovely on the hottest day—a wonderful variety at prices you can afford.


Left, Nancy Olson, of Warners’ “Jim McLain,” is a beguiling picture in dimity. Top, elasticized, may be worn on the shoulders or dropped for a decollete effect. Shirred bodice, full skirt, accent the wide molded waistline. Narrow tie belt is of velvet. By Kay Winsor, in a dainty clover print in red, green or blue on white ground. Available in sizes 10-18, for around $9.00, at Saks 34th, New York, N. Y. For relaxing in the sun, the Beachcomber, of wrought iron and netting, in background. By Pacific Iron Products.
Piper Laurie models the original dress designed by Bill Thomas, which she wears in the U-I film, "No Room for the Groom".

- Midsummer pick-me-up: Here's a pattern for a dress—with a four-gored skirt and a fitted bodice—that you'll want when the sun is really beaming. Make it of cotton, silk, rayon or nylon. We suggest Burlington's Frothylon, a puckered sheer nylon available at lead-

Photoplay Patterns
Box 229, Madison Square Station
New York 17, New York
Enclosed find fifty cents ($0.50) for which please send me the Piper Laurie "No Room for the Groom" pattern #11 in size 10-12-14-16-18-20.

NAME .................................................. SIZE ....

STREET ..................................................

CITY .................................................. STATE ....... AGE ....

NOTE: For speedy delivery, enclose five cents extra for special handling.
ing stores throughout the country. The Wedgewood blue is especially lovely; but pastels and dark colors also are available. For cool contrast, make cuffs and bow-trimmed collar in frosty white pique, linen or organdy—or, if you like, the same fabric as the dress

Wherever you live you can buy PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

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

JOSEETTE WALKER CLOTHES
1407 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

KORET OF CALIFORNIA DRESS
611 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif.

SPEARS EPSTEIN DRESS
1400 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

KAY WINSOR DRESS
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PAT HARTLEY, DRESS
1400 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

JOSEPH GUTMAN STOLE
1407 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

BURLINGTON MILLS FABRIC
1410 Broadway, New York, N.Y.
IN A MIDSUMMER MOOD

Joan Evans, of M-G-M's "Skirts Ahoy" and Universal-International's "It Grows on Trees," models an ever popular sheath dress. In acetate and nylon—cool, washable and easy to pack—it can travel anywhere, serves all occasions. Permanently pleated from top to bottom, with rhinestone buttons, patent belt, in black or blue. By Koret of California, 10-18, $17.95 at McCreery's, New York, N. Y., Russeks, Detroit, Mich. Joan wears a Dani hat.

On cool evenings, create a dashing effect with striped lacy stole worn by Joan, above. Of wash yarn machine knit, it looks like wool. $4.95 by Barbara Carol, at Martha West, New York, N. Y.
At left, Julia wears a frankly feminine dress in white organdy with faint black and white stripes. Color enters the picture in the mandarin collar and in the bold stripes around the billowy skirt. Wide belt is in patent. By Spears Epstein, with red, green, brown or navy stripes, 7-15. $12.95 at Foley’s, Houston, Texas. Gloves by Crescendoe, shoes by Capezio.

black and white for smartness, sheer cotton or coolness, is the theme for this dress modeled by Julia Adams of Universal-International’s “The Texas Man.” In a striking tablecloth check, it creates a halter-like effect at the neckline with its cut-out sleeves, perky bow trim. Unpressed pleats give the graceful skirt its airy fullness. Accenting the trim waistline is a gleaming patent belt. For casual occasions, wear the brief spencer jacket, shown above. In white pique. By Pat Hart, sizes 9-15, 10-16, the dress also comes in navy or brown with white. $19.95 at Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, N. Y. For dress-up, Julia wears a Brandt hat, Caray patent purse

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 67.
metamorphosis it is, but she explains it quite simply:

"I am very much in love with someone wonderful who loves me," she says. "For the first time in my life I am happy."

Shelley and Vittorio plan to spend much of their time in Rome. There Vittorio is a stage actor of prestige who makes films, too, largely in order to support his theatre career, the theatre in Italy being pretty much art for art's sake.

They've taken an apartment in Rome, neither large nor lavish—the identical thing they wanted to establish in New York and Hollywood also—a place they can enjoy, without worry, while they live in it and upon which they can lock the door, without worry, when their whims or car-
gers call them elsewhere.

Vittorio's cousin lives in the same house. His parents and married sister and nieces live close by. They all love Shelley. One niece, ten years old, very patiently taught Shelley just about all the Italian she knows, enough to handle simple sentences, to tell Vittorio how much she loves him and to assure his mother and father that she prays in the church, as they do, that a bambino will be born to her within a year and will be the grandson they so ardently desire, being blessed, so far, with granddaughters only.

In Hollywood Shelley wants to establish an English theatre. And I promised to lend them all the help in my power when, late this summer, we meet over there; to interest the British and American ambassadors, to see that they have a long list of influential patrons and patronesses who will do much to insure their dreams of success.

Until late summer they will play to-
gether in summer stock. "Perhaps in The Count; Girl," Shelley explained. "That will be our honeymoon, appearing one week here and one week there on the straw-hat circuit."

"Why not Hollywood?" I asked. "It
would mean more money."

Together they shook their heads. To-
gether they laughed.

"We'll have made enough money to last us a while," Shelley said. "Vittorio will have finished The Glass Wall, which will be filmed in New York, almost entirely on 42nd Street. And I will have finished Letter from the President at M-G-M."

She turned serious. She reached for her husband's ready hand. "We do not," she said, "want to get caught up in any Holly-
wood pattern—feel we have to have an
elegant house, servants, expensive cars, give parties. Once you do that you never can be free. Once you do that you cannot stop making movies, however much you may wish to do something else. And once you obligate yourself to make a lot of movies—well, you cannot be independent any more. You must do what the pro-
ducers tell you to do, when they tell you to do it, as they tell you to do it.

We want to live in different parts of the world do what interests us, have a family—"

"Good girl!" Vittorio patted her hand. Vittorio grinned happily, "Good girl, Shel-
lee!" Shelley laughed. "I am his student. All this he taught me. That is why he
says, 'Good girl, Shelley,' when you have fine possessions," Vittorio spoke seriously, "you must be their slave. This is what I tell Shelley. And only those who are free can create."

"You're young man," I said, "are telling Shelley the wise things my father told me when he was dying. I listened to him, have never burdened myself with pos-
sessions and I have been happy."

With Vittorio signed a long-term con-
tract at M-G-M (his first picture for them will be "Sombrero," to be filmed in Mexico) I wonder whether he and Shelley will be able to keep their firm resolution to be free. I wish somehow they will
"Did you," Shelley asked quietly, "see Vittorio in 'Bitter Rice'?

Her manner made it clear that if I had seen him in this Italian film it was un-
necessary for her to say anything more about his artistic capacity.

In her humble approach to good acting Shelley has not changed.

For eighteen years, ever since she was eleven and her family moved from St. Louis to Brooklyn so she would be near
Broadway, she has cared terribly about acting. She quit the distinguished Ameri-
can Academy of Dramatic Art because she did not like its rigidity. At the theatre department of the New School for Social Research she studied with better purpose.

She worked as a model to pay for her dramatic training. She had her first Broad-
way engagement at eighteen. And for four discouraging years in Hollywood she re-
 fused the long bob, artificial make-up and fancy clothes with which one studio after
another tried to force her into the con-
ventional Hollywood glamour mold. She
 got her break as an actress, not a glamour girl, in "A Double Life." And last year in another acting job as the loving but un-
loved little factory girl in "Place in the
Sun" she broke her audiences' hearts
won a Photoplay citation for one of the five most popular performances of the year and was nominated for an Oscar which I warned her she would never get. She isn't as popular as she might be in Hollywood. Because she isn't a "yes" girl. Because her intellectual honesty has antagonized the wrong—or the right—people, too, and ambition-driven, she has in the past cut such dodos as only a few ever have
taken the trouble to understand.

Farley Granger understood her, I think. That was why she made them think they might be in love, even when they knew they were not.

Her mother, Rose Schrift, always has
understood her. Shelley explained. She had to. Take, for in-
stance, the four or five friends she met from St. Louis—who had not seen Shelley since the Schritfs had moved to Brooklyn—
to tea. The ladies could not wait to see the taffy-haired kid they had known years ago, as a movie star. When Shelley ar-
rived, tea was long over. The ladies almost died. For Shelley, about to leave
the studio, had remembered a dozen things she had to see, ten minutes before, and consequently her hair was not smooth, her
slacks were not pressed, her beach jacket was a sight and upon her movie-star face there was not a speck of make-up.

"Hi, Mr. Schrift!" I said. "Hi! Boy, have I been on the go!" Whereupon
refusing to be a movie star on parade she shed her shoes and strode around the
room in her socks. "Soft carpets feel wonderful and so do your shoes," she informed the delegation.

Her mother and father both used to tell her how life would change for her when she met Vittorio Gassman. But since they had run to meet Vittorio, they couldn't call him by name. They spoke of him as the man who she would meet one day, with whom she would look forward to a real marriage.

"The real reason you are so hectic," Rose Schrift told Shelley over and over,
"is that the right man hasn't come along—
so far! When you meet him you'll feel differently, I'll bet! You'll see!

How right she was!

Shelley and Vittorio met one evening last summer when mutual friends intro-
duced them in the lobby of the Opera in Rome. At once Rose Schrift had a compelling instinct the catch Shelley's attention and hold it. So he told her how wonderful she was in "Place in the Sun." Being familiar with actresses, he was sure this was the right approach. He need not have tried so hard. For she had a compelling instinct to catch his attention and hold it too.

"I began our friendship or our love—if you believe in love at first sight, some do not—when I first said hello to Vittorio when
I followed Shelley to America I fixed everything right away. We were driving
down Santa Monica beach one day and
'Place in the Sun' was playing in a theatre we passed. Said to Shelley, 'Look! I thought we should go in and see it right away—because I had not seen it as I had said—and I did not think we should have any lie between us any more.'"

"I informed him, "Shelley said.

"Because," he teased her, "when I saw your picture I said more beautiful things about your performance even than I had made up."

"That's true," Shelley told me, "and I would rather have the memory of the things he said than any Oscar ..."

I believe her.

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Will Rogers Jr. portrays his famous father in Warners’ "The Story of Will Rogers," and Jane Wyman plays the girl Will marries. Eddie Cantor, a great friend and admirer of Will Rogers, plays himself at the time both he and Will were Ziegfeld Follies stars.

At various times during the past few years a production of the story of Will Rogers has been planned and various actors were tested for the title role. In an unusual bit of casting, however, the role fell to the real-life son, Will Rogers Jr., because of his resemblance in face and manner to his father.

Will Rogers has a special place in the memory of millions of Americans, and his story—the movie covers his life from the early 1900's up to 1935—is an inspiring part of grass-roots America.
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Makes hair look...feel...behave far more like Naturally Curly Hair!
**Greaseless Suppository**

**ASSURES CONTINUOUS ACTION FOR HOURS in**

**INTIMATE FEMININE HYGIENE**

(Continued from page 57) that had supported her so well and so long. What would have been the point of it all?

"I'll go out there just like Citation," she was telling herself now. "Win or lose—I'll arch my neck and take my bow." Then with characteristic self-humor, "Now I know how Big Noise must have felt when he tried that heavy track for the first time."

The Jameses' thoroughbred, their beloved Big Noise, had done everything they'd ever asked of him. Whatever the distance, the track—fast, flat, heavy or sloppy—he was sound, and usually won. And Betty was reminding herself now, "Surely I can't do less than I ask of my horse."

"What about your public?" her mother had repeatedly asked—of her during her suspension. "They want you back. It's foolish to stop right when you're on top. You can't quit now."

**No. Betty couldn't quit now. And the main reason (above and beyond the fact that legally she was committed until 1954 to the studio that made her a star) was her Number One fan, who now waited out front so confidently—her mother. She had always believed in Betty's talent—believed in her enough to buck all the doubts of their family and friends back home in St. Louis, Missouri, the people who had shrugged away the likelihood of Betty, a tallly-haired, blue-eyed child, with a sunny smile and happy feet, ever making good in Hollywood.**

Betty had agreed to go back to work mostly because of her mother, and because of the public, who'd backed her at the box office for so long, and because of whose support she had been one of the leaders among the nation's "top ten," for ten years. During her suspension she'd received thousands of letters, her name going up to the screen, protesting the possibility of any other motion-picture personality ever replacing her in the hearts of the writers. These also were the sentiments of Betty's studio, her director, and her audiences. During the years she had worked with since the age of twelve, when she got her first job in a motion-picture studio, dancing as one of the chorus.

There was, among them, her hairdresser, Marie Brasselle, who had been with Betty since her first starring picture, "Down Argentine Way." Likewise her body make-up woman, Bunny Gardell, and Angie Bell, her hair color for blue, her hair stylist. Enjoy Zonitors' extra protection and convenience at small cost!

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*Offer good only in U. S. and Canada.

**The End**
Minette Dixon's enthusiastic letter to the renowned beauty authority, Ann Delafield, is typical of the grateful thanks she has received from hundreds of thousands of pupils whom she has helped lose weight.

"With the aid of the Ann Delafield Appetite Reducer I was able to carry a full time job, and do all my housework as well. It seemed no time at all that I dropped from 170 to 125 pounds!"

**BE HAPPY—BE SLENDER**

If your story is like Miss Dixon's...and thousands of other women (and men) who have been struggling for years with a problem of overweight...the Ann Delafield Appetite Reducing Plan was designed for you. You'll be amazed how soon...how easily...you will find slender beauty and new happiness!

During Miss Delafield's forty years of experience in helping people to lose weight, she has had pupils from all over the world...and most of them have been recommended by personal physicians. Based on her accumulated knowledge of the problem, she has developed for you the Ann Delafield Reducing Plan...an easy way to reduce that doesn't take the fun out of life.

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Included in the Ann Delafield Reducing Plan are generous, appetizing—yet low-calorie—menus. (You even have a piece of cake for dessert!) The secret of the amazing success of her plan is a scientifically produced...and delicious...wafer called the Ann Delafield Appetite Reducer. This pharmaceutically approved food supplement satisfies that hungry urge between meals...without adding any ugly pounds. This wafer was conceived after years of practical experience and endless hours of consultation with physicians and dietitians.

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Before Minette Dixon tried the Ann Delafield Appetite Reducing Plan she weighed 170 pounds. Every attempt to lose weight was an unhappy failure...but it was a different story after trying Miss Delafield's easy, natural way to reduce.

"Dear Miss Delafield," she wrote. "A wonderful thing has been accomplished with me."

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Minette Dixon, New York City*

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"My friends say I look ten years younger since I lost those thirty ugly pounds! Whenever I've tried to reduce in the past, I've always felt hungry, but the 'Ann Delafield Appetite Reducer Wafer' kept me so well satisfied that I was never tempted to take extra food. Thanks for giving us women an easy way to reduce!"

Mary Ann Llewellyn, New York City*

*Address on request from Rexall, Los Angeles.
Dale's Little Dividend

(Continued from page 54)

an eighteen and one-half inch chest just can't miss making an All-American.

"Oh," of course, if we have a little girl, that will let us off the hook," he grins. "But I can just hear them telling me, 'You're the father of a six-pound boy,' and hear the guys saying, 'What happened? What's this? Where's the rest of it?'

Although Dale insists it "doesn't really matter whether we have a boy or a girl," I can see him making mental plans about the weight it will throw in the Oklaho-
ma University backfield. One day, he says, "I think I'd rather have a boy. Then I see a pretty little girl, and I think I'd rather have a daughter." Almost always, however, he explains that he's more quali-
fied to raise a boy. "I'd know what to do with a boy," he says.

We've decided on "Rochelle," if we have a daughter. At the moment, we still have no name picked out for a boy. Nothing would make me happier than to call him Dale Jr.—but, as of now, the reaction has been an emphatic "No!" Dale is of the opinion it sounds very conceited to give a son your name. "Besides," he says seri-
ously, "a boy shouldn't have to carry his father's name. He should have the chance to make his own."

For a man determined to be completely casual about becoming a father, Dale is making fairly detailed plans. Our baby must have a tennis racket and golf clubs and a pony. Dale is shopping for a Shetland to breed with a Hackney pony for a colt. He says, "So, when the baby's three, the colt will be two. They'll grow up to-
gether..."

There are certain indications that he will, in some ways, be an old-fashioned father. He insists a daughter would have to be in from dates by ten o'clock in the evening. Also that she should not be allowed to have dates too young. "Not as young as you did," he says emphatically, forgetting that if my father hadn't minded me, I'd probably be married now.

However, having observed the gentle, loy-
ning hand of my husband in training our thoroughbred, his German shepherd "Chief" (he's taught him to spell), and the conscientious homework he does reading animal psychology books about how to train his pointer pup, "Radar," and be-
ing fully aware of the diligence, patience, and sensitivity, I'm not unduly alarmed. He will have mellower moments, too.

Dale, I've discovered during the past year, is a man long on action and short on conversation. He may forget the bonbons or the bunch of violets, but he will walk in with a package and say, "Here's a set of golf clubs for you." Or when he does an ex-
ception "just to watch" and when I admire a beautiful black stallion, he will nod in agreement, and continue nodding and be-
fore I realize what's happened, the auc-
tioneer says, "Sold!" And I'm the new-
owner of a thoroughbred racehorse named "Beau Jack." Or he will economize on his clothes and come home from a personal apperance tour with boxes of beautiful materials, clothes he's bought in different cities for me!

On the other hand, just let me put in a request for a snapshot of him for my wall-
et—nothing happens. I went around without one for months, then got one from the studio. It's the same photo fans get when they write in for a picture. In fact, the other day, when my wallet fell open in the grocery store, a cute teenager saw my picture of Dale and exclaimed, "I have one just like that!"

We've had our share of personality adj-
ustments, of course. When we were first married, when Dale would come home from work and his gaze would be out in a chair and I'd ask him if he'd bought anything, he'd look at me and patiently explain that he was just concen-
trating on something. "I've always done this," he would say gently. "It has nothing whatsoever to do with you."

When he didn't show more enthusiasm about becoming a father I was most upset. Although, so many erroneous rumors had been columned about our expectant parent-
hood, that the truth hardly could have come like an ecstatic bolt from the blue. The day I knew definitely that we were going to have a baby, I telephoned Dale at the studio on the set of "Outcasts of Poker Flat." Above all the racket and hammering I could hear in the background, I shouted, "The doctor says we're going to have a baby!" Dale didn't acknowledge a moment's hesitation, then, "Oh..." I heard Dale say. "Well, I've got to run. Goodbye.

"You surely didn't sound very enthusi-
astic," I taxed him when he came home that night. "Well," he said, "I've been hear-
ing and reading about it pro and con for so long—and telling myself maybe yes and maybe no—I'd gotten kind of used to the idea. Besides," he grinned, "at the exact minute you told me—they called me back for a shot."

He's such a man's man, so taken with horses and hunting, that I was surprised to discover his many artistic accomplish-
ments. He could melt in that same artist as an interior decorator. I was happy the first time I saw what is now "our" home, to note the rich cocoa brown backgrounds with ac-
cent—his German shepherd "Chief" re-
used, the small free-form modern furniture, the large curved cocoa metallic couch with cornices to match, and the indirect lighting behind the couch that was Dale's own inventive idea. "It's the next thing," he says, "I've gotten married—and haven't done a thing to it since—except paint and repaint a blue nursery."

He also could have been a fine musician, had he wanted to apply himself. He plays almost every instrument by ear. No doubt it came as a surprise to the studio that he could carry a tune as good as he does in "The Gun Takes a Wife," in which he co-stars with Betty Grable. He says, "I'd been walking around the lot for months singing as loud as I dared. But the right ears didn't hear."

"Then the blue," Producer Frank Rosenberg asked him if he could sing. "No," Dale told him, "but I like to." Upon which Mr. Rose-
berg suggested, "How about dropping in and letting us hear you?" So Dale dropped in—and recorded a number from the pic-
ture, "With the Sun Warm upon Me."

With the sun warm upon him, that's for Dale. For he loves the simple way of life and I do too.

The End

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She Lived My Life

(Continued from page 47)

eyes; and whereas Rory Calhoun who plays John is tall and dark, with a heavy mane of hair, my John is small and blond—and almost bald! But the semblance doesn't matter, when actors are playing real people, if the spirit is right.

"Do you think?" a friend asked me, "that Susan Hayward, in real life, could go through what you went through, come through as you have come through?"

"Yes," I said, "oh, yes!"

And I was reminded, as I spoke, that Susan as a child suffered a dreadful accident when a car ran over her body, fracturing both thighs. Doctors at first thought she would die, then feared she would never walk again. But Susan, being Susan, fooled the doctors. In six months she was walking.

I recalled, too, a serio-comic little anecdote told me about the teen-aged Susan, who very much wanted to play a certain part—and how, upon being told that she was too young, that the woman in the script was a more mature and experienced woman, who had suffered, she had said, with sixteen-year-old dignity, "I have suffered, too!"

Susan played that part she wanted to play—just as, recently, she got to play in "With a Song in My Heart."

Long before the filming of my story was more than a gleam in producer Darryl F. Zanuck's eye, Susan went to him and said, "Look, I understand there's a chance you may do Jane Froman's story. If so, I've got to play it!"

When, in May, 1953, I went to the Coast and began to record my songs for the picture, Susan always was around. She is a strange girl—so sensational in appearance, so quiet of voice and manner. She sat on the set, day after day, three and four hours at a time, watching every move I made as I sang, watching, always watching . . .

Then, ten days before we went before the cameras, she came up to me in the commissary one noon and said, "I'd like to talk with you. May I—and when?"

"How about now," I said, "this afternoon."

Half an hour later we met in Susan's dressing room and spent the whole afternoon and far into the night going over the script, scene by scene. She asked about my childhood, my mother, my father, my grandmother! She wanted to know what kind of clothes I wore, what my drives were, my tastes, interests, hobbies.

As I write this months later, I can't, of course, recall our hour-long talk, word for word, but it went something like this:

"Immediately after the Clipper crashed, and you found yourself in the water," she asked, "how did you feel?"

"Numb," I told her, "in shock."

"Not afraid?"

"No, not afraid. Not then. Not yet."

"What did you and the Clipper's copilot, John Burn, talk about all the while he held you up in the water, saved your life?"

"Trivialities," I said. "How well I remembered! And how many times I recalled those same trivialities on that later day this April when I flew down to Puerto Rico to see John after another crash! But it is perhaps fortunate we cannot foresee the future—and, talking to Susan, I thought only of that first crash.

"What exactly were your injuries—and John's?"

"I had a compound fracture of the right leg, left leg nearly severed below the knee, two broken ribs and my right arm fractured in several places. John suffered two
fractured vertebrae of the spine and a fractured skull."

Susan's hands, an emotional barometer, clenched as I spoke and her face was pale as paper.

"How did you feel when you knew there was a chance of losing your leg? Did it floor you? Or did it put fight into you?"

"Before, and for a time after, my first operation (which I was positive would be the only one) I was quite hopeful. After that, after each successive operation, I felt deepening doubt and a little bitterness ..."

She asked me then, "What, in all that time, was your greatest and gravest problem?"

"To have to go out and make dough again, after the twenty-five operations," I said, "in order to pay for the pain. The real fight, Susan, the real problem was not to hate all human beings."

"I have to know," Susan would say, from time to time, as if speaking to herself, "I have to feel it first."

She wanted to know why I went overseas with the USO again, in May of 1945, while I was still on crutches.

"Because I was on crutches," I said. "My object in going was to prove to a lot of boys who were hurt, as I was hurt, that they could pull out. I wanted them to think: 'If a girl can do it, so can I.'"

I told Susan about the young G.I., played by Robert Wagner. "It was so stirring," I said, "to be able to make a boy walk and talk when the doctors couldn't, when nurses couldn't—oh, brother!"

She asked me no more questions that day. She broke up completely. "It moves me so," she said, burst into tears and ran away! And when she did that scene before the cameras, she dissolved in tears, too—and ran off the set!

Shortly after Susan began working in the scenes in which Jane Froman goes back to the hospital time after time for operation after operation, she went to director Walter Lang and said, "Look, make me ugly—a girl can't go through all this and come out looking beautiful!" And so, in this sequence, particularly in the scene after one of the operations when she gestures toward her leg as she is coming out of the anesthetic, asks, "Is it still there?" she looks and sounds as I used to—gray, grim, hairy, tongue thick.

Night after night, Susan would leave the set, go home and to bed. Her twin boys—she's got two of the cutest boys, Timothy and Gregory—came on the set once or twice (it was probably Susan's only chance of seeing them) and they're the three cutest people together! Susan's attitude toward her little sons is so adult. She treats them like little men, with courtesy, with charm, with humor. Susan was doing the scene in which she appears to sing the picture's theme song, "With a Song in My Heart" while my recording of it is played on the sound track. It goes, you know: "With a song in my heart, heaven opens its portals to me!" The next day she told me amused, that the boys were going around the house screaming, "With a song in my heart, heaven opens its portholes to me!"

When the picture was finished and John and I saw it together, we both sat very still after the final fade-out. Then John said, "I think this is one of the most wonderful pictures that ever came out of Hollywood."

"I can't be very objective about it—yet," I began, "since I was the technical adviser and it is my story and all. It would sound hampmy if I—" Then I broke, "All right, I'll be a ham about it. I think it's wonderful, too!"

And I think, too, that in this picture, this fabulous girl, Susan Hayward, has given the performance of her career.

The End
Have you ever been troubled by

- DANDRUFF?
- STIFF, DRY HAIR?
- UNMANAGEABLE HAIR?
- DULL, LISTLESS HAIR?
- FRIZZY PERMANENTS?
- HARD-TO-SET-HAIR?
- TIGHT SCALP?

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Is your scalp tight, dry, dandruff? Is your hair dull, listless, hard to manage? Have permanent hair dyes, today's high-tension living all taken their toll? Then you're the girl who ought to know about the recent discovery in hair care that has excited the whole world of beauty.

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CREAM-TONING is pleasant, relaxing, easy, simple, inexpensive. And, oh, what wonders it works for your hair!

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The product that makes cream-toning possible is brand new. It is smooth, creamy Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing. Flower-pink, flower-fragrant, it is a skillful blend of soothing, scalp-conditioning lanolin, costly cholesterol and other ingredients that contribute in rich measure to hair beauty.

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It's easy! First brush your hair. Then part it, section by section. Rub Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing gently but thoroughly into your scalp, along the line of every part. Don't be afraid to use plenty; it's good for your hair.

Continue rubbing until all the cream disappears—leaving your scalp glistening, relaxed, cream-washed, cream-toned. Now relax! Give the rich conditioners in Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing time to soften and soothe. Let the luxurious lanolized oil work their magic all the way from your scalp to the very tip ends of your hair! Keep the cream on as long as you wish—a few minutes, a half hour, or even overnight.

After CREAM-TONING... Shampoo!

Now for a good shampoo! You'll like the active bubbly lather in Lady Wildroot Shampoo... the way it dissolves and floods away any remaining excess cream, taking with it dirt, grime, loose dandruff.

Give your hair a second quick-sudsing—with Lady Wildroot Shampoo! Then rinse, dry, and set.

Now, look at your hair! Your scalp is so pink and clean it glitters. Your hair is so fresh and clean it gleams. It's soft, radiant, beautifully manageable—easy to coax into deep, easy waves. Women troubled with dry hair, frizziness, split ends, find this cream-tone conditioning a joyous discovery. Women with too-oily, sticky, gummy hair like the way it does away with excess oil.

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You'll never know, you couldn't begin to guess, your hair's own natural too-long-hidden beauty until you CREAM-TONE your scalp with new Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing!

(Girls who haven't time for a complete CREAM-TONE treatment put a teaspoon of Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing in the final rinse—and after an ordinary shampoo—and find their hair extra soft, extra radiant, extra manageable—snarls and tangles magically smoothed. Others use Lady Wildroot for daily good grooming—to tame fly-away locks, calm unruly curls and struggles.)

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If you have been hunting for a solution to dry hair, oily hair, frizzy hair; if you want to see how gloriously lovely your hair can be... then tonight, CREAM-TONE your hair. Your favorite store has Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing in the 50¢ and $1.00 sizes.

If you don't agree tomorrow morning that your scalp is cleaner, your hair more radiant, return the bottle and Wildroot will gladly send you DOUBLE your money back.

Don't forget—BE glamorous, Be beautiful. Tonight... CREAM-TONE your hair... with Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing.
the Sun and You

Sun time can be fun time, if you take a tip from the stars of Hollywood—and meet the sun halfway! Comes the Fourth of July and lobster red won’t win you any beauty prizes. But there’s nothing like a smooth, golden tan for winning kudos in the long, low whistle department, as the stars know.

Don’t you be the girl who tries to get her tan all at once. Because it doesn’t work that way. The sizzle-and-fry method is not only old-fashioned, it can be downright harmful—as the thousands of victims who spend their vacations in hospital beds each year can testify.

It’s not the heat of the sun that frizzles your skin, it’s the ultraviolet light rays. That’s why, if the sun is bright, you can get a severe burn even on a cool day. These “burn” rays are strongest when the sun is high. So be extra careful between the hours of 10 A.M. and 3 P.M.

Like that smooth tan you see on your favorite stars? You can look glamorous with a tan, too. Get your suntan gradually. Late afternoon or early morning is a safe time to start. Stay out only fifteen minutes the first day. Then, each following day, you can allow fifteen minutes more. If you’re the lass with the delicate air—blue eyes and golden hair—you probably burn every time Old Sol gets a good look at you. So take it even slower than your darker sisters, starting with five minutes a day.

The stars of Hollywood have found there’s nothing like a good suntan preparation to promote a luscious, golden tan. These preparations are chemically formulated to screen out the “burning” rays of the sun while allowing the “tanning” rays to come through.

Remember, too, that you are more likely to develop a bad case of sunburn at the beach or on snow-covered mountains. At these places the direct sunlight combines with the reflected glare from sand and water, or from snow and ice. Sun can be harmful even when the sky is overcast, so be careful on hazy days as well as bright ones.

A word of caution that we hope is unnecessary: Don’t let fuzzy legs and underarms mar the effect of your smooth tan. It’s easy to keep hair-free these days with a fragrant, pink shaving cream designed exclusively for women, to say nothing of the new, very feminine and dainty razors we’ve seen. Non-shavers might try a speedy, depilatory cream that’s a whiz at removing superfluous hair—and odorless, too.

The girl who keeps herself fresh and dainty all year ’round sometimes forgets that it takes extra care in the summertime. That’s because she’s not only more exposed, but more active. Tuck a container of your favorite deodorant in your beach bag and be sure of your grooming. There are deodorants to suit all tastes—liquid sprays, creams, lotions and pads. New light-weight plastic containers that can’t spill are especially good travelers, favorites with stars as they journey across country.

An added precaution, and so pleasant to use, are deodorant body powders that help you keep fresh all over—longer.
STAR CANDIDS
1. Lana Turner
2. Betty Grable
3. Ava Gardner
4. Clark Gable
5. Alan Ladd
6. Tyrene Power
7. Gregory Peck
8. Rita Hayworth
9. Esther Williams
10. Elizabeth Taylor
11. Carnel Wilde
12. Frank Sinatra
13. Van Johnson
14. Rory Calhan
15. Peter Lawford
16. Howard Duff
17. Bob Mitchum
18. Bert Lancaster
19. Bing Crosby
20. Shirley Temple
21. Jane Havre
22. June Allyson
23. Ronald Reagan
24. Don Andrews
25. Glenn Ford
26. Bob Ryan
27. Kathryn Grayson
28. Gene Kelly
29. Doris Day
30. John Garfield
31. Bill Williams
32. Barbara Hale
33. Barbara Lawrence
34. Lon McCallister
35. Jane Powell
36. Gordon MacRae
37. Ann Blyth
38. Jeanne Crain
39. Jane Russell
40. John Agar
41. John Lund
42. Billack
43. John Wayne
44. Yvonne de Carlo
45. Richard Conte
46. Audie Murphy
47. Don Dayley
48. Leroy Parks
49. Macdonald Carey
50. Janet Leigh
51. Wendell Corey
52. Farley Granger
53. Louis Jourdan
54. Toby Martin
55. Cary Grant
56. Joseardi
57. John Derek
58. Guy Madison
59. Ricardo Montalban
60. Morris Lancer
61. Joce Evans
62. Kirk Douglas
63. Gig Russell
64. Keefe Brasselle
65. Dick Contino
66. Scott Brady
67. Bill Lawrence
68. Vic Damone
69. Shelley Winters
70. Richard Todd
71. Vera-Ellen
72. Deanna Martin
73. Jerry Lewis
74. Howard Keel
75. Susan Hayward
76. Barbara Stanwyck
77. Hedy Lamarr
78. Betty Hutton
79. Colleen Gray
80. Terry Moore
81. Ruth Roman
82. Patricia Neal
83. Arlene Dahl
84. Tanya Cohn
85. Piper Laurie
86. Debbie Reynolds
87. Francesca Fierri
88. Carleton Carpenter
89. Jerome Cowan
90. Polly Bergen
91. Marshall Thompson
92. Gene Nelson
93. Jeff Chandler
94. Rick HUDSON
95. Stewart Granger
96. John Barrymore, Jr.
97. Debra Paget
98. Dale Robertson
99. Marylyn Monroe
100. Leslie Caron
101. Pier Angel
102. Mitzi Gaynor
103. Marion Brando

Honeymoon House

(Continued from page 49)
of the house to return and mix a relaxing before-dinner cocktail.

It’s in this room that Liz and Mike spend most of their time. “It’s not a fancy, for-
mal drawing room,” Liz said, “it’s our morning room, entertaining room and
plain old at-home room. We have our books here,” pointing up to the ceiling-
high shelves on either side of the fireplace, “our records, our painting,”

Mike’s return was marked by a slam of the front door. He bounded up the stairs
two at a time. “Hello, darling,” he yelled, smudges of film make-up on his neck, in-
dicating the speed with which he had dressed and rushed home.

“You’re early, dear.” Liz jumped up, trying to pout and smile at the same time.
“I haven’t gotten dressed. . .” and she rushed for the bedroom.

She would let no pictures be taken there. “Everything’s such a mess,” she said.
“We have only the one big closet.”

Frica, the six-weeks-old puppy, had set up residence on an island of newspapers
and cushions smack in the middle of the floor. Liz said, “After we read about her—
homeless and all—in the paper, Mike must have made twenty phone calls, trying to
track her down. Then he disappeared for

hours, coming back with her in his pocket.
I don’t know how my poodle at home is going to like Frica, but when Mike and I go
to Hollywood I couldn’t bear to leave her behind.”

Mike called from the living room. “Hey, hurry up. This isn’t a fancy dress ball!”
Hurriedly, Liz finished dressing, to appear finally in a gray and white pepper-and-
salt tweed dress over four crimson petti-
coats. A bright red leather belt accentuated her tiny waist. She had changed into high-
heeled shoes but she wore no stockings.
“Can’t get out of that California habit,” she grinned.

On the first floor of the Wildings’ duplex
apartment there’s an office—a small well-
lighted room holding a desk, telephone and
a few chairs. Here, Mike’s secretary answers
his fan mail, sends out his pictures and
does all his “Girl Friday” chores. Liz,
saying the showing, wandered over to the
typewriter. “Mike’s teaching me to type,”
she confided, “so I can answer all the
congratulatory letters myself.”

The kitchen was warm and alive with
the mouth-watering aromas of dinner in
preparation. By American standards, it’s
old-fashioned, but the average London
housewife would be thrilled with the large refrigerator, the efficient gas stove
and the selection of shiny pots and pans.

“Michael adorestastic, ” said his bride.

“What would Madam care to stir the custard?”
asked the cook, proffering the saucepan.
She tied a blue and white apron around
her mistress’s waist and Liz tried to look
professional as she tasted and stirred.

In the dining room, Liz surveyed the
dinner table, lit the candles and moved
the silver candlesticks further from the
centerpiece of spring flowers.

The glow of candlelight was in her eyes
Or was it the candlelight, after all? For
as she said goodbye, she whispered, “Wouldn’t it be wonderful if Frica had a little baby
to play with?”

The End
She Dared Him to Marry Her

(Continued from page 39)

Hollywood said: "She'll never marry O'Curran." There was a time when she'd have flipped back: "You're so right!"

This is the story of how she changed her mind.

They had something in common from the start—mutual dislike. He disliked her for good and sufficient reasons. She disliked him for no reason but feminine illogic. They met on the Paramount lot while she was rehearsing her trapeze work for "The Greatest Show on Earth" and he was doing the choreography on "Aaron Slick from Punkin Crick."

Charlie retains the more vivid memory of that meeting. The voice calling, "Hi, Beel" as he crossed to the commissary with Bee Allen, his assistant. The introduction. "You know Charlie O'Curran, don't you, Betty?"

"Oh, sure. I know him. What else is new, Bee?"

He watched the trim figure depart. Where she comes from, don't they say: "Bee!"

"That's a swell kid, Charlie. She just doesn't see people when she's excited—"

"Uh-huh—"

Last July she started "Somebody Loves Me." In the commissary producer William Perlberg brought Charlie over to her able. "Betty, I'd like you to meet your choreographer—" She took in the tall figure, the lean face, the eyes that seemed to regard her with amused detachment, and hospitality rose in her like a tide. What Betty feels, she makes no attempt to mask. Instead of the friendly "Hi!" that's normal to her, she came out with a frozen face, "Howdy do."

At the dance rehearsals that followed, she'd have no part of him—quite a feat in view of his key position, but she managed nicely. "Go away! I'll learn it from Bee, Bee can teach it to me better than you can."

Seemingly unruffled, he'd take Bee through the steps and she'd pass it on to Betty. Far from pacifying the lady, his good humor served only to nettie her further. "I know I'm acting like a brat," she confessed to Bee. "But there's something in him that brings out the worst in me."

Nevertheless, she felt a little shamefaced and made an effort or two with the olive branch. "Ever see me in any of my pictures?" she inquired airily.

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a perfect solution to a woman's most intimate problem

Spectacular Rabbit's Eye Tests prove ZONITE'S Absolute Safety to body tissues

Many women who've been married for quite a number of years are still worried and confused about feminine hygiene. They do realize the absolute necessity of intimate feminine cleanliness for health, married happiness and to protect against offensive odors. But they're doubtful about what antiseptic to use in their douche.

Doctors repeatedly warn against the use of overstrong solutions of poison-ous and caustic antisepsics because they've seen the serious injuries resulting from their continued use. A foolproof rule is to use no germicide that cannot be accidentally swallowed with safety. To what germicide, then, can a woman turn with confidence that it's powerful enough yet not a poison—not harmful? A perfect solution is ZONITE. It is a powerful germicide yet positively non-poisonous, non-irritating.

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As any doctor or nurse will tell you, before the discovery of ZONITE, there really was no antiseptic powerful enough except poisons. Then the great ZONITE antiseptic principle was developed by a world-famous surgeon and scientist. And what a blessing to womankind! At last they had a powerful germ killer—one absolutely safe to delicate tissues. Laboratory tests show that ZONITE, as used in the douche, was put twice daily for three months in rabbits' eyes (whose membranes are far more delicate than any in the vaginal tract). Not the slightest irritation appeared at any time. You can be assured: no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is so powerful yet safe to tissues.

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- [ ] Wear a robe
- [ ] Ring a bell

To save your neck, you can’t get down—unless you ring the bell that fetches the porter (with a ladder)! It’s okay to dress in the ladies’ room. So wear your robe without feeling self-conscious. In any situation—at certain times, Kotex keeps you self-assured. Those flat pressed ends banish telltale outlines. And for extra comfort, there’s your new Kotex belt, made with soft-stretch elastic. Non-twisting. Non-curling. Washable; dries pronto!

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Make your snapshot wallet-worthy. Don’t stand facing the lens squarely; cameras play hob with a chassis that’s even a wee bit on the wide side. A good trick’s to pose your frame at an angle. And when “those” days pose the problem of choosing the just-right absorbency of Kotex—the trick’s to try all 3!

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I think you're a swell guy. Let's keep it that way. Anything else is out."

"But Betty, I love you. I'm in love with you. I want to marry you tomorrow," Flatly she answered, "I wouldn't marry you in eight million years. It would never work out."

"Do you love me, Betty?"

"I—don't know."

But she did know. And the thought scared her.

"Just don't talk to me about anything but dancing. Just keep it business."

But that didn't work at all. She missed the warmth and gaiety of his companionship. Indeed, she felt lost without him, though this she wasn't admitting even to herself. They went out together, but the inner conflict still raged and she clung like mad to her original line. If they couldn't keep it business, they'd keep it friendship. So long as he understood that marriage was out.

There was nothing dramatic or sudden about her reversal. Little by little the conflict lessened. One morning she woke up to find her vision clear.

Betty has a complex about herself. All her life she's been hearing, "You're too forceful, you act like a man," till she came to regard her strength as a kind of weakness, which put her on the defensive. Basically, she's as feminine as the next, a fact to which she scorns to draw attention. Charlie took her femininity for granted. It never seemed to occur to him that you were less a woman for having always stood on your own feet. In charming natural ways, he made her feel like a girl. He wouldn't let her open the car door. He told her she was beautiful. Conditioned to years of underrating her looks, she turned on him. "I'm not beautiful. I'm an ox."

"You're beautiful," he repeated tranquilly, and her heart sang in spite of itself. It's nice for a man to think you are, she exulted, especially when you're not.

She found that with Charlie she could always be herself. There was no undercurrent of strain. Working on a rigid schedule, she reacted against any pattern in her social life and likes to play impromptu. If she craved a hot dog instead of steak, or was seized by the yen to bake...
a potato in the fireplace, Charlie didn't think it was crazy, he thought it was normal. They could sit in the stupidest joint with a jukebox, and have a million laughs. Simple-minded, maybe, but so what? For the first time she'd met a man who understood her professional problems and shared her sense of fun. It made for an atmosphere both stimulating and relaxed. Her career's a big thing to Betty, but her children are bigger. Whatever she does for Charlie, if he'd ever failed to go over with them, he'd have been a dead duck. That they tumbled for him on sight is no accident. He's the kind who once took eight kids to the playground and came home with them. The surplus boys' were riveted like a banshee on being delivered back to his natural guardians.

Lindsay and Candy call him Charlie-ocurran, all in one piece. "I'm a queen tonight, Charlieocurran," Lindsay'd proclaim, "and you're my slave."

He'd sweep her a bow. "What is Your Majesty's will?"

"My Majesty banishes you from my kingdom. Go in the closet."

There he'd suffocate till Royalty relented, or Royalty's parent issued her own proclamation. "Enough is enough!" he'd wave in the air. "You'll never show them alone respectable gifts that they need like they need a couple of spare heads. But with natural courtesy, he'd include a nosegay for each when he sent Betty flowers. For the rest, hell come loaded under the kind of junk that fascinates kids—rubber spiders, and magic tricks which he carefully taught them how to pull on their mother. In this, as in other respects, he's their natural ally. Come, get your ribs in the table are taboo for the youngsters. Or were, till Charlie came along. "What's on the chandelier, Betty?" he'd ask. Nothing was on the chandelier, but when she looked back, there'd be a suspicious bulge in the cheek of her daughter's. "What have you got in your mouths?" Squealing, they'd make a dash for Charlie, who'd grab one under each arm and sprint for cover. Betty's nature is nothing if not direct and honest. In love, all that mattered was you—yourself and the other person. By now she knew Charlie for what he was—a gifted and ambitious worker, a man of warmth and simplicity and humor whose goodness cropped up in many gentle ways. He went to church every Sunday, rain or shine. Bums took one look at his face and came up for the handout that never failed. Eight million dollars wouldn't buy the favor of her kids. They adored Charlie for free. These were basic things and the rest was claptrap. Before she left for Korea, they'd reached an understanding. The understanding included marriage, but not yet, and this was Charlie's doing even more than Betty's. As her misgivings melted, his drove deeper. Fully conscious of the risks of marriage to a star, he wanted those risks minimized before taking Big top for her. His professional goal is to become a director. "It's only common sense to wait till that happens."

"Sure," agreed Betty. "I'm all for common sense."

Welt she saw and felt in Korea put sense to rout. The horror and heartbreak, the naked facts of life and death. The haunting loneliness of thousands of kids, wrenched from everything dear to them, trying to shake the loneliness under a wise crack. But even as you sang and danced to them, you could feel it washing over you, engulfling you, leaving you desolate and alone as they were alone.

"But you're lucky," she'd tell herself grimly. "You're going home. These kids feel the same way you do, and they're stuck here. Some'll never get home, never get to live their lives out. And what are you doing with your life? Wasting the years standing happiness up in a corner till you're good and ready."

Midst the thousands of men in Korea Betty helped to keep alive, she was alone in her life. Alone—and facing courage all around her, she found courage. Courage not for the main event; that she'd always had. Courage simply to admit she was alone and that she didn't like being lonely.

They were all at the airport to meet her. The kids said, "Charlieocurran's been to see us every day!"

Betty's friend Marion said, "If you don't marry the guy, I'll get a divorce from Jack and marry him myself."

And her mother, Mabel, said, "With this one I'm comfortable. Grammar or no grammar, he never looks at me like I'm fresh from the zoo."

Jack Douglas, Marion's husband, turned to Charlie. "You going to marry her? Him, and I thought we Irish were supposed to be lucky!"

From the shelter of Charlie's arm, Betty surveyed them. "What gives? When I left, you weren't so hot for the gent. Great Makes everything simple."

"Like what?" asked Mabel, who can smell out her daughter's meanings quicker than most. But for once Betty held her peace.

That was Saturday. On Monday, St. Patrick's Day, they started intensive rehersals for Betty's engagement at the Palace Theatre in New York. And, with Bee Allen, wound up at Lucey's for dinner. Charlie unfolded his napkin. "Something
terrible's going to happen today," he said.  
"What can happen?"  
"On St. Patrick's Day, I always get into a fight."

"Then let's fight about something worth fighting for. Like getting married."

"That's settled."

"Let's settle it."

"Don't be silly. I can marry you till I'm a director."

"Don't be silly yourself. You can marry me now. I love you."

Okay, he thought, if she wanted to play games, and he proceeded to marshal her former arguments against her. She pushed them off, so he dug up a few of his own; for instance, he wouldn’t have people saying he'd married for glamour, he snapped their fingers; who cared what people said? He began to believe that she was in dead earnest and it scared him stiff. She saw straight through his panic and made a frontal attack. "I dare you to sit up right now and find out what a fine leaves for Las Vegas."

"Don't dare an Irishman on St. Patrick's Day."

"We can be married on St. Patrick’s Day if you hurry."

He returned from the phone, obviously relieved. "No plane till one-thirty."

"Call Betsy then. (Betsy Dalton's her cretery.) She'll arrange for a private one."

He was really sweating now. "That's the matter, Charlie? Afraid to marry me?"

"Darn right I'm afraid. But I'll marry you, anyway. Only—look at me, Betty—you've got to be sure."

The eyes she lifted were steady and serene. "I'm sure, Charlie."

Betsy and Bee went along, though the idea who slept like a baby all the way held no moral support, and the groom as too jittery to care. His fever rose and fell like a pitching ship. In the middle of Las Vegas he stopped dead. "We have no ring."

"Relax," said Betty, and dropped into his palm a ring her mother had given her, its pearls reset from a cross. "With love from Mabel."

Being an Irish sentimentalist, he felt better. But it took something more to restore his poise completely. In the chapel of The Last Frontier, they were asked what music they'd like. Through Betty's mind flitted "Because" or "O Promise Me."

She turned to Charlie. "The 'Ave Maria'," he said. As it broke from the organ, beautiful, dear and familiar, his heart soared and peace descended like a mantle, while the girl beside him prayed her earnest prayer.

Not till the final words were spoken did she come to earth. It was twelve-forty. "Never mind, husband," she whispered as they clung together. "We'll still celebrate on St. Patrick's Day—"

Our postscript concerns Ted and the children.

On the phone from Las Vegas Betty told her daughters she was bringing them a surprise. The nurse in turn had a pleasant surprise for her. "Mr. Briskin called to congratulate you."

So they called him back from Las Vegas. Charlie spoke to him first. When Betty picked up the phone, she was near tears. "Oh, Ted, it was wonderful of you to call. I'll never forget it. You've made me feel so good."

His voice wasn't too steady either. "Are you happy, darling?"

"I couldn't be happier."

"That's all I want for you."

Charlie and Betty got home at two, nervous as a couple of runaways, "What's the surprise?" asked Lindsay. "Is it Roy Rogers?"

"No, it isn't Roy Rogers, honey. Betty cleared her throat. "Charlie and I are married."

Lindsay and Candy stared at them a moment, wide-eyed. Then Lindsay said, "Now Charlieoccurs will play with us every day?" Candy echoed, "Every day?"

Betty dropped to her knees and drew them both into her arms. Her eyes swept up to Charlie, tall and blond, a playmate, yes, but more, her husband. Fleetingly she remembered an interviewer asking Lindsay, then aged three, what she wanted to be when she grew up. And she remembered Lindsay's answer, "Why, a grown-up!" And Betty thought, "I've married a grown-up."

The photographers swarmed that afternoon. Betty put her foot down on pictures of the children. "You can shoot Charlie and me till the cows come home. But the girls are out."

The photographers understood.

Betty's a prime favorite in Hollywood. She's liked for her candor, her color, her scorn of pretense. Because of a bluff exterior few who meet her casually notice her sensitivity. Actually it's the key to Betty Hutton—to her determination for perfection in everything she does, to the kind of simple, perfect clothes she wears in private life, to the unstinting way she gives herself to every performance, whether in movies, in Korea, or at the Palace, to her awareness as a mother. It's the key, too, to her marriage to Charlie, for love.

Nobody can foresee the future. But on St. Patrick's Day—or nearly—two people pledged themselves in faith and in humility and in the passionate will to make each other happy. If these are enough, the marriage of the Charlieoccurs will be blessed. Please God.

THE END

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Palmolive Soap Makes Every Bath a Beauty Bath
Torch Song

(Continued from page 41)

Wyman was starring in musicals at Warners."

That Travis was rich was fact number two to be aired. One actor friend of Jane's who works very hard for a modest living replied when asked what Travis did, "He spends money."

This was not quite fair. A couple of years ago Travis had enjoyed a carefree whirl in Hollywood social circles, distinguished chiefly by his well-padded pockets and the desire, not uncommon in these circles, to carve out a career as an actor. That desire, also not uncommonly, was never fulfilled. In Travis' case there was no lack of ambition or talent, but the young man fell heir, upon his father's death a year ago, not only to the Kleefeld fortune but to the heavy responsibility of running the family business. As head of Kleefeld and Son, a vast building enterprise, Travis is not only rich, but hard working.

Jane and Travis met last autumn at a dinner party. Jane was in one of her gay, bouncy moods—probably carried over from the Paramount set where she was winding up "Just for You," with Bing Crosby. Travis Kleefeld was completely captivated. He began bordering her with invitations, with flowers, presents. Jane—apparently—couldn't have been less interested.

He telephoned her daily, with dogged tenacity, to ask her to go out with him. She was working, and that meant early to bed, or she had a previous engagement. All this, of course, was before Jane broke off finally and—as the gossips insisted—heartbreakingly with Greg Bautzer.

Jane insisted to all questioners that she was not still in love with Greg, never had been in love with him as a matter of fact. But nobody believed it. It was not just another case of "the lady doth protest too much." When a girl is as important a star as Jane Wyman, the "private" in her private life is in quotes. And there were enough documented stories going the rounds—first of their marriage plans then of Jane's dark, dark blues when they called the whole thing off—to convince the most wide-eyed that Greg and Jane had been a lot more to each other than casual friends.

They tried desperately to keep it a secret—by going to the Reagan children's pediatrician instead of to their own doctors—but they actually had come so close to marriage that they had taken the Wasserman tests required by California law before issuance of a marriage license.

Exactly why they called it quits at this point, in the very shadow of the altar, is their secret. But that Jane's heart was, if not broken, badly cracked when Greg took up again with his old flame, Ginger Rogers, was gossip fodder for weeks afterward at every important dinner party in town.

Jane, making like a gay girl, whirled around the night spots on the arm of one eligible bachelor after another, "proving" that all the stories about the "poor, lonely little movie star" were so much eyewash.

But her close friends knew better, and knowing that she was miserably unhappy, tried valiantly to cheer her up. One "surprise" party arranged for this purpose brought together an assortment of cheerer-uppers including Rocky Cooper, Barbara Stanwyck and Nancy Sinatra. And it is to be imagined that a good cry was enjoyed by all.

"Greg and I were just friends," Jane declared. "Greg's friends kinds of 'secret' parties, and that was the end.

There have been too many of them—Lana Turner, Dorothy Lamour, Ginger Rogers, Joan Crawford, to name a few. Lana has admitted in print that she was mad for the man, confessed candidly that she married Artie Shaw in a moment of pique after Greg, to whom she considered herself engaged, stood her up on a date. "One of the most charming men I've ever known," she said, adding, "in a very natural way, (her broken heart mended long ago), "and the greatest escape artist in town."

The guy has something, there's no doubt about that.

Ask a man what it is and he'll tell you—"Greg's a men's man, virile, successful, a gentleman and a sportsman whether it's in the courtroom where he works, or on the tennis court or at the poker table, where he plays. And he's out to win ... wherever he is.

"Yet, somehow, once he has won, he seems to lose interest—as though the fun were all in the battle, the victory anticlimactic.

Ask a woman what it is about Bautzer and she'll tell you—"He's a woman's man . . . thoughtful, considerate, attentive. If you ask him to the most informal dinner party, he'll send flowers the next day with a sweet note. If you go night-clubbing with him and are separated for so much as one dance, he'll send a waiter with a scribbled message: 'Miss you.'"

"When you're with him you know that for him at that moment, at least, you're the only woman in the world, and the most beautiful.

Yes, the handsome and elusive Mr. Bautzer has something and a girl who has had her turn as the only girl feels it when he steps out of her life.

Jane felt it, all denials notwithstanding, and her friends felt for her in the early weeks after their break-up when her most vigilant pooh-poohing razz-fangle.

A hundred people hurt for Jane, for instance, on last New Year's Eve when she turned up at the Lou Wassermans' gala party escorted only by her eleven-year-old daughter, Maureen. Jane found Greg already there dancing raptureously with Ginger Rogers, and Jane's tears, as on witness put it, 'glistened through the pancake.'

It was very soon after that New Year's Eve party when Jane answered yet one more of the persistent Mr. Kleefeld's telephone calls, and startled him probably, "Let's go out together tonight—anywhere you say.

Everywhere Jane went after that, it seemed, Travis, like Mary's little lamb "was sure to go."

But he wasn't "even a steady date." Jane said so herself.

And in the next breath she announced their engagement.

"Rebound!" the whole town whispered.

"The real thing," Jane countered feebly, "we're in love."

But then so quickly, sadly, too—Jane is a dream girl whose dream romance has been long overdue—the engagement was off.

Another spring another June, Jane Wyman may yet sing a love song.

But not yet.

The strains of the torch song still thrill in her heart.

The End

We wish we could consult our CRYSTAL BALL! But since we can't—
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My age

p
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**BRIEF REVIEWS**

**A—For adults**

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**F** (F) AARON SLICK FROM PUNKIN CRACK—Parameter, Technicolor: Musical version of the old-time melodrama with Robert Merrill and Adele Mara. The Exposition Tower in the center of a plaza, the Big Boy behind the counter of the comic book store. And what of this film? Aayan. **F** (F) BRIEF HAPINESS—The—TRAGIC YOUNG PAPA. That penchant comes from the U.S. Technicolor: public presentation. **F** (F) BATTLE AT APACHE PASS, THE—U-I, Technicolor: Jeff Chandler plays the Cochise charac- ter again, but this time his heart is broken. He is killed by white settlers until Bruce Cowling stirs up an incident on the warpath. **F** (F) BEND OF THE RIVER—U-I, Technicolor: The further adventures of the six characters from the film's title. **F** (F) CALIFORNIA UGLY—Columbia, Technicolor: Ur-Ellen's missionary trip is not a success but she is appointed to a more important post. **F** (F) CAPTIVE HORIZON—U-I, Technicolor: This tale about a young rider (Scott Brady) who becomes nasty and big-headed with success is almost one continuous rondeau with a triangle involving Scott, John Lund and Joyce Holden in to give the film a greater level of excitement. **F** (F) BUGLES IN THE AFTERNOON—Warner, Technicolor: Dragoon. The story is based on actual events which took place in Turkey during World War II, with James Mason as the cool spy who saves top secret documents for the Nazis for mercenary reasons. With Danielle Darrieux, Michael Rennie. **F** (F) FLAMING FEATHER—Paramount, Technicolor: Blood 'n' thunder Western with Sterling Hayden and Forrest Tucker involved in a plot to discredit the writing of a notable author. **F** (F) FLESH AND FURY—U-I, Tony Curtis, Janet Leigh, Robert Mitchum: a bare-knuckled fist fighting tale. **F** (F) RANCHO NOTORIOUS—ROKO, Techni- color: the story of a card sharp who deals in the South Pacific and his violent encounters with the local women. **F** (F) GENTLE, HELL—Warner: A true and gripping story of our soldiers in Korea and the hardships they went through before and during the innumerable attacks on Chosin Reservoir. With Frank Lovejoy, Richard Carlson, Anita Louise. **F** (F) GILEAD, THE—U-I, Technicolor: A day in the life of a small town. **F** (F) GIRL IN WHITE, THE—M-G-M: June allyson plays the first wife of a doctor to be at- tended to by a public hospital. Her work as an ambu- lance surgeon and her association with her patients and prejudice make for an interesting biographical drama. **F** (F) HIGH NOON: U-S.: Gary Cooper, on the morning of his marriage to Grace Kelly, learns a man is coming to kill him. Unable to obtain help from the townspeople, Gary faces the killer and three bandits alone in the town and unembarrassingly sustained Western. With Lloyd Bridges, Thomas Mitchell, Katy Jurado. **F** (F) HUNGER AND THE HORSE, THE, WARNER: A beautiful and touching Western concerning Steve Cochran's love for a fiery stallion, and the desperate measures he takes to save it. **F** (F) LOVE IS BETTER THAN EVER—M-G-M: Clark Gable is for the Unionization of Texas, Brod Crawford is against it. They are forced to fight each other in order to get the best of them in this lusty outdoor drama. **F** (F) MA AND PA KETTLE AT THE FAIR—U-I: Further misadventures of the home couple. **F** (F) MARRYING KIND, THE—U-I, Technicolor: A suspenseful drama in which small-town newspaperman John Forsythe is faced with the problem of exposing, at the risk of his life, a gambling syndicate's branch in his community. With Joan Camden. **F** (F) MUTINY—U-I, Technicolor: Mark Stevens as the skipper of the World War II ship which becomes involved in the War of 1812 tries to break the British blockade and bring French gold back to America. A routine ad- venture film. **F** (F) MY SIX CONVICTS—Columbia: Marshall Thompson, Gilbert Roland, Henry Morgan, Millard Mitchell, Alf Kjellin, Jay Adler prove to be unusual assistants to John Beal's experiment in es- tablishing a new frontier. A well-made and inter- esting kind of picture. **F** (F) MY SON JOHN—Paramount: Helen Hayes returns to the screen after a seventeen-year absence in the heartbreaking role of a woman who has tried to keep her son from being drafted into the army. A bold message film. **F** (F) PAULA—Columbia: A heavy tear-JEAGN by Loretta Young, after accidentally hitting Tommy Rettig, tries to claim her man and he promises to help him make his bones. **F** (F) PHONE CALL FROM A STRANGER—U-I, Technicolor: A suspenseful drama in which Gary Merrill is the sole survivor of an air crash, who calls on the relatives of Michael Rennie, and asks him to try to contact his wife. **F** (F) PRIDE OF ST. LOUIS, THE—20th Century-Fox: Baseball's Buzzy Dean comes jauntily to the screen in his new version of the classic novel. One of the many young people who provide amusement for thousands of fans, Joanne Dru as his understanding wife and Richard Ney as his neighbor. **F** (F) RANSOM NOTORIOUS—ROKO, Techni- color: the story of a card sharp who deals in the South Pacific and his violent encounters with the local women. **F** (F) RED BALL EXPRESS—U-I: The real story of trains, 20,000 and more, which were used during World War II to keep the supply trucks roll- ing is lost among bombed-out quarries between Jeff Chandler and Alex Nicol and a comit ent of romances. **F** (F) SCOTTISH TALE—Warner: A routine tale set in 1852 with Joel McCrea as a lawman and Barbara Stanwyck as a local woman. **F** (F) SCANDAL SHEET—Columbia: John Hodiak and Arlene Dahl are involved in a love affair with a woman who is the victim of a plot to get a rich man. **F** (F) SINGIN' IN THE RAIN—M-G-M, Technicolor: This super-happy musical pokes fun at the roaring twenties. Gene Kelly and Jean Hagen play the roles of a dancing couple who are involved in the first feature film to use Technicolor. **F** (F) STEEL TOWN—U-I, Technicolor: The steel town is a place where the men are caught in a cat- and-mouse game with their women. **F** (F) TALK ABOUT A STRANGER—M-G-M: Billie Burke and George Murphy, almost causes his parents' ruin when, suspecting their friendless neighbor Kurt Kassnar of kidnapping his dog, he sets out to seek revenge. A minor but unobjectionable drama. **F** (F) WALK EAST ON BEACH—Columbia: This exciting semi-documentary picture shows the authentic methods used by the FBI to track down Communist sitters bent on stealing a top scientific secret. With George Murphy, Virginia Gilmore, Finlay Currie. (June) **F** (F) WITH A SONG IN MY HEART—20th Century-Fox, Technicolor: Heart-warming musical based on the true story of Jane Froman (Jane Froman's famous voice failure), who is the story of a happy family. **F** (F) WITHOUT WARNING—U-I, Adam Will- iams as a young man who is picked up and stabling his ballots to death, finally ends up in the hands of Jung Grimm in a gun. (June) **F** (F) WITH JIM DAVIS AND DEAN MCGILL—M-G-M: Glenn Ford tries to establish himself in Los Angeles to prove to wife Ruth Roman that he's not a failure, and becomes involved with French singer, Denise Dared, student Nina Foch and a mob of gangsters. A light-weight amusing picture. (May)
(Continued from page 50) working schedule would not permit him to attend the Fathers’ Club meeting at Don- 
na’s school that night.
“Other children’s daddies come,” Donna declared, her pointed little chin—exact image of her father’s—sticking out a mile. “Other chil-

don’s daddies,” Donald sighed, “have steady jobs.” He wasn’t kidding.

No measure of success, probably, ever will convince this “fabulous” Donald, prac-
tically born in greasepaint and tumblers’ tights, that he can afford to relax when 
things look good.

When things look the best he knows in his veins, from grim experience, they’re apt to 
be rough tomorrow.

Donald, just turning twenty-seven, has been in show business for twenty-six years. 
The O’Connor Family was a legend under the Big Top even before Donald was 
born—his mother Effie, his father John, whom everybody called Chuck, his brother 
Billy, his brother Jack and his sister Ar-
lene. They played circuses, performing all-family miracles on the trapeze, the 
trampoline, the rolling barrels, and during the summer layoffs they scratched for a 
living at fairs and carnivals.

With the loco-mooney boom of the mid-
twenties the O’Connors made a painless 
switch from tents to vaudeville stages. 
Effie O’Connor, expecting her fourth child, dropped out of the act for the final weeks of her pregnancy, but was back on the 
high swing three days after Donald was born.

Things had never been better.

Then one night, between shows, six-

year-old Arlene ventured alone into the 
alleyway back of the theatre, was run down 
by a car and instantly killed. The O’Con-

nors skipped their final appearance that 
night, but were back the next day, spilling 
their tears in the privacy of their dressing-

room high in the flies, but not yet braver 
for the people out front when the curtain 
was up.

It was brave, and it was tradition—but 
it was too much for the overtaxed heart 
of Chuck O’Connor. Nine weeks later, he 
dropped dead. He was forty-five. Donald 
was not yet a year old.

With the O’Connor Family fatherless, 
both on stage and off, Effie O’Connor 
struggled against impossible odds. Her 
niece Patsy took over Arlene’s place in the 
act. But a non-family replacement for 
Chuck didn’t work. Chuck was irrepro-

able.

Their runs grew shorter and bookings 
were harder to get. One night, when the 
act was showing particularly dangerous 
signs of anemia, Effie made a desperate 
dash into the wings to return with diapered 
Donald. The roly-poly baby—sixteen 
months old—grinned happily into the 
footlights and with a sign to the orchestra 
leader danced the Black Bottom! 

Donald toddled back and forth from the 
wings to take a dozen curtain calls. He 
had officially joined “The O’Connor Fam-

ily.”

Nothing remotely resembling a normal 
childhood was in store for him. He insists 
now that his daughter Donna shall have 
regular hours, a permanent home, friends of 
her age a place to go regularly to public school—all of which he missed.

His only permanency was “The Family” 
in which actually, after that diapered debut in 1927, he took a man’s place. Long before 
he reached school age he had mastered a performance of the most important lessons—he 
could sing and dance, tumble and leap, and 
was beginning to have a master’s control of comedy lines.

The O’Connor Family had its good times 
and its bad times, but it stuck together. At 
the peak of the boom, the act had become 
—and they have yellowed copies of Weekly 
Variety to prove it—the “top family act in 
vaudeville,” pulling in, in the top spots, a fat 
$1,500 a week.

“Hot today—brr brr tomorrow,” Donald 
philosophizes, shivering slightly as he 
recalls the long cold spell which set in (for 
all vaudeville—not just for the O’Connors) 
on the backwash of the big crash.

“I was five years old,” he grins, “and 

washed up. In 1929 we were knocking ‘em 
in the aisles at the Capitol; a year later we 
were performing in the aisles in a tiny, 
smelly room at the Hotel Parkside, on 
the side street.

“A two-day booking, four shows a day, 
the whole family—Mother, Billy, Jack and 
me, Jack’s wife Millie and their daughter 
Patsy, dressing in the entrance way—and 
at the end of it we’d pick up a check for 
dollars. Twelve dollars for all five of us, that is.

“And you think that was bad? A year 
after that we were getting ready to catch for 
night-club dates to pick up five dollars to eat on.

“But it didn’t occur to any of the fam-
ily to get into another racket. When things 
were quiet we could have a lot of fun.

“We were living in the Plymouth Hotel,” 
says Donald, “and the old man in the drug-
store downstairs would always let us win 
a dollar or two on the pin-ball machines 
... and then I could always get together with 
some of the other guys who were play-
ing off and go out to Coney Island. We 
knew all the rides—men, of course, and 
could get a free spin on the Dodge-ems 
or the Roller Coaster or the Octopus.

“If we got hungry all we had to do was 
drop into one of the clubs and do a routine 
—and they’d give us supper.

“But it was rough on Mother. For her— 
for me, I guess—there was no working was fail-
ure. No matter what your bookings were, 
or how big or small your check, you had to 
get bookings or lose your self-respect.”

Fortunately things picked up after a while. The O’Connors worked regularly 
and Donald, never knowing quite why, 
could go to professional school.

I studied every day from eight-thirty 
until twelve-thirty, then tore off to what-
ever theatre we were working in to make 
the first performance. When we were out 
of New York I kept up my classes by cor-
respondence.

“... I have the equivalent of a high school 
education, I guess, history and algebra, 
and a smattering of five or six languages.”

So Donald went on growing, and work-
ing, and learning—learning a lot more about entertainment than he ever 
did about higher mathematics.

As an entertainer he learned so well 
and so fast that—when he was thirteen—Arthur 
Jacobson, who was able to sell him to Para-
mount for a leading role with Bing Crosby

**BILL HOLDEN BARBECUE TIP**

To marinate chops, steaks or legs of lamb for barbecue—use 3/4 regular Chinese Soy Sauce, 1/4 olive oil and garlic to taste. The Soy Sauce taste is not evident in the final result, but makes a terrific charred outside, keeping all of the juices inside.
and Fred MacMurray in "Sing You Sinners."

The news caught the O'Connors in one of their broke spells and Donald replied with a wire to Jacobsen, collect, that he would be delighted to accept the good fortune if good old Arthur would be so good as to send enough money to get the family to California. Good Old Arthur complied, the O'Connors bought an ancient Cord for fifty dollars, packed themselves and their belongings into it and headed west.

Donald was good in "Sing You Sinners." Future bookings for the family were good as a result. Too good.

The O'Connors had barely made it from Hollywood to their home town of Danville, Illinois, where they planned to spend a few weeks getting their act into shape for the road, when Billy, just twenty-six, fell ill of scarlet fever and died in three days.

"I'm tired," said Effie O'Connor when at last they could face the prospect of the road. "I think I'll drop out for a while." She had made her last curtain until just a few months ago when—after fourteen years—she danced on Donald's TV show.

Millie O'Connor wanted to drop out too. When "The O'Connor Family" made its next appearance, it was down to three: Jack, his daughter Patsy, and Donald—Donald, by now, at fifteen, the unques-tioned star of the act. Already, to those who knew their show business, this boy was "fabulous."

The abbreviated family hit the road, had its good times and its bad ones. And then, once again, Arthur Jacobsen—by now Donald's movie agent—came through in the nick. On December 7, 1941, he wired Donald that he had lined up a contract for him with Universal.

Donald caught on as a juvenile comedy star—he was two years too young for the Army—and Universal couldn't have been happier.

Donald was happy, too, until he got too tired to feel anything. In the year before his eighteenth birthday, on which he had announced he would join the Air Force, Universal starred him in eleven pictures! Somehow, he found time to meet, fall in love with, and marry brown-eyed blonde Gwen Carter, who was still trudging daily with her books to Los Angeles High School.

They "went to the war together"—Gwen joining Donald in an entertainment unit after he was assigned to Special Services.

After a private's pay, a movie star's check looks enormous and Donald came back to his studio at the war's end feeling like the richest man in America.

That nice check came in every week and for the first time in his life Donald really "threw it around."

He and Gwen bought and furnished the house in the valley where they still live. Then he bought his mother a house and his brother a house, Patsy a fur coat, and Gwen her first mink. He bought himself three supercharged foreign racing cars.

"I would have bought seven," he says, "except that Gwen put her foot down."

It was a great little binge. And then came the morning after. Donald woke up one morning and started to worry. He was getting rich, but he was a failure—he had been home for thirteen months, and had yet to start a picture. (Actually, Universal didn't know quite what to do with their child-star, now turned war veteran.)

"No bookings," says Donald. "I'm a bum."

This called for a conference with friend-in-need Arthur Jacobsen.

"Hit the road," said Jacobsen.

Donald hit the road on personal appearances with Gwen, who had surprised everyone, including herself, by falling into the entertainers' "other world" as though she, too, had been born in it, as his co-star.

Suddenly Donald O'Connor was "fabulous" again, with plenty of bookings, and Universal wired him to come home at once and make a picture with a mule.

Donald has had very little time to worry about since, except getting enough sleep, and enough time out of make-up to get to the mountains for his skiing, of which he is passionately fond.

"Francis" proved a gold mine, which has not run out yet. When Donald went on TV with his pal Jimmy Durante to plug "The Milkman," he found himself overnight one of the hottest television "properties" on the market, and a whole new area of "bookings" opened up for him.

On TV "The O'Connor Family" has had a rebirth. Effie O'Connor appeared on Donald's first Comedy Hour show, brother Jack and Millie on the second. Gwen is a regular, playing Mrs. Donald O'Connor, although she remarks slyly that "she really doesn't like character parts." Even five-year-old Donna had her chance—and, typically for a young O'Connor, stole the show right out from under the noses of the grown-ups.

"You know, Daddy," she said the next day, "I think I'll get me a television show of my own.

"Don't you think, baby," Donald suggested, "that people would get tired of watching just one little girl week after week?"

"Then," said Donna, "I'll work with midgets."

Could be "The O'Connor Family" is about to pass into the hands of the third generation.

With plenty of bookings.

THE END

I'm a clever penny-stretcher
I've a pocket full of tricks
A bit of lace gives last year's dress
A brand new look that clicks
And when it comes to undies
I'm thrifty as can be—
I choose the Spun-lo label
Nothing else will do for me!

Spun-lo
Spun-lo Undies ★ Wash in split seconds ★ Dry while you dream ★ Pamper you for pin money ★ Come in many, many styles
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Producers of continuous process rayon yarns and Tyron cord for tires
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than any other brand
Sells curls better*
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World's best bobby pins
Also available with simulated rubber tips
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(Continued from page 33)
because Dok is a writer by profession and, therefore, used to making with the words. Ask this guy why his girl, above all the others he has met, makes him a ruse race, his brain team, his ambition so and he eulogizes, "I love Joyce. How else can you warn a guy about something?" For to her it's a combination of everything I hoped to find in a woman. She's intelligent—so we have discussions. She's zany—so we have laughs. She's completely natural and honest—so there's never any pretense. We see eye to eye on most things. We love life, people and our work—most of all each other.

Joyce and Dok met on a blind date set up by Donald O'Connor—except that Dok had both eyes wide open. What had come to his first sight of Joyce in her first picture, "The Milkman" in which she co-starred with Donald. Joyce, barely eighteen, made Dok think of all the lovely things of spring. He nicknamed her "Jonquill," at once, and still calls her by that pretty pet name.

They went steady from that meeting onward, and Joyce, undoubtedly, was that Joyce on their first date "alone together" didn't pull the boner so many girls do. She didn't demand a big, expensive date. Sure, Dok's a good writer—and when he sells it, he's often right. It's all caviar and champagne. But when he doesn't, it's more often just chilli and beans. Joyce, who grew up in the theatre, knows all about uncertain incomes.

What made Dok endearing to her was that he, having been around Hollywood and being about eight years her senior, was smart enough to know that, despite her contract with U-I, she wasn't within miles of rolling in wealth either. Thus they had dates at hamburger stands or picnics on the beach, or brunch at her apartment or his—for laughs, and listening to new platters, and talking shop.

Things went along so fast with Joyce and Dok that they couldn't bear separations. She made "Bronco Buster," and U-I sent her East on a personal-appearance tour. The studio paid her bills, naturally. Dok couldn't afford the trip but he couldn't endure not seeing her. So, two days after she'd left, he followed her by car, driving like mad, all the way across the country, just to be with her for a couple of days.

Actually this trip of Dok's came close to creating a crisis. Dok said he'd call Joyce at Delmonico's, the swanky New York hotel where she was staying, the moment she arrived. But meanwhile, U-I had her booked solidly on a series of appointments with interviewers, editors, photographers and the like.

All day during the day Joyce expected Dok, she kept phoning on the hotel. "My messages," she'd say. But never was that one right name among them. Finally, at six, when she had done all the things that were expected of her as a rising young star, she made up her mind to go to the theatre, all alone. Anything would be better than being alone in her hotel, having the meemies.

She headed for Delmonico's, just to change her clothes and powder her perfect little nose. And there in the lobby was Dok, pacing up and down. They fell in each other's arms.

"Where have you been?" he demanded.
"They told me all day that you were out. I thought you'd be here waiting for me."
"But why didn't you... Joyce started, then stopped. What did it matter that he hadn't seen her face? He was there. She just kissed him. Whereupon they both forgot everything else.

They will be Mr. and Mrs. any day now, and Hollywood, thatalon of foes will give up her career after that to be Mrs. Dok Stanford under a life contract.

Ann Blyth and Dick Clayton, at the other extreme, don't even call it love. Yet what is it, when they have been each other's dearest friend for fourteen years, ever since Ann was a tiny seven-year-old in her private children's school in New York—and Dick a student there, too, just a little older? All the important events of each other's lives they share. As, for instance, when Dick, recently, decided not to be an actor any longer, but to become a top agent, Ann's agent, incidentally.

Dick took his top agency job on Feb-ruary fourteenth, the day all lovers know. Dick and Ann renewed their Valentine's Day promise when she wore a wonderful red dress and he sent her golden roses. They went to the Beverly Hills hotel to dine and dance, for Ann is the kind of quiet girl who doesn't give a snap of her fingers for spots like Mocambo or Ciro's. At midnight, they toasted each other and Dick's future. In the same way, when Ann flew to Honolulu late this spring for her first

"I found the answer to true happiness"

Countless people have found answers to heart-aching problems—thanks to radio's "My True Story." For "My True Story" presents in dramatic form real problems of real people—taken directly from the files of True Story Magazine. When you listen, you'll meet many familar people—those in your family, your friends... the folks next door... or even your own family. Through their experiences you'll find solutions to problems of love, hope, tear, jealousy, and many others.

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Be sure to read—"We Were Thrill-Mad"—a teenager's story of a wild weekend—in July TRUE STORY now at all newsstands
...cision in four years, it was Dick who saw her off. He had her tickets, and her seat reservation. He had arranged for or her to be met at the other end by a friend, so that among all the public hubbub she would feel protected. He was full of good, sound advice to her as to how and where she should rest, and when she decided to come back by boat, he arranged all that, also.

"As a date," Dick says, "Ann conveys the most flattering impression any girl could give, and the man, not she, is the highbrow. With Ann, looking really is an art. She seems fascinated by your every word. When she dances, which she does living the life not looking around at everyone else on the floor, nor commenting on others' women's clothes, and she never table-hops.

"She's aware, too, that even though a man asks her out, he may still be tired from a hard day and she often wants to do very simple things. One of the nicest of these is her cooking dinner for you. She's a wonderful cook and her fried hicken and brownies make a combination that are out of this world as far as I'm concerned. We both love horseback riding and Ann delights in finding unusual trails, sometimes high up in the mountains. Again, where you can catch a view would be impossible to find by my other means. She likes simple beach dates, too; in fact, all her tastes run to simplicity.

"And she's kind. I have never heard her make a cruel or coarse reference to anyone. She works very hard and is naturally ambitious, but she never crowds, she never pushes, she couldn't possibly hurt anyone."

Yet they don't say they are in love. Ann and Dick. But like the girl next door with the boy whom she's known all her life, they would surprise Hollywood if these two drifted into marriage—and lived blissfully ever after.

Anne Francis was engaged to a Dartmouth boy when she first met Bam Price, a UCLA man himself. Now Anne isn't engaged to the Dartmouth boy any longer and if you can't see that in between there's Cupid at work, why, you don't know about life.

To create young love like Anne's and Sam's you mix one tall, willowy blonde, ged just about twenty, with one thoroughly nice male, about three years older. You've put them both into very nice families in small cities (like Anne's Glens Falls, N.Y.) and both develop the same type of the theater—for no reason that either of them knows. You have them both, entirely by accident, at a little theatre production in Hollywood, be quite properly introduced—and maybe, mightily impressed on both sides, and then Mr. Price asks Miss Francis for a date and she says she'd be delighted and would like to call around—well, next Tuesday, maybe? He says, yes, indeed he would, and could he take her for dinner, at seven? and say where the address? She gives it to him and he stares.

"But this is fantastic," he says and he gives him her address—and she stares, they live, oh, dear, blind Cupid, practically next door to each other. It's enough for love, when you're young and the girl is beautiful and the boy is handsome and they're both smart, enough to start with, anyhow, and that's how Anne and Bam staked.

But many a boy and girl start out on dates and then something fades and they see each other no more. So here, for your best-o-meter, is the score on Anne's Bam. See her—through the eyes of the finest—

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COMBAT INFECTION
PROMOTE HEALING

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FREE—Illustrated booklet on feminine hygiene. Mailed in plain wrapper. Write to Chilchecid Chemical Co., Dept. 7-5, Philadelphia 46, Pa.

Reputable Products Since 1884
colored glasses a happy young man ever wore.

With Anne there's never a dull moment," Bam says. "We like just the same people, just the same things. I am taking the course in motion picture technique at UCLA, not to become an actor, but to get into the production or directing end of the business. Anne has been acting all her life, yet there is never a bored moment in her approach toward acting, play producing, writing or even scenic designing. She wants to know everything and anything about show business and is incredibly tolerant with all the things I have yet to learn.

I admire her for being the true modern girl, who earns her living, lives alone, is completely independent and still utterly feminine. She knows when to talk and when to listen. The way her mind works is illustrated by our conversations about chinchillas. I brought up the economic aspect of these little animals one day. I'd been reading how a pair of them could set a man up in business. I asked Anne what she thought of the idea. She said she'd like time to think it over.

"The next evening she called me and I can only conclude she had spent all the day preceding her call in the library—or on a chinchilla farm. For there wasn't a thing she didn't know about them—how to raise them, feed them, breed them, and market them.

"Don't ever believe that old, old line that a man likes his girl beautiful but dumb. When she is beautiful and brilliant, that's the real charge.

"Anne rates for humor and sweetness, too. I have an old crate of a car which I was forever letting the battery run down. Anne had warned me about it a couple of times—but recently we went down to visit some friends at Malibu and when we started home, around one in the morning, there was the battery, dead as a silent picture. I braced myself for the line, 'I told you so' but all I heard was Anne's giggle. 'The walk will do us good,' she laughed.

"I was too embarrassed to go back in to our friends. 'Game to hike down to that public phone booth we passed about half a mile back,' I asked. 'Sure,' said Anne.

"We hiked and woke up the auto club man—thereby making him love us. But he did come out, only unfortunately there was nothing he could do to revive that battery. 'You could call a cab,' he said, as our watches showed 2 A.M."

"I looked at Anne and trust that smartie to get it. Those California distances! She giggled again. 'How much money have you got?'

"'I dug down, came up with four bucks, when I'd counted all the small change. She giggled again and emptied her purse—three dollars and twenty-one cents she had. Fooled, that actually left us enough for a tip for the cab driver when he pulled up in front of Anne's apartment building, as the tower clock near the University tolled three.

"'Oh, Bam, it's been such fun,' she said. That's all! But next morning, friends, I went and bought a brand new battery.'

Since Bam is still in college and Anne is just getting going on her career, they have made too definite future plans. But judging by what happened to the Dartmouth deal...
to him. He was used to having the pursuit coming his way, not vice versa.

The holidays came and passed and then, one night in late January, Dick's phone rung. "Would you like to go to the Photoplay Gold Medal dinner with me?" Piper asked. "You see, I really would like a date with you."

Would he? Would any young actor? To get to the Photoplay Gold Medal dinner, you have to be in one of the most popular pictures of the year— or have given one of the most popular performances— or be one of the "Choose Your Star" winners, like Piper.

Dick was shyer than he ever had believed he could be, as he arrived at the simple little house where Piper lives with her parents. But they are such homely folks he was immediately at his ease—but when Piper appeared in her formal gown, he was knocked happy and breathless again. He felt a Richard Anderson toward her. "If I bore you this evening, at least you can have some fun eating these," he said, referring to that old publicity yarn that had Piper nibbling at a flower-petal salad.

Now that they've had a flock of wonderful dates, Dick knows what a good sport Piper was when she laughed at his wit. For actually, she hated that publicity stunt. The minute she got big enough around U-I to assert any independence, she asked them to omit flowers—and they did. But on the occasion of the Photoplay Gold Medal dinner, she let Dick think he was such a bright character to mention it!

Dick says of her, "We both love to eat and talk and when we're together we do both constantly. Piper is easy to be with. You don't have to watch your step all the time or weigh every word you say. We both love movies, see every picture in town. One night when we had a date we saw four feature films at two theatres.

I admire Piper, because without being the least bit namby-pamby, she obeys her parents. She's intelligent. She grew up in the war years so she knows life can be tough, but she's not hard or overly sophisticated. She's ready to learn from anyone. She likes all sorts of people and she's the worst pushover for animals! Lately, when her dog had pups, she acted as though it were the most serious event requiring her full concentration. That's the little girl in her, but the big, brave girl in her was shown when she went close to the front in Korea. I guess what makes her so much fun is the combination of those two qualities—her ability to face anything she must, and at the same time to react to everything with zest.

Since Piper is barely twenty, her folks think she is too young to think about marriage. "The only future we dare hope for right now is that we'll get a chance to do a comedy together," Dick says, discreetly. In words, that is: The light in his eye, however, is a real gleam that will bear watching.

So there they are, four young Hollywood love stories, all different, yet in one way all the same, because in each one the girl is charming and a good sport, with a sense of humor and intelligence; above all, an alert and modern girl—who makes the man feel, as men always want to feel, that they are dreams.

All of which, Cupid will tell you, is a winning ticket anywhere.

(Piper Laurie is in "He's Anybody's Seen My Glove?"; Richard Anderson in "Scaramouche"; Joyce Holden in "Bronco Butler"; Ann Blyth in "Sally and St. Ann" and "The World in His Arms"; Anne Francis in "Lydin Bailey.")
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use our patterns, materials, directions in your
own home, full or part time. We buy from you.
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Make twice as much, offer famous big
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CONFIDENTIAL service. NO CO-SIGNERS! NO
ONE WILL KNOW OF YOUR INQUIRY! SOLVE
YOUR MONEY PROBLEMS! NOW! Consolidate
date old bills. Buy what you need and repay in
convenient monthly payments to fit your
income. ACT NOW! Mail coupon for
money-request application.

Inside Stuff
Continued from page 21

LOVALON your hair

added fresh color makes
the lustrous difference!
• Leaves hair soft, easy to manage
• Blends in yellow, grey streaks
• 12 flattering shades • Removes
shampoo film • Gives sparkling
highlights
Only 10¢ or 25¢
the modern hair beauty rinse

who've been waiting patiently to put
out the welcome mat for that long-
legged bird . . . Sad news for Mona
Freeman, who lost little time in filing
a divorce complaint against Pat Netter,
following their separation after six
years of marriage . . . Shocking news for
Mala Powers, who was rushed to the hospital
with a serious blood disorder she con-
tracted when entertaining troops in
Korea . . . Encouraging news (to all
the single gals of Hollywood) that Lady
Sylvia divorced Clark Gable without
that threatened mud-slinging . .
Compromising news for Joan Fontaine,
who could take her adopted daughter to
Madrid, but had to leave daughter Debo-
rah with her father, producer William
Dozier, who didn't want her taken out
of this country . . . Thrilling news for
Jean Pierre Aumont that he may realize
his lifetime ambition to make a movie
based on the heroic blind Frenchman
Louis Braille, who enabled the blind
to read through their sense of touch . . .
Trying news for the Keenan Wynns,
who aren't enjoying a trial separation
. . . Blessed news for the Ricardo Mon-
talbans, who wanted their fourth to be
a boy and had their prayers answered.

Growing Pains: Hollywood camerman
(who have seen 'em come and go) report
that cute little Debbie Reynolds is be-
ginning to get a bit bored when they ask
her to pose. She's still so new her
make-up isn't dried behind her ears.
Her success has happened fast and
without too much struggle. Debbie's
probably going through a phase, as so
many in her spot have. All this and a
be-e-eg crush on Robert Wagner, too.
Cal believes there's nothing wrong with
the adored and adorable Miss Reynolds
that a bit more experience and maturity
won't remedy.

It's True That: The biggest laugh in
the Gig Young household is a local col-
umnist's reference to their May-Decem-
ber marriage. There's exactly two years'
difference and we only wish every Holly-
wood couple could be as happy . . .
Errol Flynn not only bought that old
hotel in Jamaica and remodeled it
(wiley Pat Wymore's building right
next door), Mr. What-a-man is also
putting up a building in Apple Valley
and calling it—Flynn's Inn! . . . Holly-
wood skeptics are of opinion that

Dick Jaeckel, Terry Moore get in trim for
"Come Back, Little Sheba." Dick won col-
lege athlete role over seventy applicants

Linda Christian's return to the screen
(she wasn't very popular with the crew)
indicates a pronounced boredom with
everything that's Hollywood—including
her marriage to Tyrone Power . . . Dan
Dailey says so far he's managed to
escape having ulcers and nothing in
Hollywood is important enough to be
pressed into doing. Danny boy—you
said it!

Mr. Lucky: Life for Lanza. and we do
mean Mario. is a great big bowl of sun-
shine these days. They sneak-previewed
"Because You're Mine" and the enthu-
siastic audience practically tore up
the seats. At long last when he makes
"The Student Prince," that haunt-
ing Romberg music will be sung as it
has never been sung in before. The
Lanzas had an anniversary recently,
their seventh. Because they were mar-
rried on Friday the 13th, they gave a
party on the 13th day of the month.
Mario presented his adored Betty with
a necklace designed around two solid
gold numerals. Number 13—natch.
Eager to share his blessings, Mario also
presented his parents with a new home
on the Pacific Palisades. How big can
a heart be?

On the Town: John Barrymore Jr.
throwing a welcome home party for Pier
Angeli, who was in Munich making a
movie with Gene Kelly . . . Richard
Egan returning from the same city for
the same reason, and catching up on his
steak and potatoes with Ann Sothern at
Scandia . . . Actor-owner Harry Lewis
of Hamburger Hamlet, celebrating the
birthday of his first son by holding "Open-
Hamlet" for the Jeff Chandelers, the Gig
Youngs, and the Humphrey Bogarts . . .
Sun-tanned and sexy, Lana Turner and
Fernando Lamas baiting the poor fish at
Sportsman's Lodge—as well as the
cash customers!
Dear Winner

(Continued from page 33)

part of the country different from yours—
great plums; you'll spend most of your
weekend hours getting rid of those loca-
lisms in your speech! (And if you're like
me you'll love every minute of it.) The
dance is a part of acting, too, and you'll
find that dancing class teaches you to
convey mood and emotion without saying
a word. I'll bet you never associated his-
tory with acting—but you'll learn here
at school that history and manners of the
times have a lot to do with the way you
play a costume role. Music appreciation
becomes a part of acting, too. We tie in
mod music with our thoughts of the way
a scene should be played.

Probably you’d never think of your dates
at school as being related to acting—but
you'll find that on most of your dates
you'll go to a movie or to a play at school.
And afterward you'll find yourself sitting
in a restaurant talking about the perform-
ances while you eat your pizza and
drink your milk.

You'll love every grand and glorious
moment of it. For you want to be an
actress. And so do I. That doesn't par-
ticularly make us any different from other
girls, but being Photoplay scholarship
winners at the Pasadena Playhouse does!
As one winner to another—lucky us!—I
offer you my sincere congratulations and
best wishes for happy studying.

Yours truly,
Virginia McGuire
THE END

POLIO PLEDGE

If Polio Comes
to My Community—

I will remember to: Let my children
continue to play and be with their
usual companions. They have already
been exposed to whatever polio virus
may be in that group and they may
have developed immunity (protec-
tion) against it.

Teach my children to scrub their
hands before putting food in their
mouths. Polio virus may be carried
into the body through the mouth.

See that my children use any-
body else's towels, wash cloths or
dirty drinking glasses, dishes and
tableware. Polio virus could be car-
ried from these things to other peo-
ple.

Follow my doctor's advice about nose
and throat operations, inoculations
or tooth extractions during the polio
season.

Be ever watchful for signs of polio:
headache, fever, sore throat, upset
stomach, tenderness and stiffness of
the neck and back.

Call my doctor at once and, in the
meantime, put to bed and away from
others any member of my family
showing such symptoms.

The National Foundation for
Infantile Paralysis

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846-PAGE
GENERAL CATALOG

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and
WINTER
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OVER 55,000 MONEY-SAVING ITEMS
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store! All family and home needs in 846 pages! 375 pages of
fabulous Fall fashions for all ages, sizes...110 pages for
children...130 pages of men's wear, sporting goods, tools,
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Her Happiness Is Showing

(Continued from page 70) Pauline did, that in a national depression everything was bound to be fine; to look at a contented baby waving her bottle and believe this labeled her a genius—all of this was too much for Henry Gerber. And he had to escape it, even if it meant going out into the wintry streets, tramping about with hope of picking up a bit of musical conducting or anything else that was sensible. And when she was

Today in Hollywood that baby girl has grown into one of the brightest stars rising on the movie horizon—Mitzi Gaynor, the girl who really has never known one moment that wasn’t happy. And her mother’s adoring love has never had one setback. Even when she and Henry Gerber separated in fact, as they long before had separated in all interests, there was no harshness on either side. Mitzi recalls her father with tenderness. And Mrs. Gerber, now retitled Gaynor, too, also remembers him with admiration and affection. But this is human heart, when it attains its full measure of love, definitely concentrates. Right on, from September 4th, 1932, until June 22nd, 1947, Mitzi and her mother were a closed corporation.

Mitzi and her mother and Mitzi’s career—that was all there was until June, 1947. Then it became Mitzi and her mother and Mitzi’s career and Richard Brown Coyle. Which is another chapter.

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 listening to
They sent her to Detroit's Horror Keefer Hospital for twenty-one days and during each one of them she had a ball. She had a temperature, too, but she adored even that. When they asked her her name and address, she gave it, adding, "I am a dancer." She was all of eight at this time. She loved the food, loved the nurses, went out of her mind with joy at the idea that she could have all the ice cream she wanted.

And she got away with murder. She told one of her nurses, "Good heaven, I need a manicure." So the amused nurse gave it to her. One terrific intern brought her some "Miss Deb" toilet water, which she promptly splashed all over him. Another medical dreamboat brought her hand lotion, so she had hands in grtitude. It was no time at all before she had the whole contagious ward—doctors, nurses and patients—doing boogie woogie. And by the time she was released, she had learned some of the less familiar diseases. She still uses these Latin terms as swear words, scaring the wits out of the less medically educated.

She grew beyond what Aunt Francine could teach her, got a new teacher, and felt she was ready for her debut. She was nine.

Every day she worked at the bar, strengthened her legs, strengthened her muscles. She felt she could have done her dances in her sleep. And then the big night came—she was to perform for an audience.

Only, at the eleventh hour, her usual accompanist became ill and a substitute was rushed over. Mitzi, not knowing the meaning of stage fright, never gave it a thought. One quick rehearsal went smoothly between them. But the new pianist, before an audience, went to bits. Mitzi's introductory number, supposed to be in 4-4 time, suddenly sounded out in Waltz rhythm as she whirled out from the wings.

Right then did Mitzi prove she was the stuff of stardom. Because she instantly became her own choreographer, changed her steps, changed the design of her dance to fit a beat to which it had never been accustomed. She got triumphantly through the evening, with only her mother knowing the strain she had been under.

It was inevitable, of course, that she and Mamma had their bright eyes fixed on Hollywood. But they had to wait until Mitzi was eleven before they could make it. And, like hundreds before them and hundreds yet to come after them, they immediately encountered the difference between smart commercial professionalism and dreamy-eyed amateurism.

'I was to find out, in Hollywood," Mitzi tells you today, "that at eleven, I was too old to be a child, too young to be a teenager." But while she had to wait a whole year before she got her chance to give a professional recital in the Redlands (California) Bowl for the huge wad of four dollars, she found something very satisfying the while—a real professional children's school. It was run by Mala Powers' mother and every kid in it was just as ambitious as Mitzi. This spurred her sense of competition, so she would tell you, laughing, "that she learned as much there in a half-day as she had learned in a public school in a week."

The bond between mother and daughter was as strong as ever. Mrs. Gerber took a series of jobs, anything to be with her child, anything to earn the price of those ballet lessons, those costumes, those shoes. They were dedicated people, both of them, serenely dedicated to the great career they knew Mitzi was bound to have.

Mitzi shot up, outgrew her clothes, out-
The diving, trick swimming and athletic stunting reached a climax at Frank Lovejoy's beach party. Only Jeff Chandler sat quietly with Frank, relaxing after a week's strenuous work. The gang jeered, "Come on, you lazy guys. Let's see what you can do!"

Shamed, Jeff and Frank reluctantly rose to join the stunners. In midst they paused and looked searchingly at each other.

"You a hero?" asked Frank. Startled by the query, Jeff considered a few moments. "Nope," he concluded. "Well, what are we trying to prove?" they exclaimed together.

Grinning comfortably in new understanding, they marched right back to where they had been sitting.

But it was a different Jeff who now shrugged off the fibres of the gang. They knew real heroes have to knock themselves out showing off and justifying themselves endlessly to others. Their security comes from within.

BY VIOLA SWISHER

JEFF CHANDLER
GREW UP
WHEN...

The only thing that makes a silver horse distinguished from a grey horse is a silver horse's distinct color. However, a silver horse's body temperature is not different from that of a grey horse, and it is not possible to tell the difference between the two species by their body temperature alone. The best way to identify a silver horse is by its unique silver coloration.

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Hollywood's New Sex-boat

(Continued from page 63)

be his favorites. On a Texas location for "Zita" he paid off on a little red head. And his real girl in New York is said to have titian hair. This girl, however, he will not discuss. "She is a friend from way back, no Hollywood char-

And when Marlon shows a disinclination to talk it is safer to drop the subject—or prepare for a shock treatment. Sidney Skolsky and other writers who must ask formula questions because of the nature of their stories have taken his shock treatment. At the questions asked for a Skolsky tin-type interview Marlon became perfectly silent. Finally, asked if he preferred a tub or a shower, he said, "Oh, I just spit way out into the air and then run under it."

Another time he answered every quest-

He is—even those who like him best admit,

On the "Streetcar" set he carried about a big black fake spider, for the fun of dropping it suddenly on unsuspecting persons who sat chatting on the sidelines.

When Kim Hunter shut herself in her set dressing room for a nap he would come along shake her portable room furiously and yell! "Earthquake!" When he had the memo of

inordinate fear of being caught in one of the shimmie dances for which the California earth is famous, this capper always caused a satisfying sensation.

His pet raccoon, Russell, was another set problem. Marlon would look with pity upon those not partial to raccoons while he carefully fed Russell palmub and milk out of a bottle. One day a bold member of the company insisted such devotion must be an act, that no one could possibly love a raccoon that much. Hollywood's new sex-boat looked aggrieved. "Russell," he said in gentle reproof, "is not only my best friend but also my mistress."

I personally doubt that Marlon's brand of love-making will take the place of the various room techniques used by great screen lovers of the past. But I must admit he has rugged individuality. I must admit, too, that whether he is acting like a twelve-year-old boy or his twenty-eight-year-old self, he is always vital, quite a contrast to some of the young men—"cold rice pudding" youths, I call them—who have sought to establish them-

A group of studio writers calls him. But the assistant director on "Viva Zapata!" had a much stronger phrase to describe him the day he lost the $500 contest. He pointed to Marlon in this picture. Whether he lost the lenses deliberately or accidentally no one will ever know. However, since it would have taken many days to replace the lenses, he played Zapata—practically as if he had insisted all along, that his slate-gray eyes would photograph just about the same as dark brown contacts.

Marlon never is stupid. He's just off-

money and fame are too important, unless you can win these things by doing what you want to do the way you want to do it. "People get real feverish about becom-

In Marlon's opinion the only thing he believe is that money can't buy happiness. "Every-
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A holiday is a rare event in Gordon MacRae's life. Usually he's busy with rehearsals for his radio show, picture making—his latest is "About Face"—night club appearances, etc. So when he found himself with ten free days, he decided he'd just stay home and relax. But early the first morning, he was awakened by...

... all the time?" Gordon groaned. His wife, Sheila, assured him it did. "Why don't we go up to Carmel?" she suggested. "Then you can sleep as late as you wish..."

... swarming with kids who bounced balls on his head, dogs that shook sand in his eyes, teenagers clamoring for autographs. "Let's get away from here," said Gordon...

... and sun on the beach." Gordon was enthusiastic. He and Sheila packed their bags and arranged for a nurse to stay with the children. But at Carmel, the beach was...

... what sounded like a war beneath his window. His three kids, Heather, Meredith and Gar, called it playing! "Does this go on..."

... after the first day. Back home, the patio was filled with his children, their friends and with dogs. But now, compared with Carmel, this commotion was like a lullaby!
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LAURENCE OLIVIER, for ten years, turned down all Hollywood offers. Curious, that at last it should be the Theodore Dreiser novel, "Sister Carrie," that wooed him back. For in it, he was required to shed his British manner in order to play a middle-aged Mid-westerner.

There was a time when Olivier looked upon movies as a necessary evil, a medium in which to make money between stage appearances. In 1931, when he was twenty-four, he had made three Hollywood movies—all bad. Then, the government refused to extend his visitor's permit and he returned to England. A year later, however, a frantic call came from M-G-M. Could he please appear opposite Garbo in "Queen Christina"? He would indeed. But when he arrived at Culver City, Garbo refused to play with him and John Gilbert got the part. Never again, he swore, would he set foot in Hollywood. And it wasn't until the role of Heathcliff in "Wuthering Heights" came along, with a fine salary, that he changed his mind.

With the success of this picture, "Rebecca," "Pride and Prejudice," and "That Hamilton Woman," all was well again. In 1940, however, he returned to England to join the British Fleet Air Arm Service. And again not even the choicest parts or almost-fabulous salaries could induce him to return. But this time it was because he was busy reorganizing London's Old Vic Theatre, where he served as actor, director, producer and manager. With his Old Vic associates he brought such masterpieces as "Hamlet" and "Henry V" to the screen. And he was knighted for these achievements.

Actually, Olivier's refusal to return to Hollywood was a double loss. It meant Vivien Leigh wouldn't come back either. Their's is one of the greatest love stories. They met but didn't fall in love while first appearing together in a British movie called "21 Days." Both of them were married at that time and both had children. He was married to actress Jill Esmond and she to a London lawyer, Leigh Holman. Then, a year later, they were again cast together in "Fire Over England." It was then they knew they were in love. The scandal they faced might have destroyed their careers. But they believed they couldn't live without one another.

At Elsinor in Denmark, again appearing together in an outdoor production of "Hamlet," they were deliriously happy. The following fall when Larry left for America, Vivien followed. She planned only a brief visit, but stayed to play Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone With the Wind." They were together constantly. But the studios pushed all romance rumors. However, when "Gone With the Wind" was completed and premiered in Atlanta, they announced that they would marry as soon as their divorces came through.

"I don't suppose there ever was a couple as much in love," Larry declared happily. And Vivien added, "Our love affair has been the most divine fairy tale." They were married the following June. And when the war came Vivien sacrificed her health and consequently lost her expected baby in order to remain with Larry in England. There's never been the slightest rumor of dissolution between them. That they still work together as harmoniously as they live together was proven last winter when their Broadway productions of "Caesar and Cleopatra" and "Antony and Cleopatra" met with wild acclaim.

Olivier likes people but he's not generous. He prefers to spend his spare time with friends in the theatre. His humor is deft and for the most part dead pan. But occasionally he lets out a roar of laughter that has the effect of a dam breaking loose. He can't tell a story without acting it.

Olivier had a fine time in Hollywood. He enjoyed the parties thrown for him and the reunions with old friends. But most of all, he was pleased that Vivien was making "A Streetcar Named Desire" at the same time that he was working in "Carrie." There are those who believe that this factor influenced his return more than any other. And when the Oliviers left, there were cries of "Come back soon," ringing in their ears. The next time, everyone hopes they will appear in a film together.

Vivien Leigh visits husband Laurence Olivier on the set of Paramount production, "Carrie"
Did "Carrie" do wrong...or only what every woman dreams of doing!

She couldn't help using men...even when she didn't want to!

in WILLIAM WYLER'S production of the novel so daring it once shocked the nation!

Carrie

with MIRIAM HOPKINS - EDDIE ALBERT
Produced and Directed by WILLIAM WYLER
Screenplay by RUTH and AUGUSTUS GOETZ
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SCOOP! New and exciting candid color photos of Your Favorites—at home, at work, at play—plus Hollywood's Top Pin-Ups—In Color!

All in PHOTOPLAY,

September issue on sale August 13

by CHERAMY PERFUMER
STARRING Will Rogers* Jane Wyman as His Father James Gleason, and as himself. Eddie Cantor DIRECTED BY Michael Curtiz screen PLAY by Frank Davis and Stanley Roberts produced by Robert Arthur Based on the Saturday Evening Post story, "Uncle Clem's Boy" by Mrs. Will Rogers
DEAR Miss Colbert:

I am twenty-eight and live with my parents. My father is a retired police officer. No girl could have a more devoted father, but his ideas of integrity and love for me threaten my future.

A year ago I was introduced to a man whom I liked at once and he has assured me that the feeling was mutual. After we had dated three or four months, he said he wanted to tell me his story. I knew that he had a fine job in a good company and was slated for a better job soon. I knew that his manners are perfect, that he attends church, and that he seems like a model citizen.

It seems, though, that when he was in the Army, he got into a horrible jam. He paid his debt to society, and says he learned his lesson. He had a rough boyhood and got onto the wrong road by associating with a bad type in the Army. However, he is now going to night school to finish his education and he swears he is going to make a good life for himself and for the family he wants some day. He asked me to marry him.

My folks are opposed to the whole idea. My father says that a man with a record is followed all his life by this shadow. Do you think I should listen to my parents and drop this man, resigning myself to growing old in my parents’ home and never having a life of my own, or should I make my own decision?

Adrienne Y.

In a case of your kind there are so many “insponderables” that it is difficult for a stranger to make a suggestion.

So much of the future rests entirely with you. Are you strong enough to assume the responsibility for yourself, as an independent, happy, and secure woman for your husband? He may be in need of bolstering, of warm-hearted trust, of blind devotion, at some time in the years to come. Have you been overprotected by a father who knew so well how bitter life can be?

At twenty-eight, you should be wise enough to choose your own mate. You should know that many of the members of our armed forces were little more than high-spirited youngsters who, unthinking, committed acts which were punished by jail sentences. Their youth and diffidence were theirs; did not excuse them, but it did explain them somewhat.

For some of these men, entire reformation is not only possible but logical and permanent. Sometimes the most impossible little wrinkles become corporation presidents, able, honorable, and of great value to their communities.

However, make every effort to have him prove himself in some sort of friendly terms before you marry him. Emotional security and overall acceptance are important to a man rebuilding his life.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I’m a little tardy, but I just happened to read the January, 1932, issue of Photoplay, and I studied the letter from "The Reluctant Dragon" with interest. If you remember, he was complaining because every girl he met tried to marry him. They called him, they cooked dinner for him, they showered him with presents. I suppose he is very attractive and has a great deal to offer, and I imagine that it is true that some girls pursue him.

However, there is another side to the story, and I’d like to state it on behalf of a great many girls. Forgive the personal reference, but that has to be the point of departure: I’m twenty-six, and termed attractive. I have a wonderful job which I love, a charming apartment, a hard-top convertible car (almost paid for) and a pleasant life. I cook when I feel like it. I dine out when the mood strikes me. I have a large circle of girl friends and an occasional date. I don’t want to get married. Eventually, perhaps. But why give up this easy, challenging, happy existence for an unknown life with a man?

How do men like this set-up? Dandy. They say, "Marry me, girl. I’ve got a job, but how about an affair, huh?" My health demands it; my complexion would benefit; I must not defy nature, etc., etc. Now I have a system. On a first date with a rich guy, I make him prove himself. Incidentally, if you’ll forgive a brief speech, I think you should know that I don’t want to get married and that I don’t play house with anyone. If you want to be friends in the platonic sense of the word, I’m your girl.”

The wolves and the phonies are disgusted; they call me frigid and spread the word. The rich men take me up on my offer of friendship. One day, a friend is going to come along and the first thing you know, I’ll change my mind about marriage. But I’m in no hurry.

Just call me "Contented”

Thank you for a delightful letter.

So far, around 200 letters have been addressed to the “Reluctant Dragon” and more than half of them would have inflicted third-degree burns.

As nearly as I could make out, the consensus was that no one wanted to marry the “Reluctant Dragon” but that there was the most attractive boy in the senior class, or on the bus each morning, or in the next office, or going to the same church, or . . . you know!

I don’t think the “Reluctant Dragon” bothered Cupid for a moment.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a guy fifteen years old, in plenty of trouble.

When I was fourteen I liked this certain girl very much. I gave her my ring to wear. It happened that this ring was a very expensive one that my mother gave me for my birthday that year.

Since I gave this girl ring, she and I have had a fight and decided to break up for good. I asked her to return it, but she refused. She said it was only a cheap ring because she had seen one like it in the dime store. This is a big lie. Anyhow, even if she was telling the truth, I think it’s neither here nor there. The ring is mine and I have a right to have it back. If my mother found out I didn’t have my birthday ring, she would whip me.

How can I talk this girl into giving back my ring?

Herbert R.

Your ex-girl friend is completely in the wrong. I can’t imagine how any girl having one ounce of pride or honor could keep the gift of a boy who asked to have it back.

The sensible thing for you to do would be to go to this girl’s home and explain your problem to her mother. Be courteous and pleasant about it, but tell the truth about the ring being your birthday gift and about it meaning a great deal to you. I’m sure this girl’s mother will see to it that your property is returned.

If there is some good reason why you hesitate to talk to the girl’s best friend? Or her favorite teacher? The point is that you shouldn’t suffer in silence. Collect an army of friends who agree with you and the pressure of public opinion will improve this girl’s attitude.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

My problem is guns and children. I don’t think they mix at all; real or play varieties. Of course, I’m writing of small children. When a boy becomes twelve or fourteen, he is a reasoning person and can be taught care by his father.

It gives me chills to see youngsters at play point guns at one another and yell, "Bang, You’re dead.” So far, I’ve forbidden my daughter to play with children who are given guns as toys. This has caused endless arguments with my husband and my in-laws. They explain that children live in a world of fantasy and that it means nothing. However, week after week the papers carry stories about innocent youngsters killing parents or other children by aiming and firing an "unloaded" gun.

My little girl is very sweet when the neighborhood children leave her alone because they are going to play cowboy and Indian. She accepts my explanation that (Continued on page 32)
Sing a Song of Summer
there's romance everywhere
says WOOLWORTH'S Susan Smart

This season, your loveliness can prove the prelude to romantic picnics, moonlight sails and dancing under the stars. So be sure your beauty is fresh, radiant... an invitation to love. It's simple if you gather your beauty aids at Woolworth's. There you'll find everything you need, all so conveniently arranged... shopping is a delight! You can choose quickly or at leisure. And if you wish, you can ask the advice of the friendly Woolworth salesgirl.

LONG LIFE TO DAINTINESS! Discover ETIQUET, the safe, sure way to end underarm odor, check perspiration. Safe for normal skin... sure for all-day protection. Cream form 10c, 25c, 39c. Spray form 43c, Stick form 59c*.

LOOK LOVELYLY CLOSE-UP with SOLITAIR Cake Make-Up to lend natural-looking beauty to your skin. Made with lanolin, Solidair smooths on easily... conceals tiny skin faults! Use it daily to be ready for romance. 30c, 60c*.

SMART OUTDOOR GIRLS love the way a touch of SUAVE helps your hair-do laugh at wind and weather! Made with miracle Castrol, Suave keeps hair softly groomed all day and protects from sun's fading, drying rays. 50c, $1.

NEED A HOT WEATHER PICK-UP? Stroke on cooling MINER'S Stick Cologne, inspired by French perfumes, it keeps you lastingly fresh and sweet. Carry your favorite fragrance, handy and spill-proof in your purse. 25c and 49c*.

REFRESHMENT PLUS... a clean mouth taste! PEPSODENT cleans teeth with oral detergent (not a soap) so gets teeth cleaner. Make your own test of Pepsodent and compare your clean mouth taste. It lasts hours! 10c, 27c, 47c, 63c.

OUNCE OF PREVENTION... wherever you go, take a TEK 25c Toothbrush for after-meal brush-ups so important to healthy teeth and sweet breath. Finest soft, medium or hard nylon bristles. Smart plastic travel case. 29c.

WHY NOT BABY ALL OF YOU? Make every inch of you feel young with Pacquin's SILK 'N SATIN Lotion. Its lanolin richness saturates your skin... leaves it baby-soft and lovely in revealing warm-weather fashions. 25c, 49c*.

TO BE SUMMER SWEET, dust LANDER'S Flower-Fresh Talc head to toe. Choose Spicy Apple Blossom, Sweet Pea or Lilacs and Roses in 25c tins, or the latter in an economical 50c tin. You'll love them all!

PROTECT YOUR HAIR... from the sun. Use PLUMER'S Sun Block Mist and WOOLWORTH'S Sun Protection Powder. 10c, 25c, 39c.

NEVER LOOK FAINTER... COMPOSSARI Complexion Powder. 25c, 59c.

FORECAST: SUNSHINE in your hair if you'll use WHITE RAIN tonight. White Rain is Toni's fabulously new lotion shampoo... guaranteed not to dull or dry hair. So gentle, it pampers your hair and gives it sparkle. 30c, 60c. $1.

PERMANENT BEAUTY. To end summer hair cares, give yourself a PROM Permanent. So easy! Use plastic curlers. Apply, rinse 30 minutes later. Needs no neutralizer. Takes every time! 3 PROM lotions for different hair types. $1.50.

GET IN THE SWIM! Try HAZEL BISHOP, the No-Smear Lipstick that stays on so perfectly you can even wear it swimming! And it won't eat off... bite off... kiss off. Choose from 8 of the smartest shades under the sun. $1.10.

Lady Esther

* Prices plus tax
† Slightly higher in the West

Many of these products available at Woolworth stores in Canada at slightly higher prices.
Put that $100 gleam in your hair!

New Lady Wildroot Shampoo

Does your hair have that $100 gleam? Does it sparkle with highlights... does it have that alive look? Sounds like you've discovered new Lady Wildroot Shampoo... the liquid cream shampoo that gleams as it cleans... cleans as it gleams.

You see, Lady Wildroot Shampoo is more than just a liquid... more than just a cream! It's a combination of the best of both. It's a soapless shampoo plus soothing lanolin. Watch it foam into a quick lather for deep-down cleansing. Feel it leave your hair soft, silky, in all its natural beauty... with just enough body to take a quick set... and to hold that set!

For a clean... deep-clean scalp... for softly gleaming, radiant hair... for manageable hair that never needs a special rinse... or a soft shampoo that protects your hair... try new Lady Wildroot Shampoo today!

How to win $100

Want to win $100? Want to have your picture in a Wildroot ad? Just send a snapshot or photo (not more than 8 x 10 inches in size) that shows 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, N.Y. Print your name and address on back of picture. If your photo is chosen, a famous artist will paint your portrait from it! And Wildroot will pay you $100. Judges will be a New York Artist and art director. Decisions of the judges are final. No photos will be returned. Offer is good only in 1952. Send in your photo today. And keep that $100 gleam in your hair just by using Lady Wildroot Shampoo!

Laughing Stock

By Erskine Johnson

(See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel" on your local television station.)

A movie queen suggested to her agent that he try to get her husband on the "What's My Line" show in which experts guess at the professions of contestants. "They'll never guess," she said, "that he does nothing."

They're telling about the flat-chested starlet who was assigned to play the role of a secretary. She reported to the studio with her pencil and PADS.

Among the thousands of letters pleading with Roy Rogers not to sell Trigger to that Texas millionaire, was this clinching argument from a seven-year-old boy: "I have always played cowboys and I have always played you. But if you sell Trigger, I will be Gene Autry."

Sign outside a Hollywood pet shop window filled with playful dachshund puppies: "Get A Long Little Doggie."

Before Liz Taylor's marriage to Michael Wilding, a fashion designer was asked if she had any suggestions for her wedding gown. The designer whispered: "One that doesn't go out of style."

Overheard: "I just put a bullet through my wife's poodle."

"Her dog?"

"No, her head."

Macdonald Carey checked into the swank Coronado Hotel in San Diego and the room clerk said: "Mr. Carey, I can give you a room overlooking the ocean or one overlooking the garden. Which do you prefer?"

"What I really prefer," replied Carey, "is a room that overlooks the rent."

Credit Bob Hope with this one: "Movie stars give the shirts off their backs for charity—and we have Marlon Brando to prove it."

Della Russell claims that a tactful husband is one who remembers his wife's birthday—but forgets which one.

Talking about a certain movie queen, Red Skelton said: "She's an excellent housekeeper—every time she's divorced, she keeps the house."

Overheard at Ciro's: "Whether a girl's lipstick comes off depends not on her cosmetic, but on her resistance."

Marilyn Monroe slithered into the Fox studio café wearing a red, tight-fitting, low-cut gown slit at the sides. "You're on your way to being a big star now," one of the executives advised her: "and I think it's time you paid more attention to the clothes you wear."

"Why, honey," wide-eyed Marilyn, "don't you like red?"

Hollywood definition of platonic friendship: "The time lapse between introduction and first kiss."
Marriage and a honeymoon are wonderful. But, as Liz Taylor ruefully discovered later, all those lavish dinner parties in honor of the bride and groom can play havoc with a girl's figure! For one morning, when she stepped on the scales, Liz found that she had gained five pounds! To make things worse...

... Liz was due at the studio to make "The Girl Who Had Everything." "I'll be the girl who had too much!" wailed Liz. When she told Mike she...

... was going on a diet, he grinned. But after a few days of watching the longing on Liz's face, Mike began to lose his enjoyment of mashed potatoes and roast beef. "Look,...

... honey," he finally told her. "If it will make it easier for you, I'll go on a diet too." And for a while, the same old salads did taste better, with Mike eating them...

... too. But one thing puzzled Liz. While she felt more and more tired, Mike was bursting with energy. Liz couldn't understand it. Until one night she awoke to find Mike gone.

She slipped downstairs. The mystery was solved! For in the kitchen, fortifying himself with a Dagwood sandwich, was the man who'd promised to love, honor—and share her diet!
Mitzi Gaynor has postponed her marriage to star in the stage show, "Jollyanna," for Edwin Lester, who "found" her. She has just completed "Bloodhounds of Broadway" for Twentieth Good pals Carleton Carpenter and Debbie Reynolds enliven the Ice Capades opening.

Tom Irish escorted Natalie Wood, grown up now, to "Street of Sorrow" premiere.

Data on Dates: Rock Hudson, who's had ample opportunity to observe, believes Gene Tierney has the most beautiful cheekbones in Hollywood. Now that his personal publicists have convinced every doubting Thomas that Carleton Carpenter can't live without Barbara Ruick, he's dating Debbie Reynolds! Blue skies, a new blue Cadillac and dinner overlooking the blue Pacific. Put them all together and you have the background setting for Richard Egan's dates with Ann Blyth. Two lonely people who deserve each other's charming company: Barbara Stanwyck and Jean Pierre Aumont at the Beachcombers. Hedy Lamarr and Leo Genn watching the acting and each other at the Circle Theatre. When Kirk Douglas called Lana Turner for a date, she laughingly answered, "Just a minute, you'll have to ask a friend of mine." Then she put Fernando Lamas on the phone!

Doggy Tale: Here's one that every dog lover will understand. Recently Geary Steffen surprised Jane Powell with...
a French Poodle. She fell in love with it on sight, which only added to her grief when it suddenly took sick and died. Believing another poodle was the best remedy, Geary called up Ann Sheridan. Now Annie's quite a poodle raiser these days and loves every poodle in her kennels. "Call me at the end of the day," she told Geary. "I have nine poodle puppies. I'll get them combed and bathed, then it will be easier to decide which one I want to sell." Later when Geary called, Ann's voice was disconsolate. "I feel like a dog myself," she all but sobbed. "I just got those little fellows lined up and honestly—I can't bear to part with any of them!" Understanding only too well, Geary found another dealer!

**Success Story:** Cal has known Lucille Ball since those dear dead days when, as Lucy puts it, "They used to throw my scripts up on the lawn." Well, "I Love Lucy' (and we do!) just happens to be the number one TV show today and when Lucy and Desi went off the air for the summer, every studio in town was on its knees begging her to make a picture for them. Lucy needs a rest but she just had to accept a guest spot on Ed Wynn's show. Years ago she tried out as a show girl for Ed Wynn on Broadway—and didn't get the job. For one appearance on his TV show today, Lucy received $10,000!! That's right—ten thousand! "In my bracket, most of it goes for taxes," grins the fabulous redhead, "but I had to do it to make myself believe I was worth that much money!" Isn't show business wonderful?

**Cal Predicts:** That long before you read this, there will be an announcement from Oklahoma that Peggy Dow is expecting the stork. She won't be making many pictures in the future . . . That Doris Day is waiting for the propitious moment to step in (after you've seen all the other canaries!) and become the most important singing star of television . . . That Robert Taylor is facing the most illustrious period of his entire career. (Continued on page 14)
INSIDE STUFF
(Continued from preceding page)

Purely Personal: Twenty - year - old Robert Wagner is learning his Hollywood history from good friends, the Alan Ladd's... They run off old movies made by Garbo and other stars who were great when Bob was in three - cornered dungarees... A letter addressed to "Miss Crinkle Puss," Hollywood, California, was delivered to M-G-M and eventually reached June Allyson... On a prescription for a new formula, Audie Murphy's baby doctor notationed: "Also TLC." That's when the puzzled papa learned that TLC stands for "Tender Love and Care"—which is just what little Terry Murphy is getting... Jerry Lewis sent a fan letter to Marilyn Monroe and asked for an autographed calendar!

Set of the Month: "Do you think women will recognize me with my clothes on?" Cal took one look at Jeff Chandler standing before him on the "Magic Lady" set. He was wearing dinner clothes that looked as though he had been poured into them. His face was bronzed from the sun. Women, we predict, will not only recognize him, but promptly go right out and shoot themselves! It's the old, old story in Hollywood, but let Jeff's agent, Myer Mishkin, (who was on the set) tell it to me, "I couldn't even get Jeff a one-day part at first. Every casting director said he had no sex appeal. Finally, they undressed him for his role of Cochise in 'Broken Arrow.' That did it! Since then, we've been fighting to get his clothes back on." At this point, Jeff winked as he interrupted: "Now with my clothes on—I feel kind of naked!"

(Continued on opposite page)

THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

IT WAS MRS. CASSMAN, overhearing someone say, "Who invented that Character?" who turned around and Shelley Wintoned her with: "I invented myself—and I'm still inventing!..." Anne Baxter, who's turning glamorous, told me that wolf whistles are like steamboat horns: something you like to hear even when you don't want to go any place... Why isn't Lee Grant, who as the kleptomaniac in "Detective Story" stole the picture, making more pictures?... Debra Paget doesn't go with boys. Debra's hobby is ceramics, but it could change... Johnny Ray eludes me, despite his great popularity. All right, hate me!... Actors who work with James Mason say he is a nice guy. An impression you wouldn't gather from his stupid statements in interviews... In movies, henchmen of Jean Harlow, to henchmen of how hard Marlon Brando works at being sloppy... For the sake of posterity I asked Marilyn Monroe, "What do you wear to bed?" Marilyn replied, "Just Chanel #5."

KATIE GRAYSON comes out of a dress very nicely... The best TV program is spoiled for me when a former movie name comes on and does the commercial. I feel sad about it... See "The Man in the White Suit." It's a fine movie... I think the nicest tribute to motion pictures was made by Queen Juliana when she spoke to an assembled group of actors: "You are old friends to me because I see you so often on the screen"... Lucille Ball gives me a kick at parties. She doesn't take any chi-chi. I've heard Lucy say to a top actress who was putting it on: "Honey, why don't you be yourself?" Which is another reason I love Lucy... Debbie Reynolds likes bangle jewelry, anything so long as it's noisy... Donald O'Connor often plays it too sincere to convince me he's sincere.

NO ONE CONSIDERS Lex (Tarzan) Barker an actor, including Lex Barker. But he's studying and should make the grade... I still keep wondering what Zsa Zsa Gabor has besides a knack for supplying good copy... Nancy Davis got out of her M-G-M contract because, as she put it, "I'm tired of playing the pregnant wife"... Somehow or other, I can't believe a movie in which Janet Leigh is a lawyer and wins the case... Adolph Green and Betty Comden, who write such movies as "On the Town" and "Singin' in the Rain," are the best entertainers at parties around town... I can remember Jimmy Stewart when he was regarded as a young Gary Cooper... Michael Remmle is a teetotaller by allergy rather than choice... Only the Beachcomber makes fried shrimp the way I go for it... Jane Russell is going into the interior decorating business... I can just see her expression when a customer asks, "What do you recommend in the way of chests?"

BETTY GRABLE reading the Racing Format at Schwab's is a better bet than anything in the paper... I'd love to see a great newspaper movie... Why do studios continue to make program pictures? They should be wise to the fact that these days they must manufacture quality, not quantity!... I'm amused by the way movies try to defy nature; such as trying to convince audiences for even a sequence that Lana Turner is a boy in "Tribute to a Bad Man"... Gloria Grahame adores the word ador... Dinah Shore is smart enough not to want people to believe she's smart... Ann Blyth never does anything that's improper... Susie Hayward, discussing clothes, said that girls dress for men. "Don't make any mistake about it. A girl's clothes are her outward manifesting equipment"... You should know that in "The Prisoner of Zenda," Stewart Granger plays a dual role—and they had plenty of trouble with him on the set. Granger kept trying to steal scenes from himself. That's Hollywood for you!
HOLLYWOOD PARTY LINE

BY EDITH GWYNN

Night clubs have been in a bit of a slump along the Sunset Strip lately—but wow!—when Josephine Baker bounced into Ciro’s she changed all that. Had a mad, jam-packed opening night—and had the jitter jumpin’ for weeks! Ringside was crammed with celebs for her bow and they all gasped at her famous wardrobe (not gowns!). I’ve got to tell you about a very enticing glamour stunt that Josephine introduced that evening—and one that any gal’s feller will be intrigued by. La Baker casually scattered tiny, iridescent sequins over the vast expanse of chest, back, neck, arms and shoulders that showed above her very low-cut, strapless dress. The effect as she moved or when the lights hit her was startling. Gene Tierney was with Rock Hudson, with stubble decorating his chin in preparation for his role in “The Texas Man” and Marie Wilson came with Bob Fallon. Jerry and Patti Lewis applauded like mad. The Van Johnsons there too—and Van came back the following five nights to hear Josephine.

This month was full of surprises—surprise birthday parties—I mean. Dixie Crosby tossed one for Bing that was a beooity! How she managed to surprise “The Groaner” when there were over a hundred and fifty guests in the house as “husband came home” is still a mystery, but she did it. And three bands made with the music until the dawn set in. Everyone was all dressed up, of course Bing did a “quick change” himself. So what did he change to? He put on a bright plaid jacket, a blue shirt, yellowish trousers and white sport shoes. The entire Crosby clan was there. All the brothers, their wives, and Momma Crosby, too. And the four lads who’d been brought down from school for Pop’s party. Dixie staged the affair in a huge tent she had put up in the garden, and thousands of flowers were flown in from Hawaii. The Bob Hopes, Dotty Lamour and Bill Howard, the Donald O’Connors, the Dean Martins, the J. Bensys, Janie Wyman, Cleatus Caldwell with tunesmith Jimmy van Heusen were among the celebrators.

Linda Christian surprised Ty Power with a natal-day bash. Theirs was staged on their beeg “back porch” where three piece Mexican band and forty guests made merry and stuffed themselves with fancy Mexican food. Pete Lawford and Sharman Douglas on hand—but definitely not together. So were the Macdonald Careys, Mary Benny, Rocky Cooper (without Gary) and a bunch of Argentine polo players. Just a few nights later Rocky and Gary (denying the reconciliation talk) co-hosted a real ball. Their formal party was also “teutest.” The poles that held it up were covered with white gardenias, which also trimmed great portions of the canvas. No less than six femmes were wearing pink—and most of the gowns were shortish. Pete Lawford escorted Gene Tierney, Kirk Douglas came stag. Lana was with Fernando Lamas—who else? The Van Johnsons (Evie was in a very bejeweled pink faille); Ann Sothern, in pink pleated chiffon and lace, with best beau, Dick Egan; Ginger Rogers in pink bouffant taffeta (strapless) with Greg Bautzer; the Ray Millands, the Jimmy Stewarts. Sheila (Mrs. Gordon) MacRae wore a short, navy blue chiffon. Judy Garland came in after her show with Sid Luft. She was in black lace, topped by a knockout, long gold satin evening coat. And for a fashion note—don’t faint—Gilbert Roland was there wearing a bright pink shirt with his tux.

GLAMOUR GLIMPSES: Linda Darnell, showing off her brunette beauty in an out-of-this-world way at Mocambo. She’d pinned a great big real rose on the tiny brim of her black net cocktail hat. Her dress was black chiffon—her gloves pale pink . . . Joan Evans has a wonderful white alpaca dress, clinging to the figure all the way to the hips—then springing into much fullness down to the hem. A tiny little coat of black linen that stops at the hip-line goes along . . . Jeanne Crain, spotted at the Ice Capades, in a little hat fashioned of stiff white veiling, so cleverly draped and trimmed that what seemed to be a cascade of small flowers at the side was actually the veiling itself.
INSIDE STUFF
(Continued from preceding page)

high red heels attached. Her entire foot was visible in this unusual creation that came from Italy. Shelley was the center of attraction and, of course—loved it!

Around the Clock: With less than two years to go on her present contract, Ava Gardner is pouting at M-G-M for suspending her when she refused two pictures. Claims the beauty, the studio is fortunes ahead on her loan-out deals... Shirley Temple Black got her wish. Now she’s the mother of a six-pound, twelve-ounce son, delivered via Caesarean at the Naval Hospital in Maryland... Hollywood is literally praying for the speedy recovery of the brilliant and popular Adrian. The famous designer suffered a heart attack while working on a forthcoming fashion show... Husband of Charlotte Greenwood (the famous musical comedy star who has inspired Doris Day in her religion) is writing songs for Doris to sing on her new radio show... Sights you see in London: Elizabeth Taylor queuing up with other housewives for rationed food and looking as if she loved it... Twenty years ago, the little-known Fred MacMurray and Bob Hope appeared together in "Roberta." Recently Fred made his initial TV appearance as guest star on Bob’s program... Aly Khan, who likes actresses, likes to dance

(Continued on opposite page)

What Hollywood’s WHISPERING About

BY FLORABEL MUIR

THE STRANGE and unexpected break-up between Mona Freeman and her husband, Pat Nerney, has everybody—even Mona’s family—asking “why?” Some think the answer might be found in Howard Hughes’ rediscovery of Mona with a whole new film career in the offing for her.

Hughes gave Mona her first screen contract when she was a fourteen-year-old model because he was attracted to her through a series of magazine pictures. In the two years she was on his payroll, she never made a film for him. She never even saw him. Finally she lost patience and when Paramount offered her a role she grabbed it.

Paramount bought her contract from Hughes. However, they say he has recently seen the lovely face that once attracted him and again he believes she has great promise as a screen star. At the Paul Hesse studio where Hughes dabbles in amateur photography there are several beautiful portraits of Mona.

Mona’s friends say she has been very discontented with her film career. She left Paramount because they were giving her such “wishy-washy” roles. Hollywood knows that whenever movie stars’ careers start sagging they’re apt to view everybody around them with jaundiced eyes. That’s when marriages break up. It’s happened over and over again in our town.

So, they’re saying that career trouble made all the little arguments in the Nerney household take on such magnitude that Mona decided to seek a divorce. “Mona is a wonderful person and it’s tough to accept her decision,” said Pat.

Those who knew the young couple when their home was full of bliss are betting they will reconcile before Mona gets the final divorce decree and she admits that they might have something. “Anything can happen in a year’s time,” she said.

Opening night at the Ice Capades brings out Dennis Morgan, his wife Lillian and daughter Kirstin with, far left, her friend Sally Helverstadt. Dennis and Lillian, happily married for nineteen years, have two other children, Stanley and James.

Janice Rule and Richard Greene, co-stars in "Rogue’s March," pause between the acts to become acquainted with another performer in film!
Talking about Doris Day's love life is sometimes a difficult task because Doris feels that her private affairs are her own. Consequently, during the lunch hour in Warners' Green Room, Doris, her husband Marty Melcher, and I began a discussion on how she spends her time between pictures. Concluding a list of household activities, Doris revealed that she's a "parlor singer." This is a throwback to her childhood in Cincinnati where her father was an organist and she warbled around the house. "She was only an organist's daughter," Marty grinned, "but they loved her pipes."

We all laughed and I leaped in. "But you love more than her pipes, Marty."

"I do, indeed," said Marty. "I love the whole girl very much."

It was Doris' turn. "We were married a year April 3, and if the first year is the hardest, I'll settle for more exactly like it. I think we've found the formula for a happy marriage. First, we never meddle in other people's affairs. Second, we use common sense and try to be adult in discussing every subject that comes up. Third, we make rules and, more important, we follow them. We never argue, but we do have discussions."

Religion has helped them more than anything else, she said. She drew a diagram on the tablecloth to show me how. She drew a big square and labeled it God. Then she drew three small squares outside the big one and labeled them Marty, Mike and Doris. "If I want to get through to you or Marty," she said, drawing a straight line from her own square to the big square in the center, "I go up to God, like this. Then I come back to whomever I'm dealing with."

She drew the line that had started with her square back from the big square to Marty's. "It always works," she said, flashing that sunny smile at Marty.

**INSIDE STUFF**

(Continued from opposite page)

with Yvonne de Carlo, which he's doing in Paris... Judy Garland may be subpoenaed as the "principal witness to Sid Luft's earnings" when Lynn Bari asks for an increase in their son's allowance... Wanda knows what Terry Moore did the day the newspapers announced that Crvin' Johnnie Ray (they were supposed to be engaged once) was getting married? Bought a sweater!

**Curtains:** What gives in Hollywood this month? It must be the spots on the moon or somethin'. Now it's Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens who've announced a trial separation. Cal attended their wedding eight years ago and somehow these two have always seemed more solid and sensible than most Hollywood couples. Perhaps they were too sensible, which can happen in the struggle up the ladder of success. We wonder why local columnists insist there's a surprise reason back of it... Lex Barker and Arlene Dahl puzzle Cal. They remind us of that song—"First you say you will — then you won't." Anyway, at this writing, they're living apart because—"We've been together every day since our marriage." This is wrong? Lex, by the way, is no longer tied up exclusively to his "Tarzan" contract. Arlene has opened offices in New York for the Arlene Dahl enterprises.

(Continued on next page)
INSIDE STUFF
(Continued from preceding page)

Date With Fate: His troubled heart finally failed him and John Garfield is dead. Cal will never forget that night back in 1938, the preview of “Four Daughters” on Hollywood Boulevard. Watch Jeffrey Lynn, advised the studio. But halfway through the picture another newcomer appeared and something electric swept through the audience. Ironically, John Garfield played a turbulent young man who cried: “The fates are against me!” However, for the next few years, fate in the form of a guardian angel sat on his shoulder. Everyone loved him and, as his grieving wife Robbie once said: “John has a forlorn quality that reaches out and makes you want to help him.” John in turn was all but consumed by gratitude. He was also an emotionalist and a fighter for the underdog, because he had fought his way up from nonentity. Too late in his idealistic search, he discovered he was trapped. At 39, when most folks are just beginning to live, John Garfield is dead. More than anything else in the world he wanted—peace. He still hoped to find it when the end came. We hope he has.

Col Wonders: Why Peter Lawford remains aloof on his sets, rarely shows interest in anything (especially his fellow actors) until he gets in front of the camera. Then he merely becomes brilliant! . . . Why Humphrey Bogart pulls his good-natured ribbing at parties on total strangers as he did recently. The results were upsetting to the woman “victim” who didn’t understand the inimitable Bogey . . . Why Shelley Winters complains that the press picks on her, when she appears in public (as she did at the Laurel Market near Schwab’s) wearing no make-up and old denim slacks, with a crumpled shirt that wasn’t tucked in!

Twos in the News: Pier Angeli met Vic Damone when she was making a movie in Munich. They’re both single, both Italian and each thinks the other is just what Dan Cupid ordered . . . According to Patricia Neal (who won’t give his name) he’s young, attractive and she’s “very interested” . . . Nancy Sinatra has a nice new Rock to lean on and his last name is Hudson . . . Somewhere in France there’s a French girl who is somewhere in France—with Farley Granger . . . Personal to Kathryn Grayson: If it was only Christmas, all Hugh O’Brian wants is your telephone number! . . . The charming young lady who accompanies Steve Cochran on his interviews is introduced as his “secretary.”

Party Patter: At Barbara Stanwyck’s farewell do (it lasted until 5 A.M.) for the London-bound Jack Benny: Van Johnson giving out with song hits from his chorus-boy days, Wife Evie singing in French while Jean Pierre Aumont (Barbara’s date for the evening) looked slightly bewildered. Rosalind Russell making like Sophie Tucker, while Ann Sothern, who would be great in Helen Morgan’s life story, singing the songs that made her world famous. (Continued on page 23)
One of these women has discovered a wonderful complexion secret...

She’s washing her face... Like many women, she’s simply washing with soap and water in the ordinary way—carelessly. If that’s what you’re doing—stop! You could be doing so much better.

She’s getting a lovelier complexion... By washing properly with Palmolive Soap, she’s giving herself gentle beauty care proved by 36 skin specialists to bring softer, smoother, younger looking skin.

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Yes, Palmolive’s Beauty Plan Is Far Better For Your Skin Than “Just Average Care” With Any Leading Toilet Soap!

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glowing shades to complement your Wood-
bury Powder. Veils lines, blemishes. Not
drying, not greasy. Perfect! 43¢, plus tax.

READERS

Cheers and Jeers:
"Movies Are Better Than Ever?" I
don’t believe it. The only people who
think so are small boys. I'm fed up with
so many Westerns, adventure yarns and
slapstick comedies. How about a few
good dramatic love stories? I'm a nor-
mal girl of twenty-two.

PEGGY J.
Seattle, Wash.

I just finished Farley Granger's article
in June, "Girls Ruin Romance." This
really made me mad. Farley Granger
isn't so big that he can say, "Girls all
over the world should change tactics." He
doesn't know but a small percentage
of the girls around the world. I'll grant
that some of the girls are exactly like
Farley stated, but that is no sign that all
the girls are that way. Farley Granger
has probably always been out with the
wrong kind of girl.

MARJORIE DENT
West Branch, Mich.

I was simply thrilled with the feature
on Charlton Heston in June and I can’t
thank you enough. He's a terrific actor
and with the right roles, I'm willing to
bet that he'll soon be the new "King of
Hollywood."

ANNA HALL
St. Albans, N.Y.

I am sick and tired of reading about
the romantic married life of Tony Curtis
and Janet Leigh. When I read a thing so
many times I just get so I don't believe
it at all; it must be phony.

CATHERINE PARR
Youngstown, Ohio

Casting:
They are talking about casting either
Olivia de Havilland or Vivien Leigh
in the movie version of "My Cousin
Rachel." What's the matter with Holly-
wood's producers anyhow? Can't they
see that the beautiful and tempestuous
Susan Hayward is the girl for the role?

SUSAN GOODE
Boston, Mass.

In your June issue Grace Cervenka
said she thought Ava Gardner would
make a good Helen Morgan in the movie
of her life. The editors said they thought
Doris Day would play it. I would like
to say Ava is Helen Morgan made over.
Doris Day's bleached hair and cute smile
are all right for certain pictures, but she
certainly couldn't play the part of Helen
Morgan as well as Ava.

MARY HUMPHRIES
Charlotte, N.C.

Readers' Pets:
Please say it isn't so. Bob Mitchum
just can't quit the movies; for they would
be incomplete without his easy-going man-
ner, his rugged smile with his cute dim-
ple. Please say it isn't so.

HELEN DUPLAGA
Winnipeg, Manitoba

You say Elizabeth Taylor is good look-
ing and can act. Well, believe me, Debbie
Reynolds has it all over her. Besides,
she can act, she can sing, dance and has
twice the looks Elizabeth Taylor has.

LARRY LA FARGE
Auburn Heights, Mich.
Question Box:
Would you please tell me the name of the young man who sang and danced in "With a Song in My Heart" with Susan Hayward in her picture of the same name? I would also like to know if he really sang the song himself.

Lila Matthews
Jacksonville, Fla.

(That was Richard Allen, born June 22 in Jacksonville, Ill. He is 6', 165 lbs., has dark brown hair, blue eyes. He has a fine lyric baritone voice and has studied both dancing and voice. But Bob Graham sang for him in this picture. He is unmarried. His next films, "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," "Bloodhounds of Broadway.")

In your story about Mitzi Gaynor in the April issue, you said that her favorite swear word was "77" in Polish and I would like to know what "77" in Polish is.

Martha Malone
Louisville, Ky.
(Siedmdziesiat siedem—but don't ask us to pronounce it!)

Many of us fellows here at the men's residence hall at Illinois State Normal University have just seen "Quo Vadis." Everyone agreed it was an excellent movie, but we have a disagreement on Petronius's death scene. Did Petronius (Leo Genn) kill himself by slashing his wrists and bleeding to death or did he use a poisoned needle?

Martin A. Schluter
Normal, Ill.
(Quoting from the script: "The physician reluctantly severs a vein in the hand of his arm and Petronius bleeds to death.")

Who was that cute boy who played the life guard Barbara Bates liked in "Belles on Their Toes"? Is he married?

Suzanne Evans
San Diego, Calif.

(That was Clay Randolph, tall, blue-eyed, blonde newcomer to Hollywood. Clay is not at present under contract to any studio, but he may be soon, for fan reaction to his role in "Belles on Their Toes" has been unusually strong.)

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Movie Moppets: Oblivious to the pounding traffic, the Van Johnsons walking their kiddies down the grass-covered bridle path that divides Sunset Boulevard in Beverly Hills. “It makes them think they’re in the country,” proud papa explains . . . Jane Wyman and daughter Maureen emerging from a recording studio on Vine Street. They’re making trial records for a mother-and-daughter singing series . . . John Wayne’s four young “giants” are taking ukulele lessons, on account of because their famous father sent each of them a “uke” from Honolulu where he’s making a movie . . . Pleaded the young son of Mark Stevens: “Mommy, you ask Daddy to buy me a fishing pole—you’ve known him much longer than I have!”

Rhythm Boys: Gordon MacRae, who’s starring in the third remake of “The Desert Song,” received a special delivery package while he was working on a sand dune! Contents disclosed a framed picture of Gordon and two other gents taken on a Palm Springs golf course. They were in slacks and sweater. Gordie was stripped to the waist and wore tight-fitting shorts. “Maybe you flex bigger muscles, but we’re still prettier,” read the inscription. It was signed Bing Crosby and Phil Harris!

Laughs at Lunch: Carl isn’t exactly sure who was whose guest in the U-I commissary. Anyway, Jeff Chandler, Loretta Young, coach Ruth Roberts and Jerry Lewis were all at one table. For a change, Jerry was unusually quiet until they got up to leave. Then he spied a front office executive. “I’m trying to get Jeff Chandler into Paramount,” cracked the comedian. As everyone knows, Jerry and Dean Martin are feuding with producer Hal Wallis and have been on suspension. “How are you going to get in?” the executive came back at him. For once—Jerry had no answer!

Betty Grable, Harry James enjoy last fling at the race tracks at Hollywood Park opening. Betty will soon be too busy for favorite sport, now she’s set for “The Farmer Takes a Wife”
Ann Red Zsa The bloodied sprained The suades gee, beautiful their sia action. conveys Peck, her to tain. Peck Conried Andrea Francisco Program units Robert Pat Katharine Barbara Lovely Best PV sailed a waterfront Look lovely Herb. Produced a lady-in-waiting, Jones, Russian and Mike Douglas, Mike and, David Farrar in "The Wild Heart".

**Best Performances of the Month**

Barbara Stanwyck, Paul Douglas, Robert Ryan in "Clash by Night" Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy in "Pat and Mike" Jennifer Jones, David Farrar in "The Wild Heart"

**Best Pictures of the Month**

Lovely to Look At Pat and Mike

**THE WORLD IN HIS ARMS**

(U-I—TECHNICOLOR)

Adventures—lusty and gusty—rides the high seas with Gregory Peck as Captain Jonathan Clark, owner of a sealing boat which plies between Russia and Alaska. The year is 1850 and Ann Blyth is the beautiful Russian, Countess Marina, anxious to leave San Francisco and her fiancé, Prince Semyon. Ann, pretending to be a lady-in-waiting, contrives to meet Peck, whose aid she hopes to enlist. The two fall madly in love. But before their scheduled wedding, the Prince arrives and secretly conveys Ann to Sitka. The dramatic rescue on her wedding day, the carefree brawls between Peck and Portuguese, well played by Anthony Quinn, and the race between the two Captains over perilous seas, add up to man action. Carl Esmond is the Prince with John McIntire, Andrea King, Eugenie Leontovich. Sig Ruman and Hans Conried completing the cast.

**Your Reviewer Says:** Romance with doubled fists.

**Program Notes:** His role of "Captain Hornblower" prepared Peck for the rough sea-going scenes as the dauntless sea captain. On the one day he had off in two months of shooting, Peck confessed to the cast that he had taken his three sons to the movies . . . It took Ann Blyth two weeks to master her Russian dialogue some of which was eliminated in the cutting. Ann weighing ninety-nine pounds had difficulty carrying her fifty-pound Russian type costume . . . Separate units sailed to Alaska where the beach of seals was filmed . . . The waterfront brawl resulted in a bloodied nose for Peck, a sprained ankle for McIntire and various bruises and black eyes among the sailor-actors.

**LOVELY TO LOOK AT**

(M-G-M—TECHNICOLOR)

A big, splashy, colorful musical, top-heavy with names. Based on the musical "Roberta," enhanced by the unforgettable Jerome Kern music, the story has Red Skelton as a down-and-out actor who inherits a Paris dress shop. Off to Paris with his two pals, Howard Keel and Gower Champion, Red discovers his co-inheritors, French Kathryn Grayson and Marge Champion, deep in debt. Naturally the three American lads leap in and save the business with a style show a la triple delirium tremens. Keel, the heel who deserts his pals for Broadway, returns at the crucial moment to save the show and win Kathryn's love. Ann Miller, a good-egg friend, floats about, and Zsa Zsa Gabor chats incessantly about "nuzzin" at all. Kurt Kasznar is the loud-mouthed producer and, of course, the Champions dance divinely.

**Your Reviewer Says:** "Delightful to see."

**Program Notes:** The noted designer Adrian returned to M-G-M, where he reigned for years as top designer, to do the clothes for this musical. With everything from bathing suits to ball gowns on display, Adrian and his staff worked for weeks before production began. Twelve top models were signed to display the elegant attire . . . Red Skelton was delighted with his straight role which unfortunately permitted him only one comedy skit . . . It was old home week for Kathryn, Keel and the two Champions who worked together in "Show Boat" . . . The requests to visit the style show scenes were so numerous, the studio had to limit the list to the press . . . Zsa Zsa Gabor, in midst of marital difficulties with George Sanders, decided movies were for her.
Barbara Stanwyck is torn between the security Paul Douglas offers and the attraction Robert Ryan offers in an intense drama

CLASH BY NIGHT
(RKO)

MATURE, adult fare with the ever new, ever old triangle of two men and a woman. Paul Douglas is a naive but honest fisherman, Barbara Stanwyck his world-weary bride. And Robert Ryan is her neurotic lover. Against the ugly background of a fishing and canning village, the drama unfolds. The action, at times, seems hindered by excessive dialogue, but the realistic, excellently performed story maintains suspense to its happy conclusion. Marilyn Monroe (the calendar beauty) adds bright interest as the fiancée of Keith Andes, Barbara’s brother. Keith, a newcomer to films, looks mighty promising. J. Carrol Naish as Uncle Vince and Silvio Minciotti as Papa are splendidly in character.

Your Reviewer Says: Meaty drama.

Program Notes: Produced by Harriet Parsons for the Jerry Wald-Norman Krasna unit of RKO, “Clash By Night” was filmed near Monterey, California. Marilyn Monroe, taking her place for scenes with fifty regular fish cannery workers, was made an honorary member of the Cannery Workers Union ... Twin sisters, babies Deborah and Diane Stewart, took turns playing the infant child of Paul and Barbara. Three-and-a-half months old at the time, they were limited by law to a twenty-second individual appearance before the camera ... Barbara Stanwyck was the only casualty in the fight sequence between Douglas and Ryan. Barbara, who broke up the fight, emerged with a bruised back, skinned elbow and sore shoulder ... Ryan, who has a starring role in the movie, played a bit part in the Broadway production of this Odets drama.

Professional sports become a laughing matter when Spencer Tracy sets out to make a star athlete of gym teacher Katharine Hepburn

PAT AND MIKE
(M-G-M)

FAIR

IT SEEMS there were two Irishmen named Pat and Mike. And Mike (Spencer Tracy) says to Pat (Katharine Hepburn), “I’ll promote you to a top star athlete.” And he does, with fun, frolic and some interesting sports events. Stars such as Babe Didrikson Zaharias, Gussie Moran, Don Budge, Alice Marble and Frank Parker take to racket and mashie against Miss Hepburn as the story develops. Aldo Ray, heavyweight fighter, and a horse named Nellie are Mr. Tracy’s other promotion properties. Nellie seems much brighter than addled Aldo, but not as cute, of course. William Ching plays Katy’s jinx-laden beau who is crowded out of the love department by shady promoter Tracy. Sammy White, George Mathews, Loring Smith and Phyllis Povah get into the act.

Your Reviewer Says: High jinks in the sport world.

Program Notes: For the third time Tracy and Hepburn are united with director George Cukor and writers Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin. This team’s former hits were “Adam’s Rib” and “Woman Of The Year” ... It took some doing to round up the array of sport stars. The golf scenes were shot on various swank courses in southern California ... Aldo Ray was borrowed from Columbia for his co-starring role in this, his third film ... Tracy, never a rabid sports’ fan, claimed that a whole new world of interest opened up through his role. But Spencer will confine his interest to looking on, not playing ... The sport shirt Katie wears made a hit on the set. It has now been manufactured and marketed.

(More Reviews on page 26)
The legend of Robin Hood, hero to countless generations, once again comes to life under the banner of Walt Disney—with a cartoon in sight. Disney's all-human movie recounts the story of the fabulous outlaw in clear cut, good natured fashion. And those who enjoy a romantic tale of gallantry will find this ideal escap- ist fare. The all-English cast has Richard Todd as Robin, Joan Rice as Maid Marian, James Hayter as Friar Tuck and James Robertson Justice as Little John. Midst the luscious greens of Sherwood Forest the characters live and move with happy purpose; to rob the rich and give to the poor. The pageantry, the intrigue and romance of those historical times are emphasized not only in the beauty of the background but in the lively performances of the splendid cast.

Your Reviewer Says: A timeless tale for both young and old.

Program Notes: Months of historical research with extensive additional research on the theme and the period (1190) was conducted for Disney by Dr. Charles Beard. From old twelfth century ballads, handed down by word and song, and early fifteenth century printed stories, the tale emerged in completed form . . . Richard Todd, whose "Hasty Heart" made him an overnight star, was chosen as the ideal Robin Hood. Disney's production crew jour- neyed to England and worked with the English cast and crew . . . The ballads, popular at that time, were based on little known folk tunes of early English vintage. Musical research was conducted by Elton Hayes who sings the ballads as Robin's lute-playing friend Allan-A-Dale . . . Forest scenes, made beautiful through Technicolor, were shot in and near the original Sherwood Forest.

(A) The Wild Heart (SELZNICK-RKO—TECHNICOLOR)

Artistically and scenically beautiful, "The Wild Heart" deals with young innocence, versus mature brutality. Laid as it is on the Welsh border and fay in all its aspects, the tale has Jennifer Jones, half-tame daughter of a Gypsy mother and a Welsh father, caught between duty and physical attraction. Marrying the local pastor, Cyril Cusack, because he asked her first, she leaves him for David Farrar whose appeal she cannot resist. Loathing Farrar and his evil influence, she returns home with her husband to her doom. Edward Knob, Sybil Thorndike and Hugh Griffith adorn the ghostly tale that sometimes threatens to burst the bounds of reality.

Your Reviewer Says: Haunting!

Program Notes: The beautiful Shropshire countryside in all its glory provided the back- ground . . . With three-quarters of the drama made on the Welsh border, all the picturesque customs of the late nineteenth century, the era of the story, are captured on the screen . . . The small animals featured in the story, were trained by Jean Knight, especially the fox. By degrees the latter became used to the people, lights and commotion. After three weeks he permitted Jennifer to pick him up with no protest . . . David Farrar enjoyed his

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Face Powder in eight different shades $1.00 each All prices plus tax

(Continued from page 25)
rides over the countryside and became a favorite of the people of Much Wenlock, the Welsh village that housed the players.

**VV(F) Scaramouche**  
*(M-G-M—TECHNICOLOR)*

Scattering its forces over too much territory, "Scaramouche" is still a colorful adventure story. Adapted from the Rafael Sabatini novel, the story is set among French aristocrats in the late 1700's. Steward Granger, motivated by revenge, sets out to do in the ruthless noble, Mel Ferrer. Seeking refuge from detection while he masters the art of fencing, Granger hides behind the mask of Scaramouche, a low comic in a Parisian revue. Eleanor Parker, member of the show troupe, has as her rival for Granger's love Janet Leigh. Ferrer's ward and fiancée. Granger really loves Janet but—believing her his half-sister—he turns to Eleanor. A terrific duel is one of the many highlights of this picture. In the cast are Nina Foch, Lewis Stone, Henry Wilcoxon and Richard Anderson.  

**Your Reviewer Says: R-O-M-A-N-C-E.**

**Program Notes:** Eleanor Parker played her first role for M-G-M and after viewing her rushes, the studio got her back for "Above and Beyond"... Janet Leigh, victim of eye strain, felt far from well throughout the shooting. But, as usual, she looked beautiful. Her unusually small waist was emphasized by the lovely costumes... Designer Gile Steele had a field day with the period clothes. Stewart Granger alone had fifty individual changes. The elaborate silks and satins worn by Mel Ferrer never failed to bring forth gasps from the set workers. Set designers worked for months planning to perfection the interiors of the famed Versailles palace, the French National Assembly and the Parisian theatres of that era... Granger and Ferrer worked for weeks on the dueling scenes and the results were worth it.

**VV(F) White Corridors**  
*(U-I-RANK)*

Like a chapter plucked from the center of a book, "White Corridors" chronicles the events of a limited time within a London suburban hospital. British-made and brilliantly played by an all British cast, the story deals primarily with a scientist's attempts to perfect a drug with curative values, beyond the reach of penicillin. The story detours into unrelated yet interesting bypaths; some tragic, some comic. Featured are such capable performers as Googie Withers, James Donald, Godfrey Tearle, Petula Clark and Jack Watling.  

**Your Reviewer Says:** Our hearty recommendation.

**Program Notes:** Former musical-comedy-star Googie Withers made an important decision at war's beginning: she'd play only straight roles from then on. As a result, she's gone from one role to another, taking time out only for the birth of her daughter Joanna Belinda McCallum... Scriptwriter Jan Read spent considerable time at the North Middlesex Hospital in England gathering authentic data for her story... Dr. Daphne Scott, daughter of Sir Harold Scott, Commissioner of London (Continued on page 28)
Compliments to your beauty . . .

SKIRTS with texture interest fashioned for you by
GRETA GRAY

F. a trio in Fall’s gay colors

D. Smart 100% wool tweed skirt
with two large slit pockets—
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Deep folds for hemline interest,
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Gray, Rust, Red, Green, Toast,
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(Continued from page 27)

Police, acted as technical adviser . . . Veteran
actor Godfrey Tearle, has appeared in several
Broadway plays and is well known to Ameri-
can audiences.

\frac{1}{2}(F) Has Anybody Seen My Gal
(U-I-TECHNICOLOR)

A gay old romp! A scamp through those
wondrous days of raccoon coats, speak-
easies, flappers and the Model A Ford. A
solid story, presenting the familiar theme
of we-ain’t-happy-when-we’re-rich with
songs, old and new. Charles Coburn plays
an eccentric millionaire who anonymously
shows wealth on the Blaisdell family.
And, ooooh, what he did to that little
group. Daughter Piper Laurie has her en-
gagement to Rock Hudson broken. Mama
Lynn Bari goes social and teams up Piper
with rich snipe Skip Homeier. Money flies
around like crazy and so does incognito
Coburn as a soda jerk, jail bird, star
boarder and a fatso Cupid. When the
smoke clears away, the Blaisdell family,
poorer and happier, are right back where
they began. Gigi Perreau, Larry Gates and
William Reynolds have themselves a ball.

Your Reviewer Says: A step-lively trek
down Nostalgia Alley.

Program Notes: Piper Laurie sings on the
screen for the first time. However, Piper sang
with USO units in Korea recently . . . Rock
Hudson had no trouble at all with his soda-kerker role. He was one back in Winnetka,
Illinois, during his school days . . . 75-year-old
Coburn celebrated his fiftieth movie role
during the making of this one. Charles
pedaling a bicycle for several scenes was someth-
ing to see—they should really have run
excursions . . . The authentic costumes, fur-
nishings, etc., of 1920 proved easy, but the
studio spent weeks locating genuine raccoon
coats worn by college boys in those Tippings
Twenties.

\frac{1}{2}(F) Glory Alley

(M-G-M)

IT RAMBLIES. It twines in and out the frail
trellis of twin stories—a fighter who runs
away and a blind man who can’t forgive.
Ralph Meeker plays the fighter who “rats”
before a fight, becomes a war hero and
returns to disillusionment and eventual
justification, of sorts. In short, Ralph is a
“billy-oker” only no one knows why.
Kurt Kaszinar, blind father of Leslie Caron,
the girl Meeker loves, plays a pseudo judge
in the backwash of New Orleans where
the story is laid. Certainly the reasons for
Meeker’s peculiar behavior are weakly in-
sufficient for the resulting hullabaloo. Gil-
bert Roland, John McIntire and Louis
(Satchmo) Armstrong roam around trying
to locate the story.

Your Reviewer Says: Drama . . . but slightly
mixed up.

Program Notes: In her first role since “An
American in Paris,” Leslie Caron is given
splendid opportunity to display her dancing
ability. As performer in a small New Orleans
night club, long-legged Leslie struts her stuff
. . . Kurt Kaszinar, the Uncle Louie of
Broadway’s “The Happy Time,” reported to
Columbia for the film role of Uncle Louie
on completion of this one. Ralph Meeker, the
neurotic hero of “Glory Alley” gets the romantic lead opposite Betty Hutton in “Somebody Loves Me” . . . Louis Armstrong plays his first actual dramatic role and is pleased as punch about it. Naturally “Satchmo” gives out vocally and instrumentally despite his straight role.

[½ page]

No Room for the Groom
(U-I)

FAVORITES like Tony Curtis and Piper Laurie deserve better fare. The pair play newlyweds who can’t get together—first because Tony gets chicken-pox on their wedding night and later because mother-in-law, Spring Byington, won’t let them. To complicate matters, well-to-do Don DeFore, Piper’s boss, adds a bit of heelish doings to the “unkissed” proceedings. Jack Kelly plays Tony’s obliging friend.

Your Reviewer Says: Young love.

Program Notes: By the time the film was completed, the set resembled an art gallery with a one-man exhibition of Tony Curtis’ paintings. Tony, quite the amateur artist, painted constantly between scenes. Weekends, he and his wife, Janet Leigh, worked on their gag movie “A Spot in the Shade” for their friends Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis . . . Piper received a surprise sock during a scene when a popping champagne cork struck her in the right eye. It required two days’ delay in shooting while the swelling went down . . . Oddly enough, in Piper’s first film “Louisa” Spring Byington played her grandmother, and in this one her mother. Piper celebrated her twentieth birthday on the set during the shooting.

(F) Scarlet Angel
(U-I—TECHNICOLOR)

This story was new back when Shep was a pup. The old heart-of-gold gal who turns down wealth for true love should be somewhere in an old ladies’ home by this time. Yvonne De Carlo and Rock Hudson try hard to ignore the cliches and mass-covered dialogue. The story, placed in post Civil War times, limps from New Orleans to San Francisco. Yvonne, pretending to be the wife of a soldier killed in the war, and the mother of his child, is taken into the heart of his wealthy and unsuspecting amily. But she is unable to resist Rock, a poor but husky lad. Richard Denning and Amanda Blake play Nob Hill snooties.

Your Reviewer Says: Better luck next time.

Program Notes: “Scarlet Angel” marks Miss De Carlo’s fifteenth Technicolor film and over it’s particularly becoming. When the movie was finished, Miss De Carlo once again took herself off to Europe where her name was linked with Rita Hayworth’s husband, Aly Khan . . . Rock Hudson hasn’t drawn an army breath since his big hit in “The Iron Man” ding from one movie to another without a day’s pause . . . Several cameras and two Technicolor ones caught the fight scenes with Yvonne the chief brawler. Twenty-four stunt men helped to make things interesting . . . three sets of youngsters ranging from six months to two years were required to play Yvonne’s supposed-to-be child as the story progressed. The children, especially the youngest, were the brightest spots in the story.

(Continued on page 30)

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 “SOAPY” CREAMS

White Rain
Lotion Shampoo

Fabulous New Lotion Shampoo by Toni
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.

(Continued from page 29)

VV(f) Francis Goes to West Point (U-I)

That linguistic marvel, Francis the mule, with pal Donald O'Connor creates fun and furor at old West Point. When O'Connor, on advice from Francis, prevents the sabotaging of a war plant he receives as a reward a West Point appointment. Francis just naturally goes along as mascot and ends up as football coach, tutor and all-around fixer. But that's not all, folks.

His tutoring of O'Connor from lowest to among the highest in his class and his drill instructions that foul up the dress parade are riotous. Pretty Alice Kelley, smitten with Donald, and Lori Nelson, in love with William Reynolds, grace the goings-on.

Your Reviewer Says: A laugh for everyone.

Program Notes: Twenty-six-year-old Donald O'Connor celebrated twenty-five years in show business with a party on the set. Francis was invited, too. O'Connor, growing in professional stature, bowed in his parents' vaudeville act at the age of one and a half years. He was recently presented with a trophy to the "Youngest Old Timer of the Year"...

When Francis developed a minor cold during shooting, vets were called in immediately. Francis quickly recovered. The studio almost didn't... Alice "Dimples" Kelley was discovered in a high school play and signed by the studio for this and "Bend of the River"...

Serving as technical adviser for West Point sequences was Lt. General Robert Eichelberger.

VV(f) Lydia Bailey

(20TH CENTURY-FOX—TECHNICOLOR)

Harp, in the year 1802, with Bonaparte's attempt to seize the island! Shortly before the siege, Baltimore attorney Dale Robertson arrives to secure the signature of Lydia Bailey (Anne Francis) on a legal document. First attacked and then befriended by a powerful native patriot William Marshall, Dale is guided through dangers to the plantation of Anne's fiance Charles Korvin. Shortly after Dale's arrival, Korvin, French agent, leaves to join Napoleon's brother, who has arrived as conqueror. But marauders attack; Dale attempts to guide Anne, her maid and Korvin's small son to safety. The little group is hounded for days, and Anne's final rescue from the island piles action upon action.

Your Reviewer Says: Historical thrills in an eerie background.

Program Notes: Hard luck dogged the two stars during the production. Dale pulled a leg ligament during an action scene and Anne hobbled on a cane for two weeks after falling from her horse. The brown mixture used to darken her skin resulted in make-up poison for Anne, which delayed her scenes a week...

The studio was so anxious to secure William Marshall for the role of King Dick they waited until his role in Broadway's 1951 revival of "Green Pastures" was over... Firemen stood by ready for emergency during the burning and sacking scenes... Hundreds of extras were recruited for the picture... Six-year-old Angos Perex who plays Paul is a Chicago quiz kid.
**Just Across the Street**  
(U-I)

This movie, filled with unlikely probabilities and funny in spite of itself, concerns Ann Sheridan’s attempts to find a job and look after scalawag father, Cecil Kellaway. The old mistaken identity angle stumps in when plumber John Lund mistakes Ann for a wealthy glamour girl seeking a new way of life. He hires her as secretary. But the catch comes when John insists upon driving his secretary to and from her elegant suburban home (or so he believes), when all the time Ann lives directly across the street. Her creeping in and out of swank residential premises to meet John leads to all sorts of complications. Natalie Schafer, Robert Keith, Harvey Lembeck and Alan Mowbray go a little crazy too.

Your Reviewer Says: Just for the fun of it.

Program Notes: While John Lund took notes on the handling of plumber’s tools, Ann spent time with a comptometer machine. Each knew enough to get by when shooting time rolled around... John claims plumbers can be romantic and wears smart business suits to prove it... Between scenes Ann looked over the business details of her miniature wire recorder company, cosmetic company and the breeding of prize-winning poodles... Lund, a writer before Hollywood days, spent his spare time writing a TV series and working on a movie script... During a traffic scene, Cecil Kellaway was knocked down by a studio-hired bus. Only his clothes were damaged.

**Kangaroo**  
(20TH CENTURY-FOX—TECHNICOLOR)

The land “down under” with its colorful bushmen, leaping kangaroos and endless plains, takes precedence at all times over the story. Maureen O’Hara, Peter Lawford and Finley Currie are shown against the striking background of Australia, which, by virtue of its “difference” demands first-interest. The story has Currie, owner of a drought-ridden ranch in the bush, seeking news of his son, lost as a child. Lawford, a stowaway, and Richard Boone, a gambler-murderer, use Currie as a foil. Returning to the ranch with Currie, Lawford pretends to be his lost son. But complications arise when Maureen O’Hara, Currie’s daughter, and Peter fall in love. Lawford’s eventual confession brings on an abrupt but satisfactory climax. The native rain dance, dust storms and cattle-drive over parched earth add tension and excitement. Chips Rafferty plays Leonard.

Your Reviewer Says: Unique adventure.

Program Notes: On the southern fringe of the desert near the town of Port Augusta, Australia, twenty-four pre-fabricated cabins were set up for cast and crew. A convoy of twelve trucks carrying $250,000 worth of equipment and two heavy generators arrived overland. Peter Lawford flew in from a Honolulu vacation and shooting began. With dust and drought, the going was tough for the two and a half months’ work... Inside scenes of the gambling house were shot in Sydney... The tribe of ninety-six half-wild aborigines camped near the desert set... Between the excessive heat and sand, Maureen and Peter figured this to be the toughest location jaunt of their movie lives.

She’s using Helene Curtis Spray Net — the magic mist that keeps hair softly in place, looking naturally lovely. That’s right — naturally lovely!

*it’s the most exciting thing that’s happened to hair*

You’re in for a wonderful surprise when you use Spray Net. For amazing new Spray Net holds your hair-do as you want it. Without stickiness. Without that “varnished” look. And Spray Net is so easy to use! Just spray it on, lightly. This magic mist holds waves in place, makes loose curls and stray wisps behave; keeps your hair-do looking naturally lovely, even in wet or windy weather. It’s colorless, greaseless, harmless. Brushes out instantly. Protect the loveliness of your hair with new, smart, wonderful Spray Net!

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Helene Curtis Spray Net  
*the magic mist that keeps hair softly in place*

Spray Net Works Wonders! Use It!
- After combing, to keep hair “just so”
- To control wispy ends and unruly hair
- To avoid “damp-day droop”
- To avoid “wind-blown wildness”
- After permanents, to control waves and curls

There’s only one SPRAY NET! It’s made by HELENE CURTIS, the foremost name in hair beauty
(Continued from page 8)
each child must obey her own parents and that rules for one child do not apply to another, but sometimes I feel like a mon-
ster. How do you teach a child "Thou Shalt Not Kill," and then allow her to break that rule in play? It doesn't seem logical or sincere.

Finally, my husband leaves his hunting rifle, unloaded of course, under our bed. Our home is small and we have no garage, so there are few places to store a rifle, but I have begged him to leave it at his mother's or elsewhere without success.

Is there any way to compromise be-
 tween my feeling about guns and gun play and my daughter's apparently normal desire to be included in neighborhood games?

Evelynne O.

First of all, I agree heartily with your conviction that an actual weapon should be removed from the reach of a child. As you have said, the daily newspaper is a continuously tragic witness to the truth that guns kept in homes kill children. Instead of insisting upon your own fears in this connection, why don't you clip every account of such a tragedy from your newspaper until you have half a dozen. Then say to your husband some-
thing like, "We love our little girl as much, perhaps more, than I do. You never want to think, 'I could have pre-
vented her death.' For your own sake, won't you store the rifle at your mother's home or in her garage?"

For the peace of his own conscience, a man will sometimes do what he wouldn't do for the comfort of another person—even his wife.

The next problem is more difficult. Those who have studied children assure us that youngsters are small savages who live in a dream world of horrors without meaning. We know that it is not what happens to a child that guides his develop-
ment, but the interpretation he makes or is given of it. You can explain that toy guns are harmless, but that real guns kill, just as a Teddy bear is a playmate, but a grizzly bear is dangerous. Con-
stant explanation is the key to the safety of children.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:
I am a receptionist and during the course of a day's work I come in contact with many men. Most are old, married, or both, but not long ago an attractive man asked to see our office manager. The manager wasn't in, so he returned five or six times. We talked a little, casually, and I learned that he isn't married. Finally, he was able to see the manager one day, and that ended it. He has never been into our office again. I know this man's name, where he lives and where he works, but I don't suppose anything will come of it.
I am attractive and friendly. The per-
sonnel manager says he has heard some highly favorable comments about my work. One man who came in said that he felt that only the coffee was missing when he walked into the reception room. Wasn't that nice?

I'm reserved and very businesslike, which I must be. Other girls would be able to drop a subtle hint and a fellow would wind up taking them out for coffee or to luncheon and later on dates, but I'm not the type. I always think that anything I say outside of casual remarks about the weather and my work, will be too forward and obvious. How, say in the span of five or ten minutes, do you make these people know that you can be fun socially and make them want to see you outside of the office where you won't have to be formal?
I will follow your advice faithfully and let you know how it works out.

Visalia C.

There is a technique to attracting a man, but it is very difficult to confuse to words. First of all a girl is more attrac-
tive if she is not obviously "on the march." There is nothing that inhibits a man as much as detecting the huntress light in a woman's eyes. A girl must al-
ways remember that men are far more sel-
fish than women because, for thousands of years, they have had to be for reasons of business expedience.

No matter how tactful you are about learning whether a man is married or not, when he is merely sitting in your recep-
tion room, you may believe that he knows exactly what you are doing and why. He feels like an item being appraised, and he resents it. Man feels that he has the right to be the aggressor, and he resents, openly or unconsciously, any attempt to set aside that right.

You should relax, and believe that if it is your fate to meet a man in the office, he will come along at the right time and under the proper circumstances. You should read the sports pages in the newspa-
per so that you will know what men talk about. Keep busy with current books, too, and be active with your girl friends.

But the final fact is this: you must not be impatient. Your opportunities are far greater than those of most girls. You are discriminating and wouldn't be happy with a man whose ideals were less than yours. He'll be along. Believe it and it will come true.

Claudette Colbert

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Send in your votes for the stars you'd like to see in PHOTOPLAY'S COLOR PAGES

your favorite actor

your favorite actress

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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 they have under contract. If your favorites are not listed in any contract list, write to them in care of the studio at which they made their last picture. For autographed pictures send twenty-five cents to the star to cover cost of mailing. Clip out this list and save it for future reference.


Goldwyn Studios, 1041 N. Fornos Ave., Los Angeles, Dana Andrews, Joan Evans, Farley Granger.


20th Century-Fox, 1020 S. Flower St., Hollywood, Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Bette Davis, Ronald Coleman, Fred MacMurray, Hugh Marlowe, Jane Wyman, Greer Garson, Tyrone Power, Tom Neal, Lex Barker, Dane Clark, Glenn Ford, Jeanne Crain, Dean Martin, Lana Turner, and hundreds more.

TOBIS, 1201 S. La Cienega Blvd., Los Angeles, Arthur Francop, Gene Barry, Yvonne De Carlo, Richard Denning, and thousands more.

EASIEST WAY EVER CREATED TO STOP UNDERARM PERSPIRATION AND ODOR!

And... 8 times more effective!

Once in a blue moon something comes along that is so much better than anything yet invented for the purpose that it sweeps the nation overnight.

Like home permanents... shift-free driving... soapless detergents. And... like 5-Day Deodorant Pads. Actually 8 times more effective in destroying odor-forming bacteria than the average of leading brands tested.

Women are literally raving about this new way of checking perspiration and odor. And they're deserting their old deodorants in droves.

An overwhelming percentage of women—and men too—who try 5-Day come back for more. Your cosmetician and druggist will tell you they've never seen anything quite like this happen before.

We've made it very easy for you to try this new wonder-deodorant. We'll give you a month's supply absolutely free! That's how sure we are that you, too, will say... "At last... this is what I've been waiting for!" Just send the coupon below.

5-Day Deodorant Pads are available at all drug and cosmetic counters.

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Please, madame, try 5-Day Pads at our expense! We want to send you a month's supply... FREE

5-Day Laboratories, Box #1001 New York 1, New York
Enclosed find 10¢ to help cover cost of postage and handling.

NAME ____________________________
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CITY ____________________ ZONE __________ STATE ________

Please send me 5-Day Deodorant Pads absolutely FREE! List shows 10¢ deposit for pads only.

Dear 5-Day Laboratories:

I enclose 10¢ to help cover cost of postage and handling. Please send me 5-Day Deodorant Pads.

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(Signature) Please send me 5-Day Deodorant Pads absolutely FREE! List shows 10¢ deposit for pads only.

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**Outstanding**  
**Good**  
**Fair**

**BRIEF REVIEWS**

**A—For adults**

- **(F) AARON SLICK FROM PUNKIN CRICK—** Paramount, Technicolor: Musical version of the old-time melodrama with Robert Merrill and Adele Jergens. facts are from the novel about a Kyoto, Japan, girl, Dinah Shore. With Alan Young. (May)  
- **(F) BATTLE AT APACHE PASS—** The U-1, Technicolor: Jeff Chandler repeats his Cochise character, and again tries to live in harmony with the white settlers while Bruce Cowling stirs up an incident that results in a bloodbath at the hands of James Stewart. (June)

**For the whole family**

- **(F) FIGHTER, THE—** U.A.: Mexican prizefighter, Richard Conte, smashes his way to victory in the ring in America to get money for his brother's (Steve Cochran) education. With William Bendix as a double, and Yvonne De Carlo. (July)  
- **(F) JUBILANCE—** M-G-M: The best spy story in years based on actual events which took place in Turkey during World War II, with James Mason as a secret agent and Alida Valli as the美丽的 spy who helps him.

**For adults**

- **(F) FLESH AND FURY—** U.-1: Tony Curtis, best-fight character, is every bit as masterly an action man as a well-developed man. (June)

**For the whole family**

- **(F) MAMA MARU—** Warners: A legendary story about a hellcat duchess who becomes her own husband and who rescues California from the Union by crossing the border on a small boat. (June)

**For adults**

- **(F) CALIFORNIA CONQUEST—** Columbia, Technicolor: Martin Landau and Vivienne Osborne bring California into the Union all by himself according to this corny but fast-moving Western. (May)  
- **(F) CAPTIVE CITY, THE—** U.A.: A suspenseful mystery with James Mason as the detective who is faced with the problem of exposing, at the risk of his life, a gambling syndicate in his own city. (May)  
- **(F) CARBINE WILLIAMS—** M-G-M: A biography of Maumun, short story unraveled, and the convicted murderer who, while serving his sentence, invents the U.S. carpine rifle. With Jean Hagen, Wendell Corey. (June)  
- **(F) CARRIE—** Paramount: Laurence Olivier gives his wife, family honor, and holds his paper from being dismissed. With Kim Hunter, John Hodiak. (July)  
- **(F) DEADLINE U.S.A.—** 20th Century-Fox: Newspaper editor Humphrey Bogart struggles to expose the head of a crime syndicate and save his paper from being destroyed. With William Conrad, George Murphy, John Hodiak. (July)  
- **(F) DUEL IN THE CLOUDS—** Paramount: Technicolor: Unscrupulous Sterling Hayden and staid Edmond O'Brien, working for rival companies, get caught up in property franchised by both. A routine dime novel kind of affair. (July)  
- **(F) DIPLOMATIC COURIER—** 20th Century-Fox: Courier is delivered to a government body becomes involved in a tug-of-war between Russia and the United States in Trieste, in this fast-moving modern spy story. (July)  
- **(F) ENCORE—** Encore: Another trio of 1930s movie stars. (July)  

**For the whole family**

- **(F) FLETCHER, THE—** U.A.: Mexican prizefighter, Richard Conte, smashes his way to victory in the ring in America to get money for his brother's (Steve Cochran) education. With William Bendix as a double, and Yvonne De Carlo. (July)  
- **(F) JUBILANCE—** M-G-M: The best spy story in years based on actual events which took place in Turkey during World War II, with James Mason as a secret agent and Alida Valli as the beautiful spy who helps him.  

**For adults**

- **(F) TENDER AND TRUE—** Warners: Based on the novel by Kathleen Norris. With George Murphy, Virginia Gilmore. (June)  

**For the whole family**

- **(F) A FLAT—** 20th Century-Fox: Baseball's Siegel Dean comes jauntily to life with Dan Dailey as the pitcher whose screwy antics provide amusement for thousands of fans. Joanne Deu as his understanding wife and Richard Croft as his manager at the Philadelphia Athletics. Three

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For full reviews, see Photoplay Shadow Stage for months indicated. See page 24 for this month's reviews.
Olivia de Havilland’s role as obedient wife is over. She’s a woman of independence again!

BY HELEN BROWN

Olivia de Havilland has finally asked her husband, Commander Marcus Aurelius Goodrich, for a divorce. No more given to compromises than he, she wants to put a final and definite end to their marriage.

All of the things about Marcus which first fascinated Olivia—his forceful manner, his intelligence, his Victorian gallantry—have lost their charm. For years, certainly, she seemed happily cast in her married role of winsome femininity, with Marcus as her protector and adviser. His experience as a man who has traveled widely, his success as a novelist, his mastery of every situation once appeared to give her self-confidence and strength.

But, even while she seemed to relish this almost smothering protectiveness, subconsciously, she must have rebelled against it. She never dared question her husband’s decisions. He was the Commander—in all things—in his home as on his ship. (Continued on page 38)
Vivian Blaine has, ever since the late fall of 1950, when “Guys and Dolls” opened in New York, been the darling, or dollface of Broadway. It’s much easier to get a cocktail date with Garbo than to get tickets to Vivian’s show. It is only natural that Hollywood, who had had first dibs on blonde, blue-eyed, well-stacked Vivian, should come waving contracts the morning after her sensational opening. And it is only natural that Vivian, who loves Hollywood, even though it didn’t do right by her, should ask for a leave of absence to come “home” and make a picture—Metro’s “Skirts Ahoy!” with Esther Williams. Vivian sings, dances and does a bit of scene stealing when Esther isn’t looking. The picture finished, Vivian hurried back to Broadway.

A few years ago Vivian was given a henna rinse and billed as “The Cherry Blonde” at Mr. Zanuck’s workshop. With Betty Grable as the reigning musical comedy queen of the lot Vivian got left-over. It was frustrating. So Vivian and her husband, Manny Frank, who is also her manager, asked for a release from her contract and took to the road with a night-club act. Once or twice while they were on tour in the Southwest things got tough. Then a short time afterward, Vivian, in New York and jobless, literally bumped into Cy Feuer and Ernie Martin, producers of the still unproduced “Guys and Dolls.” “Look, Ernie, it’s the Cherry Blonde without her red hair,” Cy gasped, “and you know what—she looks like Adelaide.” And she got the role.

Vivian was born in Newark, New Jersey. Her father was a part-time booking agent, and while she was still a kid he’d book her for local singing dates for one dollar. Vivian first sang with an orchestra (Halsey Miller’s) in Newark. It was while she was singing in New York that a movie scout discovered her. Shortly afterwards, she was making $100 a week in Hollywood. Manny saw to it that it was upped to $1,000 in short order. In those days Vivian had a weight problem. Manny took care of the weight problem and had her down to a svelte 103.

Today, Vivian has no problems. All the studios have offered her pictures. But from the looks of things “Guys and Dolls” just might go on forever.

Barbara Bates signed with Twentieth Century-Fox in 1950 but before that she was under contract to Warners. Whenever cheesecake was needed they called Barbara. She’s beautifully equipped for cheesecake. But it got pretty boring for a girl who wanted to act. “I was Miss Grapefruit, Miss Apricot, Miss Jet Pilot and Miss everything else—including Miss Miss-the-Boat,” says Barbara, taking a dim view of the matter. Darryl Zanuck changed all that. Barbara played a dramatic role in “Outcasts of Poker Flat” and a comedy role in “Belles on Their Toes.” And this May the Big Boss picked up her option.

Barbara considers her best part to date that of the stagestruck young girl who came on in the last sequence of “All About Eve”—to give Anne Baxter her come-uppance. “If only I could get a part like that to run through the entire picture,” sighs Barbara.

Barbara, oldest of three daughters of a Denver postal clerk and his wife, went to parochial school and high school in Denver. During a summer vacation she modeled in a Denver May Company fashion show and landed on the cover of a national magazine. Next thing she knew, she was playing Yvonne de Carlo’s handmaiden in “Salome, Where She Danced.”

Six months after she launched her screen career, Barbara married Cecil Coan, a United Artists executive, whom she had met in Denver in 1945 when he was managing a War Bond show. The Coans live in an apartment in Beverly Hills with a poodle named Chulie.

Barbara’s worst fault, she says, is her stubbornness. “My poor husband has the patience of Job. When I get in one of my stubborn moods I simply close my mind and nobody can change it. My family used to let me sit it out. But Cecil is trying to show me how childish it is, and how bad for my career.”

Her pet extravagance, she claims, is buying shoes; and her pet economy is returning milk bottles. “I always want my two cents back,” she says, with a laugh. She is neat and orderly, goes around closing drawers, straightening pictures. “It drives my husband mad,” she says.
Mel Ferrer once described himself as “a head too tall, and thirty pounds too light—with about as much sex appeal as a fish—a long deceased fish.” But that’s not what the ladies wrote on the “Scaramouche” preview cards. Rumor has it that some of Mel’s scenes evoked more sympathy than those of new heart-throb, Stewart Granger, and so had to be eliminated.

Mel is a triple threat boy. He’s an actor-producer-director, with his finger in more pies than you find in a bakery on Saturday morning. Despite all his activities Mel finds time to relax carelessly with his friends—among them Clifton Webb, Constance Collier, Charlie Chaplin and the Gregory Pecks—and discuss their mutual passion—acting. A demon for jazz, his most erudite discourses often have background music of trumpets and drums that would delight the hot-rod set.

Strangely enough, nervous, high-tensioned Mel manages to lead a normal family life. He’s often late to meals, but who isn’t? He is married (he divorced her once, but they re-married) to Frances Pilichard, a Maryland girl whom he met while he was at Princeton. They have two children, Pepa and Mark, and live in Santa Monica. Mrs. Ferrer is hard-put to keep the house supplied with groceries, as Mel eats four meals a day, snacks in between.

Mel, the son of a doctor, was born in Elberon, New Jersey, his family’s summer place, and brought up in a sumptuous home just off Fifth Avenue in New York. He entered Princeton in 1935. By 1937 he was consumed with a burning desire to write a novel. He married Frances and they hid away in Taxco, Mexico. The novel turned out to be a children’s book, “Tito’s Hats.”

Back in New York, Mel decided to become a dancer. Clifton taught him what to do with his feet and he got a job in Cole Porter’s “You Never Know.” Several plays followed. Then radio, where he eventually became a director-producer. His first outstanding movie acting was done in “Lost Boundaries.”

And he made his debut as a big time director with “The Secret Fury,” which brought him an actor-director contract with the man in the tennis shoes, better known as Howard Hughes.

Richard Todd, who is already well known to American audiences, won in a walk when Walt Disney tested a number of English actors for the starring role in “Robin Hood.”

Hollywood became Todd conscious when he was nominated for an Academy Award for his fine work as the dour Lachie in “The Hasty Heart.” After Stage Fright,” the Hitchcock thriller, also made in England, Warner Brothers brought him to Hollywood for “Lightning Strikes Twice.” When he completed the film, Richard and his pretty young wife returned to England.

Richard was born Richard Andrew Palethorpe Todd in Dublin, Ireland, the son of a professional English soldier. He dropped the two middle names when he decided to act. He wasn’t enthusiastic about being an actor. “It was mainly for the money,” he says quite frankly. “I prefer farming. I’m what you might call a detoured farmer.” A few years ago he acquired a bit of land in Scotland, which once belonged to his grandfather, and when the bank balance permits he is going to cultivate it and stock the farm with cattle.

Richard’s war record is impressive. He was twenty years old when he first joined the infantry, and came out a war-weary captain in the paratroops seven years later. He made twenty-three jumps from aircraft, and a dozen or more on balloons. The war over, he was thinking about his future when some of his pals persuaded him to do a guest appearance in “Claudia” for the Old Vic Repertory Theatre.

“There I acquired a wife and a career,” he says. Claudia was played by Katherine Bate. With Jane Wyman making like Cupid, Richard and Catherine were married in August, 1949, while he was working in “Stage Fright.”

He doesn’t like nicknames, prefers to be called Richard and he hates people to make puns. But he can’t resist making a pun himself. Hollywood folk and Richard rather hard to get acquainted with. He never spoke unless spoken to, and instead of indulging in horseplay with the other actors he’d stay by himself in his dressing room. But the people who did break through his reticent reserve pronounced him “most entertaining and amusing.”
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Breakup!

(Continued from page 35)

His attitude toward her was strange and puzzling. He seemed to see her as part child, part great creative artist, part vassal. But never as a real wife.

When Olivia was pregnant, no one except the nurse was allowed to see her. His great Duse must be hidden from the crude gaze of the world so long as she looked anything less than perfect.

From the day of their marriage, August 26, 1946, Olivia was permitted to make only epic films. Nothing but the most dramatic, world-shaking roles would do. It was Marcus, admittedly, who encouraged her to do "The Snake Pit," for which she was nominated for an Academy Award, and "The Heiress," in which she won her second Oscar. But he steered her away from anything less monumental. It seemed almost as if he were afraid to let her play in anything which would involve her in torrid love scenes. Jealousy? Perhaps. Yet, almost two decades, her sensibilities, he was more father than lover to her.

He protected her constantly, worried about her getting enough rest. He carried a revolver when they were out, because once her life had been threatened.

One of the most rewarding days for Marcus in their years together must have been the one when he brought his heroics into full play and rescued Olivia from a bed of snakes. She was cutting flowers in the garden of their hilltop home when suddenly she saw a writhing mass at her feet—a tangle of baby rattlesnakes, guarded over by their irate mother. At her scream, Marcus rushed to her and chopped the snakes to bits with his hoe.

Their household was run entirely to suit his whims. His writing career is as haltered—perhaps—as Olivia's acting career. (Critics consider his novel "Delilah" a near-classic.) And Marcus demands the same discipline of everyone else that he asks of himself to pursue it. This meant absolute quiet in the house from 9 A.M. to 2 P.M., his writing hours.

Moreover, Marcus alone had to be enough for Olivia with no one permitted to intervene, not even her sister, Joan Fontaine, or their mother.

When Olivia was working, she was required to leave the set, no matter what, to time for the dinner hour that Marcus set. Everything in the household was run with equal rigidity. Perfection was the rule—and anything less than perfection was unacceptable.

The only guests who were welcomed into this arid atmosphere of propriety were a few of Marcus's ex-college professors and business associates. And these were whisked in and out as quickly as possible.

Evenings consisted of discussion on world affairs, on literature, on the drama.

The rebellion must have surged violently under the surface for a long time before Olivia allowed it to erupt. When it did, it was surprising.

However, even with the divorce soon to be filed, Marcus no doubt still worries about Olivia's welfare and about his son. For despite his strange and positive opinions, there is every evidence he is still devotedly in love.

And what of Olivia? Will she return to the days when she had friends, a full social life? Perhaps do another comedy like "Princess O'Rourke"?

For one thing, she has her son Benjamin. And she will no doubt give him a great deal of her life—and all her love. Whatever she does, she will make no compromise with Marcus. The Commander can rule on his bridge alone.

The End
Do you want Ingrid Bergman back?

A very important question, this—on which Ingrid Bergman and the Hollywood producers await your answer • BY ELSA MAXWELL

- Do you want Ingrid Bergman back?
  No idle question that. Actually a very important question. A question, also, on which Ingrid Bergman, I am sure, and the Hollywood producers, I know, await your answer.
  Mervyn LeRoy, director of "Quo Vadis," insists, "Any director in the world would be eager to make a picture with Bergman."
  David O. Selznick, the man who brought Bergman to America from Sweden, has visited her in Rome recently and appears to have convinced her that there is still a future for her in the work she loves.
  Howard Hughes is said (Continued on page 91)
Debbie and Bob are good bowlers

Bob says Debbie always dresses right

Debbie Reynolds is in "I Love Melvin"

Bob is next in "What Price Glory"

"You don't know what you're letting"

DEBBIE'S Date Line

BY ROBERT WAGNER

• IT ISN'T EASY to label Debbie Reynolds. One word such as "actress" or one phrase such as "triple-threat star" isn't nearly comprehensive enough. Like Scotch tape, she'll stick to anything until she becomes a part of it.

Take the tuba, for instance.

Or, better yet, give it to me for a few minutes until you dig what I mean. As I write this article (at night), I'm spending my days at Twentieth Century-Fox Studios, working in a picture called "The Stars and Stripes Forever," in which Mr. Clifton Webb plays John Philip Sousa, the march king.

In this picture I play a tuba. You know what a tuba is: a neurotic fog horn that thinks it's a boa constrictor.

Learning to play the instrument is just what you would expect: frustrating and dangerous. I blistered my lips after one day of tootling on this instrument, and I am still trying to live down the jibes of my fellow-workers, both musical and unhep.

In the midst of my attempt to decide whether tuba or not tuba (Shakespeare said it first), Debbie Reynolds came on the set to visit me.

"Having trouble?" she inquired kindly. "Look, give (Continued on page 81)
yourself in for;" she told him. It's a warning. He's glad he didn't take!

Debbie knows a fellow may get a kick out of staring at a girl wearing a skin-tight gown, but that he doesn't want to be her escort. She never gets all done-up, even for formal parties.
No one doubts that Pat still loves Gary Cooper. Or that he loves her. But she says, "I'll never see Coop again"

Pat Nealy's Heartbreak

BY HEDDA HOPPER

• Pat Neal assures me it is all over between her and Gary Cooper.

"I will not see him when I go back to Hollywood," Pat told me when we met in New York. "I have been very much in love with him. And I am sure he has loved me. But I saw that it wouldn't work so I've stepped out. I have a lot of life ahead of me. And I want to live it with someone who is fun and unentangled, someone with whom I can have a relationship that will be good—and permanent.

"Coop," she said, "is wonderful. I never knew anybody like him. But he's a very complex person, as you well know. We last saw each other on Christmas Eve—briefly. It is, I assure you, over and ended forever. Wouldn't you know it would be just my luck to fall in love with a married man?"

"How many times have you been in love, Pat?" I asked.

"Only once," she said.

It was not easy for Pat to talk about Coop. That I know just as (Continued on page 79)

Gary Cooper is in "Springfield Rifle." Pat Neal, in "Something for the Birds." Top: Coop and Pat in "The Fountainhead"
Choose Your Star
These are the young players the studios are training for stardom. Not all will make it. Shoot your favorites ahead with your votes.

Twinkle, Twinkle, you Photoplay star-makers, for it is your turn to shine! Whether or not you are aware of it, the fact is that you have turned out to be the best of all talent scouts when it comes to picking the best among the newest and freshest talents in Hollywood. It was you who chose Howard Keel as your top particular favorite a couple of years ago—and now look! It was you who selected Mitzi Gaynor last year; and is there any other girl with so few films who has such a dazzling future? It was you who gave the nod to Tony Curtis, and Pier Angeli, and Bob Wagner, practically before Hollywood was aware of them.

So shift your eyes from left to right on this page and the following and give us your vote once again. Select the 1952 personalities you think are the likeliest of them all. Sixty-five fresh faces we’re bringing you. Pick for us, please, in the he and she departments, and we’ll sing out the glad news from every Hollywood diving board.

Your choices will have natural talents and beauty, and in addition to your approval they will need the breaks. Last year, for example, you picked Anthony Dexter as your first choice for 1951. But Tony and his producer, Edward Small, got into a hassle, so that Tony’s second picture, “The Brigand,” is only now going into release. Meaning, of course, that the Dexter career has been temporarily stalled while there’s been no new picture for Tony.

For more candidates, turn the page
Choose Your Star
CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

The first studio on our list for 1952, Columbia, has only one new major contract for this year. That's with

Johnny Stewart: He made his movie début in "Boots Malone." His next picture will be "The Last of the Comanches." Johnny's seventeen years old, different looking, and an excellent actor.

Beverly Michaels: She's still under contract to Columbia as this is written but she may not be when you read it. In "Pick-Up" she was the big blonde—and right there is her trouble, for she stands five feet nine inches in height. She's a fine actress, though.

M-G-M, beaming over the click of Debbie Reynolds and Pier Angeli, has ten starlets junior grade on its current contract list. On the she-dish side, M-G-M is really crazy for

Barbara Ruick: Blonde, beautiful, she was born in the atmosphere of acting—her mother is radio's Lurene Tuttle. Barbara's current picture is "Scaramouche," her next one, "Above and Beyond." Not much to do in either, but studio and Babs both are gambling on what she will do in a real musical as she has a (Continued on page 92)

You've read the story!
You've seen them on the screen—
what is your verdict?

Fill in the names of the actor and actress you think most likely to achieve stardom. Paste this coupon on a two-penny postal card and mail to Photoplay, 205 E. 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.

I choose: (actor) (actress)

name age
address
As a lonely little boy he learned to keep things to himself. He still does. But in moments of crisis, John Derek is a good man to have around.
"We'll have plenty of time to dress up and make an impression," John says, "when things ease up a bit." He's so terribly grown up in some ways and in other ways, such a little boy. John's next is "Prince of Pirates"
Don't believe the rumors' of friction in the Kelly marriage. Right now, Gene, Betsy and Kerry are on a holiday in North Africa, having a wonderful rest. In Munich, making "The Devil Makes Three," Gene (with co-star Pier Angeli, below), spent most of his spare time shopping, buying books for Betsy, toys for Kerry.
Everywhere he goes, people park on his doorstep, peer into restaurants where he's dining, tell him their troubles and ask his advice. And when he's out of sight, keep calling, "Has anybody here seen Kelly?"

"Has anybody here seen Kelly?"

All over Europe that's what they're saying about Gene, wherever the Kellys—Gene and Betsy and their nine-year-old daughter Kerry—have traveled. In London Paris, Rome, and Munich, Kelly—a conquering hero—has made the city his own doorstep.

It isn't only the Europeans he has met who have become his rooters. Gene's picture, "The Devil Makes Three," was filmed in Germany, and between scenes it was a common thing to see the G.I.'s—who are stationed over there and who play in the picture—practicing dance steps which Gene had shown them. Their loyalty to him was homage not to the star who won an Oscar with his "American in Paris" but to a regular guy.

Pier Angeli plays opposite Gene and she is another Kelly devotee.

"He's wonderful!" Pier exclaims. "When I did any scene with him for the first time, I was scared. But he would wink at me with the eye away from the camera. Several times he even stopped everything so that my face, not his, got the better camera angle. He's the most considerate man I ever met. Now it's my burning ambition to study dancing very hard for three, four years—and then maybe he'll let me play opposite him in a musical."

The crew on the picture had respect for Gene because often he insisted on re-shooting a scene a dozen times, even two dozen times, to overcome a technical fault.

It's a truism of (Continued on page 74)
Call to Arms

SCOOP! The Rita Hayworth-Glenn Ford kiss that has the whole town talking—close-ups taken directly from the film of “Affair in Trinidad”

• When Rita Hayworth and Glenn Ford did this kiss scene, against a lush, tropical background and the beat of voodoo drums, the set was closed. In other words, no one who had no connection with Rita’s come-back movie could get in. It was surprising how many people found a reason to be on hand!
Long before the film was in the can, word spread that, in the parlance of Hollywood, this scene was a “scorcher”!

Glenn moves towards Rita, his eyes searching her face. He pulls her close. Her lips part . . .
They embrace, their lips meeting in a kiss that goes on . . . and on . . .

and on . . . “I’ll come to you,” she whispers, “as soon as I can”
To Scott, a good cook, dinner calls for music, candlelight and wine

They began their friendship with a pick-up. And for four years they’ve been a romantic puzzle that still keeps Hollywood guessing

BY GLADYS HALL

“He combines all the things a girl would want,” admits Dorothy of Scott
what really goes on with

SCOTT BRADY

and

DOROTHY MALONE

"Boys date me," says Dorothy Malone. "In Hollywood, at home in Dallas and in New York, I go out with a lot of different boys. But suddenly there comes the time when each one starts acting very strange and edgy. Then it comes out: 'What's this about Scott Brady?'

"I tell you, it's quite a thing to know what to say."

The public, like the fellows, are asking the same question—what's this with Scott Brady and Dorothy Malone? They date each other and have been dating for some three to four years. Hollywood hums the Wedding March, sniffs orange blossoms. Then, the next thing you know, Dorothy is back home in Dallas. Or in New York. And Scott is two-ing it with, among others, Ann Blyth, Piper Laurie, Elaine Stewart, Betsy von Furstenberg. Then Dorothy goes back to Hollywood. And Scott, like a homing pigeon, goes back to Dorothy.

Is it love? The mystified movie town wonders. Is it just a beautiful friendship? Is it for real? Or just for kicks? (Continued on page 76)
Boys scare her. If you tell her she's pretty she blushes. But at fifteen, Margaret O'Brien can't hide the fact that she's become a junior glamour girl.

maggie shows her age

She's mad about singer Johnny Ray— even does homework to his recordings. Above, Maggie at the age of ten

- When a Hollywood columnist stopped at Margaret O'Brien's table and said, "Why, Maggie, you're more beautiful than Liz Taylor," Maggie, who doesn't think she's at all pretty, was embarrassed. She's quite shy, really, and, at fifteen, has never had a date. She's more at ease with her mother, her beloved Aunt Marissa and her girl friends than she is with boys. Mad about the old-fashioned look, she'd wear as many petticoats as she has in her closet if she could get them all on. She wore a strapless dress once to a party—came home to announce she didn't like it and hasn't worn one since. In her pine-panelled den there's a TV set, a record player and a radio. Sometimes when she's doing her homework she turns them all on at the same time. "It nearly drives me crazy," confesses her mother. Right now Maggie's in the Orient making "An American Girl in Japan."
Maggie hasn't outgrown her love for comic books—and though she's given away most of her large doll collection, she has kept a few favorites—lets her four-year-old cousin play... with them. Her passion for travel puzzles Mrs. O’Brien. They’ve been twice to Europe, once nearly around the world. Maggie adores eating in “fancy places” with aunt, below.
"At times she's strictly from pixie," says Jerry of Janet. Janet is in "Fearless Fagan," Tony, in "No Room for the Groom," and Jerry, above with wife Patti, in "The Stooge.

She makes his gags backfire, strips him at poker. And he loves her! Which doesn't surprise his wife or Tony Curtis. They'd think he was crazy if he hadn't fallen for Janet Leigh.

- I'd better start off with a confession. I'm in love with the slim and lovely Janet Leigh. One of the sweetest, nicest, most delightful persons in the world, who is married to my best friend, Tony Curtis.

This will come as a surprise to practically no one. Tony knows it. My wife, Patti, knows it. Our sons, Gary and Ronnie, know it. All our friends know it. And they all approve. Because they all love her, too.

Tony Curtis and I have been friends for years. We met in New York when I was playing at the Havana-Madrid night club. Later, when we both came out to Hollywood, we used to get together and talk over our problems. After that, we became fast friends.

Patti used to invite Tony to dinner, and usually he'd bring along a girl friend. Then one night the girl was Janet Leigh. And we all knew that Tony had found something good.

When they weren't looking, Patti smiled at me and gave me a wifely nod of approval. Her eyes said, "This one is the real thing."

But Gary, who believes that an opinion ought to be voiced, came right out with, "Golly, she's pretty."

After that, we saw a lot of Janet. Tony used to bring her to our house nearly every Saturday afternoon or Sunday. Usually there was a gang there to swim in the pool and eat barbecued hamburgers.

One afternoon when they arrived Janet was all dressed up. She had on a new dress, and you could see that she had spent (Continued on page 87)
"Probably don't know when I'm well off;"
he used to say when he didn't have a baby. Then
Terry arrived and Audie admitted he'd
just been whistling in the dark!

audie gets his "man"

BY CORINNE BURNS

- We watched from the window, waiting to
welcome them home from the hospital, my
five-year-old daughter, Charylene, Audie's
dog, "Ranger," and myself.

Finally we heard the familiar jet-like zoom
that means Audie's ascent up the hill to the
house that overlooks Hollywood. Then slowly
my brother and Pam came up the steps. Audie
carried the little bundle very carefully. Com-
ing from a family of ten children, he's used to
handling babies, but this was his own son.
And his face told me his happiness was com-
plete, that whatever the going had been in the
past—and sometimes it was rough—the sun
was really shining for him now.

I remembered the day he came home to
Farmersville from the war, with a fire engine
escort, banners flying, bands playing, and
thousands standing in the 98-degree heat
around the platform in the square to welcome
him. I remembered, too, when he came back
for the premiere of his first picture, "Bad
Boy," a motion picture star. Now this happi-
est of all homecomings with his son. I wished
our mother could have been there.

"If Audie only has a chance, he'll make
something of himself someday," our mother
said to me before she died. He was the light
of her weary years. All her dreams were in
him and her hopes for a better life for all of
us. "I try not to think more of Audie than
of the rest of the boys," she used to say, "but
he's different somehow, has such different
ways."

Whether he was (Continued on page 77)
Esther, above with son Benjy, likes to eat—keeps down the pounds with daily swimming.

That's what Esther said to L. B. Mayer when really she wanted to be an actress. It's the kind of Williams' thinking that keeps her on the happiness beam.
She has created the myth that she's just a helpless little girl where money's concerned—Ben manages her affairs... but Esther's brain still boosts the Gage enterprises! To Kim, Benjy, she's passing on a fine heritage of self-control.

**BY SHEILAH GRAHAM**

- Those who work on the Hollywood sound stages develop a sixth sense which warns them when a scene will be shot—and they have to stop moving, stop talking, and sometimes it seems to me, stop breathing. I was preparing to do all three of these things one bright afternoon (courtesy of arc lamps), on the big tank set out at M-G-M. Everything was ready. Esther Williams in a flashing, figger-huggin' suit, poised on the edge of the pool. Extras in fetching but more plebeian swimming clothes were fixing suits and smiles. And the director was starting to croon, "Camera." Then a voice with an English accent cut into the silence, jeering, "Who's this Esther Williams? I've never heard of her!"

And now I'll let Esther tell the rest of the story. "No one was killed, no one was even bawled out. And," Esther says, "I didn't even scream. But I was on the spot, and I knew it. All I could see were eyes, millions of them, staring at me, wondering what I was going to do about it. So I did nothing, just grinned and said, 'I'm ready, boys.' But it took everything my mother taught me about psychology to go on working as though nothing had happened.

"In a way I had asked for it," Esther continued. This was a month after the picture "Skirts Ahoy" was safely in the can. "It all started when Joe Pasternak came to my house and said, 'Would you mind if I let someone steal a scene from you?'"

Esther has never been a girl to quibble over a piece of celluloid if someone else can improve her picture. So Joe told her he was sending for the Tongay kids from England who were in the news because the authorities over there had refused to allow them to swim the English Channel.

But neither Joe nor Esther knew about Pop. Mr. Tongay came with the kids. (Continued on page 85)
A leopardess in a gilded cage . . . invitation to romance . . . Carnival night in Venice . . . tropical fruits in a golden bowl . . . Salome in a mink coat
A deep river, flowing towards the sea...riding boots on a dance floor...
love song on an organ...the spicy tang of new leather...homespun appeal

Color portrait by Blackwell. Howard is in "Lovely to Look At"
Memories . . . of the way his name first looked in lights,
his marriage to Sue, his friendships with the boys on the back lot—and all the
other things that give Alan Ladd faith in his future
no one can ask more

BY IDA ZEITLIN

Alan used to punch in at the Warner studios as a grip in overalls. Now he's there as the star of "The Iron Mistress." Above, Ladd in scene with Dick Carlyle and Dick Paxton

- A big Warner Brothers truck drove up on to the Paramount lot not long ago and backed up to the door of the third dressing room from the end. Trucks are no novelty on studio lots, and attract no attention. This one did, however. Figures moving about their own business came to a sudden halt. Some paused briefly, then went on, as if they'd rather not see what was happening.

Out from the dressing room one of the boys carried a chair. Preparing to lift it into the truck, his eyes swept the watchers. "Hey, what is this, a wake?" Nobody answered. "Well, if that's how you feel about Ladd," he grinned, "looks like we hit the jackpot over at our place."

"Brother," spoke up a Paramount grip, unsmiling, "you can say that again."

Sue Ladd knew from the first that Alan wouldn't go near the studio that day. They didn't even discuss it. But somebody had to supervise things. "I'll go," she decided. And she planned how she would keep her mind a blank so as not to break down.

Check list in hand, she was all ready to leave. Curiously, though, instead of turning doorward, her feet led her to the library where their secretary worked. Sue handed her the list. "Will you do it, Belle?"

So it was Belle who presided over the dismantling of Alan's dressing room while Sue, to relieve a sense of restlessness, went shopping. By the time she got back with her packages, Alan was up. An odd look crossed his face. "I thought you were going over there to check me out."

"So did I. But at the last minute I got cold feet."

"That's what you think, honey. I knew right along you couldn't do it, any more than I could."

They both fell silent. (Continued on page 89)
Smart addition to any sweater wardrobe is turtle-neck version worn by Elizabeth Threatt, right, of RKO’s “The Big Sky,” produced by Howard Hawks. Push-up sleeves are three-quarter length. For variety, sweater can be worn outside skirt to give the new long, middy look. By Jantzen, in Kharafleece—a mixture of wool, vicara and nylon—it’s available in a wide variety of colors. $8.95, in sizes 32-40. To add that finishing touch, a pin by Bill Agnew. Skirt is by Korday, belt by Debutante.

Crowley’s, Detroit, Mich.
Emery, Bird, Thayer Co., Kansas City, Mo.

A classic example of what to wear on casual occasions is sweater set modeled by Arlene Dahl, left, star of Paramount’s “Caribbean.” Both the short-sleeve pullover and long-sleeve cardigan are a hundred per cent cashmere. And don’t say cashmere is out of your budget class. For the pullover costs only $8.95; the cardigan, $12.95. By Helen Harper, in pink, blue, yellow, gray, black, red, green or brown, 34-40. With this set Arlene wears a Korday skirt, Bill Agnew jewelry, Debutante belt.

Arnold Constable & Co., New York, N.Y.
The John Shillito Co., Cincinnati, Ohio

* For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 75

There’s a definite place in the smart wardrobe for sweaters. Take your pick from these Photoplay pages
The middy sweater worn by M-G-M’s Sally Forrest, above, is perfect for the young figure. In black with gray, brown with beige, red with black, sizes 34-40, $7.95. Matching slim skirt has double kick pleats front and back. Sizes 10-18, $12.95. Sweater by Boepple, Dunkirk skirt. At Arnold Constable, New York, N.Y.; Gimbels, Philadelphia, Pa. Bill Agnew jewelry

Two-tone sweater in gray or beige, with sloping shoulders, seamless sleeves, worn by Esther Williams of M-G-M’s “One Piece Bathing Suit.” Sizes 34-40, $5.95. Matching skirt is group-pleated worsted flannel, sizes 10-18, $14.95. At Arnold Constable, New York, N.Y. Premier sweater, Dunkirk skirt. Margaret Sheridan, below, of RKO’s “The Korean Story,” wears a 100 per cent wool jersey sweater, $8.95, and Dunderry plaid skirt, $1.95, both by Petti. Sweater comes in white, red, black, rust, skirt in complementary colors. Sizes 9-15. At F. & R. Lazarus, Columbus, O.; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.
photoplay

PATTERN

of the month

Virginia Mayo in original ensemble designed by Travilla for "She's Working Her Way Through College"

Three pieces make a smart outfit—can be mixed and matched with other items in your wardrobe. Skirt is straight. Weskit can be in solid or patterned fabric. Turtle-neck, sweater-like blouse is in jersey, has push-up sleeves. Follow this pattern if you want to make an effective appearance.

Photoplay Patterns
Box 1295, Grand Central Station
New York 17, N. Y.

Enclosed find fifty cents ($0.50) for which please send me the Virginia Mayo "She's Working Her Way Through College" pattern #12 in size 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20.

Name.............................................. Size

Street..............................................

City.............................................. State... Age

NOTE: For speedy delivery, enclose five cents extra for special handling
SUPPORTING LINES

The new bras are designed to put everyone in the sweater girl class

PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

A practical and pretty bra in crisp taffeta, embroidered lace, both nylon. Straps are satin. Satin elastic band insures comfortable fit. By Warners, in white only, sizes 32-40, $3.95

Built-in contours create a lovelier line for in-between and regular sizes. An Equalizer bra by Exquisite Form, in white broadcloth, 32-38, A-B, $2.50

Hold that figure line with Peter Pan's innercircle bra with stitched cup. Perfect for average or full figures, keeps its shape no matter how many times it's washed. White broadcloth, 32-40, A-C, $3.95

Dainty embroidered bra of nylon sheer—four-sectional, with single needle spiral stitch to give that natural rounded line. By Loveable, 32-38, A-B, white, navy, black. $2.00

Chansonette—Maidenform's circular-stitched bra—rounds and accentuates the bosom at the same time. In white nylon, sizes 32-40, A-C, $2.50

Fitted for perfection, this "Triple Fit" bra is proportioned to your bust size, cup size and separation—wide, medium or narrow. By Formfit in white broadcloth, it comes in sizes 32-38, A-C, $2.00

Slightly undersize? Don't worry. Hollywood Maxwell has the answer to that problem—this whirlpool bra in white broadcloth. 32-38. A-C, $2.50

BRAS ON THIS PAGE ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY. FOR STORE NEAREST YOU WRITE DIRECT TO MANUFACTURERS LISTED ON PAGE 75.
HOW NORA LACEY LOST 65 LBS. WITH THE ANN DELAFIELD REDUCING PLAN

A New, Easy, Natural Way to Lose Weight and Gain a Richer, Fuller Life

"Dear Miss Delafield: Now at last I am able to do the things that I have wanted to do for years. After losing 65 pounds, I am not ashamed to go skating, dancing and to have all the fun that I missed before. It's like being born all over again at the age of twenty-five!"

Sincerely, Nora Lacey, Brooklyn, New York

What you get with the Ann Delafield Reducing Plan:

2. A 30-day supply of Ann Delafield Appetite Reducer...not a drug, but a delicious, non-fattening, scientifically-produced supplementary food that includes low calorie Skim Milk Powder and Soy Bean Flour.
3. A 30-day supply of the Ann Delafield Vitamin Capsules...scientifically prepared according to the Recommended Dietary Allowances, Food and Nutrition Board, National Research Council in 1948 for women on a 2000 calorie or less reducing diet, except for the omission of Thiamine, which has a tendency to increase your appetite.

SOLD AT REXALL DRUG STORES EVERYWHERE

"It's like being born all over again at the age of twenty-five!" Nora Lacey wrote the famous beauty consultant through whose help she lost 65 pounds. "My life is fuller and richer since I took the Ann Delafield Appetite Reducing Plan!"

Nora Lacey is one of thousands...virtually hundreds of thousands...who have achieved amazing success with Ann Delafield's help. During the last forty years this famous dietician, teacher and beautician has received acclaim from all over the world for her easy, natural principles of weight reduction. And now her method is offered to you in the Ann Delafield Reducing Plan...a plan that is bringing happy results to women (and men) who have never been able to successfully lose weight!

IT'S EASY...IT'S FUN

No wonder the Ann Delafield Plan is so popular! You don't count calories. You don't feel starvation. You even have a piece of cake for dessert! Yes, you can "eat your cake and have it, too." Miss Delafield has prepared generous, appetizing yet low-calorie menus for you and gives you a choice—depending on how fast you want to lose weight. Pupils find it an easy way to reduce that doesn't take the fun out of life.

HERE'S WHY YOU DON'T FEEL STARVED

The secret of the amazing success of Miss Delafield's plan is a scientifically...and delicious...wafer called the Ann Delafield Appetite Reducer. Miss Delafield's pupils have called it "the greatest blessing a hungry person ever had." This wafer was conceived after years of practical experience and endless hours of consultation with physicians and dietitians. Those between-meal hunger pangs, so familiar to anyone who has ever suffered through an ordinary reducing plan, are quickly satisfied with the Ann Delafield Appetite Wafer.

BE HAPPY—BE SLENDER!

Why go on letting excess pounds keep you too self-conscious and tired to have the fun that should be yours? If your doctor has told you that your problem is not due to a glandular disturbance or organic causes, start on your way to slender beauty with the Ann Delafield Reducing Plan today. The complete package...containing everything you need...costs just $6.95 (repeat package, $5.95). For this low price you get not only your Appetite Reducer Wafer...but also your Vitamins...plus a valuable book that will become one of your best friends!
Hollywood that the bigger the star the friendlier he is with the working crew. And Gene—as typically American as his native Pittsburgh—brought to Europe a spirit of friendliness and unassumingness that surrounded his sets. In a way Gene and the crew even came, in time, to talk the same language.

Gene, making a game of his limited knowledge of German, developed an original version of “Kelflgy German.” What Fractured French has been to Americans looking for laughs, Kellyfied German was to Gene and his co-workers.

“She's going to party, became the equivalent—in Kelly German—to the slang expression, "Slip me some skin."

Other phrases were:

"Let's go, kids, "Jef pehets, kinder."

"What's cooking?"—"What is lost?"

"I'm going to hit the sack."—"Ich gehe jetzt ins stroh."

"Let's get the show on the road."—"Leizt uns abheben."

And of course there came to be that special phrase: "Hat jemand hier Kelly gesehen?"—"Has anyone seen here?"

Wherever Gene went about the city, whether with his wife Betsy and Kerry, or someone was sure to sing out, "Hat jemand hier Kelly gesehen?"

A few days before Gene finished his picture, Betsy and Kerry went on to Paris, and Betsy could make preparations for the family's holiday in the South of France. Like most husbands Gene leaves the details of working out travel schedules and purchasing tickets to his wife. And like most husbands and fathers, during those last few days after her wife and daughter had gone, Gene was forever hauling out their pictures to show to everyone. He would beam at the picture of Kerry and himself, with Kerry wearing an authentic Tyrolean hooded cape of gray wool.

"She picked out that outfit all by herself," he would explain. "Not even ten years old, and smart as a whip! Kerry has good taste, too. She takes after her mother."

Discount the rumors of friction in the Kelly family as vicious or thoughtless. Gene and Betsy are as truly in love as they were when they met years ago, when Gene was staging dance numbers at Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe in New York and Betsy came applying for a job. She got the job—against her wishes of almost everyone but Gene. And not long afterward she and Gene were dating steadily. A little later his hit came in "Fall Joey," he went to Hollywood and they were married.

Proof that their marriage is in perfect running order is the fact that this spring Betsy left their Hollywood home and took Kerry out of school to travel to Munich to be with Gene—although at that time it looked as if Gene would be gone only a few months!

Now, of course, he's scheduled to be over there much longer. Late this summer he will star in "Brigadoon," which will be filmed in London.

At the Munich studio Gene's dressing room was large and impersonal, with bare walls except for essential furnishings.

"When I'm working I don't want anything to distract me," he says. "I don't want anything to take my mind off creating the proper mood for the part playing and for the picture as a whole."

In "The Devil Makes Three" he plays an ex-G.I. who returns to Germany after the war. And Pier Angeli has the role of the sole survivor of a family that had helped him.

**The End**
Rabbit eye tests prove ZONITE's absolute safety to body tissues in hygiene

The membranes of a rabbit's eyes are far more delicate than those in the vaginal tract, zonite was put directly into rabbits' eyes twice daily for three months. Not the slightest irritation appeared at any time. No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is so powerful yet safe to tissues.

Young wives should not experiment with this vital problem

In this modern age, most women realize how important complete feminine hygiene (including internal cleanliness) is to health, married happiness, after their periods and to prevent offensive odors.

Young wives are no longer forced to experiment or rely on 'guessedwork' about what to use in their douche. Gone forever are the days of poisonous and caustic antiseptics! A foolproof rule to follow is to use a germicide in your douche which can be accidentally swallowed with safety. A perfect solution is ZONITE. It is a powerful germicide yet positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. ZONITE should forever clear away any doubts and confusion of what to use in your douche because: no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is so powerful yet so safe to body tissues!

In ZONITE women have an antiseptic that completely solves their most pressing and intimate problem.

Warrants Against Use of Vinegar

The modern well-informed woman would never think of resorting to weak homemade solutions of vinegar for her douche. Would you use vinegar as a deodorant? Of course not! Would you pour vinegar over a cut and expect germicidal protection? Of course not! Vinegar and many other preparations have their use for the household. But certainly no intelligent woman should use such homemade makeshift solutions for the most intimate concern of her life.

The modern woman deserves a special, scientifically correct product for her douche. And she has it in ZONITE.

ZONITE'S Miracle-Action

ZONITE completely deodorizes. It cleanses and flushes away odor-causing waste substances and deposits, ZONITE helps prevent infection and kills every germ it reaches. It's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but you can be sure ZONITE instantly kills every reachable germ. ZONITE can be used as directed as often as needed without the slightest risk of injury!

FREE! Mail coupon for free book. Reveals intimate facts and gives complete information on feminine hygiene. Write Zonite Products Corp., Dept. PP-82, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

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*Offer good only in U.S. and Canada

Zonite

This ideal 'all purpose' antiseptic-germicide should be in every medicine chest

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It’s a funny thing,” Dorothy admits, “this is what I call it with Scott and me. I’m not surprised that people wonder about it. So do I. So, more than likely, does Scott.

“It’s difficult for me to explain our relationship, because I am the girl in the case, which is always inhibiting. But I’ll say this—it is definitely not ‘just for kicks.’ Scott and I value each other much too highly to date for superficial, egotistical reasons. And it is definitely a ‘beautiful friendship.’ Although it is a fine friendship, too. But with, a plus, I would say. Yet we’re not going steady. I don’t believe in going steady with anyone, unless you are actually engaged to him.

It all began, this you-name-it with Scott and Dorothy, as a pick-up. A beach pick-up, at that! Their first meeting was in 1948, on the Santa Monica beach.

“Ethel, my best friend—who worked in the publicity department of Warner Brothers Studio—and I were at the Swimming Club at a time when I didn’t ‘know’ anyone (as Scott later said)— Dolores laughed. “I had been working indoors, so—no tan yet. I was tired. I had fever blisters. I had paps over my eyes, which were red. I was lying face down, and the sand was licking the sand. I was exasperated. I took a peck from behind an eye-pad and beheld the other extremities of a tall young man chasing a redhead. The two came by time and place over the beach.

“The next thing, the bounding boy pulled up short, squatted on the sand beside Ethel and me and started asking questions—the redhead no longer visible elsewhere. After Ethel called out to Dorothy the information that she was ‘in publicity,’ he asked me what I did. Still face down and praying that I might remain that way until he, like the redhead, disappeared, I was a car-hop, but wasn’t working at the time.

“And he was so sweet. He had a friend, he said, who owned a drive-in. The friend might give me a job. That is Scott. Never has a friend who cares more. Personal information about the other fellow, whether the other fellow is a V.I.P. or a car-hop.

“A sweetness and an identification with the problems and pangs of his fellowman was my first impression of Scott. I have never changed it.

“One day, after I’d known Scott for some time, I sat outside my agents’ office for two hours waiting for them to see me, which they failed to do. Scott was within the office, but when my agents came out of their office, they told them off. The fact that they were important people who might be useful to him didn’t deter Scott from telling them off. Then, when he came to his agents (I’d never had anybody take up for me before) he told a funny little joke to cheer me up, took my arm and we went on . . . There’s sensitivity and strength in Scott. He’s a perfect mixture of the sentimental and the heavy.

“But to go back to our first meeting—Scott didn’t tell me right off what he did for a living; as he’d just made ‘Canon City,’ which I hadn’t as yet seen, I didn’t know. I don’t know who he had been right from the beginning, though, at the first peek, I liked his looks. Scott resembles my father and also my young brothers, so that I’ve always felt for him a mixture of the respect and deference you feel for your father and protectiveness you have for little brothers.

“With all his wisdom and the mature mind he has, there’s a lot of little boy in Scott, too. So it wasn’t long before he told us, proud as Punch, that he was a movie actor. He had just finished his first picture and had a big write-up in a big national weekly—which what do you know—he just happened to have with him and here it was if I’d turn over, sit up and pay attention. I’m sure.

“As there was nothing else for it, I turned over. I sat up, thinking with amusement that the shock of seeing me, sight that I was, would register anywhere from our corner of the sort.

“That is Scott, too. Man-like, pretty girls are what he likes to see. And pretty clothes on pretty girls. But beauty and charm, and the ability to make Scott laugh, which only other boys seldom have. As you go through life, you meet certain people you can really talk to. Scott is one of them.

“When, eventually, I did go back to Hollywood I didn’t suppose anyone, in cluding Mrs. Mayo, with whom I’d made my home in the Valley, would remember me. But when I got back, there wa Mrs. Mayo. Neor wide open anywhere. And when the opened door was Scott, saying ‘I’s about time, you character!’ There were people hiding in the hour and roses and champagne. I realized the Scott and Elverton may not have been finding anything at Mrs. Mayo’s planning this party.

“We went to three premieres that week. And to the Swimming Club, which Scott’s favorite place for our dates because he came there first. We were just as they had been with Scott and me.

“And then I went away again, we home and stayed a whole year.”

Why? Because Dorothy loves Texas.

In the four years of their friendship Dorothy has made other departures from Texas and returns to Hollywood. Dorothy was in New York recently to do television pictures, which she had hoped would come to Houston. When she knew they would come to East, she said, he might if finish U-T’s ‘Untamed Frontier’ and 20th Century Fox’s ‘Bloodhounds of Broadway.’

These separations would have been bearable if it wasn’t for the unconscious resentment that exists between these two who a two magnets, one for the other, yet who continue to come together only to part again.

“When I start talking about Scott,” Dorothy says, “I know all the things about him and all of them, I like He’s being a self-made man, for instance. The way he has educated himself—the way he had didn’t have much formal education. I didn’t go to college, he knows. And things were just as he’s so well-read. His relationship with his mother, which is protective as a born child’s should be, happy, too, and health. He’s very outspoken; you can really be lieve what Scott says! His cooking—Scott can certainly cook! His excellent taste in clothes. And in the gifts he sends—when, last Christmas at home, his present for me was the most beautiful of blue leather bag, with matching bl gloves, a green scarf, a blue scarf. Whose set-up. And with cute poem which he wrote himself, in each box. Ti compliments to me, oh! But compliments are, is Beau Brady.

“I can’t get married right now,” Dorothy sets up, “not because I want be a great star, though I want that, to be sure. I have responsibilities, he has Scott.

“So, who knows? One thing is certain— if it isn’t Scott I marry, it will be some one as much like Scott as possible. A respect to him. And besides I deeply love him. I really do.”
(Continued from page 60)

chopping wood or carrying a cotton sack, Audie's Irish always showed. He could make our mother laugh when smiles didn't come too often or easily.

With Audie's deep love for children, it would have been tragic if he could never have had any of his own. And along with many other ex-G.I.'s who suffered from malaria during the war—and Audie had it twice—he worried about this. We've had many long kitchen conversations when he's been back home. Audie wouldn't allow himself to believe he and Pam were having a baby until they were dead sure. They even planned to keep it a secret for awhile, but when they came back to Texas for the annual "Audie Murphy Rodeo" at the lay Woods' dude ranch, Audie just couldn't keep his happy news any longer. Strangely enough, I'd had a dream about Audie and Pam even before I knew. Or perhaps it isn't so strange—when a brother and sister are close as we've been.

The intuitive "something" that alerts you to bad news (such as the premonition I had during the war before I heard officially that Audie had been wounded) prepared you for good news, too.

Audie hasn't changed at all, really, other than to be happier than he's ever been before. And the other day the years fell away when I caught Audie out in the front yard working on a super-slingshot...the same kind he used to hunt with as kid back home. And when he came in with a package of dry pinto beans and the grinning reminder, "There's some good meat in the refrigerator. How about combining it with these beans? And cornbread on the side"—I knew it wasn't too far from Farmersville to Hollywood. He didn't ask me to suggest a name for the baby. I'm the one who put the "Leon" in Audie Leon Murphy. And for this alone, my brother has never quite forgiven me. If a boy, Audie and Pam had decided, on Terry Hunt, who so befriended my brother during his first lonely stretch in Hollywood. And when Pam went to the Santa Monica Hospital one 2:30 A.M., they still didn't have any name for a girl. Audie could work up no enthusiasm on that score.

It was an aroused Audie who called excitedly from the hospital. "We got a BOY!" he said. "You women didn't know what you were talking about when you thought he would be a girl. No wonder we couldn't think of a girl's name—he was going to be a boy all the time!"

But, around the hospital, Audie wore his customary poker-faced exterior, concealing both his fears and his exaltation. The nurses couldn't get over it. "You're the calmest father we've ever seen!" they kept saying. "And my brother assured them, "I feel no pain." But he had such indigestion from nerves that he couldn't eat for three days. "Sure can fool 'em, can't it?" he said.

Pam, still in a dreamy daze from the spinal block they'd given her, overheard Audie talking long distance to Ray Woods in Dallas, giving him the news about their new son. "Tell them to feed the horses," she put in dreamily. Audie turned from the phone, wondering if he'd heard her correctly. "Feed the horses? What are you talking about?" he said. "Feed Snuffy and Bazooka," said Pam, referring to the horses they keep on the Woods' ranch. Then she drifted off again. They brought the baby in to her, but she couldn't see him too well. "Ugliest baby you ever saw. He looks just like Jim Thorpe," Audie teased. Pam, you know, is part-Cherokee. But when the nurse brought the baby in the following morning, Pam called home. "I don't care what his father says—it's beautiful!"

Terrence Michael Murphy reminds me of Audie as a baby. Audie had the biggest blue eyes. And he, too, was always laughing. He was born on a hot June 20, on a cotton farm near Kingston, Texas, in a little shack that was already bulging with the rest of us. I was fourteen years old. Our father, Emmett Murphy, was a sharecropper; our mother, Jessie, very pretty, with black hair and brown eyes, and of gentle disposition, did more than her share without complaint.

For all his babyish face (which he always resented) Audie always was old for his years. As he's said many times, "I never can remember being young, or feeling young." He always worked hard, too, doing his part of the hoeing, plowing, and the bent-over kind of cotton-picking. Food was scarce, and sometimes he would take his slingshot out in the woods and bring back a rabbit or squirrel for our evening meal. Supper often was bread and molasses, which we would sometimes "pepper" to break the taste and make it seem like more. I remember when Audie's whole wardrobe was a single pair of overalls, which Mother, who always stressed cleanliness, would wash every night and dry by the kitchen stove.

When our father, the load seemingly too much for him, left us, Audie went to work...
LET'S SPEAK FRANKLY about these 'EXTRA' advantages for INTELMATE FEMININE HYGIENE

Greaseless Suppository assures continuous action for hours!

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Zonitors completely deodorize and help guard against infection. They kill every germ they touch. It's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but you can be sure Zonitors immediately kill every reachable germ. Enjoy Zonitors' extra protection and convenience at small cost!

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\(\frac{\text{Individually foil-wrapped, or}}{\text{In separate glass vials}}\)

FRE! Zonitors (Vaginal Suppositories)

Send coupon for new book revealing all about these intimate physical facts. Zonitors, Dept. 22P-82, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.*

*Offer good only in U. S. and Canada.

When Audie got out of the service, his thoughts of being a motion picture star were far from his mind. The first thing on his mind was getting the children out of the orphanage. He bought a two-story house in Farmerville, large enough for the family. His heart's always been bigger than his body—and usually it exceeds his pocketbook, too. When he keeps making mental budgets now about the funds he's going to have to save to get his son a college education, saving money for his son,—well, I have to see it. Money runs through his fingers and into the hands of other who need it. Typically enough, he did even let me know when he had to scrounge around for sandwiches and room rent in Hollywood.

When Audie came home he didn't know what he wanted to do. He talked of going back to the bakers' shop, taking a business course, of studying radio and having his own radio shop. As he put it, he hadn't "majored in much of anything but the Army," and he didn't know who would be best for him. When James Cash and Audie became interested in his life story and his potentialities as a film personality and sent for him, this seemed an answer out of the blue. But Audie's always been a thinking man and he won't have any more of his son's ever gotten, and I guess it was part of the pattern for him to have to win his way up in Hollywood too.

My son Weldon has been known to say, "A boy has to work six times. My husband Poland is a faithful follower to Uncle Audie" is my Charylene "favorite cowboy." She lives every picture right with him. When he gets her out of the theater she cures her heart out. She sits tense and still until he's out of danger, then she relaxes and says, "Let see it again!" Audie's always been a thinking man and he's played Farmerville, and they all wanted to go to the show with him, so they could see Audie's hat.

From the first, Audie liked working a lot, and he liked acting. "It's an interesting but he wouldn't say. But I still worried about him. Until he met and married Pam, he never felt at home in Hollywood. He kept Highway 80 hot between California and Louisiana, and he knew he must go back. Now, when he comes back home on business, he can't return fast enough.

When he brought Pam over to meet us I told him immediately that she belonged to the family. And Audie was way ahead of me. She's such a wonderful girl, and right for him. I sensed from the first the Pam, and time together, would heal all the scars he got inside Audie when they didn't show.

Since Terry Michael Murphy, Audie has even more to be thankful about. He has full fillment. He now has a great personal happiness. I can't think of anybody who deserves it more.
Gloriously New! Excitingly Different!

September PHOTOPLAY Magazine
on all newsstands
August 8

The movie magazine favorite of America, PHOTOPLAY, adds more glamour . . . more allure . . . more fascination in a gorgeous September issue that will thrill you as never before!

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★ Shirley Temple's Farewell to Her Fans
Another Hedda Hopper scoop

★ Jane Russell's "Adopted Child"
All sides of the story by Elsa Maxwell

★ The Martin & Lewis Story
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Pat planned to go from Georgia to England—to get as far away from Hollywood as possible, of course. It was to embark that she had to come to New York. But a conversation with Century-Fox had changed her plans. They wanted her for "Something for the Birds." Jeannie Crain, scheduled for the part, had been advised by her doctor to take rest following the birth of her fourth child, Jeanine.

"I was delighted to get this part," Pat said. "It is the first picture I've ever done that is written around a girl. All the others have been written around a man and the girl was incidental."

Personally I wish Pat would return to Broadway where she did so well before Warner Brothers brought her to Hollywood. In her 1947 tour of "Another Part of the Forest" she won five performance awards. She's a very fine actress indeed. I doubt, however, that she'll ever get the roles she should have in the movies. As it is, she's too tall to suit most leading men. For another she's too intelligent looking. She makes most leading men, despite their aggravated empty-faced schoolboys.

However, until Pat decides to go back to the theatre she certainly cannot afford to turn her back on Hollywood just because a certain long lanky actor who used to be a cowboy lives there and works there...although this summer Coop will be across the Pacific on a South Sea Island, making a picture there with 800 natives, two-thirds of them female.

"I will not see Coop again," Pat says. "I have only to look at that determined chin of hers to realize that she usually means what she says."

But Coop can be very persuasive—even if you aren't in love with him.

It's my guess Pat and Coop never will reach the altar. And right now I'd say this would be their guess, too.

But love is a very strange and wonderful thing. They may on one and then fool and it wouldn't be the first time it's been done either.
Debbie's Date Line

(Continued from page 40)

me the instrument. I think I can save you a certain amount of trouble by giving you a few short-cut pointers.

Yeah, Debbie plays tuba. This five-foot genius, this vest-pocket Venus, this lass with the delicate air, plays tuba.

That isn't all. She is that rare operator, a shrewd but kindly practical joker. I'll give you an example.

Remember a picture called "Let's Make It Legal"? It starred such gifted people as Claudette Colbert, Macdonald Carey, Barbara Bates. Far down, in the credit sheet was the modest name of Robert Wagner. It was one of my first jobs and I was frustrated by the professional polish of the people with whom I was working.

The first day of shooting I felt was a very difficult scene. It involved only a few lines, but for some reason the dialogue seemed strained and since I couldn't remember it exactly as it had been written I kept flubbing at the last minute. Then an arc exploded. Then something went wrong with the sound track. Then I flubbed a few more takes.

It was a real dandy day for everyone; forty-nine takes were required. I crawled home over ground glass.

This is as good a place as any to explain the importance of the word "lily" on a Hollywood sound stage. It is an accolade as praise to an actor as being touched by King Arthur's sword was to a cast-iron knight. When called out by director and/or crew, at the end of a take, it means that the scene has been perfect in every respect.

So what did Miss Reynolds do to alleviate my suffering after I had failed, by forty-nine tries, to elicit the flowery phrase? She sent me a calla lily with a stem about three feet long. One plus a note reading, "Dear R. J.: Just remember that the first day is always the toughest and that forty-nine takes aren't a set record."

The next day I made a deal with the set photographer: I made up with a black eye, numerous bandages, and a general air of defeat in battle, and lying down on the floor, lily on my chest, I posed for a portrait which I sent to Debbie.

If I can find a beaten-up old tuba, I'm going to have it filled with lilies and delivered to Debbie the next time she starts a picture. This will not, of course, give me a lead in the special effects department. Debbie can always out-plan anyone who wants to play that game.

My birthday gift from her proves that. Bright and early, on the morning of February 10, I received a large, light-weight, beautifully wrapped package, done up in a mile of ribbon.

A week earlier, Debbie and I had been guests at a houseparty given by friends who own a ski lodge. I think there were six or eight young guests, plus several pairs of parents as chaperones.

Out on the ski slopes, the zipper of my windbreaker jacket kept falling to the bottom of the jacket and sticking there. Debbie inquired brightly, "Are you so in love with that jacket that you don't want to replace it? There's a new Swedish imported windbreaker that isn't much heavier than the air-mail stamp. Wouldn't you like one?"

"I'm getting along fine with this jacket," I said, fighting the zipper back up.

Twenty feet further on, I had to go through the same performance. Forty feet, ditto. Sixty feet, again.

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"Don't you need a muffer?" Debbie continued. "You should do something to protect your throat."

"Muffers both ears," I explained. "You need a better pair of gloves," she pointed out. "You wouldn't have so much trouble pulling up that stubborn zipper if your gloves were more flexible.

All this conversation revolved around my head as I fumbled with the box lid. New jacket, maybe? Or a vicuna muffer? Or a pair of duck-down insulated mittens? A fellow can always use a pair of new gloves.

I lifted the lid to stare at what lay within. The sweet logic of the offering almost knocked me flat.

It was a bright, shining, efficient zipper. Debbie's answer to my glowing admiration and admiration with Debbie. I forecast my gift as an item appropriate to the season. I mentioned chocolate-coated soap, pepper candy, and phonograph records of "How Sad and Still by the Oil Distillery.""
The Quiet One

(Continued from page 49)

Russell mounted the wildly bucking bronco and rode, digging his knees into the sides of the drum to keep his seat.

"Now that," John declared, "is a horse a boy can learn on."

It's just a tiny incident, but it reveals better than many more dramatic things which have happened to us Dereks just what sort of man my husband is.

In a crisis—and it seems we have had nothing but a series of crises since we first knew our baby was on the way—John has a way of locking up his emotions. Unless you know him very well, you get the impression that he doesn't feel things very deeply.

Actually he is so acutely sensitive, cares so much about the half dozen people in his life whom he really loves that in crucial moments he must steel his nerve ends against pain or he would collapse when most needed.

Our baby is alive today only through a series of medical miracles, and—let me add quickly—God's help and our own iron wills. He was born two years ago on April 13 with a separation of the esophagus. This meant major surgery in the first twenty-four hours of his life.

Not more than forty infants, I am told, have survived this delicate operation—and our Russell was premature and fright-nervingly weak and small; his chances were at an absolute minimum.

This is what I mean by a crisis.

Near hysteria, I wept and prayed when our doctor told us what had to be done. John accepted the news with steely calm, only his tight lips and white face betrayed his inner agony.

I think I would have lost my mind waiting for news if John had not been so calmly hopeful. When the news came at last that our baby had made it, I wept with relief. John, still unable to show his suffering, went into the little bathroom off my hospital room, and was sick.

He's like that.

He's terribly grown up for his years. I would say a little too grown up except that his stability under extreme pressure proved invaluable in the months after Russell was born. Our crisis in the hospital was only the beginning of a prolonged nightmare. There were scheduled horrors—the monthly (at first) trips to the hospital where Russell, so little and so helpless, was anesthetized and his esophagus stretched with a glass tube. And there were the emergencies when, despite the most meticulous care in his feedings, he would choke and turn black in my arms and have to be rushed to our doctor for treatment.

John kept his head and we got to help in time every time.

Now Russell is miraculously two years old, miraculously healthy and happy. And John is triumphant in his own calm, understated way.

The boy is going to grow up and be a regular fellow, like his daddy was, and ride, and hunt and swim with his daddy as a teacher. For a beginning he has a "proper horse," and it is only the beginning.

But it has been a long, hard pull, and a tiring one.

For over a month we had no help in the house at all, and I spent all of every day—and John did too, when he wasn't at the studio—in the nursery or the kitchen. I collapsed like a rag doll as soon as the baby was tucked into bed.

I felt a little guilty about it. I was so
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Daddy, daddy, daddy," he shrieked, and I felt the disbelief of the shoppers near by.
"A movie star's wife! That frump in the crumpled slacks and her hair every which way! Ridiculous!"
I went right home and curled my hair and put on my prettiest, most feminine dress, and I told John about it when he came home.

"It's not right," told him. It's "not fair to you."
John laughed at me.

"We'll have plenty of time to dress up and make an impression," he said, "when things have settled down a bit.

He's like that, as I've said, terribly grown up in some ways, more considerate and understanding than many men twice his age.

And, in other ways, he is such a little boy.
He got every bit as much kick, for instance, as Russell did out of his creation of the little horse. I think he was a little boy who rode in and cut out that he couldn't ride the thing himself, put it through its paces.

Russell has a favorite television program, "Range Riders." Mahoney is the greatest hero who ever lived. But once when Russell was small and was in a bad bed, John turned on the show for himself.

"I can tell the kid what happened," he said. But, actually, he is pretty star-struck by Mahoney and his riders himself.

A few weeks after the circus came to town, and John came home with three tickets, Russell, he said, was old enough now to go to the circus. We really should take him.

I called the doctor first. I always call the doctor first. He advised against the outing. . . . There were too many cases of measles and mumps around. Our baby had been through so much in his two years; better not expose him to other hazards just yet.

So Russell didn't go to the circus. And Mommie didn't go to the circus. But Daddy went to the circus.

He's just a little boy sometimes. And I'm glad for him as it coming.

His own childhood was pretty grim. His parents, two highly individualistic and tempestuous people concerned with their own careers, his father as a producer and director, his mother as an actress, were divorced when John was five. After that he was pretty much on his own, living in one exclusive boarding school after another, making his own friends, shifting for himself.

Until, when he was nine years old, and captivated the imagination of Russell Harlan, a cameraman who was a good friend of his mother's, he had never had any real companionship with a "grown-up." Harlan taught him all the skills John wants to teach our son now—riding, and swimming and shooting. They went camping together, packing into the hills for days at a time, and who could look out for themselves. John had somehow skipped boyhood.

Our Russell, of course, is named for Russ Harlan, and our Russell will not skip boyhood.

We'd like him to have some brothers and sisters, hope that we can arrange it, but even if he should remain an only child he will never be lonely—because his daddy is only too eager to grow up with him.

John built a barbecue in our patio, Russell helped him paint it. John papered our dining room with collection of bullfight posters from Mexico; Russell helped mix the paste. They're co-workers and pals.

John has never liked to plan for anything. (Probably because anticipation when he was a child was followed so often by disappointment.)

But for Russell he will plan. As soon as he is able he will go to nursery school. He predicated it on his age. Our trips to the hospital for Russell's treatments are more and more infrequent now, thank heaven, and we get better news every time when the narrowing side these trips have become a sort of holiday for the baby. We took a private room for him at first, then one day John stuck his head into one of the wards and saw that the children were laughing and talking together.

"I think Russ would like it better in the ward," he said. We had him moved. It was wonderful to see.

"He talks so fast and so constantly," the nurse told us, "that I can't even take his temperature."

So he has to have some pals, and soon.

John will plan for that.

And probably because he has a family now, and a capable future, he is beginning to be willing to plan for himself.

He wants to go on acting, of course—he is yearning for a role he can really get his teeth into. He would love to play John's4.43. "No more suppressed parts please." He really analyzes a character before he plays it, and he has ideas. But nobody listens.

Nobody ever listens to an actor," he says. And he accepts it without bitterness, because he is like that.

But one day—he is planning for the first time in his life—one day he will direct pictures. And people will have to listen. In the meantime, he will listen, and work, and wait.

One thing is certain. Whatever is demanded of him in the future, John will be in shape for it.

He is amazingly compulsive about keeping fit. He rides, he fences, he boxes, he goes for long tramps through the hills with our dogs.

When it rains—and this year it rained—A is a caged panther. Then he takes out all of his amazing energy on the bar bells.

He would teach Russ, if our little fellow were just a bit bigger. Since that is out of the question, he loves me or whatever friends happen to be about into competing with him.

Up-down, up-down, up-down—twenty or thirty times. The wicked things seem deceptively light.

"Good girl," John will approve, and with a twinkle, the villain will add, "Boy! Are you going to be sore in the morning?" And is he ever right!

If patience will do it, with the added amount of the best-tended set of muscles in town, John can pretty well choose what he wants to do with his life from now on.

Nothing—not even the future—frightens John more. (Didn't we bring our baby through? What could be harder than that?)

Only good things can happen to us now. Because they're due.

For the first time in his life, John believes that. THE END
"Every day Mr. Tongay would think up rude things to rile me with," Esther told me with a reminiscent shudder. "Things like: 'Are you really a champion?' Then how come I don't have any scrapbooks on you?' But I knew that if I held on my chance would come. And, by golly, it did. One day Mr. Tongay and me. And more than eight years younger than usual. My six-year-old son, Bubba, can beat you, I can beat you, and in a year the baby can beat you.' Brother, this was it! I was mad, but I said very sweetly, 'Then why don't we have a race?' That shook him, but not much. He said it was fine with him."

You can imagine the whispering on the set. Esther's whole swimming career was at stake. To be beaten by a six-year-old boy, a middle-aged man, and perhaps a baby?

"It would have made a fascinating story for the press," Esther says, "but, thank God, it didn't happen. What Mr. Tongay didn't know and very few people do know is that every morning, no matter how late I'm out the night before, I swim for a quarter of a mile in the pool. So I'm always in top swimming condition. But these Tongay kids are good. The six-year-old one actually could swim the Channel. But I was really mad. While everyone else was beating him by half a tank." It was so exciting they kept it in the picture.

And then something really awful happened. While Esther was drying, she heard a sobbing. It was little Bubba gasping and weeping for dear life. "Whereupon," Esther says, "the mother in me started working. I felt like a heel, and I took Bubba in my arms and told him to stop crying. And I felt simply terrible when he managed to say, 'You beat me, and my daddy said no one can ever beat me.' I'd like to have beaten his father over the head with a little good psychology."

The dictionary defines psychology as the science of mind. All her life, Esther has used her mind for everyday living—from the time she decided to go out with boys in high school, to running her marriage, raising her children, and coping with big business. There was only one time, to my knowledge, when Esther's head went off beam—when the Hollywood Women's Press Club gave her the sour apple last year for being the least co-operative actress of the year.

But there are several sides to every apple. "And," relates her mother, "Esther comes home exhausted after a long day at the studio, and it's understandable that she wants to be alone with Ben and the children. Even so, I've seen her let her dinner get cold, because someone was waiting to do a layout of the house or write a story. The sour-apple attitude is a no-win solution. Esther and I have been arguing more especially when she'd keep her babies awake for hours to take pictures. Esther's trouble," says her mother, "is her total inability to say no. She wants to say yes so much. She'd say yes when she shouldn't.

Thank Heavens I Can Swim

The September issue of PHOTOPLAY will be on the stands August 13
and then get there too late. She has great energy, and wants to do everything, but she can't. So she gets into trouble.

Let nobody fool you at this point. Esther adores publicity. She knew it's a big part of her particular trade. In fact, and this is a revealing insight into the machinery of her mind, at a recent medal-giving dinner in New York, Ben Gage, buttonholed the editor of the magazine and said, "There has to be something wrong with a poll that Esther wasn't in." Esther roared with laughter, but I didn't hear it."

To understand Esther, you must know her mother, who with Esther's older sister, Dr. Maurine Fullstrom, counsels at a college of relationship. "I've been doing it for sixteen years," says Mrs. (Doctor) Bula Williams. "Of course I helped Esther. But this pupil is better than the teacher. She thinks everything out clearly and objectively."

For those of you who don't know or have forgotten how Esther's objectivity started, we'll do a movie cutback to when Esther was about to enter high school. Esther was never ugly. But she was in different as to how she looked. She rarely bothered to comb her hair and, as her mother puts it, she was a fifth child in a dainty household. Closest companion was her brother, two years older. She was a tomboy plus, and it never entered her head to try to look pretty. Boys were something you played ball with, and she wondered if girl friends always giggled when you mentioned a boy's name. She felt left out of things.

But she learned the great lesson—to be objective. Esther's battle was won when she came one day home and said, "Mother, everyone's worrying about whether they're popular or not. And everyone's worrying about whether they'll make the grade. Now, instead of my worrying about whether they smile at me, I'm going to smile at everybody." Esther's never had inhibitions, and it worked like a charm.

It always was with Ben, who is quite uninhibited himself. Esther is smart enough to let him be the boss. She rides him with a loose rein (to get horsey for a minute). But, on the other hand, Ben never takes advantage of it. I was with Esther at a recent party. Ben had wandered off to be very charming to some ladies at another table, and it was quite something the way Esther kept an animal with her, and followed him about, but it was without seeming to get lost sight of Ben. And when he looked up, and caught the invisible signal, he trotted back like the good boy he is. And didn't say, "No, Ben, you've gone far enough, you'd better sit down here." But he did.

Mr. Gage's marital psychology is interestingly different. She believes you must care about what other people think. It is usually thought that all psychiatrists advocate complete freedom of action. But Esther believes in controlled behavior, especially if you are going to commit the limelight. "We're in a showcase," she has told me, "and we don't even kid like the other people."

Naturally there are places in New York where things go wrong—and they have for Ben and Esther—but in Esther's code you don't talk about it until the irritability has passed.

Because a man is supposed to have more business ability than a woman, Esther has created the myth that she's just a helpless little girl, where dollars are concerned, and she hates to talk about money, but still it is necessary for her that she has a great big, strong financial genius like Ben to handle all their money matters.

Ben is bright and he's making a good success of their Trails Restaurant, and of their aluminum doors and windows business and he's a very capable businessman. But when a better business brain than Esther's is born, the Rockefellers and Morgans had better watch out."

And while most of the stars today from Turner to Sinatra are struggling to make their income-tax ends meet, Esther should be a rich woman when she wants to, or he'll make sure that the Gage money is wasted. Until the Gages had children, they didn't even employ a maid who lived in. They built their first swimming pool themselves and made most of the furniture.

And even today, when Esther can get it for free, she sees no reason why she should pay. Not long ago, she was doing a picture layout at the Farmers' Market. She opposed against a candy stall. "You're going to get free publicity," she told the confectioner, "so how about some candy?"

He handed Esther a pound of his choicest gumballs, reaching for a five-pound box. "This."

Esther's psychology chart runs from A to D discipline. For herself and for her family. The center of the circle is part of the deal, because she likes parties and she likes to eat. Well, this way she can have her cake and eat it. The exercise keeps her slender, the food keeps her merry, and the heck with calorie counting.

And she is passing on to her children a fine heritage of self-control. When Benji or Kimmie falls down and gets hurt, she doesn't pretend to ignore the incident. She doesn't even yell at the child. She is all business, and the child well knows as nothing at all, nor does she ladle out a lot of sympathy. She gets terrifically interested, and asks the child to tell her how it happened, and when he's finished, she points out all the things he's done, and how he's through for the third time, the child is so bored with it all he's forgotten how the darn thing started, let alone finished."

If the injury is a badly, Esther explains all the mechanics of the bandaging, and the boy is so interested he forgets to pity himself.

She uses the same psychological approach to her acting career. "As long as I can swim and my pictures make money, why should I want to be an actress?" I've heard Esther say over and over again. She learned it, if nothing else, when she tried to persuade William Powell in "Goodall Smith." It's the only one of her pictures which flopped. As Fanny Brice said when someone asked, "Is she a star?"—"Wet she is, dry she's a star."

But she's always a good friend, as Joan Evans learned during "Skirts Ahoy." When director Sidney Lanfield was mad at Esther for any reason, he seemed to take it out on Joan. "I know what must be doing," Esther consoled the younger actress, "but don't let him break you down." And it was Esther who led the applause for Joan in the projection room, when she was the subject of of the day.

"Now look what I'm doing," Esther illustrates. And the moment she appears, the audience is on its feet to go and see Joan. The Woman's Movie project was contoured to suit Joan. It worked out fine with him. And I have a hunch it will always work out fine for Esther. And I hope it does. In her own psychological fashion, she's really kind of wonderful."
I'm in Love With
My Best Friend's Wife

(Continued from page 58)

some time fixing her hair. So what happened? This happened: she fell in the pool. Or could it be that I pushed her? A psychologist could base a complete character analysis on the way some people react after a ducking. Some of them splutter and squawk and get madder than wet owl. Others grin foolishly and try to cover up the fact that their dignity as become badly warped. Once in a while you meet a girl like Janet Leigh. When she came up, the water was al- ready churning with her laughter. She took her head like a frisky pup and she shot up in glee. This is wonderful! I didn't waste time putting on bathing suit. And she stayed in twenty minutes for a frolic and a swim.

Then she swam over to the edge of the pool where I was sitting. She reached up and she said, “Hey, Jerry. Give me the hand, will you?”

When Janet was halfway out of the water she started to reverse her field. She'll backward and she hauled me after her. She hollered, “Come on in, the water's fine!” And I went flying into face. Me and my gray flannels and my fancy sport shirt.

Of course that was the perfect pay off. Isn't like an old Chaplin movie. When I asked my head out of the water I was greeted by a double chorus of raffish laughter. Janet was shaking so hard she having trouble hanging on the edge of the pool. Soon after Janet and Tony started going after we all knew that they had fallen in love. When Janet had to go out of town location Tony used to call her on the one day. Then he started phoning two or three times a day. One day talked to her seven different times.

Later, Tony and I were having a talk. I said, “She's quite a girl, isn't she?” I said, “Look, schnook. This girl has everything. She's neat and clean and polite and prominent. She has a sense of humor, and she likes kids and dogs. And she can cook pretty good, too. So what's the matter, you got rocks in your head? You're going to marry her?”

“I don't know,” said Tony with a large grin. “Oh, Now we see Janet and Tony more than four or the wedding. They have an apart- ment near our house, and we visit back and forth two or three days. Janet and Patti have become good pals. They go cycling or riding or shopping together. In the evenings Tony and I build model boats or airplanes and the girls put their heads together and talk about books and and men and love. Sometimes we play penny-ante poker. This, Janet is unpredictable. For a while she plays conservatively and accord- ing to Hoyle. When she draws she figures percentages. When she raises you low she's got the cards.

After a few rounds of quiet, man-type poker she is apt to get the deal and then roll back her sleeves and announce, “Now, then, let's separate the men from the boys. This is not for the weak-kneed the chicken-livered. It'll be sev- en-card stud, high pot with four deuces and two jacks and wilds. So you want to stay in you'd better sit tight and buckle your safety belts. There may be heavenly weather ahead.”

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One night she took me for a dollar and forty-three cents. Women!
I don’t have to tell you that Janet Leigh is beautiful. It’s a matter of facial planes and bone structure; of legs and hair and eyes and shoulders. Tony, as you can well imagine, is aware of this. And a casual conversation will often develop along these lines:

Tony: You’re a fine girl. Sort of cute and beautiful.

Janet: Oh, go on. You’re just saying that.

Tony: Incidentally, I love you. Or have I mentioned it before?

Janet: I love you, too.

Tony: Here’s an idea. Come live with me and be my love.

Janet: Sorry. I have a prior engagement.

A slight case of marriage.

Tony: Indeed? Anyone I know?

It happened in Connecticut.

Follow name of Tony Curtis.

Tony: Lucky guy.

Janet: Lucky me.

Tony: Why not?” she asked, wide-eyed.

“That’s the first place he’ll look when he gets home.”

She also has a wide streak of sound common sense. She believes in sensible living and sensible eating. Before she knew Tony he used to exist almost entirely on chili beans, pickles, hot dogs and his favorite drink, orange soda pop. Now he has a more balanced diet of salads, vegetables, milk, eggs and roast meats.

And orange soda pop.

Janet is an excellent organizer and she is always meticulous about social engagements and appointments. Whereas Tony is inclined to be impetuous about such things, and often finds himself in hot water because of his inability to say no to his friends, Janet will never make a promise unless she knows that she can keep it.

She is never without her “little black book” in which she notes all her appointments and lists her daily expenditures for such items as stamps, gasoline, tips, tax fares and cosmetics. This, she will inform you seriously, is “for income tax purposes.”

As an actress, Janet is potentially one of the brightest stars in Hollywood. She has great heart and depth, and she lives everything she does. So she has the uncanny ability of being able to stir you emotionally and chemically all at the same time.

She is unusually critical of her own work. When she sees herself on the screen she often wishes she had a chance to play the scene over again. On the other hand she is entirely without false modesty. I think she has done a good job and turned in a commendable performance she will not hesitate to say so.

On the set she is a director’s dream. She works hard, concentrates well, and no effort is too great if she feels it will add up to the merit of the completed picture.

Tony’s wife smokes moderately but she is a chain coffee drinker. She likes black and scalding hot. She rarely drinks alcoholic beverages.

She prefers small parties of six or eight people, but she also likes big formal affairs because they give her an excuse to “dress up.” Her idea of a wonderful evening is to cook a steak for Tony and then go to a movie.

She used to be quite clothes conscious and she now admits that some of her gowns were much too extreme and daring. To-day her clothes are more conservative. Recently she was invited when an old friend congratulated her on her excellent taste in clothes, and added, “In a simple black tailored dress that you look even sexier and more beautiful than ever.”

She loves to read—especially biographies and current novels like “The Caine Mutiny” and “The Brave Bulls.” For seven weeks she carried a large volume of Shakespeare while she was on the set. And this wasn’t the effect, as some people thought, for she read every word of it.

She sings and plays the piano and has an excellent collection of records. These are mostly semi-classical and “show” tunes but recently she has been buying the bebop and hot jazz numbers which are Tony’s favorites. Also when Tony was rehearsing his prizefight role in “Flesh and Fury” she spent hours holding a pillow so that he could spar and punch it.

That’s Tony’s wife. She’s for real! The end.

after we heard our very own problem solved of “My True Story.” Yes, radio’s “My True Story has helped countless listeners find true happiness— for it presents in vivid form real-life problems taken directly from the files of True Story Magazine. Here are real people—people like you, friends, or the folks across the street.
No One Can Ask More

(Continued from page 67)
This was a day they'd remember as strange and sad. To fathom its mood, you must know the Ladds, whose emotions ran deep under the quiet surface, to whom people meant infinitely more than things. The decision for Alan to leave Paramount had been made long since, but still the day of actual leave-taking caught them off base emotionally. The memories of ten good years crowded on their minds.

Ten years ago Alan was working in Joan of Paris at RKO. Sue Carol was his agent. She got Bill Meiklejohn, Paramount's casting director, steamed up about Sue and to get him over to Frank Tuttle's house to read. Tuttle's first reaction was something less than lukewarm. Just an average looking Joe, he concluded. Nothing in his face would make him believe as the killer in "This Gun For Hire."

But as the average looking Joe read, his face turned steel bright and hard. Power blazed in the eyes. His low voice rang with authority. From the mysterious sources where such things lie hidden, Alan added's magnetism leaped and set fire to Tuttle. Here was a man who knew how to be a man, he said. No more tests. This is the guy.

Over at RKO, Alan was still working in Joan of Paris. Sitting on one of the enches in the quadrangle, he kept his eyes glued to the program which Sue was going to come in and join him for lunch. Finally it swung open and he stood up to meet her.

"I've got something to tell you."

"I've got something to tell you," Sue interrupted breathlessly.

"They want to sign me here at RKO."

"They want you to sign you at Paramount on a Gun."

On a bench in the quadrangle they talked it over. RKO offered more money. Paramount offered a great part. To one Alan's spot, the cash was tempting. To the other, he felt the higher income. They turned it down. He parted the thing.

"If I do a good job," said Alan, "others will hire me. If not, I'll have had my chance and no one can ask more."

Soon enough it was obvious to everyone at Ladd that "This Gun for Hire" had even birth to a star. When people said he squirmed, unassuming, lacking in self-assurance, he refused to believe it. Life had bended him around too long for him to accept such easy verdicts. Not till the studio sent him to New York did he even begin to realize that his impact had been.

He and Sue stood in front of the theatre here "Gun" was playing, staring up at the marquee and bedlam broke loose. The moment they went on the sidewalk. Next, they formed the hub of crowd gone wild, yelling his name, begging for autographs, thrusting to get near him. It was not unusual. Later, he spoke of it, and it scared him blue. But only above his panic surged a wave of venerating gratitude toward these people who were kind enough to like him.

Ten fat books have written remarkably little to change Alan's attitude, Producer Henry Blanke disclosed not long ago. Alan, talking to Blanke about he iron Mistress," his first Warners piece, kept stressing the importance of a g-name feminine lead. "If people don't like me, they'll like the other star. If they won't pay to see me, they'll pay to see her." Blanke found this uproariously funny. To Alan, it's not funny. He takes nothing for granted and sees no reason why ten years of success should guarantee eleven, or even ten and a day.

They celebrated their tenth anniversary last March 15th. The Ladds' idea of marriage is for husband and wife to be together. Till they started their house. Sue had to be on the spot to supervise details, she lunched with him every day. In good days and bad, in small crises and large, he was conscious of Sue at his side. But in the ten apartment she left him strictly alone. As an actor, Alan took over alone.

But let anyone ask him how he got where he is today, and the answer comes arrow-swift. "Sue."

A clue to Ladd is his avoidance of the first person singular. We come more easily to his lips than I. We include Sue as a matter of course, but many others too.

His early contacts with the press were nightmares to Alan. Sitting surfacel in dread, he'd stumble and mimic through interviews, wipe the beads from his brow as the door closed and spring a fresh crop as he wondered he'd said the wrong things. This inner fear of being tight in its grip until little by little it began to dawn on him that these people came in a cordial spirit, not to probe and grill, but to know him better. Learning to know them better, he began to defreeze. Many became his friends, all his well-wishers. The trust between them has never been betrayed.

Now that he has helped him up the ladder, he never fails to rank his newspaper friends. We includes, high up, the boys on the back lot. With them, Alan's unquestionably the best-loved of Paramount's history, and the feeling's mutual.

Kindnesses done by the Ladds they won't discuss. For kindesses shown them, their memory is long. They still talk of the gold arrow which got from the crew when he left for the Army, and the beautiful leather chair to celebrate his return. To hear the other side, you must go to the others, and the stories come tumbling from their mouths. Stories of kindness and sorrow, eased by the compassionate hearts of the Ladds and their unobtrusive generosity. Stories of comradeship.

Alan's dressing room was more than a dressing room to him. It helped to steady the ground under his feet. Up to the time he got his dressing room he was still on trial in his own mind, serving an apprenticeship at Paramount, uncertain whether he'd make the grade or not.

On his return from service, Paramount at least must have felt that the people had voted yes on Alan Ladd. Government controls prevented a mischanger. With little money, they gave him a star's dressing room and carte blanche to furnish it as he pleased. In Connecticut, he and Sue picked up some of the things which the studio paid for. Walls were knocked out, the whole place refurbished to their taste, and Alan stepped into his early home away from home. "I like it," asked Sue without needing to ask.

For a moment he stood quiet, soaking it in. "Know something, honey? For the first time I feel kind of permanent."

It was the needed sense of belonging, it became the symbol for some measure of stability. For that and for all
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POPULAR MERCHANDISE CLUB PLAN

Dept. P-6, Lynbrook, N. Y.
Do You Want Ingrid Bergman Back?

(Continued from page 39)

to have made her a definite picture offer.

Hedda Hopper, the famous columnist
and my colleague on Photoplay, tells me
that Bergman was chosen to star with
interlocutor in 1932; when they
she conducted a question and answer
session—she was asked, always, about
Bergman. Many who asked about her
also mentioned her. But they asked a
answer for the love of one Roberto Rosellini,
she is well remembered.

Bergman, let us face it, kicked over the
traces in a way no other star ever
has done. There are many who would
forgive her for leaving her child.

For her change of mind she has offered
no apology. And indeed no apology is
needed. No one who knew her really
believed she would be able to stay away
from the cameras. As she says:

"Picture making has been so much of
my life for so long that I am happy dancing it."
And," she adds, showing that her love of
of Rosellini for which she paid so dearly
stays unbroken, "Doctor Rosellini is so
great that it is inspirational to work with
him. His pictures are great because they are real, not make-believe; true and
sincere documents."

For several months now there have been indications—obvious to anyone familiar
with Hollywood's wheels within wheels—
that the producer and director like to stay
watching that American movie—if they
could be sure the public would support
her.

What are these indications? Newspaper
items, but one thing, items that tell human
and warming things about her, items cal-
culated to be both provocative and
enthralling. These items are a test of public
reaction, and producers are careful to
carefully watch that American movie. They have been
also, innumerable news pictures—showing
Ingrid at work with Rossellini and
their two-year-old son, an enchanting
child, nestled in her arms; her
recent pregnancy, which X-rays
indicate will make her mother of twins—
ten were glamorous pictures of her at
the Italian operas, at parties in Paris, holiday-
ning in France. This means that she—
and Rossellini too—are quite willing to woo
the American public again.

Bergman also is dressing well these days.
There was a time," she says, "when I
ever dressed a clothes a thought—just cos-
tumes for pictures. But the Italian women
dress so effortlessly—and now that I am
one of them, I am very clothes conscious.

The studio often draws her back into the
Hollywood circle. Jack
devoted to Ingrid who accompanied him
to the South Pacific to entertain troops,
eternal the hero of a small dinner at the
Great Hotel Rosellini in Rome.

At this party Bergman appeared happy
to talk about Hollywood. And Mervyn
LeRoy, also a guest, invited her to visit
Cinecittà; she was the first
Dalia. She arrived quite unannounced one morn-
ing and an undercurrent of excitement
followed wherever she went. In the spot-
light, no matter how small, Bergman al-
ways had the air of a powerful
like home, when I was making 'Joan of
Arc.' And for three hours she sat
watching, quite oblivious to the stir of
her presence occasioned among prop men,
extras, players and executives alike.

Interest in Bergman never waned.
Choose your star
(Continued from page 46)

great voice. She is in "Apache Trail."

Rusty Tamblyn: Current picture, "The Winning Team." Next, "The Making of a Marine." Only seventeen and red-headed, he's causing big enthusiasm at the studio because all the messenger girls swoon whenever he passes, all the established lady stars murmur, "Cute." Can act besides.

Dean Miller: Current picture, "Skirts Ahoy." Next, "Because You're Mine." Tall, handsome, dark Dean is listed as third in the big prospect list at M-G-M. Has had radio-announcing experience, has nerve, is already dating the glamorous dolls, all of which makes a winning combination.

Patrick Conway: Clicked as Sid in "Westward the Women." Next picture, "Above and Beyond." If inheritance will do it, Pat's in. He has the looks and the connections, his father having been the late top director, Jack Conway; his grandfather was Sid's mother's side being Francis X. Bushman, first matinee idol of the screen. Sid's already chummed so far, however.

Donna Corcoran: Current picture, "Young Man with Ideas." Next picture, "One Piece Bathing Suit." Only youngster being currently pushed in a big way, Warner's Gigi Perri about to become a teenager. A real baby Bernhardt, her fate will depend, as it does with the radio, how fast she grows up.

DeAnn Adams: Current picture, "The Hollywood Story." Next picture, "Plymouth Adventure." A beautiful British Brunette with M-G-M head man, Dore Schary, personally backing her career; she should get up into that thousand-candle-power zone for a theatrical training too, and accent being ironed out.

Marilyn Erskine: Current picture, "The Girl in White." Next, "Above and Beyond." Came from the New York stage and radio where she's been since childhood with vast success prophesied. Hasn't quite made the grade. Maybe because she is too outspoken. Pretty, though, and very intelligent.


Robert Horton: Last picture, "Return of the Texan." Next, "Pony Soldier." Really hot with M-G-M, who hold his contract. Starts working for them as co-star of "Apache Trail" and in "The Making of a Marine." Six foot tall, red-headed, with that rare charm that made Gable, he's a very, very safe bet.

Jeff Richards: Last picture, "The Sell-Out." No future commitment. Nice-looking, nice guy but the chances are he's been around too long without clicking to click big. Now has been contracted to Warners, Paramount, M-G-M.

Paramount, having launched a "Golden Circle" which was supposed to be nothing but talented young things, has banded said Circle badly by dropping quite a few off the list before they ever got started. They have seven tremulous hopefulness this year, however, with a kind of "possession" on two others.

Of the seven, Joan Taylor has the most studio interest behind her. Her current picture is "The Savage." Her next is "Million Dollar Man." Very distinctive looking, twenty-three, heavily married, she has much stage training, a long background in ballet dancing and singing, tremendous ambition. Hard to beat that blend down, as well you readers know.

Gene Barry: Rates tops, male side. Current picture, "Atomic City." Next, "War of the Worlds." More than six feet tall, darkly handsome, with much Broadway, TV experience and a father, you know he's good when he played a lead in his first picture, got a better lead in his second.

Michael Moore: Current picture, "Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie." Next, "The Stars Are Singing." A dancer from Broadway, he grew up in show business. Given the right musical breaks, he may hit.

Judith Ames: Debut picture, "When Worlds Collide." Next picture, "The Turning Point." The very pretty daughter of theatrical parents, it was inevitable that both in high and college, she'd study drama. Blonde and blue-eyed, for Judith it definitely depends upon casting.

Laura Elliot: Last picture, "Denver and Rio Grande." No further ambition. Taller than average, with brown hair, brown eyes and inexhaustible ambition, Laura has made more than a dozen pictures since a Paramount talent scout discovered her in 1948. Yet that might hurt her chances, too, since by this time she should have clicked. Worth watching, anyhow.

Mary Murphy: Current picture, "Carrie," then in "Come Back, Little Sheba." Cutie type, with several small parts in former pictures, she's rather in Laura Elliot's position of having time running out for her to be discovered for the top rounds. Paramount's two, in whom it has a sort of left-handed interest, are both actresses: Lydia Clarke, who is Mrs. Charlton Heston, currently in the "Atomic City." Since Heston prefers to stay in New York for TV and stage between pictures, the chances are so will Miss Clarke.

Susan Morrow—Current picture, "The Savage." Next in "The Blazing Forest." dropped. An ex-smartie, looking good, she'll probably pop up soon at some
other studio with a big, handsome contract.
Always remonstrating to the studio, there is much more to stardom than meets the eye. Unless your pet should be:

_Ursula Thiess:_ The way Ursula meets Hollywood's eye makes the studio execs feel she is not only the most beautiful of the current crop, but among the most beautiful that ever landed west of Hollywood and Vine. Ursula, the exquisite, has the full backing of Howard Hughes, the mysterious. But that means she is not under contract to RKO and what, what is Mr. Hughes going to do with that same studio? This is the current $64 question.

Ursula's first American-made film is "Monsoon." Next "Pocket Venus." Later title can't refer to this German-born girl, as she herself is out, tall, dark and has spectacular gray-green eyes. And zinn.

_Keith Andes:_ Next big RKO bet, did do one bit in "The Farmer's Daughter," but starts his major screen career by telling Marilyn Monroe where to head in "Clash of the Titans." "Hedda, Piss Off." He's the real gone male type, with distinctive looks. They want second film to be even bigger. Stage experience, "Kiss Me Kate." Seems to have everything needed, plus much more in reserve.

_Linda Douglas:_ in the studio's ranking, comes in third. Last picture, "Marshall of the Pecos," she has appeared in other similar Westerns. Blonde, pretty, a figure—but can she shake the stagebrush?

_Colleen Miller:_ Current picture, "The Las Vegas Story." Her story is she's cute, bruntta, likable. Probably not enough.

_Elizabeth Threatt:_ Debuts in "The Big Sky" making like an Indian maid, but actually is a New York model. Her future, at least at RKO, depends upon your reaction. Like all Mr. Hughes' starlets, she meets the eye at all the correct places.

_Joan Rice:_ First American picture, "The Story of Robin Hood." Very British, with many British pictures behind her. Solid healthy girl, solid healthy actress, probably too much for wide American taste.

_Twentieth Century-Fox_ is the very distinguished studio which launched Tyrone Power, Betty Grable, Dan Dailey, in a big way and your pet winner of last year, Mitzi Gaynor. Two of your runners-up, Jeff Hunter and Bob Wagner, are mid-way in the discovery routine. But this year it surely gets "E" for effort, since it has nine not-at-all average people, freshly added to its contract lists. One they consider already a star, and no less a personality than Farley Granger anyway, she's the most interesting girl in Hollywood. She is, of course, Ursula Thiess' current picture, "Diplomatic Courier." Next picture, "The Snows of Kilimanjaro." A little red-head, with a traffic-stopping figure, she can sing, dance and act. She really should get there.

_Helene Stanley:_ Current picture, "Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie." And "Diplomatic Courier." Next, "The Snows of Kilimanjaro." A little red-head, with a traffic-stopping figure, she can sing, dance and act. She really should get there.

_Mary Anders:_ First picture, "Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie." He's not decided. She's cute. She's eighteen. She's made, and there's always a hundred of her in Hollywood. She might make it. Betty Grable was cute, blonde and eighteen once. Anna Beyersdorf, Current picture, "Don't Bother to Knock." "Treasure of Condor's Nest." Brunette and distinctive, she might turn out to be the new Anne Baxter. A former TV actress, she has similar dramatic power and the studio regards her as an actress, rather than a cutie-beauty.

_Richard Boone:_ Last picture, "Return of the Texan." Next, "Way of a Gaucho." He's no Cary Grant for looks, but he can act, which he learned on stage and TV. He is up for fine roles, so don't overlook him.

_Casey Adams:_ First, "With a Song in My Heart." Next, "What Price Glory." Nice guy, former Broadway comedian.

_Warren Stevens:_ Last picture, "Phone Call from a Stranger." Current, "Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie." At Twentieth, where acting is honestly appreciated, things are impressed by his Broadway and TV background and big things are planned for him. Fan mail will help him.

_Universal-International_ with Tony Curtis, Rock Hudson, Piper Laurie, all former "Choose Your Star" favorites—to say nothing of Shelley Winters Gassman—is happily backing seven personalities this year, diverse in talent and temperament, but all having one thing in common—youth.

_Susan Ball:_ U-I picks her as the most important of the seven. Twelve months ago, she was unknown theatrically. Now, she has already completed her first big picture, "Yankee Bucaneer," and follows that with "City Beneath the Sea." Not beautiful, but very distinctive. Unmarried, any girl can cook!

_Palmer Lee:_ U-I feels he is their best.
boy. Current picture, “Red Ball Express.” Next, Ann Blyth’s leading man in “Sally and St. Anne.” Tall, broad-shouldered, dark, he can also sing—and the Blyth picture has the studio singing about him.

Judith Brewe: Current picture, “Red Ball Express.” Next, “The Texas Man.” Sultry twenty-two-year-old, with sexy voice, might trip over her own temperament, but definitely has talent; is taking so far.


Alice Kellege: Current picture, “Son of Ali Baba.” Next, “Ma and Pa Kettle Go to Paris.” A dimpled, brunette twenty-year-old, she needs to watch her figure.

Jack Kelly: Current picture, “Red Ball Express.” Next, Blyth and St. Anne. Brother of former star, Nancy Kelly. Dark and handsome, but alas, most young leading men are. Jack hasn’t yet shown any other distincions.

Russell Johnson: Last picture, “For Men Only.” Next picture, “Joe and Willie Back Up Front.” Rugged and nice, but again, needs more—which he might get with the right future casting.

Warner Brothers, in sharp contrast to M-G-M, U-I and Paramount, has only one new personality under contract. And for her only is the big, big push on. She’s Allyn McLerie: Allyn debuts on screen in the same role that made her star on Broadway as Amy in “Where’s Charley?” Very distinctive, a ballerina, the studio was so impressed by what previews audiences said about her that they gave her a very, very important role in “The Desert Song.” It’s up to you now.

FREE LANCERS

This year the twenty-one newcomers without studio affiliations are more important than ever before—and even without a major company behind them a great many are hitting the stardom trail. The most important of these, by virtue of an Academy Award nomination for his first picture is Kevin McCarthy: After turning down film offers for years he debuted in “Death of a Salesman.” A close friend of Monty Clift, like Monty he prefers to free-lance so he can pick and choose. As yet, he hasn’t picked his second screen role. Not conventionally handsome or young but he’s attractive.

Zsa Zsa Gabor: This spectacular beauty is in “Lovely to Look At!” for M-G-M and “We’re Not Married!” for Twentieth. She is so interested in living she may forget her career. She’s estranged from George Sanders and a TV star in her own right; anything can happen to Zsa Zsa.

Arthur Franz: Currently in Stanley Kramer’s “The Sniper,” Next, “The Dirty Dozen,” also for Kramer, who rarely uses the same actors twice and must think a great deal of Franz. He took a long time making it, but he’s talented, fine looking and has girl-appeal besides.

Richard Kiley: Important in “The Mob,” he gets best break to date in “The Dirty Dozen.” Another Kramer favorite, he’s also in “The Sniper.” Good Broadway and TV background here.

Jonathan Cott: Current, “Scaramouche.” Next, “Above and Beyond.” Former college athlete, has yet to find himself after the blow of being dropped from M-G-M.


Yvette Dugay: Last picture, “The Cimarron Kid.” Has been acting since she was seven with beauty enough to win her more attention.

Tab Hunter: Current picture, “Island of Desire.” Blond, which is a male handicap; twenty-one-year-old, which isn’t; dreamboat, which is super! Add it up.

John Forryythe: Current film, “The Captive City.” Next, “Return to Paradise.” Under personal contract to director Mark Robson, a very discerning person, so this should have special meaning for a happy future for this dynamic former TV personality.

Jean Camden: Currently in “The Captive City.” Blonde cutie, but she can act! A college girl too, so maybe… Next will be “I Am Jack Mortimer.”

Richard Crema: Current film, “The Pride of St. Louis.” Next, “It Grows on Trees.” Can act, as proven by radio background, but won’t knock you dead by looks.

Robert Sherman: Last picture, “For Men Only.” Next, “Ring Around Saturn.” This Paul Henreid discovery doesn’t need any more dramatic lessons but his off-beat appearance may limit him. He does have charm, though.

Vera Miles: Last picture, “For Men Only.” Current, “Rose Bowl Story.” She’s awfully sweet and appealing, but her debut didn’t cause any great commotion. Maybe next time.

Jacqueline Duval: Current, “Red Ball Express.” Brunette and pretty, she grew up in Hollywood and a new big contract isn’t a bit impossible.

Adrienne Corr: The redhead of “The River,” she came to New York for stage work and may be heading for Hollywood. Beautiful in an original way, but needs to watch her figure.

Lee Van Cleef: Current, “High Noon.”

Distinctive but no build-up plans for him until this picture is generally seen.


Diane Cassidy: Current, “Skirts Ahoy!” and “Lovely to Look At.” Fo’merly under contract to M-G-M. Young, beautiful, redheaded, a former model. But there are so many beautiful red-headed former models around Hollywood. Don’t bank on her.

Mari Aldon: Last picture, “This Woman Is Dangerous.” This interesting blonde was going great guns at Warners—and then was dropped without much explanation. “The rugged temperament was the reason which may scare the other studios off.

There it is. Send your ballot, which appears on page 46, to Choose Your Star, Photoplay. It must be post-marked no later than midnight, August 3.
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

PERSONALIZED CHRISTMAS CARDS
Distinctively embossed.
$1 with name.
Low as I

PROFIT IS WONDERFUL!
"I am extremely proud to sell Artistic Greeting Cards. My customers rave about the big variety. The profit is wonderful and the income certainly comes in handy!"
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"I went out at 9 A.M. and returned at noon, having sold 36 boxes that netted me $18—$6 an hour. My customers became friends."
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"I am deeply appreciative of your sending those wonderful samples. Artistic Cards are truly a joy to sell."
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"I have found that you carry the best all around line when it comes to easy selling. ARTISTIC CARDS SELL THEMSELVES!"
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PROVE IT'S EASY
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Artistic CHRISTMAS CARDS

Cash in on your spare time now. Just show gorgeous new Christmas Cards to people you know. Cards actually sell themselves...you make big cash profits on every sale. Gorgeous Assortment of 21 big new Christmas Cards at $1 pays you up to 100% profit. You can easily make $50--$100--OR MORE between now and Christmas. Extra money is yours with Embossed Name-Imprinted Christmas Cards low as $1 per box...Winter White...Humorous...All-Occasion Cards...$1 Personalized Stationery...and other popular sellers. SEND NO MONEY! Mail coupon today for assortments on approval and FREE Imprint Samples.

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You can raise hundreds of dollars for your church group, club or other organization. Our proven plan shows you how, easily. Write or mail coupon.

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Please send full facts on your earning plan. Also Assortments on approval and FREE Personalized Samples.

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City__________________________Zone________State________________________

☐ Check here if for an organization
Ivory makes more lather, faster . . . rich, relaxing lather!

Get into a steaming tub—set a friendly cake of Ivory afloat—and you’re in for pure pleasure! Pure pleasure! Just a few lazy rubs with a washcloth will give you handfuls of rich, bubbling lather. For Ivory makes more suds, faster, than any other leading bath soap!

You get world-famous mildness and such a clean, fresh odor!

Mmmmm . . . it’s pure, pure pleasure . . . the way that silky Ivory lather pampers your skin! Why, more doctors advise Ivory for skin care than any other soap! And Ivory’s fresh, clean-smelling lather is so refreshing! Leaves you all perked up and rarin’ to go!

Yet wonderful floating Ivory actually costs you less!

Yes, with Ivory you save about 3¢ a cake! For medium-size Ivory costs about 3¢ less a cake than any other leading bath soap. What a value!

99 44% PURE
... it Floats

*The whole family agree on Ivory!*

America’s Favorite Bath Soap!
“ah-h! my Ivory Bath
it's a pleasure... pure pleasure!”

Yes, you get more lather . . . faster . . . in an Ivory bath!
You just sit back—let that bar of Ivory float your way—and give it a few quick rubs. Then look! You're in the middle of rich, creamy lather! For Ivory makes more suds, faster, than any other leading bath soap!

You get famous mildness . . . and a wonderful clean, fresh odor!
Mmm . . . it's wonderful—the way those gentle Ivory suds do pamper your skin! Ivory Soap is so-o mild—more doctors advise it for skin care than any other soap. And how you'll love the clean, clean smell of Ivory lather! It's refreshing as can be!

You get more for your money, too!
Yes, wonderful, floating Ivory actually costs you less! Gives you more soap for your money than any other leading bath soap!

99 14/100% pure... it Floats

America's Favorite Bath Soap!

“The whole family agrees on Ivory!”
ARE YOU ONE ALONE.......... OR ONE OF THE GANG?

So much depends on you

Men came and went in Lillian's life. Somehow she couldn't hold them. Consequently, most of her time she spent alone. Then, overhearing a chance remark, she learned what her trouble* was and speedily corrected it. Now she is lonely no longer. Where the gang is, there is Lily and everybody likes her.

Listerine Antiseptic Stops Bad Breath

FOUR TIMES BETTER THAN CHLOROPHYLL
FOUR TIMES BETTER THAN TOOTH PASTE

Why let halitosis* (bad breath) put you in a bad light when Listerine Antiseptic is such a wonderful, extra-careful precaution against it? Listerine Antiseptic is the proven precaution that countless popular people rely on to keep them on the pleasant, agreeable side.

Clinically Proven Four Times Better
Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic and oral bad breath is stopped. Instantly! Delightfully! And usually for hours on end. Never, never omit it before any date where you want to be at your best.

A nationally known, independent research laboratory reports: 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 six hours and more. That is, up to three to four times longer than any of the tooth paste or chlorophyll products by actual test!

No chlorophyll, no tooth paste kills odor bacteria like this—instantly

You see, Listerine instantly kills millions of the very mouth germs that cause the most common type of bad breath . . . the kind that begins when germs start tiny food particles to fermenting in the mouth. No chlorophyll, no tooth paste offers clinical proof like this of killing bacteria that cause bad breath.

So, when you want that extra assurance about your breath, trust to Listerine Antiseptic, the proven, germ-killing method that so many popular, fastidious people rely on. Make it a part of your passport to popularity. Use it night and morning and before every date. Lambert Pharmacal Company Division of The Lambert Company, St. Louis 6, Missouri.
Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS BAD BREATH AND STOPS DECAY BEST!

Colgate's Instantly Stops Bad Breath In 7 Out Of 10 Cases That Originate in the Mouth!

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM MAKES YOUR MOUTH FEEL CLEANER LONGER!

It cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth! Brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream gives you a clean, fresh mouth all day long! Scientific tests prove in 7 out of 10 cases, Colgate's instantly stops bad breath that originates in the mouth. No other toothpaste has proved so completely it stops bad breath. No other cleans teeth more effectively, yet so safely!

AND THE COLGATE WAY STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST!

Yes, the best way is the Colgate way! In fact, brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream right after eating is the most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today. The Colgate way stopped more decay for more people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! Yes, to help stop bad breath and tooth decay at the same time, the best way is the Colgate way!

No Other Toothpaste Of Any Kind Whatever Offers Such Conclusive Proof!

PURE, WHITE, SAFE COLGATE'S WILL NOT STAIN OR DISCOLOR!
SEPTEMBER

The Merry Widow

It's new, it's wonderful, it's LANA TURNER as The Merry Widow ... the most entrancing girl who ever danced into romance on the wings of Franz Lehar's music! Co-starring FERNANDO LAMAS. A rich and resplendent production in color by Technicolor.

OCTOBER

Because You're Mine

Golden-voiced MARIO LANZA scores a new sensation in this rollicking musical ringing with love songs. Co-starring JAMES WHITMORE, introducing DORETTA MORROW. Technicolor.

NOVEMBER

Plymouth Adventure

A best-seller becomes a great film! Epic drama of the sea! Starring SPENCER TRACY, GENE TIERNEY, VAN JOHNSON, LEO GENN. Technicolor.
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 usable, wonderful right to the bottom of the jar. Get new Mum today.

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CREAM DEODORANT
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Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

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CHEERS AND JEERS:

Couldn’t we have just a little less of the hum-drum family life of the stars plastered all over your magazine? We’re awfully fed up looking at pictures of Gordon MacRae’s wife and children, of Alan Ladd and his wife and children, Gregory Peck’s family, etc. After all, movies still mean glamour and romance to young and old—that’s what put them where they are. Or were.

Anyway, this is the opinion of an eighteen-year old, a forty-year old and fifty-year old and I’m sure many others.

Won’t you give it a thought? Yours for more glamour and less domesticity.

MRS. M. STEIN DECKER
Columbus, Ohio

During the war when I lived in Edam, Holland, a friend used to send me all of her Photoplays. It brought me the only enjoyment I knew during that trying time.

Now that I’m married and live over here, I have subscribed. My husband also enjoys it.

Thanks very much for so much enjoyment.

MRS. KATHrine BROMNs LYLES
BAY Minette, Alabama

READERS’ PETS:

I have just seen “Love Is Better Than Ever” and Larry Parks was wonderful. Why doesn’t Hollywood give him a break? So he made a mistake. He admitted it. I thought in this country a man was judged by what he is and not by what he does. Does he have to pay the rest of his life for that mistake? Come on, Hollywood and fans, let’s give this very talented guy a chance to prove he’s a good citizen.

BETTY MEADOR
Roanoke, Virginia

Every time I hear someone say isn’t John Derek, Tony Curtis, Dale Robertson, Mario Lanza, Farley Granger and a few others handsome, I agree. But there’s a guy in Hollywood who has everything that those stars have, and more. He has looks (tall, dark and oh, so handsome), talent, a sense of humor and a smile that has all the signs of a “devil” in it. Plus those two twinkling Irish eyes. He is Ty Power. I’m only seventeen, but I know sex appeal when I see it. And that guy’s got it!

BEA FINE
Chicago, Illinois

QUESTION BOX:

Who is that cute little blonde who played the high diver in “Encore”? I think she is a great new addition to Hollywood and I hope we see more of her soon.

HELEN GARNET
St. Louis, Missouri

Would you please print a picture and tell me the name of the boy who played Franco in “Tomorrow Is Too Late.”

JEAN PERRELLA
Brooklyn, New York

■ He is Gino Leurini, 18, shown here with Pier Angeli. He is now in Rome working on "The Queen of Sheba." Write him c/o Oro Films, Rome, Italy.—ED.

I saw “Rancho Notorious” last week and would like to know who plays the part of the Chuck-a-Luck dealer. Where can I write for a picture? He is extremely sexy and interesting and I have never seen such expressive eyes. I hope some one will make a star of this new handsome guy. We need and want some new faces on the screen.

DOROTHY GIPSON
Los Angeles, California

■ John Raven. Write him care of RKO Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood.—ED.

Can you tell me who wrote the music for “Viva Zapata”? It is available on records.

VICTOR MORALES
San Antonio, Texas

■ It was written by Alfred Newman and Alex North. It’s not available as yet.—ED.

In your latest issue of Photoplay Annual, “Bom Yesterday” was mentioned as one of the top ten pictures listed for 1951. Would you please tell us why a picture that won an Academy Award for 1950 should be given top honors with the pictures that came out in 1951?

CARRIOL MAREE AND VERA HEE DEBROIT, Mich.

■ The picture was not released nationally until 1951. It was shown in only a few key cities in 1950. And it was not the picture that won but its star, Judy Holliday, playing the dumb blonde.—ED.

CASTING:

I think Sir Walter Scott’s story, “The Lady of the Lake,” would make a wonderful movie—with Anne Francis as Ellen, Charles Bickford as Douglas, Steve Cochran as Roderick Dhu and John Barrymore, Jr., as Malcolm.

JUDY SCULLEN
Detroit, Michigan

Here is a suggestion: Why don’t Lucille Ball, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis make a comedy together? They all are so comical. I bet the picture would be a scream! TINA VILLIE
Barnett, Missouri

■ That is Glynis Johns, above. Not of Hollywood, she has been acting in England since 1935. She was born in Durban, South Africa 10/5/43. Is wed to New Yorker, David Foster. You can see her now in “Island Rescue.”—ED.

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 the letters that we receive.
SONGS FOR YOU! More tunes than Technicolor has colors! Hits like "Zing A Little Zong," that Bing and Jane sock into... the way they warbled "Cool, Cool, Cool Of The Evening" into an Academy Award!

SPECTACLE FOR YOU! Scenes packed with color and gayety and gorgeous girls and music galore... like the "Bahia" production number, that you'll number among the best!

STARS FOR YOU! Bing and Jane team up to bring you their best brand of singing, dancing and loving! Ethel Barrymore lets her hair down! And MORE performing surprises!

STORY FOR YOU! All about show business, showmen and beautiful showgirls. No business, no people, no picture like it!

Produced by PAT DUGGAN • Directed by ELLIOTT NUGENT • Screenplay by ROBERT CARSON
Based on "FAMOUS" by Stephen Vincent Benét • Songs: Music by HARRY WARREN • Lyrics by LEO ROBIN
WHAT HOLLYWOOD'S WHISPERING ABOUT

by Florabel Mair

WILL WALTER WANGER WALK OUT OF JAIL THE FIRST WEEK IN SEPTEMBER INTO THE ARMS OF HIS ESTRANGED WIFE, JOAN BENNETT? AND WILL THEY BE ABLE TO FORGET WHY HE WENT TO JAIL? . . . THE PLANS HE HAS TO MAKE A MOVIE CALLED "HONOR FARM" WHEN HE FINISHES HIS INNOCENT STAY AT THAT PLACE. THE OFFERS HE'S HAD FROM THE SATURDAY EVENING POST FOR A BYLINE STORY ON HIS JAIL EXPERIENCE.

The constant rumors of trouble in the marital affairs of Ida Lupino and Howard Duff. . . Ditto with Esther Williams and Ben Gage. . . Also the Stewart Granger and Jean Simmons marriage. Can Stewart and Jean still remain Mr. and Mrs. after they're together for the first time in a Hollywood film? They'll both be working in "Young Bess" at M-G-M in October. Jean is in a legal tussle with Howard Hughes to get out of her RKO contract, but she did "The Murder" with Bob Mitchum for Hughes.

How long will the marriage of Judy Garland and Sid Luft last? How long can she support Sid's passion for owning and betting on race horses? Will the movie plans to make "A Star is Born" under the guidance of Luft work out? Will the long standing feud she's had with her mother break out in the open and will Judy finally tell her side of this long controversy?

BEFORE HER CALIFORNIA FINAL DECREE IS GRANTED IF HER DIVORCED HUSBAND, JOHNNY JOHNSTON, GETS A MEXICAN DIVORCE AND MARRIES SAILER CARMEL, A WOULD-BE MOVIE STARLET.

Can Ingrid Bergman ever win her daughter Pia's love again? . . . THE

Dr. Peter Lindstrom and Pia

She has a remarkable resemblance to her famous mother the little girl exhibited on the witness stand in the bitter legal row between Ingrid and Dr. Peter Lindstrom about whether Pia should visit her mother in Italy. . . Superior Judge Mildred Lillie said Pia deserved an Oscar for her performance as a witness when she dramatically said, "I like my mother, but I do not love her."

Shelley Winters' great love for her husband, Vittorio Gassman, which makes her eat Italian food that puts on excess poundage. She even has learned to cook the food Vittorio likes. Her specialty is spaghetti steamed in clam juice which she says is better than anything. The argument she had with him, which caused a ripple around town, was over his fast driving.

Ava Gardner's bleaching her dark tresses to match Lana Turner's platinum blonde curls reminded everybody that Frank Sinatra once had a heavy crush on Lana. Everybody's betting that Ava's and Frankie's bliss won't last, but judging from Ava's constant attendance at the ringside when Frankie sings, she's aiming at forever.

October. The movie "Born" Holly-
Ray Bolger Bowls 'em Over in

"Where's Charley?"

She's a he -- and he's a howl!
And here's all the delight of that ever-so-bright marvel of merriment and melody

-- from Warner Bros!

With Allyn McLerie

Screen play by John Monks, Jr.

Directed by David Butler

Dance and Production Numbers Staged by Michael Kidd
The kids of famous parents had another inning when almost three hundred pupils of the Buckley schools put on their own production of an old-time vaudeville show at Hollywood's Coronet Theatre. The sprigs who put on "The Bantam Brevities" ranged in age from two to twelve. Among the singers, dancers and comics were Liza Minnelli, whose Ma just happens to be Judy Garland, peppy little Alice Fay Harris, whose Ma and Pa, Alice and Phil, were beaming from the audience. Ditto for Eleanor Parker's little dotter, Susan Friedlob, Robert Young's first-grader, Kathy Young—and little Timmy Lee, son of M-G-M studio's police chief. Everybody had a ball! And speaking of kids—Betty Hutton gave a baby shower for her sister Marion at the Balboa Bay Club, and thought of a cute stunt for occasions like this. All the girls were asked to bring baby pictures of themselves. The snaps or photos were then all mixed up in a basket. The prize went to the femme who guessed the most pictures correctly—after a quick glance around the room—for an extra look or two at "the chums."

A writer-pal of Betty's came out with the highest score—and she went home carrying the most beautiful petticoat, with three hand-embroidered frilly flounces.

Buyers from almost every state, plus oglers from Alaska, Canada, Japan and other far away places, came to our Ambassador Hotel's Cocoanut Grove to see the new styles dreamed up by the California creators. And, believe me, it's apparent that apparel made from orlon, dacron, nylon or combinations of these with wool, rayon, etc., are the thing to buy now and for your on-coming fall and winter wardrobes. At this between-season time, a smart gal knows enough not to waste her money at late summer sales. She will buy something that will do for the early fall warm weather and carry on into the blustery days, as well. It's amazing how new one choice one has with the new materials. You can make almost any purchase an all-year round wearable! The new styles are very feminine—waistlines are lower. And anybody should know that longer waistlines (especially the basque effect) seem to take pounds off any body!

The "glitter look" we've spoken of continues—even carrying over into fall coats. Some woolly toppers and evening wraps, of course, have collars or cuffs, or both, trimmed with simulated jewels. And really exciting are the cottons, rayons and orlons that look like woolly tweeds. You can start wearing them right now—and they're perfect later under fall wraps, most especially if they're trimmed with velvet—or can be smartly combined with velvet or suede accessories later on.

Jean Simmons and Mona Freeman have outfits that illustrate this point. They may look summy as all get-out now, but they'll be darned chic when the leaves begin to fall. Mona's is a dark red dress of heavy, rough-finish linen, with a huge skirt. Jean's is a stunning daytimer—made of, believe it or not, real mattress ticking, in dark gray with paler gray stripes. And speaking of clothes, when Barbara Stanwyck was named "best dressed woman in the entertainment world" by the California Fashion Creators—and was given their annual Golden Scissors Award—she looked mighty deserving of the honor. She accepted it in a shortish white lace dress, over deep blue taffeta. Its full, stiffened skirt was topped by a tight bodice trimmed with tiny blue and white "sea-shells."

Hey! Ernest Adler, the New York stylist who came to Hollywood to do Judy Garland's hair-styling during her stage engagements, says that gals who aren't afraid to change their head-contours from time to time will be buying plenty of "fallies" this fall. He says the vogue for additional hair pieces like "falls," curls, bangs and chignon is gaining in favor—despite the poodle and other variations of the short snip.
Exciting Color that clings to your lips!
Smooth Loveliness that lasts without drying!

Cashmere Bouquet Lipstick

Eight Glorious Shades—So flattering —and Fashion-Right!

Touch it to your lips... feel how smoothly it goes on!
Then see how the radiant color of Cashmere Bouquet Lipstick
brings a new, bewitching beauty to your lips! And that glorious
color stays and stays... fresh, luscious, exciting! Cashmere
Bouquet Lipstick won't dry your lips... keeps them always
adorable, kissable! There's a perfect, flattering shade for
you in Cashmere Bouquet Lipstick. Buy it today!

Look your loveliest with Cashmere Bouquet
Beautiful Hair

BRECK

SPECIAL COMBINATION OF BRECK HAIRDRESS AND A BRECK SHAMPOO

Breck Hairdress makes hair manageable, soft and lustrous. Breck Hairdress also conditions dry or damaged hair. It does not leave an oily appearance. Breck Hairdress may be applied daily as a hairdressing or as a cream rinse after your shampoo.

There are three Breck Shampoos for three different hair conditions – one for dry hair, one for oily hair, and one for normal hair. Choose the correct Breck Shampoo for your hair. A Breck Shampoo will leave your hair clean, shining and fragrant.

A 50¢ bottle of Breck Hairdress is currently available in combination with a $1.00 bottle of a Breck Shampoo. A $1.50 value for $1.00, plus 7¢ tax.
Dear Miss Colbert:

In a way my problem isn't about love, but in another it is.

You see, when I was a silly kid of fourteen, I wanted to be popular so badly that I ruined my reputation in order to be popular. For about a year, I had more dates than I knew what to do with, but I had my worries at the same time.

Finally one of the teachers in our school, a man who is the best liked prof we have ever had, asked me to stay late one afternoon. He had a talk with me and explained how I was ruining my life.

From that day to this I have lived as a nice girl should. And I'm not one bit popular.

I can't give parties because my grandmother is living with us and she is very old and sick. My two best girl friends are from families that don't believe in activities for young people, so they can't help me.

It boils down to this: now that I am sixteen, the people I knew when I was wild won't have anything to do with me because I've changed. The really nice crowd in our school won't have anything to do with me because of my past reputation.

Naturally I want to have fun. How can I get in with the right gang?

Arnelle J.

Dear Arnelle:

Patience is your ally in this difficulty. A damaged reputation is very much like a broken arm: it is a temporary handicap, but time will mend it completely.

Because your teacher has been so helpful in the past, you might appeal to him once more. Some schools are able to provide avenues of approach to a new social life more easily than a schoolmate can. He must know which of the boys in school would be able to help you through this difficult period of getting back to the right road; perhaps in some tactful way, he could encourage the boy to take you to some of the school parties.

Certainly you should discuss it with him.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a very happily married woman of twenty-two and I have a daughter who is two years old.

My husband belongs to a family which is very cliquish. Luckily I am devoted to his mother and sister, and there are several other members with whom I am on good terms.

However, in this world there always seems to be one serpent in every garden.

About six months ago my husband's cousin, with whom my husband had been buddies when they were youngsters and when they were in the army, moved back to this city with his wife and his two children.

Lately this man has been coming to our house when he knows my husband is at work. At first he would say he had just dropped in for a cup of coffee. Then he asked me several times to go to a movie in the afternoon with him. (He works the eleven to seven shift.)

The last time he came to the house he tried to make love to me.

I have tried to tell this man, in a nice way, that I am not interested in him, but he says I can't tell until I know him better. I have also tried to be disagreeable, but he only laughs. I don't want to tell my husband, because he is fond of his cousin. I'm at my wits' end. What can I do?

Alta M.

Dear Mrs. M:

In a confused situation of this sort, it seems to me that the important thing to bear in mind is that the vital consideration is your relationship with your husband. Nothing else matters.

In your marriage ceremony, your husband vowed to protect you. It is obvious that you need protection, because your letter indicates that this man is not to be discouraged easily. It is not important, although it is unfortunate, that the person from whom you need to be protected is your husband's cousin.

The next time this man appears, don't admit him into the house. Keep the screen door locked, or talk to him through an opened window. Tell him that once and for all, you don't intend to be annoyed by him and that if he ever again appears at the house when your husband is away, you intend to tell your husband the full story.

This man has sacrificed all right to your husband's friendship, so you should have no hesitation about "spreading" their cousinly relations. No man worthy of being included in a family circle makes passes at the wife of a relative.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Maybe I'm going to sound like an awful weakling, but if I am, I guess I am. I am not what you would call a successful guy.

I've had asthma since I was a kid, so of course I've had my share of colds, pneumonia, and I don't know what all. So far I've attended four colleges. I finally got my A.B. from one.

(Continued on next page)
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!

CAN'T DRY YOUR HAIR LIKE HARSH LIQUIDS
CAN'T DULL YOUR HAIR LIKE SOAPS OR CREAMS

(Continued from preceding page)

and was planning on studying medicine. But I'm not cut out to be a doctor. That was my mother's idea. When I quit after two years of post-graduate work, my dad said I was too young to stop horsing around and settle down.

I was ordered to report to my dad's company. You ought to know my male parent. Now there is a real throwback to Chingis Khan. Talk about your dictators! In addition to his royal complex, he is an alcoholic. He is powerful enough in his firm so that it doesn't matter whether he shows at his office for weeks at a time; he can do exactly as he likes.

My mother feels that, since I'm not going to be a doctor, I should take over the family position in the company in the future. To her it seems to be all right in theory with Dad, but I really take a mauling every time I meet with him. He insults me before fellow employees, makes fun of my abilities, and tells everyone that the average family always contains some "dead wood."

When I say I'm going to call the whole thing off, my mother has one of her sick spells. She wants me to stay with the company, and, to honest, I haven't a skill to sell in the open market. I'm probably better off there than anywhere, but sometimes I think I'll go out if I have to spend the next twenty or thirty years as my dad's understudy.

It's a hopeless situation. Still, you're supposed to be able to sail right through hopeless situations, so why not try this one?

Emerick

Dear Mr. J:

The situation is not at all hopeless. In fact that you refused to become a doctor once you had decided that you lacked the vocation, was wise and indicative of common sense. Now, just employ that same course in making this new life decision.

You should plan your future, it seems to me, after taking a long look at your abilities, your ambition for certain accomplishments, and your right to emotional and adult.

Why not look over your father's company as if you were a stranger, and decide whether its particular field interests you? Disregard salary, speed of advancement, prestige and all other considerations. A only whether this occupation holds a rewarding promise to you as an independent individual. If you decide that it does, you should start at the bottom of the employment ladder and learn the business, maintaining a dignified silence against your father's childishly goading.

If you decide that this particular means of making a living is not for you, you should say so and then strike out yourself.

It seems to me that you are in search of your own maturity. Go ahead, be a man. I have confidence in your ability to succeed in whatever you decide to do.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert;

I am a freshman in high school. As soon as school started, another freshman was very friendly to me. When the school gave its annual auto party to introduce the new freshmen to the rest of the school, this boy took me.

Well, he just acted so simple that I got ribly disgusted. The things he did were utter absurd, like walking rails, pretending to be drunk, imitating Groucho Marx, and I do know what not. There was nothing to laugh although some of the kids did laugh. At least not with him. It was intensely stupid.

I went to three or four more parties with him, but he became worse and worse. I could hardly stand it, so I asked one of my friends what I should do. She said I should tell him in person what a fool he was of himself, or I should write him a note decided to say it on paper.

In the note I told him exactly what I thou
Marilyn Monroe every inch a woman... every inch an actress... in

Don't Bother to Knock

starring Richard Widmark • Marilyn Monroe

with Anne Bancroft • Donna Corcoran • Jeanne Cagney • Lurene Tuttle • Elisha Cook, Jr. • Jim Backus

Produced by JULIAN BLAUSTEIN • Directed by ROY BAKER • Screen Play by DANIEL TARADASH
Colgate
Chlorophyll Toothpaste
DESTROYS BAD BREATH

Originating in the Mouth.

Here is the magic power of chlorophyll to destroy bad breath originating in the mouth! Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste in most cases acts quickly...acts thoroughly...and the purifying action lasts for hours! Keeps your breath sweet and fresh longer!

Now! The Full Benefits of a Chlorophyll* Toothpaste in a New, Exclusive Colgate Formula!

Now Colgate brings you wonder-working chlorophyll in the finest chlorophyll toothpaste that 146 years of experience can create...Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste!

Colgate Makes Chlorophyll Work For You!
Nature herself makes chlorophyll and puts it in all green plants to enable them to live and grow. But science must break down this natural chlorophyll into a usable, effective form (water-soluble chlorophylls)—before it can help you against bad breath, tooth decay, common gum disorders.

That’s why Colgate’s experience and skill in creating an exclusive formula is important to you. In Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste you get the benefits of these water-soluble chlorophyllins in a safe, pleasant form!

For real help against bad breath originating in the mouth...common gum disorders...tooth decay...use Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste after eating. It’s the finest chlorophyll toothpaste the world’s largest maker of quality dentifrices can produce!

Fights Tooth Decay!
Every time you use Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste—especially right after eating—you act against the destructive acids that are a cause of tooth decay...actually help retard their formation!

Checks Common Gum Disorders!
Tests show chlorophyll promotes healthy gum tissues. New Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste brings you the effective benefits of chlorophyll to help you care for sore, tender gums.

Colgate’s Guarantee:
Try Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste for one week. If you’re not satisfied that it’s the most effective, pleasant-tasting chlorophyll toothpaste you’ve ever tried, and back the tube and Colgate will give you double your money back, plus postage! Colgate-Palmolive Co., 102 Hudson Street, Jersey City 2, N. J.

NEW GREEN TOOTHPASTE
Tested and Guaranteed by Colgate!

(Continued from page 12)

Dear Adelle:
The wise girl, if asked what gift sh would like to have bestowed upon her by a fairy godmother, would say “charm. If a girl has charm, she doesn’t need much else, because it will transform a plain girl into an attractive belle, and it will turn an attractive girl into a beauty...

Somewhere in school, your teacher must have taught you Lincoln’s manne of writing a scathing letter: he wrote a dictated the letter at night and set it aside proof of his bitter handwriting. The next morning he re-read the letter, and destroyed it. Having rid his system of venom, he was able to compose a new letter, a charming letter, which endeared him to the person who received it and which sometimes produced miracles.

As for your present quandary, it may help to write another letter to this boy apologizing and explaining that you, not he, made the mistake. You might say that you are working hard to develop a sense of humor, and you will appreciate it if he will help you. If your parents could arrange it, it might be pleasant to give party and ask this boy to be your guest.

Claudette Colber

Dear Miss Colbert:
A year ago I entered a picture in an art contest, and rated very high. Art instructor came out to our place (we live on a farm) with the idea of selling me lesson although I didn’t win anything in the contest. He looked at my things and explained how he looked around our place with its shabby rooms. Children’s things everywhere, but after he had looked at my pictures he seemed amazed. I was a natural born artist—a primitve he said.

I told him I didn’t take lessons, considering my three children and a fourth on the way. But he said he didn’t care. He wanted to work with me.

Well, he came out once a week for a few months, and I was just beginning to understand something about composition and selection an period, he had always used the rules but I didn’t know what I was doing an you can always do better work when you know consciously. Then my husband began to fuss.

He said art was far from paint and that I didn’t like to have a man coming to the home once a week while he was in the fields. He said the neighbors were beginning to talk, an wasn’t going to have his family reputation ruined. He threatened to drive this man out with a pitchfork unless I asked him not to come again. So I explained to the man an he was so nice about it.

This has just about broken my heart. But when I was beginning to do good work, it is a ruined. I don’t think there is anything anyone can do for me, but I read somewhere that yo paint, and I guess I just wanted to cry on the shoulder of somebody who can do what seems so wonderful.

Frenny W

Dear Mrs. W:
You don’t need lessons.
All you need is the determination to continue with this self-expression which is so important to you. Paint whenever...

(Continued on page 16)
Only a PLAYTEX® Girdle

lets you feel as free as this...

and look as SLIM as this...

VERA MAXWELL, top New York designer, says:
“Fashion accents slim hips as well as slim waistslines this fall. It’s a season of smoothness, of sleek and softly curving lines. And the slender secret of it all is your Playtex Fab-Lined Girdle!”

Whether fall means back-to-school or back-to-social-whirl, you’ll find Playtex is perfect! Made of smooth latex, lined with cloud-soft fabric, it’s invisible under your slenderest clothes. From tummy-trimming top to four Adjust-All garters, it hasn’t a seam, stitch or bone. And, it washes in seconds, dries in a flash!

PLAYTEX... known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube, Playtex Fab-Lined Girdles from $5.95. Other Playtex Girdles—Living® and Pink-Ice—from $3.50, at department stores and specialty shops. Prices slightly higher outside U.S.A.

Invisible

Playtex® FAB-LINED Girdles
With New Adjust-All Garters
They're using Helene Curtis Spray Net—the magic mist that keeps hair softly in place, looking naturally lovely. That's right—naturally lovely!

**it's the most exciting thing that's happened to hair!**

You're in for a wonderful surprise when you use Spray Net. For amazing new Spray Net holds your hair-do as you want it. Without stickiness. Without that "varnished" look. And Spray Net is so easy to use! Just spray it on, lightly. This magic mist holds waves in place, makes loose curls and stray wisps behave, keeps your hair-do looking naturally lovely, even in wet or windy weather. It's colorless, greaseless, harmless. Brushes out instantly. Protect the loveliness of your hair with new, smart, wonderful Spray Net!

**Helene Curtis**

_spray net_

"the magic mist that keeps hair softly in place"

_Spray Net Works Wonders! Use It!
- After combing, to keep hair "just so"
- To control wispy ends and unruly hair
- To avoid "damp-day droop"
- To avoid "wind-blown wildness"
- After permanents, to control waves and curls_

There's only one SPRAY NET! It's made by HELENE CURTIS, the foremost name in hair beauty

---

Dear Miss Colbert:

I graduated from high school a few months ago. All during high school days I had one special girl friend. Her father has been dead for many years and her mother works, so she didn't have as easy a time of it as some of my other girl friends.

Because of this, my family used to take her with us when we went to a play, to the State Fair, and even to a performance of the opera. My dad always bought the tickets and, of course, took all of us to dinner.

This summer, this girl suddenly changed. She decided to enroll in business college in the city, but she didn't tell me about it. I learned about her plans from a mutual friend. A group of us planned a farewell party for her, but when she found out that I had helped make the plans, she asked to have the whole thing called off.

I haven't done a single thing to break up our friendship, so I don't understand it. Some of my girl friends think I should talk to her mother about it, but others think I should write to the girl and ask her what I have done.

I don't want to lose this girl as a friend, but on the other hand I don't see why I should write the first letter in view of the fact that she has written to a dozen other girls in this town but not to me.

What do you think I should do?

Evelyn C.

Dear Evelyn:

Are you sure that you have never, at any time, given the impression to your girl friends that you were playing Lady Bountiful for this girl whom you indicated to me might have been somewhat underprivileged?

A kindness is destroyed completely if it is described as charity. You might not have intended it to sound that way, but sometimes malicious tongues twist our meaning. The only way for one person to help another, without causing the aided one to lose face, is to give the assistance or make the gesture and then forget about it. It should never be discussed in any way whatsoever—with anyone.

Usually those who need help most seriously are too proud to admit it. A sensitive girl might be hurt to the core by a suggestion that she was an object of pity.

Why don't you write to this girl at her new address? Make the first effort. Be friendly and natural, just as you were with her before the misunderstanding occurred. Tell her how sorry you are that there seems to be a distance between you and ask if there is any way in which you can make amends.

Whether she answers or not, you might write again in two or three weeks. If you receive no answer at all, perhaps you must accept the fact that you have lost a friend and resolve to be more guarded in your conversation hereafter.

Claudette Colbert
A WHOLE NEW WORLD OF ADVENTURE SWEEPS THE SCREEN!

The swaggering saga of the fabulous “Boston Man” who challenged the gale-lashed Alaskan seas... for the lips of a Forbidden Woman!

Universal-International Presents

GREGORY PECK
ANN BLYTH

in Rex Beach’s
THE WORLD IN HIS ARMS

COLOR BY Technicolor

THE PORTUGESE:
The fur pirate who was too tough to hang and too mean to drown.

OGEECHUCK... who lived on blubber, brawls and whiskey.

THE DEACON:
He ran the schooner with a Bible in one hand and a belaying pin in the other.

with ANTHONY QUINN • JOHN McINTIRE • ANDREA KING • Directed by RAOUl WALSH • Screenplay by BORDEN CHASE • Produced by AARON ROSENBERG
Vittorio Gassman can talk to Shelley at a party and case the room at the same time. Shelley Winters bellows that in Hollywood a woman can't even have a friendly fight with her husband... Cornel Wilde occasionally wears a bunny pin to keep the wave in his hair right... Somehow Hedy Lamarr always looks prettier when she is between marriages... Only in the movies does everyone who writes a letter have a fine handwriting... Lana andumas wear matching cuff-links, which is another link in their love chain... The Judy Garland Story would make a great movie and I wish she'd let me make it... Hollywood, the city of the movies, hasn't one beautiful modern movie theatre... When Zsa Zsa Gabor returned to her TV show, the m.r., said, "I'm glad to see Zsa Zsa's back," but the audience was glad to see Zsa Zsa's front... I like Mario Lanza's honesty. When asked who he thought of a rival singer, Mario replied, "He has a fine voice for two notes. After that he's a frog..." I'm not supposed to tell this: "Singin' In the Rain," Debbie Reynolds' voice is supposed to be dubbed in for Jean Hagen's, but actually Jean Hagen did the dubbing for herself...
JOAN CRAWFORD, starring in "SUDDEN FEAR"—A Joseph Kaufman Production, an RKO Release.

JOAN CRAWFORD ... Lustre-Creme presents one of Hollywood’s most glamorous stars. Like the majority of top Hollywood stars, Miss Crawford uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo to care for her beautiful hair.

The Most Beautiful Hair in the World
is kept at its loveliest ... with Lustre-Creme Shampoo

When Joan Crawford says, “I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo,” you’re listening to a girl whose beautiful hair plays a vital part in a fabulous glamour-career.

You, too, like Joan Crawford, will notice a glorious difference in your hair after a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Under the spell of its lanolin-blessed lather, your hair shines, behaves, is eager to curl. Hair dulled by soap abuse ... dusty with dandruff, now is fragrantly clean. Hair robbed of its natural sheen now glows with renewed highlights. Lathers lavishly in hardest water ... needs no special after-rinse.

No other cream shampoo in all the world is as popular as Lustre-Creme. For hair that behaves like the angels and shines like the stars ... ask for Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

Famous Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Glamorous Hair

The beauty blend cream shampoo with LANOLIN. Jars or tubes, 27¢ to $2.
New creamy-soft make-up covers so lightly

Looks so naturally lovely
Feels like your very own skin

Your Pan-Stik® Make-Up is so gossamer-light, so dewy-fresh, it looks and feels like your very own skin. Yet it conceals every imperfection, stays lovely hours longer—with never a trace of “made-up” look. Try Pan-Stik today. See how Max Factor’s exclusive blend of ingredients gives you a new, more alluring, natural loveliness.

CINDY GARNER as she looks when away from the studio.
Now appearing in “RED BALL EXPRESS” a Universal-International Picture

She uses Max Factor's Pan-Stik because it feels so light and free compared with most make-ups, And it looks and feels so natural.
Dress by Ann Fogarty

So quick! So convenient! Easy to use as lipstick!

Pan-Stik by max Factor

$1.60 plus tax, in seven enchanting shades. Delightfully right for suntan season:
Natural Tan, Golden Tan.

1 Max Factor’s Pan-Stik is creamy make-up in new convenient stick form. No puff, no sponge, can't spill or leak into your purse.

2 Swivel up Pan-Stik just like lipstick. Apply light strokes to nose, forehead, chin and cheeks. No messy fingernail deposits, as with ordinary cream make-up. No dripping as with liquid.

3 Now, with fingertips spread Pan-Stik gently over your face. Notice how smoothly it blends, how perfectly it covers. And how fresh and naturally lovely it makes your skin look and feel,

Cindy Garber (Ralph Crane) means Max Factor Hollywood cream-type makeup.
BRIEF REVIEWS

A—For adults

F—For the whole family

A (ABOUT FACE—Warner: Technicolor: Uninspired musical remake of "Brother Rat" with Gordon MacRae, EddieBracken and Dick Wesson essentially playing the parts of the usual high school nonsense. With Phyllis Kirk and Albert Salmi."

A (BELLES ON THEIR TOES—20th-Century-Fox: Technicolor: The further adventures of the den mother (Bobby Clark) with her brood of girls going through humorous and sentimental situations. Now that the girls are adults, they talk of the death of Papa. With Jeanne Crain, Fredric March, Robert Arthur, Angela Lansbury."

A (BRONCO BUSTER—U-I: Technicolor: This tale about a young rider (Scott Brady) who becomes a fast and battle-scarred horse with success in horse racing. With James Hagaun, and Joy Nelson."

A (CAPTIVE CITY—U-I—A: A suspenseful drama in which small-town newspaper editor Robert Ryan discovers his wife has been cheating on him with his enemy, a hunting picturization of the Theodore Dreiser novel."

A (CARIBBEAN WILLIAMS—M-G-M: A biographical drama in which James Stewart plays a navigator in the Caribbean, and how it invents the U.S. Carbine rifle with Jean Hagen."

A (CARRIE—Paramount: Laurence Olivier gives up his wife, family and home to take part in the circus. Jean Hagen."

A (CLASH BY NIGHT—RKO: Barbara Stanwyck, who is also the father of the baby, marries simple fisherman Paul Douglas, and starts a family. Ray Collins."

A (FALL IS ALL—20th-Century-Fox: Life is a series of expenses and she depth with her husband, in a haunting picturization of the Theodore Dreiser novel."

A (CARRSON CITY—Warners: Warnercolor: Another working-off-the-railroad tale—this time with the hard-boiled story of Raymond Masaryk as the doctor."

A (LYDIA BAILEY—20th-Century-Fox, directed by Vincent Sherman: The story of Virginia Bruce and the barren streets of London."


A (PAT AND MIKE—M-G-M: A love story between two average adventure story with Errol Flynn as a salvage diver who becomes involved in intrigue and murder with their ship during World War II. With Ruth Hussey."

A (MIY SJOHON—Paramount: Helen Hayes returns to the screen after a seventeen-year absence in the heartbroken role of a woman who has to face the reality of her beloved son, Robert Walker, is a traitor to his country. A bold and what talk anti-Communist propaganda piece."

A (NARROW MARGIN, THE—RKO: Excellent suspense-filled story of a man who aboard a crack train as detective Charles McGraw tries to head off a gang of bank robbers at Windsor, to a grand jury trial in California."

A (NO ROOM FOR THE CROW—U—1: All sorts of nonsensical business stops Tony Curtis and Piper Laurie from getting together after they marry, but they still have a child.

A (OUTCASTS OF POKER FLAT—20th-Century-Fox: Exciting events occur when, after being driven out of a pioneer town, Anne Baxter, Dale Robertson, Miriam Hopkins seek refuge in a mountain cabin. With Cameron Mitchell, Craig Hill, Barbara Bates."

A (PIK PARK ROW—U-I: The newspaper era in a small town. With Marjorie Lord, Robert Ryan, and absorbing behind-the-scenes fight yarn."

A (PIGILD IN WHITE—M-G-M: June Allsion plays the first woman doctor ever to attend a public hospital. Her job as an ambulance surgeon and her fight against bigotry and prejudice make for an interesting biographical drama."

A (GOLD BY GLORY—M-G-M: Ralph Meeker, Leslie Caron, Kurt Kasznar are the principals in this battle between the three nations and it becomes a war hero and later returns to justify his actions. With Gilbert Roland."

A (HAS ANYBODY SEEN MY GAL—U—I: The story of a young woman (Kay Johnson) who is trying to find her lost brother."

A (JANUARY STORY, THE—Warner: A routine tale set in 1850 with Joel McCrea as a man whose wife is murdered and he sets out to kill nobleman (M) Ferrer, Janet Leigh and Eleanor Parker still unknown in a few of the leading roles."

A (SCARAJOUCHE—M-G-M: Technicolor: Stewart Granger plays an adventurer of pre-Revolutionary France who has a penchant for chasing furtive blondes."

A (SCARLET AXEL—U—I: Technicolor: Thraedbare story laid in post-Civil War era of how scheming Yvonne DeCarlo gives up her plan to speak to Abby Halpin in order to win but husky Jackie Rowland."

A (SHE'S WORKING HER WAY—20th-Century-Fox: This musical version of "The Male Animal" stars Virginia Mayo as an ex-chorus girl who goes after the rich for education and becomes involved with college musicians, football players and jealous cartoonists."

A (SINGIN' THE RAIN—M-G-M: Four funny, super-humorous musicals that are the result of a roasting twenties. Gene Kelly and Jean Hagen play the singing boy in a series of musicals that are the result of a roasting twenties."

A (SMOKEY JOE—HOYO—M-G-M: Technicolor: A romping musical with nautical trimmings starring Esther Williams, Jean Evans and Vivian Blaise as W."

A (SOUTH PACIFIC—U-I: Technicolor: Sullivan, Keefe Bransselee, Dean Miller."

A (SWING TIME—M-G-M: With Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers."

A (TALK ABOUT A STRANGER—M-G-M: Billy Gray, son of orange ranchers Nancy Davis and Grant Withers, is a boy who is known when, suspecting untrue of the harshness of his society, sets out to the fashioned tales with hilarious results."

A (THREE FOR BEDROOM—C—Warners, Technicolor: David Wayne and Hope Lange, who bring in a little romance in this sometimes gay but mostly forced farce."

A (TWO WAY STREET—M-G-M, Technicolor: The legend of Sherwood Forest comes to life again with more emphasis on history than action and the result is a delightfully human adventure. Richard Todd plays the outlaw, Dickon Figgis."

A (WITH HEART, THE—Selznick-RKO: Technicolor: Jennifer Jones marries Welsh poet, Glyn, as a biography of the poet's life, but eventually returns to her home and dreams, in this artistically beautiful and gloomy period piece."

A (WHILE YOU WERE OUT—M-G-M: Elisha Cook Jr., Sybil Thorndike."

A (WINDING TEAM, THE—Warners, Technicolor: Davis Day and Donald Reagan help this tale of baseball hero Grover Cleveland Alexander, who rose to fame as a pitcher, fell to bottom and then came back and became a splendid center fielder."

A (WORLD IN HIS ARMS, THE—U—I: Technicolor: An adventure story concerning the events that take place when Ann Blyth, a Russian countess, tries to persist on a man by mortgaging her beauty and breaking the blondes."

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay's magazine for updates on most of the movies. See page 22 for this month's reviews.
Best Pictures of the Month
The Quiet Man
The Happy Time
We're Not Married
Ivanhoe

Best Performances of the Month
John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara, Victor McLaglen in "The Quiet Man"
Charles Boyer in "The Happy Time"
Ginger Rogers, Fred Allen in "We're Not Married"

THE QUIET MAN
(REPUBLIC—TECHNICOLOM)

A DREAM COME TRUE for director John Ford—a story filmed in the land of his ancestors. And what a story! Charming and natural, lovable and laughable, story of romance, of two-fisted brawls, of plain happy Irish. John Wayne plays a Yankee fighter who accidentally kills a man in the ring and, in remorse, retires to his Irish birthplace. In the wink of an eye he falls in love with red-headed, hot-tempered Maureen O'Hara. Her brother, Victor McLaglen, will have no part of this romance. John finally wins Maureen but McLaglen's stubborn cussedness sets up a barrier between John and his bride that is healed only when fists fly between the two men in one of the rarest fight scenes ever. Wonderful is each and every member of the cast, including Barry Fitzgerald, Ward Bond, Mildred Natwick, and Arthur Shields.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll see it again and again.

Program Notes: The Technicolor cameras brought out the beauty of the countryside as the cast went through their paces on the sod of auld Ireland...Visitors by the droves poured into the village. Cong. in County Mayo, where the company stopped at the old Ashford Castle Hotel. Galway, Lake Corrib and the stone bridge of Leam were also used in location shots...Most crew members were Irish and, with several of the cast, took time off to visit relatives...Back in Hollywood, Wayne's four children, Toni, Melinda, Patrick and Michael rode in a jaunting cart for one scene...Victor McLaglen's brother, Andrew, was assistant director...Victor Young created the score, featuring Irish melodies.

THE HAPPY TIME
(COLUMBIA)

THE COMING OF AGE of a young boy is the happy time, and around this theme snuggles a story that glows in its own warmth. It's a family saga, really, centered around son Bobby Driscoll, father Charles Boyer (maestro in a small movie house), and mother Marsha Hunt. Then there are uncles Louis Jourdan, wine salesman and devil with the ladies, and Kurt Kasznar, a loafer who lives across the way in henpecked confusion. Kurt's only pleasure in life is drinking wine from a water cooler. And then there's Grandpère, an ancient Don Juan constantly in pursuit of comely matrons. Into this little French Canadian family comes Linda Christian, femme half of a vaudeville team, to work as maid. Instantly Louis woos and pursues, Bobby awakens to love and sex and a whirl of fun begins.

Your Reviewer Says: Have a happy time with this one!

Program Notes: Scenes of Ottawa, Canada, locale of the story, were filmed before the picture began. These provided background shots for the Hollywood cast...Charles Boyer, who interrupted his stage tour of "Don Juan In Hell" to accept the role, acted as technical adviser. This French Canadian family, with Boyer as head, were permitted only the wines he knew a middle class French family would drink. Food was served in the French family style and Bobby Driscoll even succumbed to accent lessons from Boyer...Marsha Hunt gave up her road tour of "The Cocktail Party" to accept her role...Kurt Kasznar, Uncle Louie, is the only member of the original Broadway stage play.
TO THE BEST CURRENT MOVIES

stage

BY
SARA HAMILTON

IVANHOE

(M-G-M—TECHNICOLOR)

THE PAGEANTRY and pomp of knighthood days has been translated to the screen with detailed brilliance. The excellent cast is headed by Robert Taylor as Ivanhoe, Elizabeth Taylor as the beautiful Jewess, Rebecca, Joan Fontaine as the Lady Rowena and George Sanders as Knight de Bois Guilbert. The Sir Walter Scott story centers, of course, around the ransoming of King Richard the Lion Hearted from his Austrian captors. In an effort to aid Richard, Ivanhoe, a Saxon knight in disguise, finds himself among enemy Normans—led by George Sanders, favorite knight of evil King John, who illegally withholds the throne from his brother, Richard. At a tournament, Sanders glimpses Elizabeth and covets her. But Taylor, whom she has befriended, wages fierce battle with Sanders for her deliverance. His heart, however, still belongs to Lady Rowena. Finlay Currie plays Taylor’s father, Emlyn Williams, his squire, and Felix Aylmer, Elizabeth’s father.

Your Reviewer Says: Romance and thrills for everyone.

Program Notes: The entire film was shot in England... Englishmen by the hundreds were recruited for character and bit parts. Robert Taylor and George Sanders had to accustom themselves to the armor worn by the early thirteenth century knights... Elizabeth Taylor met her future husband, Michael Wilding, only casually while the film was in production. The romance began later in Hollywood. Robert Taylor returned home to face divorce from Barbara Stanwyck, and George Sanders, to battle with wife Zsa Zsa Gabor.

WE’RE NOT MARRIED

(20TH CENTURY-FOX)

THE HILARIOUS RESULTS follow fast when five married (?) couples learn that after several years together, they’ve been illegally wed by a Gretna Green justice, Victor Moore. The first couple to receive notice through the mail is Ginger Rogers and Fred Allen, a squabbling Mr. and Mrs. radio team. This is by far the funniest sequence, with Ginger and Fred acting up riotously. Marilyn Monroe is about to be crowned “Mrs. America” when apron-wearing husband, David Wayne, gets his announcement. The turnabout switch in the proceedings is a lulu. Paul Douglas, stodgy husband of bored Eve Arden, weaves dreams of sexy intrigue until dreams of cost in dollars and cents bring him back to earth and Eve. Zat charming, scheming, gold digging cutie Zsa Zsa Gabor is about to fleece millionaire husband Louis Calhern when guess what comes through the mails? G.I. Eddie Bracken is headed overseas when he learns that wife Mitzi Gaynor is pregnant and they’re not married.

Your Reviewer Says: This you must see.

Program Notes: The press swarmed the Fred Allen set. Fred, making his first movie since the ill-fated “It’s In The Bag” proved a field day with his cryptic remarks about himself and Hollywood... Ginger’s wardrobe had the studio femmes swooning with envy... Every male on the lot made excuses to visit the Marilyn Monroe bathing suit sets. Paul Douglas reported for work a few days after returning from Korea... Mitzi Gaynor, after fancy costumes for “I Don’t Care” loved her one outfit. (More reviews on page 24)
"Wake up your 'sleeping beauty'!" says Yvonne de Carlo

So many women have natural beauty... and what do they do? They let it sleep under a blanket of stale make-up!" says Yvonne de Carlo. You must get to the bottom of stale make-up and grime. Ordinary cleansing doesn't do it, but Woodbury Cold Cream, with Penaten, does!

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Penaten, a marvelous new ingredient in Woodbury Cold Cream, carries the rich cleansing and softening oils deeper into pore openings. Your cleansing tissue will prove how much more dirt you remove. Feel your skin; it's softer!

you'll look your loveliest "You'll look fresher, younger," says Yvonne de Carlo, star of "SCARLET ANGEL," a U-I Picture, color by Technicolor. Try Woodbury Cold Cream with Penaten on your skin today! 25¢ to 97¢, plus tax.

(Continued from preceding page)

Don't Bother to Knock
(20th Century-Fox)

HOLD YOUR HAT and don't choke on your popcorn, fans, for here's a real thriller. Rather than spoil your rightful fun—did we say "fun"—we'll leave the suspenseful theme unrevealed, but take our word for it, it's a corker. It climbs slowly to the climax that bursts like a sudden shower, leaving one limply horrified. Marilyn Monroe does the best work of her young career as the baby sitter. Richard Widmark artfully gets across his role of an unfailing skeptic who softens under duress. The lovely nightclub singer, object of Widmark's attentions, is well played by Anne Bancroft. Jim Backus and Lurene Tuttle play the parents of Donna Corcoran, the child left in Marilyn's care.

Your Reviewer Says: Suspenseful drama!

Program Notes: From calendar art to heavy dramatic roles seem all in a day's work to Marilyn Monroe, Hollywood's fastest rising star. The cast to a man were intrigued with Marilyn's calls from Joe DiMaggio during the shooting. Indeed Joe's romancing of the blonde beauty had the entire studio titillated. Lurene Tuttle, who was radio mother to Red Skelton's "mean wittle kid," has one of her few dress-up roles... TV actress Anne Bancroft makes her debut as the singer.

Where's Charley?
(Warners, Technicolor)

Well, if it isn't "Charley's Aunt" again that gay old girl from Brazil where the nuts come from. Seemingly age cannot wither the charms of Auntie played, in the instance, by Ray Bolger replete in bonnet, bloomers and flirtatious curls. Catchy tunes and clever dancing by Bolger injest new life into the ancient yarn of an Oxford student who impersonates his own aunt when the real aunt fails to show up as a chaperone. The pretty girls requiring the chaperone—the time is 1890-ish, remember—are Allyn McLerie, who is in love with Ray, and Mary Germaine, who love Robert Shackleton, Ray's roommate.

Your Reviewer Says: Family laugh night

Program Notes: After two years on Broadway in the play, Ray Bolger and cast traveled to England to film outdoor shots at Oxford University, scene of the story. The old hall and beautiful campus never before beheld such goings on. Bolger, leaping over shrubbery with petticoats flying, had the staidest professors stitches. Many of the students acted in background shots and loved it. Indoor shooting to place at Elstree Studios near London... and Mrs. Bolger took off to Paris for a bit... after the film was completed... Feld Allyn McLerie, Amy in the picture, play the same part in the Broadway production.

Jumping Jacks
(Wallis-Paramount)

Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis wind in the Paratroopers and jump feet first into story of sheer corn. Given a really funny story, there's no telling what would happen to audiences who love these zanies in a most anything. And that is what this turns out to be—almost anything. Brief (Continued on page 26)
Jantzen invented
"postage stamp"
smallest
figuremaker
known to woman

here's new proof that good things
come in small packages... this
Jantzen "postage stamp", this wonderful
slimming, trimming, smoothing,
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"It's the hairdressing beauty experts recommend. Buy it! Millions do! At beauty salons, cosmetic and drug counters."

created by Helene Curtis - foremost name in hair beauty

(Continued from page 24)

the tale asks us to believe that paratrooper Dean hijacks Jerry, a civilian, into joining their camp show for just one night. The object is to make the General enjoy himself to the point of continuing the shows. It works well. The shows go on and Jerry can't get out. His dim-witted attempts to emulate his fellow paratroopers only endear him to the hardened sergeant and Jerry emerges a civilian corporal. It's nonsense, of course, but audiences giggle. Mona Freeman plays the girl.

Your Reviewer Says: Relaxing, with laughs.

Program Notes: It would happen. In a mock parachute jump Jerry almost strangled himself and couldn't speak for an hour. A relief to one and all... The lads actually made a 264-foot leap from a training tower to qualify for the certificates conferred upon them by Major General John Church. They used one chute for the leap, with Jerry explaining that if one died the other would only starve to death, however... All location scenes were made at Fort Benning, Georgia... Members of the 508th Airborne Infantry Regiment appear with the comics, making jumps that literally dot the sky with men.

√½ (F) Washington Story
(M-G-M)

Van Johnson is a Congressman who is pursued all over Washington by a double-dealing newspaper woman, Patricia Neal. Johnson is conscientious, square-dealing, honest. Patricia ain't. From there you can write your own story and perhaps an even better one than this. However, of more interest than the story is the locale—the capital of the nation. Scenes within the Senate chamber, the Pentagon, the House subway, sub-committees in action, lobbyists and the endless, tiring work of our legislators, hold vital interest. The romantic part of the story has Van reluctantly submitting to Miss Neal's trailing his footsteps to gather material for a laudatory article. Or so Van is led to believe. But Pat hopes to prove Van is as vulnerable as other bribe-taking politicians. But love and honesty win at the end.

Your Reviewer Says: At least it's timely.

Program Notes: Writer-director Robert Pirrosh made three trips to Washington to talk with Congressmen, Senators, newspapermen, etc., before writing his outline. The story completed, the cast moved in for some intense shooting within the capital. Unprecedented government permission to take cameras and equipment into sections of Capitol Hill never before photographed for movies was made possible by scheduling filming during Congress' winter recess... Washington street scenes drew the usual throng of onlookers with both Van and Pat besieged.

√√(F) Island Rescue
(Rank, U.S.)

That certain drollery that abounds in so many British films spills all over the screen in this diverting story of Venus, a pregnant cow. The cow, royally pedigreed and a triumph of breeding, resides on the British-owned Isle of Amorel, which was taken over by the Germans during World War II. Major David Niven is ordered by the War Office to rescue Venus before the
Germans discover her royal presence. With the aid of Glynnis Johns, former resident of the island, David and his crew set out to do the job. The results are a happy blend of humor and suspense that, in this case, proves very satisfying. A camouflaged cow, whose paint comes off and the sudden birth of Venus' calf complicates the rescue. George Coulouris and Barry Jones are excellent.

Your Reviewer Says: Wonderful nonsense.

Program Notes: Glynnis Johns worked in both "Island Rescue" and "Encore" at the same time. One day she wore beads and bangles for the episode of "Gigolo and Gigolette" in "Encore" and the next, the uniform of an A.T.S. private in "Island Rescue". In the first two weeks of shooting at Pine- wood Studios, the unit shot seventeen different scenes. The outdoor scenes were filmed against a rugged English seaside. In several scenes Niven wore the same tartan plaid he wore in the Highland Light Infantry during World War II. On Niven the kilts are becoming.

V 1/2 (f) Sally and Saint Anne
(U-I)

AN AMBILING, rambling, loose-jointed story of an Irish family who becomes embroiled in a feud with politico John McIntire. The story's weakness lies in the fact that it abruptly detours from its main theme—Ann Blyth's faith in Saint Anne—to the family wrangling angle. However, the jejune shenanigans compensate for story faults and if one doesn't mind his movies spread from here and gone, here's his dish. It begins with Ann, as a school girl, receiving miraculous answers from prayers directed to Saint Anne. As she matures, the neighborhood comes to Ann in droves for divine assistance. The old McIntire bobs up with his threats, and a new beau comes along for Ann in handsome Palmer Lee—and Saint Anne seems a bit neglected. Edmund Gwenn is the fraudulent, lovable grandfather and Frances Bavier and Otto Hulett are Ann's parents.

Your Reviewer Says: Slow but likable.

Production Notes: It was celebration time on the set for Edmund Gwenn who observed his sixtieth year as an actor, his thirtieth year in this country and his twentieth year in Hollywood. Palmer Lee, ex-iceman, who plays his first big role, was signed pronto to a contract by Universal-International. Ann, who has the trimmest figure in Hollywood, lost ten precious pounds in the jitterbug scene and running up and down stairs to grandpa Gwenn's room. The ten room movable house used for the house-moving scene, was constructed by Universal's special effects department.

V (f) The Duel At Silver Creek
(U-I, Technicolor)

A FAIR LITTLE WESTERN with plenty of giddy-up and a lot of fancy shootin'. The story centers around a band of murdering claim-jumpers led by Gerald Mohr and pursued by Marshal Stephen McNally. When a bullet wound hampers Steve's fast draw, quick-fingered Audie Murphy, whose father was a victim of the jumpers, becomes his deputy and faithful watchdog.

(Continued on page 97)

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Screen Play by OSCAR SAUL and JAMES GUNN • Produced and Directed by VINCENT SHERMAN • A BECKWORTH CORPORATION PRODUCTION

"I do what I love and I love what I do!"
photoplay plus...

There've been some changes made!

A happy leafing-through of this issue of Photoplay will quickly show that we're bigger and better and more colorful than ever before!

We're different because we listened when you—the readers—spoke.

The suggestions you sent us showed the way to improvement. In a sense, in your letters, you became the artists, the typesetters, the editors.

Note “Inside Stuff.” You wanted more of Cal York's intimate news of Hollywood. This month, you have it. And—most important—for the first time with the photos in full color! It means news with a third dimension only candid color can effect.

That's just the beginning. The entire magazine's been streamlined.

A new art director, Ron Taylor, is bringing youth and vitality to presentation. A new Hollywood editor, Sylvia Wallace, is making sure the best, the latest in photos and stories reaches you first.

A new editor, Tony Gray, is listening to your expressed wishes to make sure Photoplay continues to keep up to the pace of your changing interests.

The new Photoplay—as always—is your Photoplay.

If you like it, our job is well done.

Fred Sammis
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Katie Grayson at last speaks her mind...

Gordon MacRae's face is red... Meddlers can't keep Lana from laughing with Fernando Lamas

Inside Hollywood: Despite those rumors, her M-G-M bosses insist that Elizabeth Taylor's heart palpitation is the kind that comes from the happiness she's found as Mrs. Michael Wilding... Although he's practically a newcomer, Robert Wagner's fan mail is so sensational that he's going to be starred in remakes of the pictures that cascaded Tyrone Power to fame and fortune... He made the picture fourteen years ago, but wherever the William Holdens went in Europe, people pointed and called out—"Golden Boy!"... Arthur B. Goode and his American Art Galleries auctioned off the personal possessions of Lady Sylvia Ashley. So help us—one curious customer who bought a chair loudly exclaimed: "I'm going to put this in my living room and pin a sign on it that says—Clark Gable sat here!"

Sally Forrest sits next to Award winner, Karl Malden, at a dinner at Romanoff's. Sally hopes to cop an Oscar of her own someday.
Wrong Number: "This is Jimmy Cagney talking," said the voice over the phone. "I heard your radio show tonight and your singing was just great." Now ever since Gordon MacRae worked with Jimmy in "The West Point Story," he practically idolizes the star. Thinking it was his pal Bill Orr pulling another rib, Gordy cracked, "I'm glad you liked my voice but yours sounds like the lousiest imitation of Cagney's I've ever heard." Guess whose face was real red when he discovered he was talking to the one and only! . . . "Please give your name and commence the conversation," kidded Jeff Chandler. He was in Ray Jones' portrait gallery at U-I and just happened to be sitting next to the phone when it rang. "This," said the voice at the other end, "is Miss Barrymore!" Big Jeff felt about the size of a small midget. He'll probably shrink up to nothing when he learns he was talking to Diana—not Ethel!

Truth and Consequences: Cal is convulsed over the Kathryn Grayson situation. For eleven and a half years she's worked only for M-G-M, who surrounded her with protective walls. You see, La Grayson says what she thinks. Honesty is her best policy, but sometimes she treads on sensitive toosies! Well, now that she's on loanout to Warner Brothers for "The Desert Song," she's having a ball. Katie loves the studio and loves talking to the press without a soft pedal pusher acting as referee. For example, to us she said: "I haven't dated since my divorce from Johnny Johnston because I fall in love (Continued on following page)
Back from Colorado, where Janet Leigh worked on M-G-M's "The Naked Spur" and Tony Curtis fished, the dream-team celebrate at the Interlude Room.

That blonde with Frank Sinatra at the Coconut Grove is too his wife! But Ava Gardner says she regrets her sudden whim. Is dyeing to be natural again.

Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall had that pleased look of infanticipation when Photoplay's photog caught them at Romanoff's one night shortly before their second child was due.

(continued from preceding page) too easily. I'm a two-time loser who's always a bride—never a bridesmaid! Speaking of Johnny, we're still very friendly. Whenever he has a joke to tell he calls me long distance—and reverses the charges!" Yes, she's certainly candid and colorful!

Nosey News: Give a lady time on her hands and what does she do? If she's Ava Gardner she becomes a blonde. P.S. Frankie likes the old way best! . . . While she was on suspension Shelley Winters learned how to work that camera Vittorio Gassman bought her in Europe. According to Shel, Photoplay's Hymie Fink had better look to his laurels! . . . They're looking for someone to replace Lita Baron in her dancing act, which should end those denials that the Rory Calhouns are expecting . . . Hollywood wonders if there is a special reason why Hedy Lamarr prefers patronizing a certain male hairdresser in a certain Beverly Hills hotel . . .

"Just good friends," say Piper Laurie and Producer Leonard Goldstein. They deny romance rumors (see "Piper Calls the Tune," page 30) but date regularly. Here, dining at Ciro's.
In Case You Care: Fans write in to Esther Williams and John Agar asking if they are related, on account of because they think these two look alike . . . Loretta Young always wears bands on her teeth except when she steps before the camera. On her they add to her beauty . . . Richard Greene is doing better than Kirk Douglas, by dating Rita Hayworth, Mrs. Gary Cooper and Barbara Stanwyck all within forty-eight hours . . . Joan Crawford and Jane Wyman send a good luck-bottle of champagne to each other the first day of starting a new picture . . . When Dorothy Malone reported for a Martin and Lewis picture, her boy friend, Scott Brady, queried: “What have Dean and Jerry got that I haven’t got?” Dotty answered: “A television set!”

Tip to Tourists: Sunday afternoon at the Hollywood Brown Derby is the time to see movie stars. They drop in between radio rehearsals. (Continued on following page)

Betty Grable and Harry James have an extra-happy glow in their eyes since the ending of Betty’s year-long estrangement from Twentieth
People, Places, Things: Leslie Caron was more nervous than when she married him, the night meat-packing heir Georgie Hormel and his trio opened at the Cafe Gala. She not only carried a rabbit’s foot, she ordered B’rer-Rabbit stew for dinner, too! . . . First annual Archbishop’s dinner honoring Auxiliary Bishop Fulton J. Sheen (it cost $125 per plate) again proved the great heart of Hollywood. Fabulous funds went to St. John’s Hospital of Santa Monica . . . According to Corinne Calvet, women who don’t wear girdles are much more popular with men. The French femme fatale may have a point. Then again—she may be stretching it.

Laughing Lady: There’s nothing wrong with Hollywood that a few dozen stars with Lana Turner’s sense of humor couldn’t cure! Someone who likes to start trouble started the rumor that Miss T was teed-off because Fernando Lamas supposedly stole all their scenes in “The Merry Widow.” When she heard about it, Lana had a special set of production stills made up for her South American boyfriend. On each still, she had her own face superimposed on his body! Fernando? He thinks thees very funny!

Down Romance Lane: It’s a lady’s privilege to change her mind and the lady who changed hers is Janice (no time for dating) Rule. The gentleman whose obvious attraction changed it? Richard Anderson! . . . Manpower shortage in Hollywood? Not for Debbie Reynolds, who had studio breakfast with Carleton Carpenter, lunch in the Beverly Hills Brown Derby with Craig Hill, a five o’clock hamburger with Bob Arthur and dinner with Robert Wagner at eight! . . . Hugh O’Brian believes in extending the good neighbor policy—when the good neighbor happens to be blonde and beautiful import, Anita Ekberg who is “Miss Sweden” of 1951. With her limited English she calls him “Hug-y—which is exactly the way Anita makes Hugh feel!

Baby Talk: Their friends are really ribbing Mrs. Ronald Reagan! You see, when Nancy Davis asked for her release from M-G-M, it was mainly because she was tired of playing so many pregnant women roles. “When I went out in public,” she muses “people used to cast sly glances in my direction—almost as if they expected me to look pregnant off the screen too!” Well, Nancy didn’t even get a chance to play a non-pregnant role. In real life she and Ronnie are expecting their first baby in December and she thinks it’s the greatest “casting” of her career. (Continued on page 103)
Burt Lancaster and leading lady, Eva Bartok, take time off for sightseeing on the island of Ischia during filming of "The Crimson Pirate."

The Ronald Reagans (Nancy Davis) have announced an expected visit from the stork. Here, they wait for a table at Chasen's.

Jane Wyman drew movie magnate Joseph Schenck as dinner partner at the St. John's Hospital benefit, held at the Ambassador.

Guests at the St. John's Hospital benefit include Ty Powers and Linda Christian, both pleased at Linda's role in "The Happy Time"
The curtain lifts—on the dramatic events that brought Tommy Kavanagh
"I want my babies to have a better life than I had," says Tommy's mother Anna, above with other children, Teresa, Michael.

JANE RUSSELL'S FIGHT FOR HER BRITISH TOMMY

...When Jane Russell disembarked last November from an overseas plane, she had with her, you will remember, a baby boy. He was Tommy, fifteen months old, blond, blue-eyed, and as Jane's mother described him, "a bit of heaven."

That she was going to adopt Tommy, Jane emphatically denied.

"There is a child in Frankfort, Germany, whom I am interested in adopting through the proper channels," she said, "after I talk it over with my husband.

"I have tried for months to adopt another child in the United States without success . . ."

"Tommy's mother," she concluded, refusing to mention the baby's family name, "begged me to bring her child to America, to see if I could not interest some of my friends in taking him for their own so he could have a good life."

Whereupon Jane boarded another plane for California and Tommy disappeared from public view, disappeared into the vastness of the Russell-Waterfield home in the San Fernando Valley, a redwood house high on a hill, reached by a driveway so almost perpendicular that many visitors (Continued on page 88)

BY ELSA MAXWELL
Virginia Mayo followed through on a G.I. gripe and solved a marriage problem. Ginny's in "The Iron Mistress"

Jean Peters stepped out of her studio rags and college boys in uniform took a second look. Jean's in "Lure of the Wilderness"
Meet the girls who've earned their DSO (Distinguished Siren Order) as the ladies whose lines add up to more than just a beautiful figure.

BY RUTH WATERBURY

Top pinup girls of Hollywood currently are Esther Williams, Mitzi Gaynor, Virginia Mayo, Marilyn Monroe, Jean Peters, Debbie Reynolds, Jane Russell, Janet Leigh, Rita Hayworth and Vera-Ellen. These are the stars who get hundreds, thousands, of pinup requests every week.

Esther Williams as a pinup, became an international incident when her picture disappeared from a certain destroyer! Esther appears next in "One Piece Bathing Suit".

Mitzi Gaynor is wondering how she'll ever live up to all those titles the boys are giving her! Mitzi is in "Bloodhounds of Broadway".

Turn the page for more pinups.
HOLLYWOOD'S TOP PINUPS  CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

The Los Angeles General Post Office is the place to prove which pinup dolls rank first with the lads in uniform.

Long before the fan letters get sorted out for the branches in Hollywood, Beverly Hills or other luxury locales in the (Continued on page 90)

Vera-Elle was bewildered by a battalion's request for miniature pinups until she learned where they were headed! She’s in “I Love Melvin”

Jane Russell gave three boys on leave an unexpected welcome to Hollywood and a new slant on pinup girls. Jane’s next is “Montana Belle”

Janet Leigh and a Chicago store are wondering how a Japanese girl made out with her G.I. date—in a swimsuit “just like Janet's.”

The pinup is in “The Naked Spur”
Debbie Reynolds has her picture on a tank, but the one she values most is the bullet-ridden pinup that saved an airman's life. Debbie's in "I Love Melvin".

Rita Hayworth didn't learn about a young German's devotion until that five-year-old letter caught up with her. Rita's in "Affair in Trinidad".

Marilyn Monroe comes under the heading of "big business" at the post office, where her mail has to be delivered in packages of three hundred letters! Marilyn appears next in "Don't Bother to Knock".
Shirley signed her Fox contract in 1934. Became a star after singing bit in "Stand Up and Cheer"
"This is the life
I love." With these
words the door closes
on the past of
housewife Shirley T. Black

BY HEDDA HOPPER

• THERE'S NO Shirley Temple any more. In Bethesda, Maryland, just outside of Washington, D. C., there's a Shirley T. Black, the wife of Lieutenant Commander Charles A. Black.

But this summer, when Mrs. Black was lying ill in the Bethesda Naval Hospital after the birth of her baby son, Charles, Jr., it was Shirley Temple for whose fate the world trembled. Photoplay was swamped with telephone calls anxious about the condition of the young mother who lives on in the nation's heart as the curly-haired irresistible little child she herself was not too many years ago. Yet, when the personal letter of reassurance as to the state of her health came into Photoplay's offices, it came from Mrs. Black.

However, Shirley T. Black doesn't look remotely like Shirley Temple. Not many days before Shirley gave birth to Charles, Jr., six high school girls presented themselves at the Blacks' front door, assigned to do a story about Shirley Temple for their school paper. They looked at Shirley Black askance (Continued on page 93)
ZING WENT
THE STRINGS OF HIS HEART

BY WYNN ROBERTS

• IT WAS LATE in the summer of 1951. A party was in progress, a Hollywood party for Hollywood teenagers.

Since it was only for the sake of sweet publicity, the handsome, slim fellow of eighteen, who entered the room when the joint was really jumping, shouldn’t have been self-conscious and shy. Not only was he a boy who knew how to beat out boogie with the best of them, but by inheritance he came from a long line of flamboyant people on both sides of his family.

But that inheritance, which had given him temperament and intelligence as well as his striking looks, was exactly what always bothered him socially. His name—John Barrymore, Jr.

John Barrymore, Jr., son of the mighty John and Dolores Costello Barrymore. Nephew of the almost as mighty Lionel and the definitely formidable Ethel. Grandson of Maurice Costello, on his mother’s side—Maurice, the first of the great movie idols—and on his father’s side, grandson, too, of Georgie Drew Barrymore, an idol of Broadway before movies ever were thought of. And before them, grandnephew of the terrific John Drew—and so on and on, back through the generations of theatrical history.

It is a glamorous inheritance, yet a burdensome one, when you’re eighteen and just starting out for Hollywood peanuts, and being starred in your first picture.

Johnny looked quickly around the room. Exactly as he had anticipated, the other kids there were really sharp—a wonder kid like beautiful Joan Evans, a smooth kid like Carleton Carpenter, a cute kid (Continued on page 95)
Without Betty, where would I be? I shudder at the answer.

We are enjoying our eighth year of marriage now because she felt exactly the same about love as I did. It is the most important thing in the world. We never viewed it as a game. To me love means marriage and a lasting union of two sweethearts who continually grow more devoted. A flirtation in which the other person is humbled, or an infatuation that ignores all reason, never should be confused with the real thing.

All the partying and so-called pleasure and popularity you get from tearing around with a cynical crowd never fooled Betty or me. Neither of us wanted to rush after the illusion of love, and said so.

I wasn't worried about never falling in love, I didn't think much about it—until I met Betty. She wasn't interested in any of the boys she was dating. Neither of us could have fallen in love with someone we didn't respect as well as we respected our own conception of marriage.

We met when Betty was twenty-two and I was twenty-three. If a script writer were presenting this, he would have had me sing my head off to win her. Do you know that I didn't? Much as music has done for me, I am glad that Betty and I didn't rely on it. We didn't depend on any props. We still don't because it is one another, the actual Betty and Mario, that is enough for us. When eventually, I did sing to Betty she said it was the added surprise she never expected in love. I didn't burst into song when first we met because I wanted her to love me if I couldn't sing a note. I certainly had no money with which to impress her, only the pay of an enlisted man in the Army. The War made my future as vague (Continued on page 74)
He said "I do"—and is he glad he did!
IT’S A BIG, WIDE
The tour of Warners' Burbank Studio was over, and the visitor left the sound stage with his host. His grin might have stretched the miles to Culver City, if his ears hadn't been in the way. "Beautiful afternoon," he said, as the smog swirled down around him.

"The studio representative smiled. "You're still under the influence of Doris Day. I can tell."

"There's something about her that gets you," the guest admitted. "Maybe it's her smile that makes you feel good. That girl's so happy, it's downright contagious!"

Doris is happy these days. She knows it. She is willing and eager to talk about it. She wants to share it because she's grateful. She knows, too well, the feeling of unhappiness.

When Doris came to Warners as a comparatively unknown singer a few years ago, she was facing the fact that her unsuccessful marriage was breaking up. Even with the great new opportunities unfolding for her in her work, she was wretched. Doris wanted a good marriage more than anything else in the world.

It could follow from this that her new happiness flows from her recent marriage to Marty Melcher, but that wasn't exactly the order of things. "I could never have found Marty," she will tell you. "No girl as mixed up as I was can ever find the right guy without first making some fundamental re-evaluations of herself, or life itself."

Although Doris had known Marty for years—he had been her business manager and good friend—their friendship blossomed into love only after she began growing up. First she had to learn that it was silly to strike out belligerently against a "hostile" world—that you had only to sit back and take it easy and be grateful and that same world suddenly was peaceful and serene.

Marty put it to her straight one night when they were driving through town, watching the faces in passing cars—the frantic, worried, rushing-somewhere faces. "Good Lord," he said, and not irreverently, "if they'd (Continued on page 104)

The happiness signposts were there, but Doris Day couldn't see them until love opened her eyes

BY PAULINE SWANSON

WONDERFUL WORLD!
Piper calls the tune

Temperamental stars could take a tip from little Miss Laurie, who knows what she wants and gets it— with a technique as old as Eve's

BY VICKY RILEY

* PIPER LAURIE lives in a simple bungalow with her father and mother in a very quiet section of Los Angeles. But she is by no means languishing away as a demure little stay-at-home. Piper is a magnet for the Hollywood wolves. And just as Piper handles every other situation with quiet subtlety, she's worked out her own neat way of dealing with the wolf pack and keeping the baying at bay.

Take, for instance, the time Ted Briskin, Betty Hutton's ex, took one look at Piper, whistled mentally and shorted, "That's for me!" He was so smitten after their one meeting in Hollywood that when she came through his native Chicago on a personal appearance tour several months later, he went to work on an all-out campaign. He not only met her plane, but since it was a rainy day he drove his car straight up on the sidewalk in front of her hotel so she wouldn't have to so much as set her foot on (Continued on page 78)
Rip Van Hudson invariably sleeps through alarm which awakens Bob in the next room. Below, while Rock hates the ring of a telephone, Robert enjoys conversations with girl friends.

Rock and Bob are Lana Turner fans. Collect her photos and drive miles to see her movies.

• A GUY NAMED ROCK HUDSON and I have insanity in common. That's probably why we've managed to live together for more than two years. I first met Rock soon after I'd come to California to find out about my chances in movies. I'd just signed with Rock's agent, who gave a party and invited all his hopefuls. When I walked into the room there was a big guy pounding on the piano, fracturing some tune that I couldn't recognize. That in itself should have warned me, but I thought anybody who had the nerve to murder a melody like that must be interesting, to say the least.

At that time Rock was living alone in a house in the Hollywood hills, and he wasn't liking it. Rock has to have somebody around all the time because he talks a great deal, and when there's no one there to answer he starts thinking about seeing a psychiatrist. I was at loose ends myself, and when we found we hit it off so well, we moved into a house out in the valley. Just recently we moved back into the Hollywood hills. But wherever we've shared the rent, it's resulted in typical bachelor's bedlam. Rock leaves his bath towel over the top of the door, or flung into the tub, or sometimes on the floor in a pattern of studied confusion. Whenever I trip over one I make a suggestion between gritted teeth that he try hanging it on the towel rack. Whereupon he reminds me that I don't even leave my towel in the bathroom—I drag it into my bedroom and leave it to soak the bedspread.

When I came to California, leaving behind a few years of study about Business Administration at the University of Maine and Carnegie Tech, I (Continued on page 82)
bedlam!

Best friends: Rock Hudson and Bob Preble

Folk Tunes and jazz made up Rock's record collection. Now he likes Bob's classical stuff, too. Rock is in "Has Anybody Seen My Gal"
Eve, singing a lullaby . . . the song of the birds
on a country morning . . . efficient elf . . . colored balloons
at the fair . . . mischief with an understanding heart
Daniel Boone in English tweeds . . . a dark stream flecked by sunlight . . . the glow of a pipe in the evening . . . the lord of the manor . . . caveman cavalier

Color portrait by Fink and Smith. Greg is in "The World in His Arms."
To Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis
the friendship that holds
them together is
the best part of their act

Dean's the one with the eyes that laugh. Jerry's eyes
are sad as a flop-eared hound's. Dean's the casual type. If
the house took fire, he'd say, "When it hits my bedroom,
wake me up." Jerry's a rabid perfectionist. Let him
find the papers on his desk disarranged, and it kills his
day. Dean takes life as it comes. Jerry meets it head-on,
always braced for the worst. Dean's consistently
buoyant. Jerry's intense, mercurial, the traditional clown
crying on the inside. His contract allows time out for
nervous breakdowns.

Dean's of Italian stock and lets everyone know it.
Jerry's equally proud of his Jewish heritage. If Dean likes
you, he calls you mustang. If Jerry tells you you're
cra-a-zy, that means you're in. He's the business end of
the combo, though they worked out their basic strategy
together. "We'll try it nice three times. If they still
push us around, then we'll start screaming." Screaming
and other details are handled by Jerry. "I worry
anyway. Why should we both worry? Let Dean play
golf. If he's happy, I'm happy." Golf is Dean's
notion of paradise.

Jerry likes golf but without the same concentration.
His passion is show business. He has a genius for order,
and spends blissful hours with his Patti over the
fantastic record of the joint careers of Martin and Lewis.
One hundred and eighty handsomely bound volumes
hold every clipping, the photographed story of
every tour, a transcript of every radio show. Every TV
program is kinescoped, every movie transferred to
16mm film, every item catalogued to a fare-thee-well.
It's a labor that only love could contemplate. "I'm more
egotistical about this," he says, "than anything else.
If we bellycrashed tomorrow, I could live it all over again
in the books."

He was born to the profession. Dean stumbled into it.
Temperamental opposites, they fit each other like the
hand in a glove. When either of them says "my
partner," it's an endearment. Only fate could have brought
them together. Dean's pop was a barber, Jerry's a
vaudevillian. In Steubenville, Ohio, the Crocetts named
their second son Dino. Nine years later Joey Levitch
gave out with his first squawk in Newark, New Jersey.
The kids grew into their teens with one thing in
common: they hated school. (Continued on page 99)
Stunning shoes...cunning shoes...

with the new soft, feminine look for fall.

You'll love the exciting high fashion colors and designs. And you'll learn that Grace Walker's superb construction gives a snug, smart fit at heel and instep. At a nearby store or write for nearest dealer's name.

most styles $7.95 to $9.95

created by FRIEDMAN-SHELBY division
International Shoe Company • Saint Louis • World's Largest Shoemakers
young and gay as Debbie Reynolds of "I Love Melvin" is her smart new Sherbrooke raincoat. Although it looks like wool, it's a lightweight all rayon tweed by Dan River that won't wrinkle in the rain. Double-breasted in front, it has modified pyramid back, intriguing push-up sleeves. Only $29.95—it looks like more—sizes 8-18. Available in gray or brown with yellow, gaily checked.


For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 81

Turn the page for more Photoplay Fashion news
Cottons with the luxury look of tweed—cool, comfortable and easy
to launder—bring new excitement to the late summer fashion picture

Debbie Reynolds models a cotton tweed dress that
would add zest to any summer wardrobe. Sleeveless,
it's in a young red and black check, with self-belt.
Skirt is softly gathered. White pique collar and
button trim give it a frosty touch. There's ...
Just as smart indoors as out is the Betty Briggs jacket dress shown here on Vanessa Brown. The dress itself, with its simple, flattering lines, makes an ideal background for eye-catching jewelry. Belted jacket, shown below, is boldly striped in black and is trimmed at collar and cuffs with velvet. Completely washable—even the velvet takes to water like a duck—the dress and jacket are in Dan River's Wrinkl-Shed all cotton Dantweed in a rust and black color combination. $22.95, sizes 10-20

For stores carrying the fashions modeled by Vanessa Brown, on this and following pages, see page at

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 81
• LEFT, Vanessa Brown models a washable Galey & Lord cotton jacquard with flattering flared skirt, form-fitting jacket. Peter Pan collar, push-up sleeves have that velvet touch. By McArthur Ltd., suit comes in black, brown or navy. Around $18.00. Sizes 10-18

• BELOW a midi shirt and accordion pleated skirt by Koret of California. In a Tubnit jersey (80 per cent Du Pont Dacron, 20 per cent wool) it washes like a dream. 10-18, gray or beige, skirt sells for $14.95, midi shirt for $12.95
New cottons and lightweight jerseys to give you that needed lift when pastels begin to pall.

- If you're the casual type, you'll adore the two-piece suit by Korday, right, in a nubby tweedy crease-resistant cotton by Herbert Mayer. Straight black skirt with kick pleats front and back and two slit pockets at the waist line. Belted black and white jacket has cuffed three-quarter sleeves, slit at the sides. In sizes 10-18, the jacket under $15.00, skirt, under $8.00.

- As light as a summer breeze is the Tubnitt jersey (Du Pont Dacron and wool) dress below, with soft V-neck framed in white. Skirt is a whisper of barely-visible pleats. By Koret of California. In gray or beige, $25.00, available in sizes 10-18.

- Take the new fall look, add the coolness of a summer fabric and you have the all-cotton dress by Kay Windsor, above. In black with red and blue nubby flecks, it also comes in two other color combinations. Metal buttons trim the yoked front and tab cuffs. Wide pockets with flaps highlight full skirt. Around $11.00, 10-20.

- Hats by Madcapi
- Pearls by Deltah
- Gold emblem jewelry by Agnew
- Gloves by Wear Right
- Wide gold watch band by Gemex
- Photographs by Dirone

Vanessa Brown appears in M-G-M's "Tribute to a Bad Man" and United Artists' "The Fighter".
What's with Ann Blyth? Even Hollywood wants to know. To those who follow headlines and heartbreaks, Ann is an enigma.

BY JANE CORWIN

Members of Hollywood's column-wise clique swallowed their mid-morning aspirin tablets and held their heads. Then they re-read an item linking Rita Hayworth and Charles FitzSimons. Editors circled the words, writers raced to telephones—the town hummed with queries. And the principal question of the day became, "But what about Ann Blyth?"

Ann was in New York. Before she had left Hollywood, hers was the name coupled with young FitzSimons'. It was, everyone said, a perfect match...the beautiful star who had never lost her heart, and the handsome Irishman.

They had met in Ireland, where Ann was visiting and Charles was working in "The Quiet Man." He glimpsed her across the lobby of her hotel, soon discovered that actor Arthur Shields was a mutual friend, and asked to be introduced.

When Charles came to Hollywood to complete his picture, he lost no time in calling Ann. There were dinner dates and movie dates and evenings spent in the Blyth living room playing favorite records. "We're just friends," Ann would say, but her calm, low voice failed to drown out the hopefuls eagerly shouting, "Love at last!"

In Hollywood, it is often the custom for twosomes to claim only friendship. Then, several days later, they return from their Las Vegas wedding to set up housekeeping. Some stars will say that black is white and white is chartreuse, if they think it will gain an extra printed line. Ann has a way of saying what she means—of being the person she appears to be. It is probably this rare forthright quality that keeps Hollywood guessing.

Since her screen debut, Ann's life has been an open book. There are chapters on her early poverty, her successful career, her religion, her home life, her dates. However, while the facts are a matter of public record, Ann herself (Continued on page 84)
Janice Rule is a name that's bound to hit the marquees of the country. That is, if beauty, talent and determination have anything to do with it. When "Goodbye, My Fancy," the Joan Crawford-Robert Young starrer, was previewed in 1951, the main comment on the preview cards was "Who is she?" They didn't mean Joan Crawford. Everybody knows who she is. They meant the pretty, well-proportioned teenager who played Bob's vivacious daughter. Janice would rather work than eat or go to parties. But that doesn't mean she's stuffy. She's (Continued on page 71)

Arthur Franz gave such an outstanding performance as the psychologically disturbed killer in Stanley Kramer's "The Sniper" that he is today one of the most talked about actors in Hollywood. Producer Kramer rushed him immediately into "Eight Iron Men." Arthur—shy and gentle—was a little worried over his success as a killer. "Do I look like a killer?" he'd keep asking his wife. "I think I look normal."

The Franzes, with their little three-year-old daughter, Melissa, live very conservatively in a Westwood apartment. His extravagance (Continued on page 71)
You know their faces
now . . . but you’ll know them
even better soon. Here
are four of the brightest
of Hollywood’s talented
and sparkling young hopefals

BY LIZA WILSON

Alex Nicol says, “Actors go crazy in Hollywood because they have too much time off. They wind up in night clubs spending more than they make.” But this won’t happen to Alex. He and his pretty wife, Jean, have bought a small ranch (anything in California over half an acre is a ranch) out in Tarzana, in the San Fernando Valley, and Alex does all the odd jobs, such as laying the sprinkler system. He recently acquired a tractor which stands second only to his 16mm movie camera in his affections.
Tall, blond Alex is one of the very best actors in (Continued on page 71)

Hildegarde Neff — sexy, languorous, German-born—has been touted as “another Marlene Dietrich” ever since she first came to Hollywood. The consensus of opinion seems to be that she has more talent than Marlene, but not quite the beauty or the glamour. Be that as it may, the two German girls have much in common, including some shapely gams, and, what’s more important, a love for their adopted country. In April, 1951, Hildegarde proudly avowed her allegiance and became an American citizen.
The low-voiced Hildegarde was brought up in Berlin (Continued on page 71)
Errol Flynn roared to a stop outside the Mocambo. Climbing carefully out of his incongruously small and expensive Jaguar, Errol spotted me, and volunteered, “Pat’s coming along later. She’s at a girl party.” . . . Later, the third Mrs. Flynn, blonde, beautiful in a black strapless gown, sauntered into the Mo, and asked me very casually, “Where’s Errol?”

“Over there with David May,” I told her. “Oh, my goodness,” groaned Pat, sensing trouble. And she dashed into the powder room.

So, being of a naturally curious disposition, I bee-lined for Flynn, and barged smack into a weird situation. “I’m not letting go of this so-and-so,” said Errol with both arms wrapped around one of Mr. May’s, “until he pays what he owes me.” And he held on, even though David, a nice boy, assured me he owed Errol nothing.

For three incredible hours, Errol refused to let go. May, who didn’t want a fight, stood when Errol stood, ate and drank with his left hand, sat when Errol sat, tried to smile it off as nothing unusual.

Meanwhile, Pat, when she emerged from powdering, put on her thick glasses—she’s terribly nearsighted—and took in the situation. Then she swiftly whipped off her cheaters, and left to join friends at the other end of the room. She didn’t go near Errol, until he tired of his sport and wanted to go home.

I don’t know of any other wife in Hollywood, or anywhere, who wouldn’t have tried to interfere in what could have been a very unpleasant situation. But this is why Pat Wymore has succeeded with Flynn where two other wives and ten other lady loves failed. She leaves him alone, never tells him what to do, accepts with equanimity everything he does.

She isn’t kidding when she says, “I understand Errol.” She does. And if she continues the way she began, I believe this marriage will go on, because at last, Errol has found someone who knows exactly how to handle him.

And he loves it. Where wife number one, tempestuous Lili Damita, was possessive, and bride number (Continued on page 86)
By Erskine Johnson

(Hollywood mama to her starlet daughter: "But you can't marry him, dear. He's a nobody. Why, he's even listed in the telephone book.")

Judy Holliday's explanation of why she's placing marriage over career: "You can't warm your feet on the back of old press clippings."

Overheard:
"They call them powder rooms because that's where girls blow up about their dates."

Sign in Las Vegas:
"In case of an air raid, go at once to the nearest slot machine. It has been hit in years."

Conversation between two dolls:
"How do you like her new mongrel hairdo?"
"Mongrel?"
"Half poodle and half shaggy dog."

Red Skelton told a friend about a promising young actress whose career was ruined when she was discovered by a producer. "But that should have helped her career," said the friend. "Yeah," said Red, "but you don't know what the producer discovered her doing."

Lou Costello was having trouble playing a love scene with Fran Warren.
"Come on, Lou," said the director, "let's get this on film."
"Relax," said Lou. "I'm no Errol Flynn. I need time for these scenes."

Frank DeVol about a movie queen:
"The only thing shy about her is ten years when you ask her age."

Alice Corey, wife of Wendell Corey, was trying to persuade her eight-year-old daughter, Robin, to eat some strawberries: "You must," said Mrs. Corey. "Strawberries will make your lips nice and red." Robin thought it over quickly and then said, "Lipstick's quicker."

Overheard at Ciro's:
"Her grasp of international affairs is masterful. She thinks Free China is something you win at the movies."

Director Claude Binyon was amazed to see a bit player, portraying a collegian, stroll onto the set looking as if a drunken barber had been experimenting with his hair.
"What happened?" asked Binyon. "I told you to get a crew haircut."
"Crew?" wailed the actor. "I thought you said eraser."
Put that $100 gleam in your hair!

**New Lady Wildroot Shampoo**

Does your hair leave that $100 gleam? Does it sparkle with highlights... does it have that alive look? Sounds like you've discovered new Lady Wildroot Shampoo... the liquid cream shampoo that gleams as it cleans... as it cleans as it gleams.

You see, Lady Wildroot Shampoo is more than just a liquid... more than just a cream! It's a combination of the best of both. It's a soapless shampoo plus soothing lanolin. Watch it foam into a quick lather for deep-down cleansing. Feel it leave your hair soft, silky, in all its natural beauty... with just enough body to take a quick set... and to hold that set!

For a clean... deep-clean scalp... for softly gleaming, radiant hair... for manageable hair that never needs a special reform... for a soft shampoo that protects your hair... try new Lady Wildroot Shampoo today!

**How to win $100!**

Want to win $100? Want to have your picture in a Wildroot ad? Just send a snapshot or photo (not more than 8 x 10 inches in size) that shows 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 66, N.Y. Print your name and address on the back of the picture. If your photo is chosen, a famous artist will paint your portrait from it for use in a Wildroot ad, and Wildroot will pay you $100. Judges will be a New York artist and art director. Decision of the judges is final. No photos will be returned. Offer is good only in U.S.A. Send in your photo today, and keep that $100 gleam in your hair just by using Lady Wildroot Shampoo!

**Famous Stars!**


Goldwyn Studios, 1441 N. Formosa Ave., Los Angeles: Jean Krues, Farley Granger.


RKO Studios, 2210 Grove St., Hollywood: Keith Andes, Jack Buetel, Janie Carter, the Carthells, Joan Crawford, Barbara Darrow, Burt Duster, Joan Dixon, George Dolenz, Faith Domergue, Lindy Doolittle, Betty Drake, Mel Ferrer, Steve Flagg, Jane Greer, Dee Hartford, Tim Holt, Richard Marlin, Charlie Parsons, Colleen Miller, Robert Murphy, Caro Monte, Carole Morris, Mala Powers, Jane Russell, Robert Ryan, Margaret Sheridan, William Tabish, Ussia Tiberi, Kenneth Tobey.


**How 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 they have under contract. If your favorites are not listed in any contract list, write to them in care of the studio at which they made their last picture. For autographed pictures send twenty-five cents (in the star to cover cost of mailing. Clip out this list and save it for future reference.


**Goldwyn Studios.** 1441 N. Formosa Ave., Los Angeles: Jean Krues, Farley Granger.

look who's here!

Janice Rule
(Continued from page 66)
just ambitious. And truly intense about it.
From the age of five, Janice has had one all-consuming desire—to be a dancer. When she was twelve, to help her family pay for the tuition, she worked at night at the camp. The time she was sixteen, she was in show business. In the morning, she'd attend classes at the Glen Ellyn High School; in the afternoon, she studied ballet, and at night, she worked in three shows at the famous Chez Paree in Chicago. Between shows, she studied her lessons in the back room of the night club. When she wasn't working, she was buying her ice cream sodas, and offer to help her with her American History.

In 1948, she got her first break. She won a tour with "High Button Shoes," which led to a role in the Broadway company of "Miss Liberty." While in the play, Janice injured her foot and had to take a two-month spell. During this period that she took her first dramatic lessons—with the American Theatre Wing. She was doing a night club routine when Werner Herzig saw her. "I just saw My Fancy." They failed to pick up her option after "Starlight," and M-G-M punted immediately. At M-G-M, she has appeared with Gig Young and Keenan Wynn in the Janice Rule's." A rare screen co-starred with Peter Lawford in "Rogues March." Big things are planned for her.

Janice lives in an enormous one-room studio in Laurel Canyon, and Limerick. One wall of the room is completely mirrored. "I'm not an egotist," she says, "but if I wake up in the middle of the night with a ballet idea I can practice it there!" And the "Janice's" are rare. If ever, in the Hollywood gossip columns. She's much too career-minded for dining right now. She claims she is anemic and eats nothing but fruit and vegetables. She also claims she is allergic to sunshine, and an amusing sight at the studio lot is Janice dodging from shadow to shadow of the sound stages. She has probably the most beautiful face for film of all the girls. She doesn't like to be "fussed over" by studio people. She spends almost every evening at the Arthur Kennedy Little Theatre Group, where she is studying under the guidance of a man who is working on choreography and acting in plays. If she's not there, she's at a neighborhood movie. She loves movies.

(Arnold, Cincinnati, Ohio, Aug. 13, 1932.
Eyes: green.)

Alex Nicol
(Continued from page 67)
the movie colony. And a most intelligent one.

Universal-International signed him to a long term contract in New York after they saw the rushes of "The Sleeping City." In his recent pictures he has played a heavy in "Ride the Pink Horse," a cop playing friend in "Meet Danny Wilson," and a real meanie to Loretta Young in "The Magic Lady." In "Cattle Kate," opposite his first starring role. Alex doesn't mind playing heavies. "Those roles are more interesting," he says. And he adds, "The most exciting jobs in pictures are not in front of the cameras." His ambition is to become a director.

Alex met his wife in a drugstore. It was Christmas, 1945, and he was rehearsing a play in New York. He had just been released from service after spending three and a half years in Europe. Suddenly he realized it was Christmas and he was all alone. "I looked through my pre-war little black book and in about an hour I got some very strange answers from the numbers I called." Disheartened, he was coming out of the phone booth in the drummery on 28th Street, when a girl was in the play he was rehearsing. "Please," he said, "please, have dinner with me." I can't," she said, "but my friend here can. Jean, this is Alex. Have fun." Three years later they married. She was slow about making up his mind," says Alex. They have a darling little girl named Lisa, born in June, 1951.

Alex played football at the St. Francis Xavier prep school in Ossining, New York, and was so skillful a tackle that he was nicknamed "Little Poison." During summer vacation he got a job at a night club in Briarcliff Lodge, and admits that he just ate it up. When he heard the ladies coo, "He's so handsome he ought to be an admiral." And Alex says, "That's just what he would be. He got the job of understudying Henry Fonda in "Mr. Roberts." Not once during the ten months of the run did he miss his performance. It was back-stage blues for Alex.

John Lund is one of his best friends. Alex and John once shared a sixteen dollar a month walk-up in New York. He has long admired Loretta Young. When he met her on the set of "The Magic Lady" he suddenly became so shy he couldn't even say hello. "Loretta is a wonderful actress, but she's a bit of a perfectionist." Alex is a perfectionist too.

(Helw: Ossining, N. Y., Jan. 20, 1919.
Hair: blond.)

Hildegarde Neff
(Continued from page 67)
where her father was a representative at the Reichstag. In school she showed great ability with both paint brush and drawing pencil. Her first job was set painter at the Ufa Picture Company at the age of 10.

Life was at lowest ebb for Hildegarde in September, 1945. She was hungry, miserable, and still shaken from the constant air raids. She was standing at a Berlin corner waiting for a bus when a nice young American lieutenant insisted that she let him drive her home in his jeep. Lieutenant Kurt Hirsch and Hildegarde were married two years later. They returned to Hollywood (David Selznick had signed her in the meantime) on their honeymoon. But as happened with so many war marriages, the honeymoon was short.

After seven of Germany's top actresses had tried out for the role of Hilde in "Decision Before Dawn," director-producer Anatole Litvak tapped twenty-four-year-old Hildegarde Neff for the part. For American purposes, her name was changed from Knef to Neff. Following her hit in her first American picture (it was made in Germany), Hildegarde was going great guns at Twentieth Century Fox: "Diplomatic Courier," "Night Without Sleep," and in Ernest Hemingway's "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," in which she gives real stiff competition to Ava Gardner and Susan Hayward.

Since the cracker of her marriage, Hildegarde has been wooed by a number of Hollywood eligibles. When in Hollywood she "slept in a small hotel con-
yon. Although she likes to swim and ride a bike, her favorite exercise is walking. And as it happens sooner or later to all walk elagibles, she wound up in Beverly Hills by the police patrol. Beverly Hills does not encourage walking. Much too pedestrian.

Hildegarde looks taller than she is, wears her hair short and is a modified housewife. She likes good food and has a lot of trouble keeping her weight just right. She once drove across the country from Hollywood to New York, standing along the way, and made this interesting observation: "Cities like Hollywood, New York, Berlin, London, are full of envy. In between those cities are the little towns. And in the little towns, there is a spirit of charity and friendliness."

(Helw: Ulm, Germany, Dec. 28, 1923.
Eyes: green.)
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Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. (above)
She has unusually fine skin that needs special protection from wind and sun. "I feel nothing I've ever used keeps my skin looking so smooth and fresh as Pond's Cold Cream," Mrs. Vanderbilt says.

Mrs. Ellen Tuck Astor (at left)
People always notice the exquisite look of Mrs. Astor's skin. Mrs. Astor is devoted to Pond's Cold Cream. She says, "I've used it since my early teens. Pond’s is my most helpful and most necessary cream."

A fascinating immediate change can come over your face

Soft-cleanse—swirl satin-smooth Pond's Cold Cream all over your face and your throat, generously. Tissue off well.

Soft-rinse quickly with more skin-helping Pond's Cold Cream. Tissue off lightly.

Now look at your skin:
This double Pond's Creaming cleanses immaculately and brings back to your skin the oil and moisture it needs. At the same time, it livens your skin.

Use it every night—remember, the robbing of your skin's oil and moisture goes on every day. (In the morning, a quick Pond's Creaming starts your day with a new freshness.) Get a large jar of Pond's Cold Cream today!

The Lady Bridgett de Robledo (at right)
She divides her time between her native England and her adopted South America. Any change in climate can easily bother skin. But Lady Bridgett says: "Pond’s Cold Cream keeps my skin always smooth. I really feel I couldn’t be without it."
I Wouldn't Be Single Again!

(Continued from page 46) the fate of any soldier in the forces.

The faith in what we wanted led us
to each other, at the right moment. So
we dared to plan. During the eight months
until I could get out of uniform and we
could marry, we grew more positive each
day that we were completely kind
lives side by side. We didn't have quar-
rels. Betty and I have a passion for
harmony. It is a basic want for us. We
are miserable when faced with disgression.
Where I have been to act in Feherty's-
deliberation, she has been the one to smooth things over.
I want to be tactful, but she can be.

We've never talked about a fifty-fifty
marriage. With us it is one hundred per-
cent on both sides. We've never discussed
how modern a husband or wife should
be. We are old-fashioned in our wish for
a big house where our children and friends
will always be welcome.

Beauty in our surroundings is im-
portant in our kind of living. Betty has a
genius for home-making, for besides the
warmth she expresses she has an artistic
sense, and I react to it as strongly as any
of our friends. (Incidentally, if we hadn't
been drawn to the same type of friends
we would have accepted that as a warningsignal to stay apart.) I don't understand the
charm which can be individually to the
charm a wife can painstakingly give to
a house. I know Betty has searched for
the most attractive, comfortable things for us,
and I am awed by her discernment. I am
amazed by the ease in the mechanics of the household so she can be relaxed enough to be gracious. I want to
share the final decision with her on everything that goes into our home, for
I prefer to be at home practically all the
time I'm not working. I even do all my
rehearsing at home.

In my kind of marriage my wife never
is separated from me. Betty has gone with
me on all my concert tours. And she al-
ways will. Soon, we will begin taking
the children along, too. Much has been said
about how a Hollywood career separates a
husband from his wife. I don't see why
anything about that. It never has been
a problem to us. When I'm at the studio
all day I telephone Betty a dozen times,
literally. I'm that eager to share what has
just been happening to me—and to her.

Every day we start off together with
coffee in our bedroom. Whatever the day
demands, we will take it on together in
good spirit, and nothing can break that up.

The big deal when we're postponed—and
are—is, if they keep us from being con-
siderate of one another. Applause or
money add up to nothing if in achieving
them you hurt the one you love. There is
always a chance to be the last self-pity like the
woman you long to be, if you put this wish above
everything else. Betty and I do.

I want Betty to be in on every phase of
my work. I don't believe there are enough portions of life for both
a masculine and feminine. We want to share
and help each other in everything. My
work doesn't stop at six o'clock every
night. It has to carry over into our eve-
nings. But I enjoy this, and so does Betty.
She doesn't resent my asking business
associates to the house for long con-
ferences. Sometimes we don't remember
we are hungry until we ask her for din-
nner at 11 P.M! Since Betty is in on
everything she takes such things in her
stride. And because she is so flexible to
my ways, she is never angry at the com-
plexity of my career. In our scheme we have no urge to make
the other over. If we had wanted to marry
someone who had other traits, we would
have done that. We are tolerant of idio-
syncrasies. Some of mine have been gi-
garded against. Betty has found
saw that my intentions always were good
and knew the root of my faults. They
seem to be fewer because she has re-
garded them lovingly rather than criti-
cally. Her complete kind sense of hu-
or is always in evidence. I

I like to combine plans with taking a chance, and Betty is a fabulous woman
on this score. We have to plan what we're going to do, but we have
only so many hours to devote to leisure.
But if Betty hadn't been as adaptable,
and hadn't wanted to go along with me on
what was one hundred per cent
on both sides, we wouldn't have progressed. I listened to
her suggestions, her sound logic, and then her confidence in me cinches my
impulse to do my best.

Betty dresses to please me, not other
women. For this I'm grateful. I like a
woman who is completely real, not
artificial, high-style clothes—horse. I re-
act to purely feminine fashions, fans, and
perfume, as she selects them. And how
for her. Her sincerity and intelligence have en-
chanted me from the beginning, and I always will because they are qualities she
has cultivated purposely. Betty never
supposes she is owed a lot of attention
merely because she is a woman. She has
none of that shallow vanity. She ex-
pects to earn every prize she can receive,
and she is as alert mentally as she is emotionally. No one is bored around her,
leap-in-hand on us. If she grows up
from the worst case of virus, tries to solve all
problems. And a husband whose wife
doesn't weigh him down with situations
that she can lick on her own is an ex-
cellent husband.

Our children are a vital part of my
kind of marriage. I do not leave Colleen and Elisa entirely up to Betty. I feel
every child deserves an affectionate, sym-
pathetic mother human being is born
one, don't ever want to become too busy for my
little girls.

I am their most loyal audience. I won't
spoil them, because that is foolish. But I'll possibly be times as much
as I correct them. You make a child
dumb by condemnation, inspire by sug-
gestng often that he or she has an inner
power to be called upon for every test.
Example Betty and I and can set for them. Proper training cannot be pushed off
onto their schools or onto our church. Funda-
mentally, it's up to us to be whatever we
want to be. This is the motivating force.
This seems a mighty tough order. It keeps us
on our toes, for we're conscious of how
impressionable Colleen and Elisa are. We
mustn't break a promise to each other. We are as courteous to them as to
grown-ups. Their possessions have a place
and so do their ideas. We want to know that there is no need to be envious
in each other. We are as courteous to them as to
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and so do their ideas. We want to know that there is no need to be envious
in each other. We are as courteous to them as to
Left—Here's an ordinary girdle with uncomfortable bones.
Right—Change to a "Perma-lift" Girdle with the Magic Inset, and enjoy the difference in lasting beauty and comfort.

**Look for the Magic Inset and**

Enjoy the difference

You want your girdle to make you beautifully slim and trim, but you want to be comfortable too. Your "Perma-lift" Girdle guarantees all you want and more. Be sure you get the right length, it's so important—and be sure to enjoy the amazing comfort of the Magic Inset.

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Have your favorite corsetiere fit you in the proper length "Perma-lift" Girdle today and enjoy the difference. Modestly priced from $5.00 to $18.50.

Perma-lift Girdles in 4 Lengths. Tall, tiny or in-between, there's a Perma-lift Girdle in the perfect length for you.


[Image of girdles with text]
No Longer a *Worry Wart* about what to use for

**INTIMATE FEMININE HYGIENE**

LLOYD BRIDGES is never seen in a Hollywood night club. When his pictures are premiered he is absent. He sees them at small neighborhood theatres where he can take mental notes on his final performance and gauge audience reaction.

He has no fetishes, no pretentiousness. He's even turned his back on the one foible of almost every actor in Hollywood from bit player to Gable: a private phone number. If anyone asks how to get in touch with him, he says simply, "Look me up in the book. And to the astonished question, "You're listed?" he'll reply, "Sure, why not?"

Lloyd also stays away from playgrounds like Arrowhead or Palm Springs. "Too rich for my blood," he admits. If the weekend weather lives up to the promise of the L.A. Chamber of Commerce, he'll take his wife Dorothy, and sons Beau, ten, and Jeff, two, and whisk them to his beach shack at Solroma, just north of Malibu. It consists of two rooms and kitchen built for rugged outdoor living. There's a barbecue in the back which Lloyd lords over. "I let Dorothy have complete run of the kitchen at home," he says, "but at the beach I don the chef's cap."

When he's not cooking or swimming, Lloyd takes the kids on grunion hunts. Their catches are terrible.

All his leisure hours, he spends with Beau and Jeff. "I want to make up for the times I have to leave them," he explains. "I seem to have a knack for being sent off on location for months. I went to Rome for 'Three Steps North,' New Hampshire for 'The Whistle at Eaton Falls,' and Phoenix for 'Try and Get Me.' Now I'm due in Mexico City for a TV pilot film. When I'm home I want the kids to get to know their dad."

Beau likes this idea fine as do all the young boys in the neighborhood. They've even elected Lloyd V.P. in charge of baseball activities. He got permission for them to use a nearby vacant field for practice and is trying to get them into the Little League, a baseball club for pint-sized DiMaggios. The Bridges' home is about two blocks out of Little League bounds, much to Beau's sore disappointment and Lloyd's trying to pull some strings to get the boundary lines extended. He's happy about Beau's intense interest in baseball, since it's taking his mind off acting for the time being. "It's not that I disapprove of Beau's acting career," Lloyd explains. "I was right proud of his work in 'The Red Pony' and 'Zamba,' and he gave me some stiff competition when we appeared together in a Hollywood stage production of 'All My Sons.' Right now, however, I want him to have a real growing-up period. When Beau was acting, his school marks went up that-a-way, so for the time being one actor in the family must suffice."

And that one actor is doing very nicely. Lloyd, not concerned about the size of a part as long as it is a meaty one, has been working consistently. After starring in "The War of the Eton Falls" he took a comparatively small part in "High Noon," because it was an unusual and challenging picture, and because it meant working for Stanley Kramer again.

Once you get Lloyd on the subject of Kramer all else is forgotten. Although Lloyd has been in Hollywood since 1940, he feels his career really started when Kramer said "Home of the Brave." He's convinced Kramer is doing a great job by making pictures which, although they have deep meaning, are still rousing entertainment; and he is particularly enthusiastic about Kramer's method of rehearsing the picture thoroughly before actual shooting begins.

For example, Lloyd says, "I have to confess I was mighty awed about working with Cooper in 'High Noon.' During the two weeks we rehearsed we got to know each other well and were able to establish our relationship to each other."

Before taking off for Mexico, Lloyd completed two new films. "I make things real tough for Spencer Tracy in 'Plymouth Adventure' but I can't for the life of me remember what I do in 'The Last of the Comanches,'" he says. His future plans are exciting. He wants to do as much television work as possible. "I'm fascinated by the medium," he admits. "But it puts an actor, particularly a movie actor on the spot. Fluff a line in a picture, and you get another chance—fifty other chances if necessary. But when you go before the cameras for a live TV show, you have to do it right or else. There's no such thing as a second chance. And don't let anyone kid you—it's no cinch!"

He dreams of working on Broadway. "An actor gets a few chances to do live theatre in Hollywood. I've tried to do as much as I could with a little theatre group in Hollywood in 'Volpone,' 'All My Sons,' and 'Stone Jungle,' but it's not really the same as New York."

Acting since high school days, Lloyd is no flashfire in an industry where personalities burst into flame and extinguish themselves as quickly. He's come up from the ranks and has established himself in a good solid spot in his chosen profession. As long as he's working at acting, the glamour, star-billing and other fancy trimmings can go to blazes.
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SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED
Piper Calls the Tune

(Continued from page 50)
that nasty old puddle-polluted pavement. And the daily bomb
ment—long-stemmed roses every morning and
daily phone calls. Piper finally agreed
to have dinner with Ted. She arrived for
their date all right—with two people from
the studio publicity department and two
women, one flanking her on either side.

Nicky Hilton, who has called her time
and again, got the demure brushoff too.
And so have all the rest.

Don’t get the idea, though, that Piper
scorns dates or men. She is legitimately
sweet and legitimately shy. But that
doesn’t mean she doesn’t know how to
have fun and she can do the de-
dicating with whom.

Piper and Dick Anderson have been a
fairly constant threesome in recent months.
Their evening engagements are held
for each other, but just how serious they
may become, only time will tell. Before
Dick, Piper was seen at several premiers
with Rock Hudson. And she was, ad-
mitedly by friends, a great chum of that
man in the New York office of Universal-Inter-
national, until their religious differences
separated them. Her religion is very im-
porant to Piper, and she was upset by
the think of giving up hers than she would
ask any man to give up his.

Currently, she has frequent dates with
Leonard Goldstein, who is one of Holly-
wood’s leading producers. They are
so different—he is forty-eight to her twenty
—they have great admiration and respect
for one another. And there it stops. Except
for the things Piper learns much from
Goldstein’s maturity and breadth of mind
and experience. She consults him on all
the important aspects of her career, fol-
lores his advice to the letter. A bachelor,
he lives with two older sisters. They are
devoted to Piper, as she is to them.

Besides her talent and her red-headed
beauty, it is probably this characteristic
of learning from everyone that helps
Piper zoom two years in less than two
years. But you are never aware of her
effort. She is never the outward eager-
beaver as, let’s say, Joan Crawford was
at the same age.

Maybe this reticence comes from having
an older sister. When Piper was seven
years old, back in Detroit, where she was
born, she already knew she wanted to
be an actress. When her mother asked the girls what
they intended to be when they grew up, she
lied rather than run the risk of being
laughed at by Sherry, her older sister. Sherry
readily admitted her desire to be a singer,
but Piper said she wanted to be a mani-
curist. No competition that way.

She had a happy childhood, despite hav-
ing been born prematurely which for
the first few years of her life kept her
father out of work more often than he
was in. Mrs. Jacobs—Piper’s real name, as
she quietly pointed out—Mrs. Jacobs—kept
them eating by baking for the
neighbors. Sometimes Sherry and
Rosetta went around from door to door,
selling the pastry, a humiliating but
helping pastime.

“But no matter how tough things
were with us,” Piper explains, “Mom always
saw to it that we were clean, that we went
to school and that we formed hell at the
end, a loving and devoted family. Today
Sherry is married to a young Los Angeles
doctor, leaving Piper and her parents a
close-knit threesome. Mrs. Jacobs is half-
owner of a Los Angeles furniture
store and Piper is allowed to contribute only
her own support to the upkeep of their
little home.

She was seven when the family moved
to Los Angeles, and that is when she first
learned to swim. Today swimming is her
fearless. She can’t stand playing tennis is second-
her. She is so clever that she was valedictorian
of her graduating class at John Burroughs
Junior High and heaven knows what her
rating might have been at Los Angeles
Senior High if she hadn’t embarked on
a course in dramatics so intensive that it
would have taxed Laurence Olivier.

There is an excellent dramatic coach in
Hollywood, and it is rather unlikely
he will not bother with amates or very
young people. But Piper being Piper, she
managed—at sixteen—to fool him about
her age, and she never mentioned her
school classes. And that she did—night after night—turning
down every date offered her by prac-
tically every boy then in L.A. High.

Now L.A. High, having graduated Donald
O’Connor and a dramatic ilk, has lots of
dramatic classes and puts on several plays a year. Piper
tried out for all of them—and lost out en-
forcement. However, Universal-International the November
before she was due to graduate, with the understanding that her contract wouldn’t
into effect until she had her diploma.

By coincidence, her graduation and her
eighteenth birthday came on the same
date, January 22nd, 1950. Three weeks
later, she was at work on her first picture,
“The Prince Who Was a Thief.” She
knew they had a real find in this
hazel-eyed redhead who had never before
faced a camera. Quick like anything, they
made her Donald O’Connor’s leading lady
in “The Milkman.”

Then came “The Prince Who Was a
Thief,” with Tony Curtis. And since that
big hit Piper had made “Hill in Her
Garden,” with Rock Hudson, and
then followed two more pictures with
Tony, “No Room for the Groom” and
“The Son of Ali Baba.”

Despite the studio’s persistent and suc-
sessful pairing of Piper and Tony, there’s
a rumor making the rounds that their
ceilidh honeymoon is just about over.
The story is, although it is denied by Piper
and Tony, that the studio is not very
happy with the way things are going and
have no enthusiasm for playing opposite one another again.

Perhaps one explanation is that both
Piper and Tony want to appear opposite
more experienced stars to further their
careers. If so, Piper’s getting her way
again, for she is to be with Tyrone Power
in his U-1 production, “Mississippi Gam-
lets,” and the studio is somewhat
reluctant to have a lead role entrusted to
Piper—but in a few days she won him
around to agreement.

Piper and Tony Curtis used to date
each other, before Tony began to con-
trace solely on Janet Leigh. And when
Piper and Tony were making “The Prince
Who Was a Thief,” they were great friends.

But when the title of the picture indicates,
it was slanted to be more Tony’s picture
than Piper’s, but it ended, somehow, more
hers than his. Soon their friendship began
to cool and they formed hell at the end,
possibly, set in while Piper and Tony
were making personal appearances.

A group of fans in Bay City, Michigan,
presented Piper with a week-old kitten.
Piper, Tony and their two studio chaper-
one ooh-ed and aah-ed over the tiny
animal. But once they were alone, the
press agents leveled on Piper. “Naturally,

Tip for Teens—

Don’t use too-heavy
make-up on sensitive
adolescent skin; nor a too-
strong deodorant.

In a recent study among readers
of a leading women’s magazine,
one out of two women reported they
had suffered underarm skin irritation
from using too-hard deodorants.

This need never happen to you if you use
yodora, the “beauty cream” deodorant.

By Ruth Pearse

McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.
For a back-to-school ice breaker —

☐ Try a new romance  ☐ Plan a Leap Year dance

New term ... new faces; and it's up to you, femmies, to start the shy guys social-whirling. Plan a Leap Year dance, with ample eats; each doll inviting a new classmate. And for a quiet riot — feature a cut-in, where the gals tag and lead! "Ice breaking" is a matter of forgetting about yourself. As you do (at certain times) with Kotex — knowing those flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines. Furthermore, you get extra protection with that special safety center!

How should they settle the check?

☐ One for all  ☐ On the cuff  ☐ Pool the moolah

Spare the waiter needless waiting while you buttercups pool your loot! 'Stead of knocking him out with the slow count, let one gal settle for all. Saves confusion. You can pay her in advance or when leaving. But when buying sanitary protection — there's no "one for all" absorbency of Kotex, because different gals have different needs. So try all 3 absorbencies. Find the one for you.

If you're a problem blonde, should you —

☐ Brush up  ☐ Brighten up

Towhead, woohoo! — when shadowy threads bedim the gold. Brushing helps undarken the roots; draws up excess oil. Also, tinted shampoos (wash-outable) brighten topknots — safely. You'll always be the fair-haired gal, if you watch your grooming; guard your daintiness. On problem days choose Quest deodorant powder, best for napkin use. Safe. Unscented. Positively destroys odors.

Do smart school belles treat teachers —

☐ To lunch  ☐ Like people  ☐ With kid gloves

"Oke, You don't aim to be a P.C. (privileged character). But you needn't be a B.P. (bored plenty) either. In or outside the "ivy halls," why not treat your teachers like people? Be friendly. Get to know them. You'll find they're interesting, helpful ... fun! And don't try the "calendar absentee" gag — for Kotex gives softness that holds its shape, keeps you really comfortable.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

How to prepare for "certain" days?

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

Before "that" time, be ready! All 3 answers can help. But to assure extra comfort, buy a new Kotex sanitary belt. Made with soft-stretch elastic — this strong, lightweight Kotex belt's non-twisting ... non-curling. Stays flat even after many washings. Dries pronto! So don't wait 'til the last minute: buy a new Kotex belt now. Why not buy two — for a change!
You're not expecting to keep that pet," they said. "For the next six weeks, you'll be living in hotel rooms. How do you expect to care for a kitten that hasn't even got its eyes open?"

"I can order up bits of liver and stuff from room service and it's no trick to put a saucer of milk down on the floor. The kitten won't be any trouble. I want to keep her down."

The two press agents shrugged and gave in for what they expected would merely be a day or so. But they were wrong on two scores. Piper took devoted care of the little cat, so much so that right now it is enjoying a glamorous growing-up in Hollywood. And she also took her pet with her on all her newspaper interviews and photographic sitting on the tour from then on.

She has the money to stay but no need to. And maybe she didn't. You never can be positive with Piper. But until the kitten came into their road act, Tony had been getting all the headlines, all the attention. Handsome, charming, outgoing Tony, really makes with the words.

Piper doesn't. She is truly shy. And she is also truly determined, in a very feminine, dignified way, to stand. There is no meanness in her and no deceit. She is naturally cooperative and charming. But she is never blunt about anything—and most particularly about her wants. Piper hasn't exactly had time on her hands in her career. The two and a half years have changed her—but all to the good.

The generally frightened little school girl of 1950 has been replaced by an alert and very charming young woman.

She never drinks hard liquor but she does smoke. This past Christmas she bought herself her favorite gift: a new car. Until then, her mother had driven her back and forth from the studio, and spent the day, while her daughter was on tour, taking care of Piper's fan mail. Mrs. Jacobs still does all fan mail, except the letters postmarked Korea. Those go into a separate pile, unopened, until Piper has time to go over each one of them herself and write a personal answer. As she gets thousands each month, this is a real labor of patriotism on Piper's part—but she does it with love. "If those boys can be over there fighting under those terrible conditions, the least I can do is write them letters," she says.

Piper was a volunteer on a recent tour of Korea. The trip was cold, bitter and uncomfortable. But so Piper came back matured and emotionally enriched by it. And again, she proved the kind of extra-nice girl she is by her reaction to her G.I. "fiancee.

Piper was just the average American kid, in uniform, and he had told him his entire outfit that he was engaged to Piper Laurie. Actually, Piper had known him slightly in Los Angeles.

He had dated her sister, Sherry, a few times before Sherry married, but seeing him so unexpectedly in this foreign setting, Piper didn't recognize him. Besides, as she stepped from plane to plane in Tokyo, she was taken over by the top brass. Lots of brass. General This and General That, Colonel So-and-So and Colonel Thus-and-Thus, Majors, Lieutenants, the few others whom it has worked out. But it is silly to say, "I must go on with my career." That would all depend upon the type of man I married, and he felt about it. Because he'd be the best. "I love her. That's all.

That's what she says. And that, undoubtedly, would be what her husband would believe. But don't overlook it—feminine methods by which she gets her way in life. And you can bet you a cook she will be in love, too.

The End
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    - Kahn’s, Oakland, Cal.
    - Bloomingdale’s, New York, N. Y.
  - Corday two-piece suit
    - Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, N. Y.
    - Stern Brothers, New York, N. Y.
  - Betty Briggs jacket dress
    - Lane Bryant (over 5’ 7” Shop), New York, N. Y.
    - Bloomingdale’s, New York, N. Y.
    - (Moderate Priced Dept.)

The preceding list does not include stores in your vicinity where the Photoplay Fashions are sold, please write to the manufacturers listed below:

- McArthur, Ltd. suit
  - 1372 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
- Kay Windsor dress
  - 1400 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
- Betty Briggs dress
  - 1375 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
- Corday suit
  - 1385 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
- Koret of California dress and separates
  - 1407 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
- Lupe dace hats
  - 28 West 39th St., New York, N. Y.
- Elta pearls by L. Holler & Sons
  - 411 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
- Gwen jewelry
  - 5 East 47th St., New York, N. Y.
- Ear Right gloves
  - 241 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.
- Eena Paige dress
  - 1375 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
- Herbrooke raincoat
  - 205 W. 39th St., New York, N. Y.
- Emex watch band
  - 1200 Commerce Ave., Union, N. J.

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BACHELOR'S BEDLAM!

(Continued from page 52) had pre-conceived ideas about the way movie people live. I thought it was a put-upon round of parties at swank places like Ciro's. It's been a welcome surprise to find that Hollywood actors like the simple things in life. At least, Rock does. If it happens that people don't hate this particular date for an evening (a rare occurrence), we hop in his Oldsmobile or my Ford and go bowling or play pool, or even spend an hour in a penny arcade. Sometimes we'll haunt Army-and-Navy stores or second-hand joints. These are the times we always come home loaded with stuff we can't possibly use—anything from a dandy's helmet to an old carriage lamp.

There isn't any of the much touted glamour in these kind of pleasures, but then Rock is a small town boy. He grew up on the wrong side of the tracks in Winnetka, a pleasant village north of Chicago where most of the residents retain butlers as a matter of course. His father was a garage mechanic who tended to spoil his only offspring, but his mother kept a pretty stiff hand on the reins—or at least she thought she did. Rock figures he could get around the maternal discipline pretty well by the time he hit his teens.

Eventually Rock found his way, completely unconsciously, into the upper circles of Winnetka society. It wasn't that he was a junior stock climber; it just happened. It started through a coincidence, and I found out about it the night he ordered a broiled lobster and took the thing apart with the deftness of a member of the Four Hundred. Rock had always talked about his childhood as a time of comparative poverty, had b dishel his education, and I knew the family table had never sported delicacies or formal settings. Consequently I was surprised when he asked, "How do you know how to attack a lobster?" said.

And he told me about some rich kid—I forget his name—call him Tommy. Tommy was kind of a yin they could run fast and the town bullies were always on the lookout for him. One day Rock saw Tommy being beaten unmercifully by one of the tougher boys, and when Rock pulled him off, the bully wanted to fight him. He got his wish, and limped home wishing he hadn't. Several days later Tommy's mother called Rock's mother, told her about it, thanked him, and asked if Rock could come to dinner. Rock didn't realize it then, but Tommy's mother had the idea that if Rock would teach her son how to use his fists, he in turn would teach Rock the manners of the upper crust. Rock took over with Tommy, and by the time he'd toughened up the kid they were close friends. It went on from there. Rock always had jocks after school and in the summer—carrying, putting up awnings and taking down storm windows, driving a truck, all that sort of thing—and nevertheless was well-considered as a member of Winnetka's inner circle.

I became interested in dramatics through a professor at college, but Rock decided to be an actor when he was ten years old and saw a movie scene where Jon Hall dived from a crow's nest into a shimmering lagoon.

He went in for plays when he got to high school and finally came to California to see if anybody could use him for jumping out of a crow's nest. They've used him for that and more. He's been a pilot, a cowboy, a boxer and a soldier, and most recently a lace-cuffed dandy in "Scarlet Angel."

His work requires that he get up at what he considers an unholy hour, and in order to accomplish this we have gone that way because I'm involved, too, when an alarm clock goes off inside an inverted dishpan. At first he tried an old-fashioned, garden-variety type of alarm clock, Even in my most sleepless moments I could hear the instrument awakened me immediately but it didn't rouse Rock. Then he bought a contraption that sounded as if Big Ben had just run into some kind of wall. That didn't do any work either. So he put Big Ben under the aforesaid dishpan, and when that went off it raised me right out of bed and smacked me to the ceiling. But Hudson resolved to employ a message service to call him every morning, because the staccato ring of a telephone will waken him.

He consequently loathes the ring of a phone at any hour of the day. It's an invasion of his privacy. And when my girl friends call at odd hours he gribes about it for ten minutes after they've hung up.

As a man of fact, he gets a fast sleep when his girls call, at least if he's asleep at the time. On the other hand part of his reaction is due to the fact that he dislikes possessiveness in women, and usually when a girl wants to know what you're doing and why or where you're going and where you've been. Rock likes his freedom and when his girlfriend gets even a little surprised to find that Mrs. Hudson wants to know where he's been and when he's going. It's a feminine type of attack against which at least two males put up a roaring defense.

Our tastes in girls differ, another factor that allows us to live together in peace. We often have respect for the same girl but we're never attracted to the same type. Rock never cared particularly about looks. The girls he wanted to marry before he was sixteen were all ugly as mud fences, according to him, and he only liked because they had a good eye with a sullen look. But he's undoubtedly changed his mind, what with the selection in Hollywood. At least I think so. He has dated Vera-Ellen and Marilyn Maxwell, Barbara Lawrence and Joyce Holden, Ann Blyth and Piper Laurie, to mention a few. All this dating is only natural—"War and Peace"—not when he live in this town.

My own dates are generally girls who are very pretty except Lana. Nevertheless, I usually get home later than Rock. There's a reason for this. When I go home I haven't eyes for anything but bed. But when he gets home, even if dawn is on the horizon, there is talk. If he come in early it's a cinch that he'll stomp around when he arrives a few hours later He can't stand seeing anybody else sleep. When he was in the Navy and had to stand watch in the middle of the night he'd come and drive him crazy to see all the other guys snoozing. So when I'm in the Land of No He stumps and crashes around until he's sure that the other living gives And there I am, a dead duck for the night.

Another time he's sure to begin talking is whenever I read a book. I sit down I pick up the book, and I open it. "Hey, we'll go looking down at Venice! An old Lana Turner movie! We're both batty about Lana, and will go miles to see one of her pictures. I go to premiers just to have a chance I'll see her. I see everybody except Lana. Rock and I have gone to Palm Springs because she was there, and found she just be
fore we arrived. He got to meet her one day, on a set down at M-G-M and he showed up at home that night with an idiotic expression on his face. All he’d tell me, much as I pried him with questions, was that she has a firm handshake and that she said, “I’m glad to meet you, Mr. Hudson.” This guy has all the luck.

Rock’s a lot farther along in picture work than I am—my one and only stint has been a role in “What Price Glory” at Twentieth—and though he probably could help me, we have a sort of unwritten law that he won’t. He’s had me over to the studio for lunch, and he invited me to the set when we first met so that I could see how movies are made, but we agree that he’s not to throw my name around when there’s a role open somewhere. I don’t want him to feel he has to lend a hand. We figure it’s better this way.

I usually go with him to see his own pictures, and am lucky if I leave the theater without a compound fracture. Hudson squirms and fidgets and shrivels in his seat. This is a disease common to actors who are watching themselves on the screen. He decides this scene was awful or he could have done that scene much better. He always wants my opinion, and I give it to him straight, whether it’s good or bad. But no matter how rough I am, Rock is his own severest critic.

Rock’s good nature is his first attraction for people. I think. They conclude that he’s a big overgrown kid who doesn’t require much probing. I know better. Actually he’s a pretty complex guy, but he doesn’t let people know it unless they’re close to him. He is moody at times, usually when he’s depressed about his work. And he has a temperament that simmeris for weeks, then comes to a boil and finally explodes. But it’s over in a hurry. He picks up something, anything, and throws it, and a minute later he’s putting a record on the phonograph.

Our taste in music was poles apart when we first met. I grew up with classical stuff, and never appreciated folk tunes or western ballads until Rock and I merged our record collections. Now he’ll pick up a Brahms album, listen to it for a while and then interrupt my siege with the newspaper. “Hey,” he says, “this Brahms boy was all right!”

He’s a pretty easy guy to live with, and other than the yak-yak routine, I have only one complaint. His procrastination is giving me ulcers. Rock never gets ready until the last minute. He’s supposed to pick up Marilyn in fifteen minutes and he’s still sitting around in blue jeans, talking about his grandmother or his dog.

“You’ve only got fifteen minutes to get over there,” I announce.

“Thank you very much,” he says. “Now, as I was saying . . .”

But he always makes it. When we’ve planned to play tennis he can never find his racquet at the last minute, yet we’re always at the courts on time. We like the same sports, and can give each other a decent game in almost anything. There’s only one sport in which I refuse to join, and that’s water skiing. It’s the love of Rock’s life, but I’ve heard him talk about it and somehow I don’t want to be around when he gets on skis. We play golf often, sometimes with my brother and parents out in Pasadena. Coincidentally, they are good friends of Rock’s mother and stepfather, who live only a few blocks away. My parents have sort of adopted Rock as a member of the Preble clan, and are of the opinion that I couldn’t live with a nicer guy. They may be right.

After being around him for a couple of years, I’d be bored to death if I were involved with Business Administration back East.

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83
She Keeps Hollywood Guessing

(Continued from page 65)

remains a puzzle. There are questions about Ann Blyth yet to be answered.

For instance, it has been written that she is the sweetest actress alive. If she has a
temper, no one can remember having heard from it. Doesn't she ever blow her
top?

She is calm and poised, possessing a dignity beyond her years. Can such digni-
ty be a companion to good wholesome fun?

She lives with her aunt and uncle in an unpretentious Valley home. Countless
other young stars have remained beneath the family roof—but only for a while.
Sooner or later, the apron strings are loosened. When will they loosen for Ann?

She has as many dates as any girl in Hollywood. Eligible bachelors clamor to
meet her. How has she escaped love?

She presents a picture of Miss Perfection.

Is she too good to be true?

"People are always asking what Ann is really like," said one of her best friends
recently. "They all seem to think she's some sort of mystery.

"Well, she's not like so many of the Hollywood actresses. She's different. Why
doesn't people realize she's a gem and leave well enough alone?"

Because she is an actress, Ann doesn't expect privacy. But when she makes a
statement she expects to be believed. Once she was asked if she had a tempest. She
replied with complete logic, "Well, doesn't everyone?"

She has her pet peeves, too. For in-
stance, she dislikes having a first name. When she said goodbye she made the
mistake of mixing them. Later, realizing the mistake, she spent a great deal of
time worrying about the matter. She was afraid she might have offended him.

Temper often flares in studios. But you'll never hear of Ann holding up pro-
duction by stomping off a set. She has yet to be involved in a heated argument.

This is a matter of common sense, she feels. Ann can be depended upon to handle
almost any situation. She's nice, yet firm. Consequently, she wins her battle or, if
there is a compromise, it is generally in

her favor.

When Ann went on loanout for a cer-
tain film, a front office request came
through that she dye her hair blonde. Ann
objected quietly. She stood her ground.

Finally, she suggested compromising—
having a strand or two peroxided. This
made everyone happy.

When she was asked to go on loanout
to RKO for "One Minute to Zero," Ann
realized that if she were to step into the
role originally scheduled for Claudette
Colbert, there would have to be script
changes. This expensive last minute

problem is costly—and, in this case, had not
been mentioned. There was no storming
on Ann's part. There was restrained con-
versation. The script was revised.

"They say Ann is quiet," said another
of her friends. "I think that's because
she has such a tremendous amount of poise.
It seems to rattle strangers. They start
talking and she hasn't a chance to get a
word in edgewise."

As for her seemingly ever-present
dignity, the fun part of Ann's life has been
overlooked. This is undoubtedly because
few people have ever seen her at an
amusement park. She's like a kid on a
holiday. She's an authority on rocky coast-
ers. And who, pray tell, can maintain
dignity on a rocky coaster?

Ann attends industry social events and is
graceful and photogenic, but she really
relaxes with her family and close friends.

While she is not a girl-about-town, she
loves parties—and she'll give one at the
drop of a hat, an anniversary, a holiday,
or simply a thought. It is at these small
soirees that the usually "very reserved"
Miss Blyth may be found on her knees
bowing cards into a hat or whispering it
up in a brisk game of charades.

There is nothing wrong with Ann's sense
of humor. She dislikes cruel practical
jokes, but when a gag is involved, she's
quick on the uptake. When Ann visited
New York, Betty Lynn, one of her closest
friends, dropped by to stay with her.

They talked until late and, finally
exhausted, were almost asleep when the
phone rang. It was Roddy McDowall, all
wound up and very gay. But he didn't
want conversation. He wanted music. And

jokes. Ann patiently hung on to the receiver
while Roddy yodeled his version of the

modern opera, "The Telephone." "Hello,
hello, hello," he sang over and over again.

It's given me something to live for"

Countless people have found a new
lease on life since hearing their very own
problems solved on radio's "My True
Story." For "My True Story" vividly
dramatizes everyday problems of everyday
people—people as real as you or your
family or the folks next door. Listen
and hear solutions to many

emotional problems of love,

hope, fear, jealousy—
taken from the files of

True Story Magazine.

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Be sure to read "Our Fatal Kiss"—the poignant story from a girl's
anguished heart—in September True Story at all newstands.
Ann nodded drowsily. Finally he paused long enough for her to murmur a sleepy "goodbye" and hang up.

But a few minutes later, the phone rang again. "Roddy," announced Betty in complete exasperation.

This time Ann opened both eyes wide and reached for the phone firmly. She sang every song—full verse and chorus—that she could think of. Each time she stopped to catch her breath, she could hear Roddy protest, "Please . . . please, I really do want to talk to you." But on she went, relentlessly. She finally finished off with a rousing chorus of "Hello's" sung to the same melody and with the same fervor as Roddy's inconsiderately timed chorus. And then, with a cracking crescendo, she pronounced one decisive "Goodbye," and hung up.

If Roddy really did have something to say, she knew once and for all that that wasn't the night to try and say it.

Mr. A. G. Bell's fabulous invention was more trouble to Ann than it was worth several times during her New York trip. Although her voice is anything but common-place, she couldn't seem to convince people that she was really she. The fact that her Gotham trip was sudden—and unheralded—added to the complications. One chum she phoned—a girl she's known for years—insisted that Ann was somebody called Esther, even after she ran through a series of highly personalized "remember when's" to identify herself. Every time she called the hotel valet for service, he mistook her for her girl-friend, and would coo lovingly and at length to "Mabel" before Ann was able to explain that she wanted a suit pressed. And the bell captain kept calling her "Baby, darling" when she phoned. He says she sounds just like his daughter.

Ann was amused by it all, rather than irritated. "This is good to know," she laughs. "Just think how convenient it will be—if I want to travel incognito."

When Ann's at home with her Aunt Cissy and Uncle Pat, there's plenty of gaiety and fun.

Uncle Pat likes to tease, which is completely in keeping with their happy home life. There is little doubt about the fact that Ann, Pat and Cis will be together until Ann marries. They're a close-knit and contented family. Their gaiety is contagious and they have a way of making friends welcome and wanted, which is probably one reason that the Blyth living room is always over-run with young people. Ann's escorts will take a home-cooked meal by Aunt Cissy anytime in preference to a Romanoff special.

Ann has never chosen her dates for name value. Dick Clayton, actor turned agent, is an old friend. She also goes with Scott Brady, Dr. McNulty, L.A. physician, and automobile man Tom Bevans.

And then, of course, there is Charles FitzSimons . . . the man Hollywood cast as Ann's Prince Charming. A lawyer in Europe, he also has an impressive theatrical background. He acted with the famed Abbey Theatre in Ireland. He directed and produced shows in London—now pursues his career in Hollywood. Ann wants to marry. She would like a large family—"at least four, maybe six children." To date, she has had a great many responsibilities in both professional and private life, and this has left little time for romance. Then, too, she has seen a lot of unhappiness. And because of her religion and her belief in a good, lasting marriage, she will be cautious. Ann will continue to keep Hollywood guessing, but there is no headline-happy curiosity involved. The so-called hard-boiled town simply wants its favorite girl to find happiness.

"I 'creamwash' daily with Noxzema to help keep my skin looking smooth and fresh," says Polly Aaron of Norwalk, Conn. "It's a fine greaseless powder base, too!"

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or your money back!

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Look lovelier—or no cost!

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Morning: 1. For thorough cleansing, apply Noxzema liberally to face and neck. Then with a cloth wrung out in warm water wash your face with Noxzema as if using soap and water. How fresh and clean your skin looks after 'cream-washing!' No dry, drawn feeling!

2. Apply Noxzema as a long-lasting powder base.

Evening: 3. "Creamwash" again with Noxzema. See how make-up and dirt disappear.

4. Now apply Noxzema as your night cream to help your skin look softer and smoother. Pat a bit extra over any blemishes to help heal them. It's medicated—that's one secret! And it's greaseless, too. No smeary face! No messy pillow!
She Can Handle Him!

(Continued from page 68)

two, meek and sweet Nora Edgington, was dependent, Pat is neither. She isn’t possessive, and she’s quite independent, in spirit as well as financially. Lili used to scream at Flynn and throw plates at his duciking head. Nora had to live with her family and wait for weekend invita
tions from Errol for herself and their two children. Pat doesn’t throw anything, neither does she wait for anything. She’s a full-time wife and homemaker in the comfort
able Flynn mansion.

Pat’s the only one of the Flynn wives to keep house in the full sense of the word. Lili couldn’t be bothered and Nora wasn’t permitted. But Pat can find every day at the Sunset and laurel markets, pinching vegetables, discussing meat cuts and standing for no nonsense from the butchers. To know—like to know—that this hemp housekeeper is a movie star in her own right and the wife of Mr. Flynn to boot. Pat’s shopping uniform is a shapeless poly coat, a hat that is ditty, and thick horn-rimmed glasses. A refreshing change of costume for Errol, who couldn’t stand Lili’s preoccupation with the haute monde and with herself. Lili seemed to always prefer cosmetics fresh lipstick, always combing her hair.

But never underestimate the power of the first Mrs. Flynn. She made her hus
band’s uniform what he is today. She took him when he was earning $70 a week as a corpse in “The Case of the Curious Bride,” married him after he landed in “Captain Blood,” and gave him the run of her house on Avenida Way, near R at. In
Errol—no Roman he—did a heck of a lot of roaming.

He still does. But apparently it doesn’t bother Pat. When he went to Las Vegas that time without telling her, “Ridiculous, I’d have known anyway.” And when the story was in the papers, Pat said with a twinkle in her eyes, “You know Errol!” And this is the one way to get him to stay with her. More and more, they go to Europe together, to his plantation in Jamaica. Nora considered herself lucky to be invited once. And that was a short trip. She’s quite a hussy, and she returned to the U. S. in a huff.

It was different when Pat left Errol in Jamaica because she had to work in an action scene at Warners. She cut the Hollywood at three in the morning, worked all day at the near-by Chatsworth location, and flew back to Flynn’s waiting arms, at ten the same night!

Unlike Lili, Pat is the least jealous
girl I’ve ever met. When Errol forgets he isn’t a bachelor, and dances with other
girls, Pat does ditto with other men, and Flynn comes to heel in a hurry. Pat didn’t even dauce dandy up when a so-called friend told her that Errol, meet
r Nora recently at a party, took her into another room and had a long conversation with her. This may or may not be true, but I do know that Nora visited Errol in his studio dressing room at U-I during her brief separation from Dick Haymes. “To talk about the children,” Errol explained. “I’m busy on the Warner lot in “She’s Working Her Way Through College.”

She likes Errol’s collection of friends. They’re a group of main-powering wives. She even likes his other wives. And not long ago there was a Noel Cowardish “Design for Living,” with Pat entertaining Lili and Nora, who called to visit Seán and Rory and her. Errol, too, was visiting Daddy. Daddy found the situation harder to take, and discovered some im-
portant gardening to do!

Errol has always fallen in love when he

has least expected it. He found Lili on a be- circle in 1933. She was a big star then, friend of British Royalty. But she pre-
ferred “Flees,” as she used to scream her name. Now Errol is sweeping over the huge alimony he has to pay her. After the divorce he even belived him when he made a bet with me that he would never marry again.

He was involved in a serious trial—
the famous looking-through-the-port-hole case. There was a beautiful cigarette girl, Nora Edgington, outside the court-
room. The next thing, they were being married very secretly in Mexico, which must have been a big surprise to Nora as it was to us—and Flynn.

But the way he wooed and won Pat was the most surprising of all. First I’ll have to explain Pat a bit. A lovely girl from Kansas City, who went to a dancing school in New York, when Warners cast her as the vamp in “Tea for Two.” She did fine, so they gave her the female lead in “Flights” and married Errol who, at the time, was engaged to Rumanian Princess Irene Ghika.

Errol called Irene “The Greekman,” as he loved her and took her along on loca-
tions. They lived in Santa Fe, New Mexico. His first sight of Pat was hardly promising. She was in the make-up tent, with her face smothered in cold cream. “I looked horrible,” says Pat. “He said, ‘I saw an awful way to make an impression on my leading man.’ Errol backed away, embarrassed, into the arms of loving Princess Ghika.

A week later, when I heard that Errol was seeing a lot of his leading lady, I said, “Uh, huh, publicity!” But a week after that, when they all returned to Hollywood, the Princess vanished, went back to Rumania, the ship of his yacht the Zaca and suffered an injury to his back that he still hasn’t recovered from.

After the marriage, Errol had to guide Pat. “I insist on the third and last cake,” he said. She almost cut him. In bridal costume she didn’t wear her specks. (Always when she is doing something she doesn’t like, off come the glasses, and she can smile vaguely at him from a distance without registering disapproval.)

Pat, unlike some other Hollywood wives, who we won’t embarrass by naming, rarely visits her husband in the set. When she does, she effaces herself in his dress-
ing room or watches scenes on other sets. “It makes him self-conscious. I shouldn’t be like that. He feels fatherly toward me when he’s home tired after work, she is bright, fresh and never asks questions. She kids him, pours out a drink. ‘That Patty is so wonder-
ful, I don’t see how she does it,” says Fly-
n. “He knows how difficult he can be for a wife.

They read scripts together—he never did this with Nora. He did with Lili, but she was a much over-powering wife. Errol is much more serious about his career than he used to be. It might have been coincidence, but he always had his operations on studio time, waiting until his picture had started and he was on the payroll before hopping into the hospital. However, with his last picture, “Against All Flags,” Errol actually toiled with a temperature of 102!
His manager, Al Blum, used to send Nora her spending allowance. Errol wouldn't dream of doing this to Pat. He is careful with his money, but wife number three can have all the charge accounts she wants. Fortunately for Errol, she'd just as soon wear slacks or a peasant skirt. And she's a great manager. Errol's household bills have dropped fifty per cent since Patty took them over. And she spends her own money on the house—a lamp here, sheets there—and is always buying him little personal bits of jewelry.

Most wives don't like their husbands to have a pretty secretary. Errol's secretary is a beauty, and she works at the house—but that's still fine with Pat. This is the most even-tempered wife Errol will ever get, and he'll be crazy if he losse her. She even likes to cook—and can. So can Errol, and it's indicative of how tame the tiger is that Sundays he prefers not to see his men paws, would rather spend the time with Pat alone, barbecuing in their beautiful hillside garden. And Errol is now a TV fan; never misses the Groucho Marx show.

Pat loves children, and all three of Errol's kids love her. She's gay and sweet with them. And no matter what Errol does in the way of crazy stuff—and he does plenty—he's a fine father and adores having the children with him.

"It's fun living with Errol," says Pat. (Other wives called it something else.) "I never know what he'll do when he comes in the door. But she's agreeable—whether its going to Acapulco, watching a plane for Jamaica, or just taking a walk down the road.

Errol, who was dead set against a career for Nora, is doing everything to encourage Pat's. They've planned a song, dance and pattering act for future theatrical appearances and they might follow the fashion set by Charles Laughton with a program of reading.

In Jamaica, they call Pat "Mistress Flynn," and she likes it. She says the life there is heaven and she has invested some of her own money in Errol's cattle and coconut. She is also part owner of the $250,000 bungalow hotel Errol plans to build in Apple Valley. In fact, it was Pat who chose the site and started the business. And she says she won't mind a hoot if Errol spends months there without her. She believes that a four months' vacation from marriage every year helps it to last longer with Mr. Flynn. When he asks, "Darling, I have to go away," she replies, "That'sfine, Honey." She's very trusting. "You can't confine him," she says. "You have to give him his head—which is fine with me.

Right now Errol is in London where he's working on "Master of Ballantrae" for Warner Brothers, while Pat is at their plantation in Jamaica. But she plans to join him in England for a joint holiday.

Errol is very proud of Pat. "A solid American girl, a real beauty," is how he described her to me.

He has a devilish sense of humor. Errol likes to shock people. At his last bachelor party, Errol offered his guests a mice race, and named each mouse after a favorite girl. There was no Pat in his life then, but she would probably have gone along with the gag as she does with everything else for Errol.

It occurs to me, as it must have to you, that Pat must love Errol a great deal and that is why she is determined to make the marriage work, and the reason why she doesn't "make like a wife." Because if she did, that would be the beginning of the end. And if Errol is as smart as he is clever and charming when he wants to be, he'll make sure that Pat never falls out of love with him.

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Star CANDIDS

Cowboy Specials
Jane Russell's Fight

(Continued from page 37)
close their eyes during the steep ascent.
There in a sunny nursery which her
shares with Jane's adopted daughter,
Tracey, thirteen months old, also blonde
and blue-eyed, Tommy is cared for by a
Scotch girl with such a lovely soft burr
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grow up to be a famous footballer too."

All of this makes it apparent that Jane was hedging last November when she talked with reporters about her intentions about Tommy. Likely enough, too, the German child she mentioned was a "red herring" with which she sought to put the press off the track. Undoubtedly, she was hoping her husband, Bob Waterfield, would be as charmed with Tommy as she had been and that somehow, some way, his adoption could be arranged.

There were problems, great and many. As Jane said at the time, it is never wise to adopt a child beknownst to his parents. Too often this leads to trouble or heartache later on. Also, while in London she had been informed of the British Child Adoption Act which makes it illegal for a British subject to be adopted by citizens of another country who are not blood relatives. Moreover, Howard Hughes, who discovered Jane and to whom she is under contract, disapproves of his glamour girls being publicized in domestic roles.

But Jane had seen Tommy. She had held him in her arms. She had felt his cheek soft and warm and trusting against her face, against her heart. And these simple things had managed somehow to outweigh everything else.

That Bob Waterfield almost once felt the same way Jane did about Tommy was soon evident. One month after Tommy arrived in California, an overseas call went through for the Kavanaghs at a neighbor's house. Jane and Bob would, they said, like to adopt Tommy legally.

This ended Tommy's obscurity. The British Crown would have none of it. Anna and Michael Kavanagh pled guilty to the charge that they had defied the Child Adoption Act. And Tommy's name and Jane's name leaped into headlines in newspapers both here and in England.

There is, it seems, more to the Child Adoption Law than meets the eye. It is designed to prevent white slavery and other forms of abduction. Furthermore in this case national pride also reared its head. On Tommy's adoption there were, in London, two sides, both violent. Some felt the proposed adoption of Tommy to be a slap in the face to the British way of living, that if a Hollywood movie star could move in and take her pick of Britain's younger generation it implied Britain was too poor to care for her own. Others applauded the sacrifice of Anna and Michael Kavanagh, in giving up their child so that he might have a better life than they ever could hope to provide for him.

Finally, by explaining in detail the exasperating circumstances which had influenced them to offer Tommy to Jane Russell for adoption, the Kavanaghs were dismissed conditionally for a year. And Tommy was permitted to remain with Jane and Bob and their new sister Tracey in the big redwood house.

The Howard Hughes edict about maternal publicity remains firm. And Jane abides by it. Neither Tommy nor Tracey appears with her in public. They are not photographed with or without her for publicity purposes. And she does not talk about them when reporters or interviewers are around, unless she forgets and comments, impulsively, that Rebecca is pretty helpless about any diaper routine.

"However," she says, "he's looking forward to camping trips with his son. Wouldn't it be awful if Thomas grew up to play a violin and Tracey turned out to be the athlete..."

Then she laughs. And by the way she laughs you know she does not for one moment think that this will happen, that, with Anna Kavanagh, she dreams of Tommy growing up healthy and vital, having a full and happy life.

The End
(Continued from page 40)

movie colony, the Los Angeles General Post Office gets the load flooding in from every camp in this country—plus Alaska, Hawaii, Japan, occupied Germany and fighting Korea. And as the uniformed contingent goes, so go the males of the nation.

But it be known then, that at Los Angeles General P. O., a dish named Marilyn Monroe, too young to be known during World War II, curves into a class by herself. In the orders of the big post office, Miss Monroe has "that smell of big actresses." Translated, that means that marvelous Marilyn is treated (by the letter, you understand) exactly like the Los Angeles Stock Exchange Chamber of Commerce or similar institutions. Her mail is packaged together, under her own "firm" wrapper, duly printed "M. MONROE," each package containing 360 letters. These in turn are put in a wrapped "M. MONROE" mailbag for delivery to Twentieth Century-Fox.

All this pleases Marilyn, and no wonder. She is grateful that her studio is willing to supply these photographs to theaters free, and she, in turn, willingly posies for new sitting almost weekly.

"You learn about what men like from pin-up requests," Marilyn says. When she first started posing for these pictures, I went along with the studio idea that the more undressed I was, the more popular my photographs would be. But that isn't so. The boys write that in any position to bathing suits, they like to see me in a simple street dress or in a skirt and sweater." Then she dimples. "Of course, they write that they want the skirt to be shoulder-length and the sweater and the tighter. And if it's a dress, they want the neckline really to plunge."

As for the calendar for which Marilyn posed, a few years back, before discovery, she gets calls for it. She wore her own pretty skin for that and nothing more. So great is the demand for the calendar, she has rarely gotten one. One particular kid from Korea wrote her so often about it, that she finally did understand. Then she autographed it and mailed it to him at the front.

Marilyn is a bombshell, all right, a sizzling arrow straight through male hearts. But still she isn't, as yet, an international incident. Esther Williams, as a pinup in a part of the episode in the Williams life began back in 1944:

She was flooded with pinup requests, naturally, and among the souvenirs she sent out to the boys was a photograph of herself, nothing else, just what she wore. She was standing at tiptoe, as she usually does, and leaning back against the trunk of a palm tree.

One of those pictures wound up decorated in the wardroom of a certain U. S. destroyer.

This destroyer must remain anonymous because there came to its wardroom some visage in a man who happened with the first two, you may be sure, the very soul of honor. Toasts were drunk to our Navy, to their Navy, and to hands across the sea. But when the British officers returned to their destroyers, other than Miss Williams' picture, frame and all, had returned with them.

Now no one is saying that the British stole it. No one is saying either that our men stole it back. But it did get back to our side, somehow or other, the very next day, without any explanations.

It became "operation mermaid" after that. Wherever the British and American destroyers happened to mingle, Esther changed sides quicker than a hot bucket in a gambling house.

So you can imagine Miss Williams pleases on the other day, from Korea, some pictures back to her. The frame was really beat up. The picture itself was dog-eared. But the request was direct and wonderful. Please send us a new print of this photograph," asked the officers of the wardroom of the original destroyer. "You see, there are some British anchored port side and we want to prove to them that you are as lovely as all-get-mah-ret of our company."

Not only did the boys get their picture, but it had a new frame. They received a second picture, too, just like the first, only autographed to every member of the crew.

As for Debbie Reynolds, the pinup stories about her could go on and on, but the nicest yarn of all is about the tail gunner in a plane over Korea. He originally wrote Debbie asking for her photograph because he looked, he said, like the girl back home whom he had lost. They had been engaged and then she got polio, and died of it there as he was able to get leave and see her.

Now Debbie makes a very special thing about her servicemen mail. She puts her own autograph on the answers to their letters. Any guy in uniform who turns up in Hollywood and wants to call on her is made to feel right at home. There is even a rule in the Reynolds neighborhood: "Hollywood's a small world, and the Reynolds are away, the neighbors are to entertain him till they get back.

Naturally, therefore, this lonely airman who had been requesting right went to Debbie's sympathetic little heart. She sent off the picture immediately. The boy wrote back, thanking her, saying he had panted in his plane, right over the gun that was pointed at his fire, and that whenever he went into action, he always touched it for luck.

Weeks went by, and then she got a letter, containing the picture, riddled with bullets. Her 18-year-old cousin, a gunner, who had notified her, that the picture had been wounded. "But I'm okay," she wrote me, "I was not hit."

The picture he had written that, which had crossed the thirty-eighth Parallel in Korea, "at least a million times." The gang call it the tank "Abadan Honeymoon" in her honor.

Mitzi Gaynor is a girl whom the boys think of with nicknames, too. Too many nicknames for her own comfort. "There's a bunch of bombshells who wrote me letters that they had voted me 'The girl we'd most like to explode with,'" says bubbling Mitzi. Then a demolition outfit wrote that they wanted, "We'd like most to receive." Later came a letter from a company in our occupation army, stationed at Kimpo, Japan. They said, "You are the girl we'd most like to come home to." My own photograph, they wrote, would be "maudal..." and "a picture of you," they wrote, "would be lovely." But they didn't say what shape they'd find me in."

The shape they find Mitzi in, in her pinup poses, is strictly from heaven, cool, crazy, and double-bubble.

Judy Garland, Miss Most Visibly, which takes to be a perfect pinup but the pinup request which touched her most of all, has never received was sent her by a girl, a Japanese girl from Tokyo.

Actually, it was sent to Janet, via Marshall Field's, the super-department store in Chicago. And, flattering enough to the Photoplay, it contained a picture of Jane in the bathroom from the pages of this magazine. How the little Japanese

Hollywood's Top Pinups

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letter arrived in Hollywood, Rita had sailed for Europe, to meet with a man named Aly Khan. The letter was forwarded to her in Paris, but by that time, she was trotting all around Europe with the Prince. So the letter followed, but always late. Then she married—and did more traveling. When she wanted a divorce—and did still more traveling. Finally she came back to Hollywood by way of a side trip to Mexico. Rita began work at Columbia Studios on "Affair in Trinidad," and the letter and she caught up with one another. And now at last her newest glamour pinup shot has gone to Berlin. But Rita has no idea whether the German ex-officer she is starving or prosperous, or even alive.

Jean Peters has complained to her studio, Twenty-first Century-Fox, that if she got cast in any more ragged roles, the public would never know what she really looked like. Her complaint got her into the photographic gallery for pinup art. And then the joke was that it turned out to be the first time the studio had ever fully comprehended what she looked like, a la bathing suit—and they whistled! Now Jean's being cast in musicals like "Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie."

Jean is a college girl and despite her stardom, in her private life she sticks much closer to collegiate groups than to members of the film colony. And, interestingly enough, since her pinup pictures have gone out to the camps, it is the college men in uniform who most often write her. They are usually officers, a little shy about writing an unknown movie star. "They are usually married, too," Jean tells you, a little ruefully. "They write and tell about their wives, their children. One wrote me a long letter about the son and heir he knew he'd had, but whom he had never seen. He told me he couldn't write to his wife that way, for fear his loneliness would make her more lonely, too. Now we are regular correspondents and when he's back from the front I hope to meet him—and his wife and child."

Of course, sometimes there is real peril in pinups. Take Jane Russell, for instance. She definitely dislikes all this publicity about her anatomy, does Jane. She is very, very much married to the boy she fell in love with. That is, Bob Waterfield. She is very religious, never misses a church service, and teaches a Sunday-school class and a Bible class. Yet, because of the exaggerated sexy publicity she got at the very beginning of her career, a certain percentage of young fellows still think of her as a kind of Junior Mae West and that they can, therefore, "come up and see her some time."

Recently, while Jane was working on Paramount's "Son of Paleface," three soldiers got her address and turned up on her doorstep one evening. As her car drew up to her doorway, the three of them stood up. "We're taking you out with us this evening," they announced.

They hadn't noticed that another car was drawing up right behind Jane's. Out of this one stepped Bob Waterfield, who is a professional athlete. "Hi," he said to the astonished soldiers. "That's a great idea. We'll all go out. Let's go bowling."

This was not what Jane had had in mind—but they were stuck with it.

Virginia Mayo is somewhat like Jane. They make her a sexbox on screen, but off-screen she is very quietly and happily married to Mike O'Shea. Virginia too is active in church work. She is without exception the most obliging of stars when it comes to any request, with the result that she has literally thousands of pinup poses. She gets a vast volume of pinup fan mail from all service centers. And while Virginia turns all other fan mail over to a secretary, every letter from Navy in uniform gets her own personal reply.

That's how Ginny got the letter from the chap who wanted to leave his wife because of her. He wrote Virginia that he had fallen out of love with his bride, largely because she was so sloppy. She never really combed her hair, he said. She'd let her figure go. When she put on lipstick, it was always crooked.

Because the small city from which he came, and which he'd mentioned in his first letter, was one where Warner Brothers office wasn't too much trouble for Virginia to discover her wife's address. Their name was distinctive, and they had recently had twins.

Whereupon she wrote the soldier and told him what trouble her beauty care entailed—the hours, the dollars. Then she wrote the wife and very frankly and sweetly sent her own diet, and special beauty tips. The letter came back almost at once, and you could practically see the tears in her eyes as she was writing—tears of gratitude. She told Virginia she had gone only that evening to see one of her pictures. She said she was right that moment on the diet.

The husband wrote back to Virginia that he hadn't quite realized the care it took to be beautiful. She had sent him a picture. The pay-off came about six months later.

"What do you know," said the letter, "my wife has been reducing, and she sent me her picture. She's had her hair cut like the one you wear in 'She's Working Her Way through College.' Since you tell me you are so happily married, I hope you understand how happy I feel now, falling in love with my bride again. But isn't it wonderful, Virginia, that all on her own she got wise, finally?"

The End
Shirley Temple Won't Come Back

(Continued from page 43)

when, leaving the breakfast dishes
she had been washing, she answered their ring.
“You couldn’t,” they said in unison, “be
Shirley Temple!”

“I was quite disillusioning to them,”
she says with a giggle. “... a housewife
and former movie star doing her own
housework.”

With one hand she brushed her jet black
hair—which she wears in a pony tail with
a ribbon tied over a rubber band—back
from her face. “This, of course puts
people off. Actually when I let my hair
so natural I had no idea it would be so
dark . . . I hoped for light brown.”

Another time a tourist, taking pictures
of the Black’s little house, was furious
when a girl wearing blue jeans and a
sweet shirt and working a tractor on the
front yard, got in his way. “Move on, girl,
novel on,” he said irately. “We want a
picture of Shirley Temple’s house—not a
picture of you.”

“When word got around that we had
bought this place, quite a few tourists
came by to take pictures.” Shirley says.

“It was a sight too, Hedda, when we first
look over! The front lawn—which we
didn’t even call a lawn—was filled with
weeds three feet high. I thought they
were pretty. So I gathered a lot of them
and filled vases. Immediately Charles and
started sneezing—and came down with
hay fever. Too late I read a warning in
he paper not to pick ragweed and not
do bring it into the house.

“So I borrowed our neighbor’s tractor
and went to work. “That was last Labor Day. A few days
later I learned I was going to have a baby.”

Shirley, awaiting her baby son, Charles,
the day I visited her, was wearing a silk
coolie coat and full trousers of dark blue.
On her feet were lavender slippers. I
asked her about the lack of stockings.
“Well,” she said, “I would have to wear
so much to hold them up. . . . It’s easier
this way.”

“What will happen when the baby
arrives?” I wanted to know.

“I’ve arranged for Susan to stay with
our next door neighbor,” she explained.
“Charles will take care of the house him-
self. And I’ll bring a nurse home from
the hospital to look after the baby until
I’m able to carry on alone.”

That morning Shirley had driven to the
hospital in her car, with little Linda Sue
—Shirley calls her Susan—beside her. The
hospital doctor had told her he didn’t
think she should drive a car any more.

“How else could I get here?” she asked
him. She is, obviously—despite her fortune
which amounts to around three million
dollars—having a wonderful time living
as the wife of a naval officer, on a naval
officer’s pay.

She does her housework and her cook-
ing and she is companion and nurse to her
four-year-old daughter. What is more,
Charles Black, she says—she talks about
him and how wonderful he is all the time—
adores her cooking.

“Does he really adore it—or does he just
say so?” I asked.

“He adores it! You know I went to cook-
ing school, Hedda.”

“I should think,” I said, remembering the
luxury of her Hollywood life, “that you
would feel tied down—with a house and
child to look after without full-time help.

“And whatever do you do about parties?”
Again that delightful giggle. “When I
feel like going out—like having an after-
noon of bridge with navy wives, say—I get
a baby sitter.

“We don’t give big parties. In this house
how could we? Whenever we entertain
we get a mess boy from the Country Club.
He makes the drinks and hors d’oeuvres.
He serves beautifully. And I shop in the
supermarket a few miles down the road.

“There’s no problem at all.
And I’m so happy, Hedda. I love what
I’m doing. I have never been so happy before.”

What Shirley has done, of course, is
reverse her way of life. And her appear-
ance and her relaxed manner as well as
her words make it clear that this is the
life for her.

“Do most of the navy wives do their
own work?” I asked her.

“No, most of them have maids. But I
enjoy getting along on my own.”

For years—all her life almost—she was
raised like a little princess, guarded
whenever she went, surrounded by crowds,
forever dressed up and on parade, with
everything done for her. Now she takes
satisfaction in doing everything for her-
self, in living simply, in being free.

She’s old enough to know what she
wants, even if she isn’t as old as she
thinks. When we spoke of her approach-
ing twenty-fourth birthday, she said, “Isn’t
in horrible! I’ve lived almost a quarter of
a century. I feel so old!”

At that remark I—who have passed
the half century mark long since—
started to creak in every joint, could
scarcely get out of my chair for a tour
of her house that sits, spic and span white,
in two and one-half acres of ground. You
could put the entire house into the lux-

I can save a pretty penny
With a clever touch or two—
When I add a frisky feather
Last year’s bonnet looks brand new!

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THE PHOTOPLAY-PASADENA PLAYHOUSE SCHOLARSHIP CONTEST

The state auditions are over! And now a board of expert judges is reviewing the
local boards' recommendations and re-playing the dramatic recordings that were
sent to us in June.

The field is being narrowed down to the top ten contestants of the entire country! Of
these, three will be chosen to compete in the crucial California auditions before
Burke, Streisand, Stewart, Stewart, Barbra Streisand, Dore Schary, Charles Pickett and
Photoplay West Coast Editor, Sylvia Wallace, on September 15 for the two-year
scholarship to the Pasadena Playhouse.

Who will these girls be? See the October issue of Photoplay or see September 10.
Zing Went the Strings of His Heart

(Continued from page 45)
like Betty Lynn. Bob Wagner was beating the drums. Johnny sucked in his breath, suddenly, feeling as though somebody had just dazzled his vision by throwing a handful of diamonds his way. From the far corner of the room a pair of green eyes, as frightened as he knew his own eyes to be, were gazing into his. Female eyes, green as a Paris springtime, looking out at him from a face pale as a camellia and as appealing in its innocence.

Johnny stood still, in delighted, amazed shock. How could a face so delicate exist in the hardboiled world of Hollywood? Was he really seeing it? Was there really a girl behind that face?

The hostess swooping down on him made it reality. "Well, all right," she said, laughing, "Come and meet her."

They crossed the room. "Pier Angeli, may I present John Barrymore, Jr.?"

She saw the color rise in that camellia skin. He got the full impact of those green eyes. "How do you do?" she said, carefully, trying not to stumble over the English words.

"How do you do?" He repeated the polite social formula. He felt the timidity of her slender hand in his. He didn't, of course, add, "I'm falling in love with you."

But that was the way he felt, despite as fantastic a set of obstacles as ever set up a hazard for a boy in Hollywood.

Not until later could Johnny put his feelings into words: "When I'm around Anna," Johnny says, calling her by her real given name (her surname is Pierangeli, as you probably know), "when I'm around Anna I'm like butter at 900 degrees. She looks at me and I melt."

Then he grins. He has inherited his father's sense of humor and his quizzical eyebrows.

"I've got nothing but millionaires for competition," he says. "Millionaires and Anna's whole family, particularly her mother, and the entire thing of an Italian girl's upbringing. I know Anna would like to break away a little, have a car, and free to drive it, go out like American girls.

She's twenty now. She's never been kissed by a guy, unless it was one old enough to be her father, who was giving her a sense of her own, pretty sure she's never had even that, except from her real father. It was only a short time ago that she visited her first night club, and then she was completely chaperoned and I was not the lucky character who was her escort."

Actually the lucky escort was multimillionaire Arthur Loew, Jr. He is a particularly different multimillionaire, heir to all the Loew's theatre enterprise, which means M-G-M too, practically. He's tall and thin, ten years older than Johnny and Pier, not as handsome as Johnny, but definitely in tragically looking, in millioner and generally outstanding. He could be just a rich man's son but he doesn't choose to be. There was a time he aspired to be an actor, just as there was a time, pre-Tony Curtis, when Peter Lawford was an actor. He could also be a wolf, without half trying, considering his charm, his position, his wealth, but he doesn't choose to be that, either. He is learning to be a producer and it might be that he is as much a producer as Johnny, as John Barrymore. Certainly he is very reserved, which is understandable in an executive who probably has met few people who haven't tried to get him to do some favor.

Nor is Arthur Loew young Johnny's only rival. There is Ralph Meeker, who calls at the Pierangeli home as often as Mrs. Pierangeli gives him the chance. There is Richard Anderson, and several other young actors in the same category. And there is David Schine, of the hotel empire. Pier is rarely allowed out unless her mother or her sister are with her. Mama Mia encourages the boys to call on Pier at home. Never alone, but in groups.

"After that first meeting," Johnny confesses, "I could barely sleep with wanting to see Anna again. I'd told her a fable at the party the night I had a friend who was going to Italy and could he call her up to see if he could do anything over there for her. She spoke so little English then that I'm sure she didn't understand half that I was saying. But anyhow, I got her phone number that way even though it was four days before I had the courage to use it. Naturally I asked her out, when I did call her. Only she left the line to talk to her mother, then asked me to visit her Tuesday of the following week.

"Now I must tell you one wonderful thing about my own mother. She never once laughed at me when I was five and six and would come tearing in, saying, 'I'm in love with Sally,' or 'I'm in love with Nancy.' I always have been in love with some girl, ever since I can remember.

And it wasn't whatever silly thing older people mean when they smirk about puppy love. It was intense and exciting and well—wildly beautiful while it lasted. But I know from the moment I first saw Anna that I had never felt anything so completely before."

"It wasn't just because she was the first foreign girl I'd met, either, because I've dated a couple of French and German girls. When I went to South America for the film festival I met some fascinating Spanish girls. But never before did I know a girl so beautiful and warm and spiritual, all at once. In one way, she's a thousand years old, because she grew up in Italy during the war years and in another way, she's like a tiny child, because it is only since she has been in this country that she has learned to play."

As preparation for his first encounter with Pier's mother, whom he visualized as first cousin to the wicked old witch in "Snow White," Johnny went in for some intensive coaching in Italian. Also to prove that he was a very respectable young fellow, he dressed with startling conservatism—dark blue suit, white shirt, dark shoes, dark, unpatterned tie.

He rang the doorbell and the door was opened by a very beautiful, laughing, young woman. "Hi," she said, holding out her hand to him. When he recovered from the shock, he learned this was Mrs. Pierangeli. It wasn't until a half hour later that he found out "Hi" was the only English word she knew. But how she could cook!

Johnny met Marissa that evening, too. Marissa is exactly fifteen minutes younger than Pier. But they barely look like sisters, let alone twins. "Marissa is much taller, and very dark," Johnny will tell you. "Pier says she feels Marissa understands about love, but she feels that for herself, any real thoughts of love would..."
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DOUBLE BLESSING IN SUMMER

CLEARASIL hides back-burner, back-burner pimples...ends embarrassment in bathing suit and low-cut summer dresses.

What he doesn't know is that at twenty a year is the same as forever, and that the taste of it you may be a very different person.

Meanwhile, he sees Pier every chance he gets. He haunts her sets when she's working. Although he's been busy himself making "The Merry Widow" and "The Merry Widow" and "The Merry Widow" Pier sees too, and until he settled down quite seriously to Piper Laurie, Dick Anderson was seeing her every chance he got. Still another suitor has come into the picture—hotel heir, David Schine. It has been hinted that Schine has won her family's complete approval. It has also been hinted that perhaps Pier's mother will even entertain the idea of marriage before her twenty-first birthday. Hollywood's attitude toward Pier may have something to do with this. The older men of Hollywood, like Spencer Tracy, who is her favorite star, and Gable and the like sum it up, "She makes you feel so protective toward her that a man who would so much as tell her a risque story probably better have more freedom even before she's twenty-first birthday. Hollywood's attitude toward Pier may have something to do with this. The older men of Hollywood, like Spencer Tracy, who is her favorite star, and Gable and the like sum it up, "She makes you feel so protective toward her that a man who would so much as tell her a risque story probably better have more freedom even before she's twenty-first birthday. Hollywood's attitude toward Pier may have something to do with this. The older men of Hollywood, like Spencer Tracy, who is her favorite star, and Gable and the like sum it up, "She makes you feel so protective toward her that a man who would so much as tell her a risque story probably better have more freedom even before she's twenty-first birthday. Hollywood's attitude toward Pier may have something to do with this. The older men of Hollywood, like Spencer Tracy, who is her favorite star, and Gable and the like sum it up, "She makes you feel so protective toward her that a man who would so much as tell her a risque story probably better have more freedom even before she's twenty-first birthday.

But Pier says, talking of the difference between life in Italy and America, "American men stay like little boys, always playing games. Even when they are out of college they are still wanting to play games. As for the real boys they are like children. In my country—a boy is already a man at fifteen, very serious, very responsible. He is to be in love with a man, not a boy. No!" It would seem so. Except for one thing. That love stuff. Crazzy stuff, love. Particu- larly at twenty—a very unpredictable. But great. Just great—anywhere, at any time!

The End
Unable to locate the jumpers, Stephen returns to town and begins courting Faith Domergue, newcomer to Silver Creek. Suspecting Faith is the brains of the claim-jumpers, Audie tries to warn McNally. A quarrel follows and the men part. Only the confession of a dying hoodlum convinces the marshal that his girl is a bad'un. Susan Cabot is the gal Audie likes.

**Your Reviewer Says:** Rootin' shootin' act.

**Program Notes:** Audie Murphy's pistols in the film once belonged to Hoot Gibson, famous Western star of silent pictures . . . The temperature dropped so suddenly during night shooting on Universal's back lot, Faith Domergue nearly froze to death in her fancy go. A huge smudge-pot failed to help much. In one scene an oil heater was placed beneath her voluminous skirts to help her stop shaking during a close up.

** popped The Big Sky (RKO)**

A big story, as widespread as the territory it covers—the wild, uncharted Missouri River from St. Louis to its headwaters in the Blackfoot Indian country. Kirk Douglas and Dewey Martin join a party of independent fur traders heading for this virgin north country with Elizabeth Threatt, a Blackfoot maid, as hostage. As they progress through hazards, both Kirk and Dewey begin to fall in love with the Indian maid. Characters come alive under the direction of Howard Hawks, who deals intelligently with man and nature, life and death.

**Your Reviewer Says:** Rousing adventure.

**Program Notes:** A location troupe of 200 men journeyed to Jackson Hole, Wyoming, where outdoor scenes were photographed . . . Elizabeth Threatt, who plays the Indian girl, is of Cherokee-English parentage and was working as a John Powers model before joining "The Big Sky" cast. Kirk Douglas promptly named her "Triple Threat." Dewey Martin was elevated to stellar status after the studio saw the first rushes.

** The Merry Widow (M-G-M, Technicolor)**

Lana loves Lamas. And indeed she must, to let him get away with such grand larceny. From the moment he appears on the screen, the fiery Fernande ungraciously steals this fanciful musician from her lady love. And Lana is luscious in Technicolor and gorgeous turn-of-the-century gowns. The story of this popular Franz Lehár operetta, of course, concerns a beautiful widow who is invited to the mythical kingdom of Marsamvilia to unveil a statue in her late husband's honor. The king schemes to have her fall in love with the dashingly robust Count Danilo (Lamas), hoping to gain access to her eighty million dollars in order to pay the national debt. But Lana poses as a poor American chorus girl because she wants to be loved for herself. Lamas is forced to make love to the girl he loves and the widow his king commands him to marry, not dreaming they are one and the same. The plot is corny added fresh color makes the lustrous difference!

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but fun and there are gay supporting performances by Thomas Gomez, Richard Haydn and John Abbott.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll love Lamas.

Program Notes: This is the third screen version of "The Merry Widow." The other two sets of lovers were played by John Gilbert and Mae Murray (1925), and Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier (1934). As everyone must know, this is the picture during which Lana Turner and Fernando Lamas took their screen characterizations home with them.

(V) Lost In Alaska

Strictly for Abbott and Costello fans and those who enjoy a bit of horseplay. In this caper, the boys struggle through the rigors of the frozen north all wrapped up in furs and a silly plot about a despondent millionaire, Tom Ewell, surrounded on all sides by enemies. It all begins when Bud and Lou, San Francisco firemen, save Tom from committing suicide cause his Klawdike belle, Mitzi Green, plain don't love him. The three of them end up in the gold country with Mitzi trying to help Tom escape his blasted enemies. Bruce Cabot plays a mean 'un.

Your Reviewer Says: Rowdy-dowdy fun.

Program Notes: Bud Abbott caused a stir when he first walked into the studio dining room wearing his new mustache. Some luncheon guests claimed Bud looked too romantic to play a funny man . . . Mitzi Green makes her first film in fifteen years and calls herself "the youngest retreat in show business." . . . 1,000 bags of untoasted cornflakes and one ton of gypsum were used to create the illusion of miles and miles of snow-covered wasteland. The biggest problem arose when the Malamute dogs used to draw sleds ate a twelve foot hole in the scenery. The dogs were mad for the raw cornflakes.

(V 1/2) Affair In Trinidad

Rita Hayworth, as beautiful as ever, returns to the screen after several years absence, in a story straight from the "slightly used" department. Rita once again the demure, heart-of-gold gal who sings suggestive songs in a Trinidad dive and wiggles like a cooch dancer. Glenn Ford plays the brother of Rita's husband (never seen on the screen) who is found dead the day Glenn arrives on the Island. An international scam, Alexander Scourby, is suspected of doing the lad in. In order to trap Scourby, the police persuade Rita to play footsie with the suspect. Glenn, unaware of the situation, accuses Rita of, well, you know what, and heads for home. But love wins out.

Your Reviewer Says: Hot tropical doings.

Program Notes: This is Rita's first movie since her separation from Aly Khan . . . Choreographer Valerie Bettis worked out the dance routines suitable for the glamorous redhead. A fat part in the story was her reward . . . While Rita was trying to avoid reporters, Glenn was sitting on his own unhappy story—a contemplated separation between him and his wife, Eleanor Powell.

FREE GORDON MACRAE GREW UP WHEN . . .

BY VIOLA SWISHER
Behind the Riot Act

(Continued from page 56)

"I'm not going to be any doctor or lawyer or stuff," Dino said at fourteen. "I want to quit school."

"If you don't go to school," said Pop mildly, "you'll have to go to work."

"Of course," agreed Dino.

That's all there was to it. His folks never made a big thing out of nothing. They were gentle people and as parents they held a simple philosophy: "We have two good boys. Whatever they want is okay with us."

In this atmosphere of sunny approval, Dino and his brother Bill thrived, free to develop their personalities, freely returning love for love.

From his first job in a gas station, Dino leaped lightly to boxing, where he won or lost (or lost) wrist watchbands and all the money thrown into the ring. Pop took this in stride. Mom didn't care for it at all. Characteristically, she voiced no protests, but Dino came to dread the hurt in her eyes when he looked her in the face. The mints were exchanged for the steel mills. Finding in steel neither zest nor charm, he lent a lukewarm ear to Pop's suggestion of a barber college. Here's the door to en-roll," said his father. Thus armed, Dino got as far as the poolroom. He did, however, bring the five dollars back. Pop shrugged. "So the boy doesn't want to be a barber, so he'll be something else."

He became a wheel dealer. A certain cigar store did a brisk trade in tobacco and a brisker trade at the gaming tables behind, where some of Dino's pals were gainfully employed. They paid him as a clerk out front, he made the grade to the rear—and again faced the hurt in his mother's eyes. "A gambler?" she faltered. He took off his hands. "Mom, you remember the picture about Monte Carlo?"

"I remember."

"And the man with the stick? He didn't gamble. Just worked."

"You're the man with the stick?"

"That's right, Mom."

Her face cleared. "Well then, it's fine, Dino."

It was fine all round. He wore sharp clothes. He helped Pop pay off the house and send Bill through college. His co-workers were kids he'd grown up with, bound to each other in wordless loyalty.

Joey was always being thrown out of school. Actually, school didn't exist for Joey who lived in a magic world of his own. Dad had opened the door without forewarning. The answerman, Dino was, was Danny Lewis, comedy singer. Mom played the piano for him. Summers they worked at resort hotels and took Joey along. Winter's they went on the road and let him work in Newhart store with his trade card. A boy needs regular hours, a boy needs schooling.

He was four the summer his folks played the President Hotel in Swan Lake. The curtains had to be drawn in order to strike a set, and Dad put Joey out front. He sang "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?"

The house applaudied and his goose was cooked. The delicacy of the song was not lost. Dad frowned on this. The trail had been rough for him; let Joey keep off it. Anyway, school came first. Mom stuck up for him and worked part of the time. The rest of the family called him a wild crazy kid and waxed highly vocal on the dark end in store for him. Which depressed him and sapped his sense of personal security, but stiffened his will. Some day, he vowed fiercely, he'd show them all.

Grams alone understood. "He's a good boy," she told the others, "and he don't worry about him." And to Joey she'd
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Tommy Dorsey's band because she needed the money. She didn't care for the life, she didn't want a career. Her goal was a home, husband and kids. Between numbers, she sat in her dressing room knitting. Jerry knocked at the door and apologized for being fresh. He started a ceaseless bombardment of attentions and proposals, told her he was twenty-two, wrote love notes in lipstick on her mirror, acknowledged an introduction to her mother by stating, "I'm going to marry your daughter."
The mother laughed hysterically, and to Jerry it didn't sound good. His next note read:

"If you will please marry me, I will give you the following." The following included:

1 mink coat, 1 Cadillac, 1 diamond bracelet, 1 white house with a picket fence, and other assorted pies in the sky. Came the day when Patti said softly, "I love you, you crazy."

In October '44, three months after their meeting, they were married in New York. Gary was born the following year.

Their is a continuing love story. Apart, they're practically mental cases. If she's not home when he gets there, the house is a shell. One by one, he's checked off the items on that impossible list of eight years ago and given them to Patti. Her most cherished gift didn't appear on the list. It's a song that can't be bought in the shops. Jerry outlined his idea to David and Livingston, and they wrote it for him. He had it scored, engaged a string orchestra of twenty, recorded it and dropped easily hearted hints. "It's the only thing of its kind in existence. You'll never guess it."

On their sixth anniversary, he handed her the plaque, then played it for her. From the machine flowed a voice that wouldn't cop medals but was burdened with love:

"One night two precious stars Came falling from the skies, And they became the eyes of Patti. A sunbeam stole along To shine for just a while, Then turned into the smile of Patti. And to complete this work of art, Out of love and faith they made her heart. And when the job was done, I thank the Lard— For giving me my lovely Patti."

As the last note died away, she broke down and wept.

"We're two of the cryingest people in the world," explains Jerry. Adding with irrefutable logic: "That's why we're so happy."

On a Broadway corner in 1942 a couple of citizens were exchanging the time of day. One spied a familiar figure. "Hi, Jerry!" The figure stopped. "Dean, this is Jerry Lewis. Jerry, Dean Martin." Dean grinned at the skinny kid, his face so alive under the pompadour. The grin warmed Jerry. "Gee," he thought, "I'd like to be friends with this guy."

His wish was granted when fate booked them into The Comedy Hat at the same time. His screwball humor captivated Martin. Or as Dean reasonably puts it, "The fellow was nuts. I liked him." Following each other in and out of various clubs, they leave notes of cheer on the dressing room walls, which cemented their friendship.

Skip to '46 and the 500 Club in Atlantic City, where Jerry was doing his dumb act. Overhearing this bit he said he needed a singer, Mr. Lewis jumped in with both feet. "I have a singer."

He improvised recklessly, "Not only that, but we do many bits together. In fact, we're a riot."

The boss considered. "You sure you're funny together?"

"Tell you what I seen," said Jerry with simple modesty, "you don't know what funny is." (Continued on next page)
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"It

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"OK, go back," and

Dawn.

"At

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"he

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Dawn

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to

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son,

Jerry.

He

was

in

the

hospital,

but

he

was

awake.

Dawn

told

him

that

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surgery

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that

he

would

be

fine.

"You'll

be

OK,

"he

told

her.

Dawn

cried

and

kissed

her

son.

"I'll

be

OK,

"he

said.

Dawn

was

relieved.

But

she

was

scared.

She

had

never

seen

her

son

in

the

hospital.

"What

are

they

going

to

do

to

me?

"she

asked.

Dawn

hugged

her

son.

"I'll

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OK,

"he

said.

Dawn

cried

again.

But

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"he

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Dawn

cried

again.
Inside Stuff
(Continued from page 34)

Last Laugh: In these cost-cutting times, Rock Hudson should feel very proud. To go back to strategy Director Raoul Walsh had him under personal contract and gave him a small part in "Fighter Squadron." To be blunt, he was no Marlon Brando. When his contract was terminated, Rock didn't become bitter. Realizing he had a lot to learn about acting—he worked hard and learned. Recently, Raoul Walsh directed "Gun Hand" for U-I. Rock, who is under contract there, was the leading man. The director was so impressed with his performance that he went to the front office and raved. Result: Rock, out on a personal appearance tour, got a long distance call from his bosses. They wanted him to know they had tripled his salary. It couldn't happen to a more deserving guy.

Inside Hollywood: After winning an Academy Award, why did Kim Hunter accept such an uninspired role in "Deadline, U.S.A.?" Because she held out for a huge salary—which she got—and thus established herself in a far more lucrative bracket...Now another legend goes up the chimney! Elio Pinza, playing the role of "Chaliapin" in Twentieth Century-Fox's "Tonight We Sing," is finally happy in front of the camera. "At M-G-M, I was embarrassed making love to girls young enough to be my daugthers," says the bombastic basso.

Titillating Travelers: Dorothy Lamour is back—and Bing and Bob have her. On the "Road to Bali"—that is. Where there's Hope—there's life. With Crosby thrown in for good measure, their set is just about as peaceful as Grand Central Station. Bob started out by making sure that Bing's name was removed from his chair. It now reads, "Fatso." Needless to say, Bing saw to it that Bob's chair was re-lettered, "Noodle Nose," the placard says. Dotty, they refer to as "C.B. Iron Jaw"—because of that role she played in De Mille's "The Greatest Show on Earth."


Photoplay Predicts: That Howard Hawks, who made a star of Monty Clift, will be taking bows for giving Dewey Martin a break in "The Big Sky." ...That Marilyn Monroe will announce that she's bored with cheese-cake publicity, wants to be known as a dramatic actress...That M-G-M will soon become aware that it has a most versatile actor in Robert Horton, who not only can play villains and leads, but has a personality-packed singing voice which he prefers to keep secret.
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What makes our up-and-coming young stars so frightened to take the crucial steps that lead to the altar?

Shelah Grotham looks intimately into the lives of June Havoc, Scott Brady, Rock Hudson, Vera-Ellen, Peter Lawford—and many more—and comes up with the truth about their marital timidity in the

**OCTOBER PHOTOPLAY**

On the newsstands September 10

Doris says, "and so cool with the breeze from Toluka Lake."

It couldn't have been a less exciting afternoon, really, and yet Marty and Doris felt, when the sun had set and the guests had gone, that this had been a really perfect day.

"No one could possibly be unhappy on a day like this," Doris sighed. "No one could look at the beautiful colors of the flowers, the new green of the grass coming up, no one could watch the birds fly and still not know that life is beautiful and wonderful and good."

The End

a teenage schoolgirl, I mean the child." She feels like a child herself sometimes, a happy child. Marty—he says so himself—"spoil's her rotten."

Actually, she amends this, he spoils her "just a little bit," and she loves it. But "I try not to take advantage," she says.

Almost every day, they find new reasons to be grateful, and their happiness together grows with their growing capacity for gratitude.

They went out to dinner one Sunday night not long ago, way, way out in the Valley to the home of a friend of Doris' brother.

The people weren't in show business. They'd built a lovely home practically with their own hands.

Marty found out that their host's job took him into the heart of the city every working day.

"Isn't the transportation pretty rugged?" he asked the man, for he knew the family had no car.

"It's a little rough," the host admitted. He got up every morning at five, and left the house before six. He had to make connections with two busses and a street car to get to the office by eight o'clock.

Besides, this taxicab bill whittled the family budget for dollars a week in fares. It was a little rough.

"And I've been squawking because I have to get up at seven and drive two blocks in a luxury car to get to one of the most exciting jobs a girl could have," Doris told Marty on the way home.

She hasn't passed a bus stop since without feeling grateful, and just a little bit ashamed of herself.

Last Sunday after returning from church, the Melchers felt like seeing some people, so they called a few close friends and urged them to come over. The house is still in the process of refurbishing, and there was no place to sit inside. So they pulled some easy chairs out onto the grass in the back garden, and sat there for hours.

"It was so pretty," Doris says, "and so cool with the breeze from Toluka Lake.

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The End
For Susan Hayward, life in Hollywood is pretty exciting these days, with her zooming popularity and increasing picture roles. (Her latest are "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" and "The Lusty Men".) But Susan's career will never be as... exciting to her as life around her seven-year-old twins, Timothy and Gregory. Healthy, active youngsters, they keep Susan hopping. And she... loves it! But although she's a devoted mother, Susan can be firm when the occasion demands it. Like the time the twins started using the word "lousy," which Susan hates. She laid down the law. "If you don't stop," she warned them, "you're going to have to leave home." Which worked—for ten minutes. Finally, Susan said, "Okay boys, you asked for it!"

Packing two little bags, she marched the astonished youngsters outdoors. Hiding behind the door, she waited to see what they would do. She wasn't kept in suspense long! For... after a few minutes of blank silence, the twins found their voices. And Susan threw up her hands in despair as she heard her angels chorus, "This is lousy! What'll we do now!"
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—BY HEDDA HOPPER
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**Color Portrait by Coburn**

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**OCTOBER, 1952**

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**Vol. 42, No. 4**
"Plymouth Adventure" is a Thanksgiving event. From the famed best-seller comes this heroic drama of men and women who triumphed over many perils on an epic sea voyage. Starring Spencer Tracy, Gene Tierney, Van Johnson and Leo Genn. Color by Technicolor.

The golden voice of Mario Lanza is heard again in the eagerly-awaited musical "Because You're Mine." It tells the rollicking, romantic story of a singing star drafted into the Army. Introducing lovely Doretta Morrow of Broadway fame. With James Whitmore. Color by Technicolor.

And to make it a Merry Xmas... "Million Dollar Mermaid" presents eye-filling Esther Williams in a spectacular new musical and water revel co-starring Victor Mature, Walter Pidgeon and David Brian. Color by Technicolor.
What should I do?

Your letters answered by Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I have been married for two years. During this time, while having luncheon with girl friends and playing bridge, I began to smoke and found that I enjoyed it. My husband does not smoke and he hates to see a woman with a cigarette although his sisters smoke and all of his friends do.

A few nights ago he asked me directly if I had started to smoke. He said he could smell tobacco on my hands and in my hair. I told him “Yes.” Naturally, the roof was blown off. He stated flatly that unless I would quit smoking he would divorce me.

I asked if I couldn’t smoke when he wasn’t around, but he said his presence had nothing to do with it. He didn’t want his wife to smoke.

I love my husband very much and he loves me, but he was in earnest about getting a divorce. Do you think he is being selfish and immature about this?

Do you think I should stop smoking? And if I give in on this question do you think he will continue to make DON’T rules for me to observe?

Benita I.

Dear Claudette Colbert:

We are heading for a real tragedy. A relative owns a gun. Up until a few years ago he lived with us and had lived with us all our lives. He is impossible to bear, so we moved to another state and started a new life.

Now he has traced us and has our address. We received a letter last week in which he said he was going to move in with us. We have a two-bedroom house with two people in each bedroom, but this will not stop him from sleeping in the living room on the lounge as he has done all his life. Or even on a chair.

He is seventy-seven years old but robust and in perfect health. He will last for another twenty-five years. He is a hopeless hypochondriac, always complaining about food and insisting that he needs a special diet including two inch steaks. He is lazy (won’t keep himself clean), stubborn (the delights in doing anything you ask him not to do), dishonest (he has stolen money from my purse and out of milk bottles in an apartment hallway), and altogether horrible.

Can you think of a way to keep him out of our house?

A Worried Family

Dear Mrs. I:

Frankly, the average person considers that the question of smoking belongs in the same category with eating onions; it is a matter of personal taste. Some people enjoy the fragrance or aroma; some don’t.

In controversies of this sort, the question has been reduced to its simple fundamentals. If your husband asked you not to eat onions because the resulting breath discouraged his desire to kiss you, you would lose interest in onions. If your husband asked you to give up a certain brand of perfume because it made him sneeze, you’d change perfumes without a thought.

When a girl is truly in love, her desire is to please her husband and to be attractive to him.

So ...

Claudette Colbert

Dear Claudette Colbert:

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of CLAUDETTE COLBERT? If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Hills, California. If Miss Colbert feels your problem is of general interest, she will consider answering it here. Names will be held confidential.

Dear Correspondent:

You should go to the Chief of Police in your town and tell your story. In any case where anyone is likely to threaten you with a deadly weapon, or in any case in which your home is likely to be violated, you should appeal to the authorities.

Don’t be hysterical or confused about it. Think out your problem, making notes if necessary, and then tell a straight story to the authorities that will give the authorities a clear picture of your problem.

If you are advised to consult an attorney, ask to be directed to the Legal Aid Society which charges only nominal fees and was established to aid people in modest circumstances. Fortunately you live near a large city in which there is a very active Legal Aid Society.

Don’t be victimized. Be sensible and rational and you will be able to work this out to your satisfaction.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

My husband and I have been married for nearly four years and we have been intensely happy. At least, I know I have been happy and my husband has assured me in thousands of ways that he is, too. He is wonderful about sending me cards on all the holidays and he is very generous at Christmas time and my birthday.

He compliments me on my cooking, and I get along very well with his brothers and sisters. My (Continued on page 20)
Betty tops her Big Top performance... in this Greatest Show of the Movie Season!

A Perlberg- Seaton Production

Somebody Loves Me

18 TERRIFIC TUNES...

'I'm Sorry Dear'

'Smiles'

'I Can't Tell Why I Love You'

'Jealous'

'Toddling The Todalo'

'June'

'Honey, Oh, My Honey'

'Dixie Dreams'

'Every One A Hit!

'I Cried For You'

'Love Him'

'Rene Room'

'Thank You'

'Somebody Loves Me'

'The Wang Wang Blues'

'On San Francisco Bay'

Way Down Yonder in New Orleans

Color by Technicolor

'BettY Hutton

Ralph Meeker

with Robert Keith - Adele Jergens

Produced by William Perlberg and George Seaton

Written and Directed by Irving Brecher

A Paramount Picture
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!

**White Rain**

**Fabulous New Lotion Shampoo by Toni**

-laughing stock...-

**BY ERSKINE JOHNSON**

(See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Red" on your local TV station.)

A blonde actress introduced her husband to her psychiatrist and said:

"Doctor, this is my husband—one of the men I was telling you about."


Red Skelton quipped it after watching a Hollywood actor down enough firepower for a lost weekend:

"The man obviously has a Scotch-tape worm."

Eye-opening line on the program correction sheet of a Los Angeles TV station:

Kill—"My Wife's Relatives."

Bob Hope's reaction to his first glimpse of Jane Russell in "Son of Paleface":

"I don't know what she's got, but if I could bottle it I could make a fortune."

Alan Young's description of his role in "Androcles and the Lion": "While I'm chewing the scenery, the lion is chewing me."

Gagsters are wondering why Artie Shaw's autobiography wasn't distributed by the Wife of the Month Club.

Jack Benny tells about the drunk who staggered home before dawn to a TV set that his wife had turned off. He looked at the horizontal weaving lines on the screen and muttered:

"Thash beautiful tweed, but what right has my tailor got to be in my home selling me suits?"

Alan Wilson's saying some smart night club owner should book Johnnie Ray and Esther Williams on the same bill.

First, Johnnie comes out and does a song and then Esther swims in it!

Gene Evans, the actor who has played almost every role wearing a beard, is saying:

"It's getting so that in every movie I hardly speak above a whisper."

Basil Rathbone tells it: The late British actress, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, once referred to Basil as "two profiles stuck together." When he asked her why she said it, she retorted:

"I take it back. You look like a folded umbrella taking an elocution lesson."

Eddie Cantor played the role of himself in "The Story of Will Rogers." But before he faced the cameras, Cantor spent forty minutes in Warner's makeup department being made up to look like Cantor.

A couple of teenagers sat through all five of Gene Nelson's shows during a personal appearance. As a gag, he sent them some sandwiches. Later they went to his dressing room to thank him.

"How did you like the sandwiches?"

"Oh," they replied, "we didn't eat them. We're having them framed."
ALL THAT A WONDERFUL MOTION PICTURE CAN BE

One young girl’s unusual story that touched the hearts of untold millions! To share her longings, her dreams, her inspiring hopes, is to feel, yourself, the power and wonder of it all!

Warner Bros.
PRESENT
ONE OF THE GREAT TRUE STORIES OF OUR TIME

THE Miracle of our Lady of Fatima

“We want you to tell them it’s a lie!”

Written For the Screen by CRANE WILBUR AND JAMES O’HANLON
Directed By JOHN BRAHM • Music By MAX STEINER
Produced By BRYAN FOY
NO MATTER WHAT CHANGE OF SILHOUETTE a new style trend may bring (though Heaven knows, most any silhouette is chic at the moment) there is never really any style or "shape" or color that challenges the perennial smartness of black. And now there’s the latest rage in fabrics, our old, old standby, crepe, to wear it in. Whether softly draped or softly full, nothing lends itself to the addition of varied accessories nor furnishes the basis for so many changes of costume as your old friend, the "basic black." This season, the very festive cocktail or dinner dress will be superseded by the less dressy, yet more than usually smart afternoon dress. Golly! It’s been ages since gals shopped for glamorous afternoon clothes. But they’re making up for lost time. Saw Esther Williams at the Brown Derby in a navy blue crepe very much in the new mood. The bodice was snug, with full sleeves that drew tight just above the elbow. The skirt had a graceful panel—lined in mauve satin—floating from the right hip to the hem. A tiny navy hat, violet-trimmed, short mauve gloves, and navy suede bag and shoes finished off this charming outfit.

Then there are those wonderful wrinkle-resistant crepes that can go anywhere, anytime, and look just as good after a week in a suitcase! Shelley Winters has a stunner in charcoal gray. It was her mainstay when she visited her Vittorio in Mexico while he was working on "Sombrero." The trim sheath has short puffed sleeves, and over it goes a soft jacket with a narrow shawl collar and bracelet-length sleeves. But we’d better get on to shindigs!

Premiering: Wanda Hendrix, Dick Allan

The opening of "The Story of Will Rogers" was a very glittery event and full of nostalgic moments. Finlay Currie, that great character actor, showed up in kilts! Roy Rogers and his ever-lovin’ Dale Evans wore matching white suits and cute cowboy hats. But for most, it was a black-tie affair and the grandstand crowd cheered their favorites—Debbie Reynolds, real sharp in a mauve, full-skirted evening gown, with Bob Wagner; Margaret O’Brien, in a beaucoutiful white lace bouffant gown; Wanda Hendrix in white satin, with Dick Allan; Janet Leigh, with that poodle cut she hates (but has to have for "The Naked Spur") and Tony Curtis with a long bob—and we’re not kidding; The Danny Thomases, the Jeff Chandelers, the Jerry Lewises, the Dennis Morgans, Joel McCrea.

On the way into the theater, Virginia Mayo, in a lovely full-skirted gown of fire-engine red silk and net, suddenly stopped dead, raised her skirts and had hubby Michael O’Shea adjust a fire-red garter on one of her gorgeous gams! (Most of the gapers probably weren’t hip to the fact that this might have been a good stunt to plug Virginia’s picture, "She’s Working Her Way Through College.")

Now then, we come to the exciting opening of the play, "Stalag 17" (you’ll be seeing a movie of it this fall), when not only Michael Rennie showed up wearing one of those black string ties with his tux, but so did George Montgomery. (We think they steenk—the ties, that is!) Also at the show were the Burn Lanes, (he left next day for the Fiji Islands to star in "His Majesty O’Keefe"), Dinah Shore, really snappy in her dressy separates consisting of black velvet, short-sleeved, low-necked top and a gold and black metallic skirt "a few thousand yards" wide. The Brod Crawfords, Monica Lewis in pale blue taffeta, Eve Arden, the Don Taylors, the Lloyd Nolans, Gary Cooper with dotter, Maria, Alex Nicol there too! But it was starlet Laurette Luez who really stole the style show (and we don’t necessarily mean the laurels for smartness). She was decked out in a slinky, low-cut number of black satin. It was so tight, it looked as though she was wearing black skin. All we can say is that if Marilyn Monroe had seen it, she would probably have cut her throat. Or cut Laurette’s!

Of course, the biggest to-do in town was one again honoring Judy Garland. Meaning the huge testimonial dinner tossed for the gal by the Friars’ Club at the Biltmore Bowl. And the bowl overflowed with people who not only paid tribute to Judy, but paid $25 a plate for the privilege, thus swelling the charity fund of the Friars to the merry tune of $25,000. Speechmakers (including Judy, who also sang) were Frank Sinatra, Roz Russell, Elio Pinza, Marie Wilson, Olivia de Havilland, Eddie Cantor, Ronnie Reagan and others. Judy looked darling in pale, pale yellow crepe and net trimmed with tiny pearls. Roz Russell pulled the nicest, most sentimental line of the evening when she said, "I don’t need an autograph book, Judy. Your name is written on my heart."

Bob and Dolores Hope seldom go to parties or nightclubs, but they had lots of fun at the soirée Liz Dailly (Dan’s ex) gave for her on-again, off-again fiancé, wealthy Bob Neal, at Giro’s. Sheila Connolly, who is an absolute double for Liz Taylor, was there with Arthur Loew, Jr., once Janet Leigh’s best beau. Craig Hill was with Molly Dunn who used to date Pete Lawford, and Pete was there with Jean McDonald. Terry Moore was stunning in a full skirted dress of reddish brown crepe.

Wot fun there was at the crammed jam-session type party Jane Wyman threw for about a hundred chums! Jane asked her guests to wear gingham, dungarees and such, and she came in a red and white checked cotton. Nancy Sinatra, and most of the other gals dressed “as instructed.” But of all people, Betty Hutton, who loves to tough it, was dolled up like crazy! She wore a tiny little cocktail hat with a really knockout black and white checked dress. Sally Cobb, wife of Brown Derby’s Bob Cobb, looked similarly chic in white satin with small black stripes.

Guess who’s Gary’s favorite girl friend now!

Betty, new groom, Charlie, and Mrs. Bob Cobb.
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 *busts* 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!

99 4/100 % pure...it *Floats*

"The whole family agrees on Ivory!"

*America's Favorite Bath Soap!*
Why do so many think these silverplate patterns are sterling?

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.

Because women see in Holmes & Edwards silverplate the artistry and craftsmanship usually found only in sterling. Because they note the feeling of weight, the depth of detail, the superb finish.

...YET THEY COST $200 LESS
A gleaming 32-piece service for $74.95... including 4 serving pieces and chest. This is at least $200 less than a comparable service in fine sterling. Ask your dealer about his Club Plan... the popular budget way to buy... use it as you pay for it!

From the
HOLMES & EDWARDS Collection
OF STERLING INLAID SILVERPLATE

Get "Silver Sense"—a booklet to guide you in your purchase and use of silverware. Send 10c to Dept. P10, Holmes & Edwards Division, The International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.
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PP 10-52 S
I CAN'T ACCEPT Piper Laurie as a big movie star, no matter how popular she is at the box-office. Don't get me wrong: I like Piper personally, but I'm a guy who was brought up on such movie stars as Crawford, Shearer and Garbo. As handsome as Tony Curtis is, I have a strong suspicion that he'd like to be Jerry Lewis. And that Jerry would give anything, even Dean Martin, to be Charlie Chaplin. Marilyn Monroe dials her own private phone number in Niagara. But don't get too excited, fellows: she's changed her number since ... Fans of Marlon Brando expect him to wear a turban in "Julius Caesar" ... I think certain couples look as if they belong together, such as Ava and Frankie. Yet I can't become accustomed to the Ida Lupino-Howard Duff combination. Debbie Reynolds always looks as if a vitamin shot has started to work on her. There's no better view from any night club in the country than from the rear window of the Champagne Room of the Mocambo. No matter how good the script is, I can't believe in Van Johnson as a congressman! The drive-in theatres are doing great business, proving that television can't hurt love, although it can hurt the movies. I liked Bob Mitchum's remark when Teresa Wright really had to go for her first chocolate photos. Bob said, "This kid has talent she hasn't even used yet."

VERA-ELLEN could use more weight, especially in the right spots. Lea Genn tells me he likes women who are feminine, attractive, and intelligent, but primarily intelligent. "Glory in Me," I'm hoping to see a good movie about hag musicians. Although the movie executives may pan television, they have TV to thank for the beginning of the end of the double feature menace. I want to tell you there's nothing false about Shelley Winters. My latest Marie Wilsonism finds her ordering French champagne and saying, "Make sure that it's French, waiter, because if it isn't, I won't be able to tell the difference." I admire Betty Hutton for giving up a studio contract after telling "Glory in Me" that O'Curran could direct her and she could do TV. As Betty knows, there's no business like show business—but it's much better with love. Barbara Payton proved she was very sexy in the head-

lines, but when I saw her shopping at Schwal's in short shorts and flat sandals, she had legs like a first baseman. . . . Cary Grant has more charm than any other actor on the screen. Linda Christian isn't at all embarrassed by that sculptured bust of her. "Everybody wants me to pose," says Linda. "I've always had that trouble. I don't know why." Should we tell her? I just can't buy Billy Daniels or Johnnie Ray or any other sound singers who go through a set of gymnastics while delivering a song. Their bad acting is laughable. Carleton Carpenter looks like a bop musician.

IF I were the owner of a movie studio I'd demand a percentage of the candy sales at the theatres playing my pictures. If the picture isn't good, the people don't come to buy candy. Esther Williams reminds me of the counsellor at a girl's camp on whom all the girls have a crush. Thelma Ritter told me she read it somewhere and now it's her motto: "If a man and a woman have nothing to say to each other, sex will not say it better." Dale Robertson would have been tremendous in silent pictures. I'm glad Ray Bolger clicked in the movie "Where's Charley?" He's a nice guy. Don't be misled by the "Sunset Strip" handle: it's a broad main thoroughfare connecting Hollywood and Beverly Hills. Whenever I see Patrice Wymore alone, Errol Flynn becomes a bigger puzzle to me. You just don't leave a package like this unclaimed. Of course Hope and Crosby are friends off the road as well as on. But Bing will tell you, "There are times when Bing is hard to talk to, unless you don't object to talking while he's talking." After Bing reads this, I'll give you his answer.

I'll say that movie acting is better than ever, and wait for Shirley Booth and Julie Harris to prove it for me. Watch Kathryn Grayson when she takes a high note. The Johnston Office does. Why does a studio, after making a picture about football or baseball, hide the fact from the public in advertising and make them believe it's the same old story about boy meets girl? Rosemary Clooney's pet name for José Ferrer is Sam Shrike. I sometimes wonder what Betty Grable thinks when she sees Marily Monroe, but then I remember Betty's bank account and wonder why I'm worrying for her. At a party at the Charlie Chaplins', Gregory Ratoff leaned over and whispered to Oona, "Off the record, your husband is a genius." That's Hollywood for you.

OLIVIA DE GOODRICH, they called her. Olivia de Goodrich, the inaccessible.

Newspaper people pined that tag on Olivia de Havilland when they found it difficult to interview her after her marriage to Marcus Goodrich. During the past six years since their marriage—one of August 26, 1946—Marcus watched over her as relentlessly as a presidential bodyguard. It was this domination, this constant dictation, that was blamed for the recent divorce action.

The beautiful Olivia, who is deeply religious, entered into her marriage pact with Goodrich expecting it, in all sincerity, to be "till death do us part." It was her first marriage, his fifth. She was only twenty-nine, he many years older. Yet she had no qualms as to their marital future. It was only after long and careful thought, Olivia told me that she became convinced the incompatibility surrounding their life together was an insurmountable block to happiness. She reached the inevitable decision to separate.

It has been said around Hollywood that the intellectual Marcus, author of the best-selling novel "Delilah," was responsible for deepening the already wide rift between Olivia and her equally lovely sister, Joan Fontaine. There are some who feel that without Goodrich's influence on Olivia the two sisters might have found it possible to reconcile.

From what Olivia told me, I don't think so.

When I asked her about the much-publicized differences between Joan and herself, she said, "It is not altogether a successful relationship and I don't think anyone can ever make it so. It's too bad something special has to be made of it because observation of other people will show that feuds are commonplace in families. I know a newspaperman who can't stand his brother! It's a sad thing for the people involved."

Now that Olivia is once again directing her own destiny, she returns to the screen for the first time since her Oscar-winning performance in "The Heiress" in 1949. Her present vehicle is "My Cousin Rachel," produced by Nunnally Johnson and directed by Henry Koster, for which acting chore she is receiving the fat salary of $175,000.
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.**

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**what hollywood's whispering about.**

by Florabel Muir

There are constant rumors of trouble in the marital menage of Esther Williams and Ben Gage, with columnists popping off every once in a while that the end is near. But the couple keep on smiling tenderly at each other when together in public, so if there is a rift they’re doing a good job of covering it up. I can’t find out any reason why they shouldn’t be getting along, unless it’s finances, which put a lot of folks on edge these days.

- Will Rita Hayworth and her Aly Khan rush back into each other’s arms? Aly is here to sell a flock of thoroughbred yearlings for his father, the Aga Khan. Nobody can take heavy money out of England, where much of the Aga's fortune is invested—and hoss-tradin’ is one way the Khan family can get their hands on American dollars. Four years ago, when Aly was in Hollywood wooing Rita, he sold some of his foreign cars for ready cash.

- Whether or not Greer Garson’s husband, wealthy Cattle-man Buddy Fogelson, will do anything about the drastic steps he threatened if Greer went back to work. Despite his objections, she’s hard at it these days, in M-G-M’s “My Mother and Mr. McChesney.”

- Does Maureen O’Hara’s heart belong to that wealthy young Mexican she recently met south of the border? And is that why she finally decided to snip her marriage ties to Will Price? And will she ever be able to marry her Latin boy friend who is married?

(Continued on page 14)

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Esther & Ben: Storm warnings.
The Gaucho

and

Argentina

are as one!

He is the

strength

of the

mountains,

the fury

of the

pampas.

And when

he takes

a woman,

it is like

earth is

to earth...

RORY CALHOUN • GENE TIERNEY

Way of a

Gaucho

COLOR BY Technicolor

Filmed in romantic Argentina by 20th Century-Fox

with RICHARD BOONE • HUGH MARLOWE • EVERETT SLOANE

Produced by PHILIP DUNNE

Associate Producer JOSEPH C. BEHM

Directed by JACQUES TOURNEUR

Screen Play by PHILIP DUNNE

Based on the Novel by HERBERT CHILDS
Slim
The Way
The Stars Slim

• Joan Bennett spends many happy hours reading in the library of her Beverly Hills home. Here's what she says about Ayds: "The Ayds way is the really sensible way to reduce. That's why so many Hollywood stars follow it."

"AYDS Can Do Wonderful Things for Your Figure," says Joan Bennett

Let lovely Joan Bennett, mother of four, tell you how to win a lovelier figure! Lose weight the way Nature intended you to! With the Ayds Plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—and have a lovelier figure!

When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat the foods you like. Ayds contains no harmful drugs . . . calls for no strenuous diet.

Ayds is a specially made candy containing health-giving vitamins and minerals. It acts by reducing your desire for those extra fattening calories. Easily and naturally you should begin to look slimmer, more beautiful day by day.

Delighted users report losing up to 10 pounds with the very first box. In fact, you must lose weight with the first box ($2.98) or your money back.

The Loveliest Women in the World take AYDS

what hollywood's whispering about.

(Continued from page 12)

When Judy Garland's baby will be born is another topic of conversation. Friends and enemies trying to predict the exact month . . . Is Gary Cooper trying to prove he's young again by night clubbing several times a week with fireball Dusty Miller? When he was happily married to Rocky she couldn't drag him to a night spot twice a year. He balked, though, when Dusty tried to lure him into the Hokey Pokey, that mad new dance at the Mocambo. He apparently noticed some of the older gents pulling up lame.

Shelley Winters and Vittorio Gassmann are another couple whose marriage, according to gossips, hasn't a chance. Two columnists seem intent on breaking it up and snatch at any little argument the two have. "Sure we fight," says Shelley, "because it's so much fun to make up." But she's volatile, and some time they might not make up.

How much dough will Lana wind up with when she divorces Millionaire Bob Topping? And how soon will she become Mrs. Fernando Lamas? When the South American actor pays enough dough to get his wife in a mood to seek a divorce? The good old jack seems to be slowing up this great romance.

Does the fact that Evie Johnson's turned movie actress again—she's doing a small part in Rosalind Russell's new picture, "Never Wave at a Wac"—indicate that she's really tired of being Mrs. Johnson, as gossips say?
Only a PLAYTEX® Girdle

lets you feel as free as this...

and look as **SLIM** as this...

**ADELE SIMPSON**, world-famous designer, says:

"Fashion features a slimmer figure for fall—accent it with supple, slender lines—a trim curve from waist to hips. You can create this figure for yourself—with the Playtex Fab-Lined Girdle!" Smooth latex, with cloud-soft fabric next to your skin, molds you—holds you so comfortably—gives you boundless freedom. And the 4 new Adjust-All garters quickly adjust to a perfect fit . . . help save stockings. Without a seam, stitch or bone, Playtex is invisible under sleekest clothes, washes in seconds, dries in a flash.

*Playtex... known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube.*

Ask to see all three: Playtex Fab-Lined, Pink-Ice and Living® Girdles—from $3.50 at department stores and specialty shops.
Shades of Night!

Even Hollywood stars have nightmares! And they shudder when they think about some of the disturbing—and surprising—phantoms that haunt them in their dreams.

* Ingrid Bergman: “I am swimming in pleasant, placid waters, feeling happy and at peace with the world. Then all of a sudden, white caps break around me. Still I have no feeling of fear. When a man’s head emerges out of the water ahead of me, I call to him, ‘Look, look at the white caps—how pretty they are. They look just like white flowers!’ And the man calls back to me, in a hoarse voice, ‘Those are not white caps, Ingrid—those are sharks!’”

* Barbara Stanwyck: “I am locked in a small, dark room without windows, but with so many doors it is impossible to count them. Little doors, big doors, narrow doors, fat doors—the room is jumping with them. And from each and every door there emerges, moving at a slow pace, some sort of gruesom character—nightmarish creatures too horrible to describe. They draw nearer—nearer. And suddenly I am awake—shaking like a bag of bones!”

* Gene Tierney: “I am reaching into my bureau drawer, where I keep my stockings. Something glides through my fingers, I pull my hand away and stare, shuddering, at the thing inside the drawer. It is a snake—the same color as my nylons! I scream. And wake up—still screaming.”

* Joan Evans: “I haven’t had this nightmare since I was fourteen. I would be walking through a long, dark passage. Finally, I would come to a door. Only it wasn’t a door, really, but a mesh thing that opened like a horrid jaw. I would enter this jaw and there would be a flight of stairs. I’d climb up and up and up. And finally, I would find myself in a cavern that was pitch dark. And then, although I never saw anything and nothing ever touched me, I’d know that something was in the cavern with me. I could feel its presence. I would shiver and shake—until I woke myself with my shaking.”

* Esther Williams: “This used to happen to me when I went in for competitive

On the terrace of the Palais de Chaillot, in the shadow of the Eiffel Tower, Evening in Paris inspires a tender love song. Wherever the rendezvous, you’ll find Evening in Paris, for it is used by more women than any other fragrance in the world.

Exciting things happen when it’s Evening in Paris

BOURJOIS

Created in France... Made in the U.S.A.

Eau de Cologne $1.00 to $1.50
Perfume $1.00 to $12.50
Face Powder in eight different shades $1.00 each

All prices plus tax
Here are reasons why some stars wake up screaming!

swimming events. And always, the night before, I would dream I was in the race, well in the lead, when suddenly, the other swimmers would begin to pass me. Only they'd be the same swimmers, passing me over and over again. And the harder I tried to swim, the more frequently they'd pass me. Then, suddenly, I would realize I was on a water treadmill. No matter how I tried, I couldn't get away. This would go on for what seemed like hours. And I'd wake up, crying real tears and be so exhausted. I'd think, "I'm a gone girl for the race today!"

Joan Crawford: "I receive an invitation to a special radio broadcasting show. I am told I must be at Studio One at 9:00 p.m. On the night of the show, I am working late and have to rush from the set. I grab dinner on the way and arrive after the show has begun. As I enter by the back way, I hear beautiful music and grope my way to it through shrouding darkness. I stand there, drinking in the music, letting my eyes become accustomed to the dark. Suddenly I realize I am being stared at. Only all I can see are eyes—blank staring eyes that are cold and hateful. I gasp, choke and start to run. I run for what seems endless miles in a darkness that is thick and heavy, like velvet. I wake up shaken, trembling."

Bob Mitchum: "I dream I am walking along a highway crowded with people going in all directions. Every so often, someone stops me and says, "Please pull out my tooth!" I try to laugh. I can't. My mouth has set in cement. I try to run away. My legs won't move. Then something is thrust in my hands. I know, without looking, that it's a forceps. Then, under compulsion, I start to pull a tooth. I pull and push and pull until I wake up pulling, with my thumb and forefinger—at one of my own teeth!"

Van Johnson: "I am on a boat that seems to be sailing under its own power. There are always two other people with me. We sail on and on, until we finally reach what appears to be a giant waterfall. And for a terrifying second, we teeter on the edge of what I suddenly know is the end of the world!"

nothing does as much for a girl as a Jantzen "forever uplift" bra

...it shapes a beautiful bustline, lifts it, keeps it up there easily, comfortably, naturally...gives a girl confidence in her lines at all times. Concentric-stitching and Jantzen genius provides its wonderful shaping power, maintains it through wearing and washing. Finest cotton broadcloth 2.25...absorbent nylon 3.00 and 3.50.

Jantzen Foundations, Empire State Building, New York
photoplay applauds:

"Just for You"

And for every other fan, Paramount reunites Bing and Jane in the month's most lovable music-film

Here's more than a mere follow-up on "Here Comes the Groom." The story is again neatly tailored to Der Bingle's comfortable style, but its theme is simpler and warmer than the first Crosby-Wyman laugh hit.

Bing's a composer-producer too absorbed in his stage musicals to be a real father to his children. There's a nice difference between the attitude of the two kids. As the younger, Natalie Wood resolutely figures a father's job is just "to make money and be famous." As the older, Bob Arthur is resentful.

Criticizing Bob's first effort at a torch song, Bing asks, "What do you know about being lonely?" And Bob says, "Quite a lot." Jane also gets her share of the "too-busy" routine. Truly in love with his song star, Bing just hasn't had time to ask her to replace the children's late mother.

On this solid base the picture builds an airy structure of tunes and understanding humor. Snub-nosed, trim-figured Jane is so at home in comedy you forget how she won her Oscar. Natalie, growing into a surprisingly pretty girl, is artful as ever, and Bob does a picture of first love that's not quite the usual "puppy love." And Bing? He doesn't look as if he's half-trying, but even Ethel Barrymore can't steal a scene from him.
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FATIMA—The Difference is Quality
Dear Claudette Colbert:

I'm writing to you as a young girl who finds herself in a difficult position. You have always been a source of inspiration to me, and I thought you might be able to give me some advice.

The facts of the case are as follows: I have been invited to a dance by a boy I like very much. We are both in the same class, and he seems genuinely interested in me. Last Friday night, there was a school dance, and I decided to go. It was a new experience for me, and I was excited. However, my friend Mary, who is also going to the dance, called me later that night to tell me that the boy had called her and asked her to the dance. I was devastated. I had planned to go with him, and I didn't want to look like I was excluded.

I understand that Mary is your daughter, and I know that you have a lot of wisdom and experience. I was wondering if you could give me your thoughts on how to handle this situation. Should I go to the dance with the boy, or should I stay home and be with my friends? I don't want to hurt the boy's feelings, but I also don't want to feel like I'm being used or taken advantage of.

I would be grateful for any advice you can give me. Thank you for your help.

Sincerely,

[Name]
is have cokes and popcorn and sit around talking, which isn’t so poisonous.
I try to be nice to my parents, but the more they keep me in the more I begin to hate them, I have thought of running away and pedi.
Please tell them what a mistake they are making.

Ingrid O.

Dear Ingrid:

The princess is locked in the round tower and the wicked old king has thrown away the key! ’Tis a sorry situation.

Yes, I’m teasing you. Perhaps I can also see, reading between the lines of your letter, the problems your parents face. These days, considering automobile accidents and a combination of youthful disregard and high-spirited waywardness, there is plenty to keep a father awake.

Probably your father expected you home by ten-thirty or eleven o’clock. Considering how short “fifteen minutes” is at a dance, and how long it takes to imbibe a coke and a hamburger these days, I imagine it was after midnight when you reached home. Undoubtedly he had been worried, and worried affection gives way to parental exasperation.

I’m sure that if you will talk things over with your father, perhaps he will relent if the club is as nice as you say.

You might give a moment’s thought to an often quoted humorous comment of Mark Twain: “When I was fourteen, my father was so ignorant and stupid that I could scarcely bear to have him around the house, but when I became twenty, I was amazed to discover how much the old man had learned in six years.”

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Occasionally some girl writes to you complaining about being an “ugly duckling.” Maybe my story will be of help to you in answering.

I have two beautiful sisters, so I felt abused, I wore bands on my teeth, my hair was thin and colorless, I was terribly overweight. I felt so sorry for myself that I expected people to catar to me. Well, for awhile I did get sympathy, but sympathy wears out quicker than any other emotion. I began to wonder why nobody liked me, not even the kids at school. I decided that I wasn’t getting anywhere while so I changed my style. I began to study with my radio turned off. My grades went from C to A. Every night I brushed my hair 100 times and every morn-
ing, too, I cut out my usual three candy bars at noon. I began to practice a pleasant expression, not quite a smile but almost, and I began to start conversations with people I knew were shy. I began to read the newspapers, the front page as well as the funnies and the movie gossip. I kept my face scrubbed and I gave myself a weekly manicure and pedi-
cure with colorless polish. I wore a blouse just one day, and I was careful about keeping my skirts pressed and my sweaters cleaned. It wasn’t long before people were saying, “You look so nice, Dot—neat and fresh.” Or “Some of the kids are coming over tonight for a platter party, won’t you join us?”

I found out that it isn’t the way you think you look that counts. It’s how you make other people feel. If other girls feel pretty around you, partly because you’ve said something casually nice, well then you have friends, If boys feel important around you, because you know how good they are at some game or school activity, you’ll have boys around all the time.

Thank you for the use of your hall, Miss Colbert. Gosh, you’re pretty.

An ex-ugly duckling.

Dear Miss Ex:

And, gosh, you’re sharp.

Write again soon and tell me more.

Greyhound
The Most Beautiful Hair in the World
is kept at its loveliest ...with
Lustre-Creme Shampoo

When Betty Hutton says, "I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo" ... you're listening to a girl whose beautiful hair plays a vital part in a fabulous glamour-career.

You, too, like Betty Hutton, will notice a glorious difference in your hair after a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Under the spell of its lanolin-blessed lather, your hair shines, behaves, is eager to curl. Hair dulled by soap abuse ... dusty with dandruff, now is fragrantly clean. Hair robbed of its natural sheen now glows with renewed highlights.

Lathers lavishly in hardest water ... needs no special after-rinse.

No other cream shampoo in all the world is as popular as Lustre-Creme. For hair that behaves like the angels and shines like the stars ... ask for Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I want to ask you a strange question. Do you believe that it is always possible to start over again? Do you believe that happiness is possible, or is it a myth?

Before you answer, read this: I am twenty-seven, I came from a family of nine. My father was a dictator. He ruled every part of our lives, even decided what we would wear to school each morning. I was the rebel. I loathed him and refused to obey some of his mean rules. Result: when I was twelve he took me to court, declared me a delinquent and incorrigible and insisted that I be sent to reform school. I was there three years and learned the horrible side of life pretty thoroughly.

Even so, I was a green kid when I was sent home at fifteen. The beating started again (for a B on a report card, for unpolished shoes after a rain, for not eating all my dinner), and to "get even" I began to sneak out with a wild gang.

I had begged the people at the school to let me work in a strange family—anything to get away from my father, but since I had a home, I had to go to it.

Upshot: I became a mother a week before I was fifteen. I breast-fed that baby for three weeks and loved him with my soul. The baby's father wanted to marry me, but my father said he would kill me first. I had to give up the baby for adoption. That has been eleven years ago, but there is not a night that passes but what I wonder where my little boy is in all this world.

When I returned home, my father kicked me out after making arrangements for me to go to work as a maid in a large home in the city. He collected my wages because I was still a minor. Just before I was eighteen I married. I told my husband my story; instead of understanding, he held my past over me: ridiculed me. To save my sanity, I divorced him.

I worked my way through a good school and for seven years I have been successful in exacting work. Occasionally a man comes along who is interested in me, but I am terrified. Do you think I will ever get over this fear?

A Steady Reader

Dear Madam:

What you are really asking is, do I think you would ever be able to make a success of marriage?

With one part of your spirit you feel that you should marry, but in your history and in your mind there are gigantic blocks against your marrying. Wouldn't you be happier if you could say to yourself, "There is no rule on earth that says I must marry?"

Yet great happiness of a different nature is lying in store for you, if you will only reach out for it. It is clear that the frustrated love for your child is a constant sorrow. Why don't you make use of that love by seeking work in your spare time in an orphanage? There are thousands of children in this world who need exactly the devotion you are longing to give. Instead of longing for one, you may become proxy mother to dozens of motherless children. You would find such an experience rich and rewarding.

It seems to me that your salvation lies in expressing your love for children and refusing to worry about any other relationship.

You are still a very young woman and I'm sure that in time you will meet the right man and have children of your own to cherish.

Claudette Colbert

Famous Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Glamorous Hair
Dear Mrs. M.
The truth is that you don't really want to be a part of the family. You may tell everyone who will listen that you feel martyred, and you may believe it yourself, but down deep in your subconscious, you don't want to follow the family pattern. You regard yourself as superior to your brothers, sisters, and in-laws, and perhaps you are. At least you are an outspoken and forthright individualist.

If you simply regard yourself as superior and were content with that private theory while giving the outward appearance of approving the family way of life, you might get along fine. However, your problem is that you want them to agree with your own estimate of yourself. I think you're going to have to face the fact that in this world, our relatives make no plans to roll out red carpets for any of us.

Either you must make your intimate friends outside your family group, or you must give up your attempt to get special attention from your relatives and accept their mode of life.

Claudette Colbert

very smart in Rome
...and everywhere else on earth
variation on the notched lapel theme...soft-tailored by expert man tailors with custom-tailer workmanship. Finest rep weave or Rosenblum-exclusive Fantasia wool shantung...heavenly colors...sizes 8 to 20 and petite sizes...55.00...others 35.00 to 65.00...at fine stores.
Look out below! Some unaverted villain's about to get cooked with a belaying pin. To Burt and Nick, mayhem is a laughing matter.

With help from the pooch, Jane Greer's family demonstrates how not to entertain a daughter's millionaire boy-friend (Lawford).

Feeding-time at the lion-house never looked like this, but then Carleton Carpenter's friend Fagan happens to be an unusual lion.

THE CRIMSON PIRATE
(WARNERS—TECHNICOLOR)

Like his vastly successful "The Flame and the Arrow," Burt Lancaster's new swashbuckler is a high-spirited yarn that never takes itself seriously. In fact, Burt warns you in a cheerful foreword, "Believe half what you see." As a captain flying the Jolly Roger on the old Spanish Main, Burt's strictly out for loot, until he gets embroiled in some down-trodden Caribbean colonists' fight to free themselves from an unnamed empire. Most satisfying part of the action is the acrobatic skill of Burt and his mute side-kick, Nick Cravat—rhythmic and pleasing to the eye as good dancing. The laughs come fast—in pantomime, like the sequence of the walking rowboat—or in the dialogue. Hungarian beauty Eva Bartok is the heroine.

Verdict: A feast for the kids—fun for sophisticates.

YOU FOR ME
(M-G-M)

Once in a while, along comes a "sleeper"—an unpretentious little picture that serves up a surprisingly good measure of pleasant entertainment. In this case, there's an extra surprise element: A hospital hardly seems a likely place to start a comedy. But Peter Lawford's injuries aren't serious; a hunting accident has left him with a load of buckshot in a traditionally humorous part of his anatomy. A few caustic comments from nurse Jane Greer, and the plot's off to a lively start, since Pete's a millionaire contributing heavily to the hospital fund. Jane's crisp voice and Lawford's gay clowning play up neat lines and wry situations; Gig Young properly dead-pans it as a noble young medico, who urges Jane to use her charm on Pete—and regrets it.

Verdict: Engaging comedy with unexpected quirks.

FEARLESS FAGAN
(M-G-M)

Before you complain that this story is completely unbelievable, remember that there really was a draftee who tried to take his lion into the Army with him. Carleton Carpenter (with an even tamer lion to stand in for the original Fagan) whips up such a smooth mixture of humor and pathos in his first leading role that he makes this friendship between man and beast convincing. As a young circus performer who does a daring clown act with a lion, Carp faces a dilemma on being drafted: He doesn't want to leave his lion to a zoo nor to a brutal lion-tamer. So he takes Fagan along. Later events do stray from facts into some wild fancies. As a cynical young movie star who—at first—thinks Carp is crazy. Janet Leigh's a bit coy.

Verdict: Unusual tall tale, amusing for non-skeptics.

For Complete Casts of New Pictures See Page 112
For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 76
THE STORY OF WILL ROGERS
(WARNERS—TECHNICOLOR)

A wealth of real-life material goes into this story of a remarkable American, showing Will as Oklahoma cowhand, sideshow rope artist, Ziegfeld star, film star, humorist, political commentator, air-power advocate, devoted husband and father. Will Rogers, Jr. is the happiest of choices in the lead role, portraying his father with complete relaxation and rightness, in looks, speech and gestures. It takes the charm and directness of Jane Wyman to make the secondary role of his wife stand out, and equally in-key performances are given by Carl Benton Reid, as Will's father, and Noah Beery, Jr., as Wiley Post. The dialogue's enlivened by Rogers' actual sayings, still pertinent today. The rich, backgrounds picture a changing country.

Verdict: First-rate biography of a beloved American

ONE MINUTE TO ZERO
(RKO)

First starred in a drama of World War II, "The Story of G. I. Joe," Robert Mitchum brings the saga up to date with his role as an American officer in Korea. This timely picture clearly presents the case for the UN's stand against Communist aggression, with Ann Blyth, as a dedicated UN representative, putting it into words, Bob putting it into action. From the outbreak of fighting to the Inchon landings, the battle scenes give a searing picture of modern warfare, lent conviction by Army and Air Force cooperation in the filming. Less a unified story than a series of vignettes, the picture has a blurred love interest, with Ann and Bob differing over unrelated subjects. William Talman and Richard Egan score as officers.

Verdict: Spectacular, often inspiring drama of Korea

SON OF PALEFACE
(PARAMOUNT—TECHNICOLOR)

Rare among sequels, this lush comedy lives up to its hilarious predecessor. As the offspring of the original hero-by-accident, Bob Hope's just as cowardly as his old man. Arriving in the frontier town to claim Paleface's fortune, Bob finds himself in a race to discover its hiding place before his pop's angry creditors string him up. Leave us face it—the plot's as ramshackle an affair as Harvard man Hope's 1900 Ford, but who cares? The important features are the dependable Hope mugging, Jane Russell's gorgeous beauties (displayed in a saloon singer's finery and a bandit queen's sinister black) and Roy Rogers' cheerful good sportsmanship in playing his role for laughs. Songs include "Am I in Love?" and "Wing-Ding,

Verdict: Lavish and colorful spoof on the westerns

Full Reviews Continued on Next Page
New! COLGATE Chlorophyll Toothpaste DESTROYS BAD BREATH Originating in the Mouth.

Here is the magic power of chlorophyll to destroy bad breath originating in the mouth! Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste in most cases acts quickly . . . acts thoroughly . . . and the purifying action lasts for hours! Keeps your breath sweet and fresh longer!

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Try Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste for one week. If you’re not satisfied that it’s the most effective, pleasantest chlorophyll toothpaste you’ve ever tried, send back the tube and Colgate will give you double your money back, plus postage. Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company, 105 Elizabeth Street, Jersey City 2, N. J.

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Every time you use Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste—especially right after eating—you act against the destructive acids that are a cause of tooth decay . . . actually help retard their formation!

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Tests show chlorophyll promotes healthy gum tissues. New Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste brings you the effective benefits of chlorophyll to help you care for sore, tender gums.

For more reviews, see page 28.
"I broke the rules at a football game!"

"My favorite way to spend a holiday," Diana Lynn says, "is at a game. But an actress should never break her 'training' rules as I did by exposing my skin to raw winds for hours—specially as it got colder towards the end.

"All the way home I looked forward to Jergens. It works so fast—doesn’t leave a greasy film like ordinary lotions, but really penetrates the upper layer of skin. Try it and see: Smooth one hand with Jergens...

"I was so excited, I even forgot to put on my gloves, and my hands got dreadfully chapped. You can guess how good it felt to smooth on soothing, pure, white Jergens Lotion.

"Apply any lotion or cream to the other. Then wet them. Water won’t bead on the hand smoothed with Jergens as it will with an oily care!

"Back at the studio my hands were smooth—ready for close-ups." It’s no wonder Jergens is preferred by screen stars 7 to 1. It’s so effective!

So try Jergens yourself. See why more women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world. And Jergens is only 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.
Dreamboat
(20th Century-Fox)

Here's Hollywood taking hilarious revenge on television, with a clever story and bathed dialogue, delivered in Clifton Webb's best superman manner. Webb's cast as an au-tiere college prof, whose garish past comes to light when Ginger Rogers shamelessly parades on coast-to-coast TV the hammy old silent-film epics in which she and Webb once co-starred. In righteous rage, the prof descends on New York, with a law suit in mind, his tweedy and intellectual daughter (Anne Francis) in tow, and his amorous college-president boss (Elsa Lanchester) in pursuit. The Webb-Rogers teamwork is delightful, especially in the rollicking burlesques on silents. Jeffrey Hunter is appealing as the smooth talent-agency man assigned to entertain Anna, but she is stuck with the worn ugly-duckling routine. 

Verdict: Tasty soufflé of farce and satire

What Price Glory
(20th Century-Fox, Technicolor)

Veteran movie fans remember kindly the smash hit of twenty-five years ago that starred Victor McLaglen, Edmund Lowe and Dolores del Rio in the World War I saga of two hard-bitten marines who battle over a French inn-keeper's daughter. The new generation of fans will probably like this version, with James Cagney as Captain Flagg, Dan Dailey as Sergeant Quirt, and Corinne Calvet as charmaine, strictly on its own merits. And both groups of fans are likely to be disappointed. There's more listlessness than lustiness about the story's mangled comedy and tragedy. But Bob Wagner scores a personal hit, as a youthful marine involved in a wistful romance with French schoolgirl Marisa Pavan.

Verdict: Disappointing would-be epic

Breakdown
(Reaort)

Oddly neglected at larger studios, the handsome, husky William Bishop gets solid opportunity in this tale of a fighter unjustly jailed for a politically contrived murder, and paroled to fight again. The urbane Sheldon Leonard, well-known as a sardonic gangster in movies and on Phil Harris' radio program, turns in a nicely balanced performance as a gambler and ward-heeler, crooked but deeply devoted to his brother. This latter character's an interesting variant: a crippled, neurotic manager who identifies himself sympathetically with his fighter. But it's acted too enthusiastically by Wally Cassell. Ann Richards seems out of place as Bishop's socialite sweetheart, but Anne Gwynne is effective as a flashy dame in love.

Verdict: Brisk, business-like prize-ring melo, with some fresh angles.

Anna
(Lux Film)

Like the popular "Bitter Rice," this is an Italian-dialogue film with titles in English, starring Silvana Mangano and featur-
ing Vittorio Gassman and Raf Vallone. Silvana, with her classic-sized beauty and unbridled emotionalism, plays a night-club dancer whose tangled and tragic love-life drives her to become a nursing sister in a big Milan hospital. Vallone is earnest and attractive as one-half of her love-life, an honest farmer. But Vittorio's role, the other half, is a mechanical repetition of his "Bitter Rice" chore — the scoundrel who holds Silvana in bondage. There's also a taint of sensationalism and a clutter of confusing flashbacks.

Verdict: Old-fashioned, occasionally effective romantic melodrama

(A)

Untamed Frontier

(U-I, Technicolor)

A sturdy and familiar theme in Hollywood Westerns, the war between ranchers and homesteaders is freshened by some new plot twists. Scott Brady makes a colly young menace as the ranch scion who coldly woos and marries Shelley Winters to keep her from giving damaging testimony against him on a murder charge. But Shelley's not too happily cast as the naive victim of the cattle baron's schemes, and Joseph Cotten, playing noble nephew to Scott's wicked son, seems to be conscious that he's doing a bush-league "Duel in the Sun." Like most Westerns with "A" budgets and "B" scripts, this one boasts some splendid scenery — in this case, Arizona pretending to be Texas.

Verdict: Entertaining enough for ardent horse-opera or Brady fans

(F)

Sudden Fear

(RKO)

With a splendid stellar wardrobe and elegant settings, this drama of high-life, love and intrigue promises to be just the sort of Joan Crawford picture her fans recall so fondly. But the story has a little trouble deciding which way it's heading, and ends up by losing itself in a maze. It could have been an ironic comedy. As an heiress-playwright, Joan tosses rugged Jack Palance out of her new play on the ground that he isn't romantic enough — and then she proceeds to fall madly in love with the actor. But the tale takes a sinister turn when it is disclosed that the bridegroom's a heel, out for Joan's millions, and presently he's plotting with his secret light o' love to make himself a widower in short order. Joan does her competent best, but the scheming wench portrayed by Gloria Grahame seems more real.

Verdict: Occasionally gripping thriller, aiming for suspense rather than realism

(A)

Son of Ali Baba

(U-I, Technicolor)

That star-maker "The Prince Who Was a Thief" enchanted movie-goers with its fairy-tale, tongue-in-cheek charm. So Tony Curtis and Piper Laurie are teamed again in a tale of old Baghdad. But something's gone wrong. Settings and costumes are sumptuous but the plot is weirdly involved with windy dialogue and some of the most leisurely escapes and chases ever filmed.

Verdict: Excuse it, please

(F)

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And... 8 times more effective!

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An overwhelming percentage of women — and men too — who try 5-Day come back for more. Your cosmetician and druggist will tell you they've never seen anything quite like this happen before.

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5-Day Deodorant Pads are available at all drug and cosmetic counters.

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Please, madame, try 5-Day Pads at our expense! We want to send you a month's supply... FREE

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The very first time you try the Palmolive Beauty Plan
you'll actually see Palmolive begin to bring out beauty
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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.
"miss matchmaker"

LIZ TAYLOR has been making romantic news in her own right these past few months, what with her trip to England to marry Mike Wilding, their honeymoon, and Liz’s recent announcement that she is expecting a baby early next year. But aside from her personal romance, Liz has made other news in the romance department—she’s the matchmaker who saw the good results of her efforts in the wedding of her friend Betty Sullivan and Ensign Robert Precht, Jr.

In December, 1949, Ensign Precht, then a student at UCLA, won a date with Liz when he was voted the “handsomest college boy.” Bob had a buffet dinner at Liz’s home, then went with her to Paramount’s “Great Lover Ball.” But Liz asked her chum, Betty Sullivan, to “please come along because I don’t know these college boys very well.” Betty obliged, and it was a case of love at first sight for Bob and Betty! When they were married, this June, the guest of honor at their wedding was of course none other than Liz, back in California again and ready to begin work on her new picture, “The Girl Who Had Everything.”

Evidently the beauteous Liz, in addition to all her other talents, is as adept as a matchmaker as she is in adding to fans’ pleasure with her vivid beauty!
Rock Hudson's star is soaring fast . . . the new Shelley Winters amazes her old friends . . . Jane Wyman is partying in the Elsa Maxwell tradition

Hearts and Flowers: Theme song for Robert Taylor, as inspired by Ursula Thiess, could be "Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered"—with accent on the last. The German-born beauty is under contract to Howard Hughes . . . With more dates than you can find on a palm tree, Olivia de Havilland is interested in keeping only one (until after her divorce). This "date" is with the script of "My Cousin Rachel" . . . Mona Freeman's Pat Nerney is treating his torch to a trip through Europe, although Mona hasn't followed through on that filed divorce complaint . . . Cameo cuff links that belonged to Vera-Ellen's father, are Rock Hudson's most treasured possessions . . . It's true that Gary Cooper's daughter isn't quite old enough to date Bob Wagner. Her mother who does, however, isn't the right age either.

Baby Blues: Remember when Cal told you that M-G-M was searching frantically for an unmarried Elizabeth Taylor, just in case the original stalked the stork? They didn't find the pretty lass and, in the meantime, Mrs. Michael Wilding announced she was going to become a mother. With Janie Powell "expecting" again and Ava Gardner still on suspension, there's no one to replace lovely Liz—but Liz! Writers are working day and night to complete the script of "The Girl Who Had Everything." Liz will try to make it before she temporarily retires. After the great moment arrives in January, the English nannie who took care of Liz when she was tiny, will again render her services.

Barbara Rush and Jeffrey Hunter check baby's wardrobe. They have big "cradle to college" plans for their first-born.

Bob Horton grins as new father, Howard Keel, and mom-to-be, Jane Powell, talk babies in M-G-M's commissary.
Words and Music: Our town, Hollywood, could use a few more uninhibited, but honest souls like Gordon MacRae. He's always ready and willing to sing and, with that voice, it's a great break for everyone. Someone, it seems, told Gordon that Cole Porter had never heard his recordings of the famous composer's songs. The records are wonderful and, being extremely proud of them, Gordon took them along when he and "King" Cole attended the same party. The only raised eyebrows (natch!) belonged to those people present who were completely without talent. Composer Porter listened and loved every note of it.

Reformed Rebel: All right, so we've lost our head. There is a new Shelley Winters! Cal was on his way to the airport the other morning to pick up a friend. It was practically dawn, but there driving along next to us was our gal, Shel. Sitting beside her was Vittorio Gassman, who was being chauffeured out to M-G-M where he's making "Sombrero." This wisely duty is performed every morning unless Shelley has to report for work, herself. The new Winters, intimates insist, no longer allows little things to upset her. She now takes time to think them out and she's definitely more interested in making a better appearance when out in public. While we'd never go so far as to say that Shelley has turned into a demure, domestic buttercup, she does look and act (despite those rumors) like a happily married woman. On her it's very becoming.

Aloha Oe: Cal contends that stars have to be doubly careful of their public behavior, unless they want to be censored. All of which brings us to Gene Tierney's farewell party at the Beachcombers. Unfortunately, she didn't reserve the little room where private parties are usually

(Continued on next page)

Dining at Chasens, Shelley and Vittorio Gassman deny rift rumors. They fight, then make up in a matter of minutes

Ava Gardner will return to movies as a brunette. She and Frank hope to make a picture in Europe this year

Jeanne Crain introduces Miss Jeanine Cherie Brinkman, born in March. Jeanine's three brothers share their parents' pride

Dining at Chasens, Shelley and Vittorio Gassman deny rift rumors. They fight, then make up in a matter of minutes

Pink
Rock Hudson, being made up for the lead in "The Lawless Breed," will forsake Westerns for his next, a film to be shot in London.

given. Instead, her long table centered the main room where tourists sat goggle-eyed and listened to loud-voiced remarks meant for "the industry"—only! Kirk Douglas escorted Gene, who left for London to co-star with Clark Gable in "Never Let Me Go." The Van Johnsons, the Tyrone Powers, and other famous guests were present. Ty seemed to be the only one who was aware of what was going on and showed the embarrassment he felt.

**Hot Hips:** "I'd like to give a party that's different from all the rest," confided Jane Wyman. Cal can only say she did! Janie took over the Tiffany Club, far removed from the glitter and glamour of the Sunset Strip. Red Nichols and his Five Pennies made with the reddest hot music that ever singed a star. The hostess requested the gals to wear gingham, denim, calico and the strapless creations were something that shouldn't happen to Adrian! Along about it's-later-than-you-think time, the joint was really jumpin.' Even Greer Garson and Gary Cooper trucked on down. Betty

*It's snack time at Twentieth's commissary for Casey Adams, Anne Baxter, Leif Erickson, Shirley Booth.*
Birthday doin's for Anna Maria Alberghetti on "The Stars Are Singing" set. Co-celebrators are Monica Lewis, Pier Angeli and Marion Marshall.

Hutton and Cesar Romero cut a rug. Personal to Elsa Maxwell: Watch out for Wyman, the two-gun party woman!

Behind the Camera: Although it was tactfully announced that Betty Grable was being saved for something special, she was still deeply disappointed when Marilyn Monroe was given the starring role in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." An ecstatic Rock Hudson plans to call on relatives he's never met when director Raoul Walsh takes him on his first trip to Europe to film "Toilers of the Sea."

Room to Grow: The inimitable Humphrey Bogart says he's married to an optimist. The Bogarts' new home in Beverly Hills has four extra bedrooms. Lauren Bacall says these are for future Bogart babies! Bogie tells this one on himself: Early one morning in their new house, he went into the kitchen for a cup of coffee. As he walked out, Bogie overheard the plumber say to the cook: "Does he always look that way in the morning?" (Continued on next page)

Piper Laurie is full of congratulations for Carmen Torres following Carmen's singing success at the Cocoanut Grove.

Gay Paree will be even gayer than ever now that Gregory Peck has breezed into town.


Anne Francis and her brand-new husband, Bam Price, Jr., take off on their honeymoon after nuptials at Harvard Chapel.
Love in Bloom: The wedding bells chimed for red-headed, green-eyed Rhonda Fleming and Dr. Lewis V. Morrill, and thus ends a long period of indecision . . . They knew each other in Hollywood, they met again in New York, so Zachary Scott married actress Ruth Ford in Chicago . . . Married this summer, Barbara Ford (former wife of the late Robert Walker) and cowboy singing star Ken Curtis, are already counting the children they hope to have . . . Joanne Dru and John Ireland deny there's anything wrong with their marriage . . . Lex Barker and Arlene Dahl have "worked things out" and Dan Cupid is bustin' out all over!

Love Out of Bloom: John Wayne's friends are loyal, which is why those "inside" stories on feuds with his "Chata" never reached print. Now that even John admits they are "past reconciliation," the situation may change . . . Though the Glenn Fords have patched up the particular quarrel that threatened their nine-year marriage, Hollywood isn't optimistic about their future—together . . . First the kindly Tony Dexter lost his identity playing "Valentino" and now it looks as though he's lost his wife. At least, they've announced separation . . . After so many denials, Maureen O'Hara finally set out for Nevada to divorce director Will Price.

Star Stuff: Cal's lunch with Jeff Chandler in the U-I commissary was stimulating, humorous and revealing, as always.

Hollywood's most devoted couple, Lana and Fernando usually prefer quiet dinner dates in out-of-the-way places to large social events.

Unless you hear him tell it, you might find it hard to believe that until recently the big guy felt very unsure of himself. "What has to happen," I inquired curiously, "to make a star actually believe he is a star? Of course he gets better billing and bigger money (if he's lucky) but when does a man say to himself—now I am a star!" Jeff grinned, winked and quietly answered: "I guess you know you're a star when people listen to you—even when you have nothing to say!"

Once Over Lightly: According to a printed report, Hedy Lamarr is having a romance with Joe Mailman (that's right!), the razor blade king, who supposedly said: "I love Hedy much too much to marry her." A comedian you all know and love read this report and quietly cracked: "Oh well, Joe can always cut his throat!"

First Nighter: Well, Doris Day finally went to a preview of one of her own pictures! This one, however, she gave herself in the studio projection room. Do-Do rounded up visiting friends from Cincinnati, she also invited the family, the cook and her two French poodles. After laughing and crying their way through "The Winning Team," in typical fashion Doris opined: "And this was the picture I didn't want to do!" Guests were served punch, homemade cookies and a great time was had by all. Remember this when you listen to all those stories about wild, wild Hollywood!
Although romances between co-stars are often studio products, it now seems evident that Lana has at last found the “right man”

Guess-Who Department: A rugged director at a major studio recently refused to discuss roles with two popular young stars, until they washed their faces and combed their hair... Ever since enthusiastic fans practically disrobed a virile actor at a Valley studio, his front office insists that he wear underwear at all times... An actor no longer under contract was made to believe he presented casting problems. The truth is, his studio was worried over the social department of his wife and wary of front-page stories.

Sleepy Time Gal: Those who love Ann Blyth, and everyone does, also love to tease her. Currently the pretty one is managing to take a pretty ribbing from the cast and crew of “The Student Prince.” Prior to playing opposite Mario Lanza again, Ann flew to the Aetitians to entertain our troops there. Unfortunately for her—but not the least bit unfortunate for the grateful G.L.’s—she arrived when the days were a full twenty-four hours long. Annie hasn’t stopped yawning yet!

Hollywood Today: Paramount is pulsating with pride over their great new star, Shirley Booth, who captivated the audience at the sneak preview of “Come Back Little Sheba”... After a month’s suspension, Tony Curtis is back on salary but his studio has no new picture scheduled for him. His last picture did not please critic or public. The Brass at U-I are also anticipating further dissension with Tony and are quietly grooming Rock Hudson for the number one spot on the lot... Photogenically speaking, Rita Hayworth looks enough like Corinne Calvet to be a relative!

The Older Set’s Young Set: Joan Davis’ eighteen-year-old daughter, Beverly, set maw back on her heels by eloping to Carson City with fireman Lee Bamber. Said Joan: “At eighteen, kids sure do think they know everything.”... Bing Crosby’s four sons had hay-pitching help down on the ranch this summer from their celluloid brother, Bob Arthur, who plays Bing’s son in “Just For You”... While Joan Bennett toured the country in “Bell, Book and Candle,” her talented teen-age daughter, Melinda, brushed up on acting techniques in stock. Melinda’s hoping to crash Broadway this fall... Jenny Hecht, Ben Hecht’s precocious nine-year-old moppet, almost stole the show from her writer-father with her histannies in his “Actors and Sin.”

Hands Across the Sea: Word has it that the lobby of London’s Savoy Hotel this summer looked like the Beverly Hills and the Bel Air hotels combined. Old home week all the time... Errol Flynn and Clark Gable became practically bosom pals overseas. They had never really had time to get to know each other in Hollywood. Errol rented a London town house for his picture sojourn there and Gable was a frequent “Man Who Came to Dinner.”
June Allyson has sometimes been called “Allyson Wonderland.” The term is applicable if used in reverse. Hollywood has been but little of wonderland to Allyson. She has not found stardom and greatness synonymous.

Perhaps there was a time when June found films a challenge. She proved to herself that Hollywood could be taken, and she took it. A couple of years ago fans voted her their number one choice among feminine stars; the following year, their second.

Though appreciative of the honor, June was not obviously impressed. Another star recently said to her, “It's amazing that you can be so popular with all the bad pictures you make.” June didn’t know whether it was a slam or a compliment. “I never got around to asking exactly what she meant,” said June.

June went into show business for two reasons. She had to make a living; and she wanted to convince friends, who had dared her to try, that she could make a go of it. She has a childlike quality of acceptance. Her click in movies neither amazed nor exhilarated her. When she wished to learn to dance, she went to see Fred Astaire in “The Gay Divorcee” seventeen times, studied his technique, and landed herself in a series of Broadway musicals that eventually brought her to Hollywood.

It seems that everyone wants her to be a movie star but June herself. Making motion pictures is to her a job, like selling ribbons over a counter, and she does it well. Two years ago Dick Powell (Continued on page 98)
Retiring?
Valeska
ARE
THEY
Sheilah
rushes in where Cupid fears to treat

• WHAT IS IT that makes so many of our up-and-coming young stars shy like frightened colts at the sound of wedding bells? It may be that the gold dust gets blown off their dreams by the vast number of unhappy and broken Hollywood marriages they see about them. It may be that they're simply reluctant to give up their personal freedom. Or perhaps they hesitate to share their successes on the mistaken theory that an ego is halved—and not doubled—by marriage.

Whatever you call it in each individual case, the over-all factor adds up to a huge and unreasoning fear. Ask them what they're afraid of—exactly what—though, and they can't tell you themselves.

—and discovers the reasons why these Hollywood eligibles keep dodging the marriage question

I've tried to find out from a dozen timid stars. They talk like mad on other subjects. On this one, they only double-talk.

Why, for instance, doesn't Marlon Brando—with $100,000 per picture to share with some lovely damsel—shake himself loose from his moods and go find her? What really makes Vera-Ellen—married young, divorced young—give the brush to her beaux each time it begins to look like a wedding? Why does Steve Cochran, the big he-man hero, quake at the thought of the plunge? And what about June Haver? How come she's not brave enough to marry again? Or Ann Blyth to marry—period.

Always the spare man, the socially useful bachelor, never the man—that's Peter Lawford. Dan Dailey poses as the woman-hater, making absolutely no sense when he shoots off his mouth against females in general and wives in particular. Farley Granger is twenty-seven now—quite a big boy—but so far he hasn't outgrown such childish tricks as giving Shelley Winters that mock engagement ring. Jean Peters fools nobody by pretending to be so dedicated to her career that she has no time to be a wife. Again, the talk hides fear. What are they all afraid of?

There isn't any general answer to cover every marriage-shy star. In (Continued on page 101)
Three weary bachelors, Kirk, Joel and Mike, settle down to serious reading after a busy day on the beach in Santa Monica.
Kirk Douglas had their summer all planned. But when Mike and Joel took over, all daddy could do was dream—of the girls he was too tired to date!

Kirk Douglas had mysteriously disappeared. For months, he had been a regular at the smartest spots in town, every other night squiring a different girl, and all of them beauties—Gene Tierney, Rita Hayworth. Then, suddenly, he vanished. Columnists made ready to put imagination and ingenuity into high gear, to chase after some new romance that called for a retreat to discreet hideaways. But that wasn't the solution to the mystery. The truth was infinitely warmer and more appealing, and the story began like this . . .

Kirk Douglas waited with some trepidation for the train to pull in.

He hadn't seen his two sons, Mike, seven, and Joel, five, since Christmas, and now they were coming to spend not just a few festive days, but three whole months—their summer school vacation—with him at his bachelor home in Beverly Hills.

Kirk's apprehension stemmed from two sources. For one thing, he knew that small boys can do an awful lot of growing up in a few short months. He had found that out on previous occasions. “Last Christmas, for instance,” he recalls, “I told Mike a bedtime story that had fascinated him when he was four. This time he listened politely but obviously bored. When I ran out of breath, words and courage, he finally announced, ‘That's a silly story, Daddy.’” Kirk grinned. “That's tough in this business. An actor has to know his audience is with him.”

To make things even worse, this time the boys’ mother was going to be 3,000 miles away. Their governess was coming with them, but that wasn't like having Diana within hurrying-over distance in a moment of possible crisis. Diana Douglas hadn't been in hurrying-over distance since she and Kirk were divorced two years ago and she took the boys to live with her in New York.

But the train was in now, and the boys and Madame Duprava, the governess, were piling out of their Pullman car and—for better or worse—Kirk was in for it. First came (Continued on page 92)
Gable's
BY ELSA MAXWELL

• You know what happens to women—practically all women—every time Clark Gable's name is mentioned. It would be futile for me to deny that my own reactions follow the pattern. When I arrived in Paris this year and heard Clark was in town, prior to going to London to make his first picture there, I wanted to see him as soon as possible.

Naturally then, when Anita Loos phoned me one day and asked me to join her for lunch with Clark, I lost no time in accepting her invitation. I met him at the Hotel Lancaster where he was staying and where many of the stars live while in Paris and I was completely delighted.

I saw a new Clark Gable—younger, more handsome than ever, radiating happiness. The first thing I said was, "Clark, you're looking marvelous!"

"Why not, Elsa!" he exclaimed. And he smiled that inimitable Gable smile. "I'm as free as the air again. I've never been happier in my life. And I know now for certain that I shall never marry again."

Over lunch, he exuded charm and his own rare brand of vitality.

"This is the perfect life," he said. "Nobody bothers me. Nobody follows me. Most people here don't even know who I am—and even if they do, they don't care." Paris is much too polite to bother a King—even the King of Hollywood. (Continued on page 80)

There's a new love in Gable's life...an unexpected romance. And it's a surprise—especially to Clark!
She wears a gold band on her left third finger, lives in the same house with Richard and their parents. Still Mitzi insists, "We're not married"

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

• AS YOU READ THIS, twinkle-toed Mitzi Gaynor is whirling across the stage of the Philharmonic in downtown Los Angeles in "Jollyanna"—whirling to the exciting rhythm of mounting applause. A dream come true—the lights outside blaze that she is the star. So thrilling are those lights that she can forgive for the moment another dream delayed.

This is the story of that other dream. It is a story which began backstage five years ago when she was playing a bit part, dreaming of being the star—and when she met the man she also dreamed of marrying. Mitzi's own love story has all the storybook ingredients, all the drama, the conflict to match anything in which this sparkling young actress has ever starred on the screen. Including a "magic" pair of purple slippers!

The romance of warm, vivacious Mitzi, who whirls so eagerly through life on her talented tip-toes, and the handsome thirty-three-year-old attorney, Richard Coyle, has had a dizzying impact on Hollywood. Mitzi's marriage, when to be or not to be—and whether, in fact, it had not already been—has long been the question. Deny them as she might, rumors kept recurring that Mitzi was already married—and had been for quite (Continued on page 108)
Attorney Richard Coyle was Mitzi's first beau and for five years she's been strictly a one-man woman.
BY JANE CORWIN

the
not-so-private life
of RITA HAYWORTH

The gossip columns play up her romances. And overlook the real reasons for the fabulous redhead's new-found happiness

The head of publicity at Columbia Pictures is George Lait. One night, he was sitting around with his wife when their phone rang. The voice on the other end of the line belonged to Rita Hayworth. "What are you doing?" she asked.
"We're reading," said Lait.
"Can I come over?" Rita wanted to know.
Lait said sure, and Mrs. Lait put on a pot of coffee. Rita climbed into her car and drove over the hill to visit.

For a couple of hours, the three of them sat reading in the living room of the Lait house. At 12:30 a.m., Rita said, "Work tomorrow," and left.

The next day four different gossip columns reported on Rita's night out. They had her in four different nightclubs with four different men, and they had her all wrong.

There is love in Rita's life these days. But it's not of a romantic nature. Rita's in love all right. She's in love with her children. That's enough for now. And then there is her career. Once again it has come to count. For three years she ignored its existence. However, even in temporary retirement, Rita was a star and the (Continued on page 105)
Our Second Honeymoon

Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh

Although Janet and Tony vowed never to part, studio schedules pay little attention to love. But even on location they found time for romance. Pictures from the Curtis' family album prove it...as do Janet's own words.

Midnight — we exchange anniversary gifts. Pearl earrings for me. Cuff links for Tony. We kept them hidden for weeks!

MORE PICTURES ON NEXT PAGE
Up each morning at five, I leave a note and a kiss for my vacationing husband. Tony says I should take it easy, but I don’t hear him objecting. It’s his wash! I’m a “quince hen” for Tony’s painting and I love it.

In "The Naked Spur" I play a tomboy and I’m showing my husband. Whoops! A helping hand is always welcome from "The Son of Ali Baba." Alias T.C.

"If I can’t act in this pic said Tony, I’ll be a masseur. That’s fine with me!"
HONEYMOON  Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh

Besides his awfully good. What talent.

Her mom and pop watch while Lisa Ryan takes the cake at our first anniversary party.

Caught! Tony claims I've forgotten how to wear shoes. But love that wedding dress!

We play ping pong for relaxation. Did I say relaxation? It's work.

We stage a kiddie's magic show. Tony (right) carved all day on the heart. Such a doll!
Youth behind a "don't disturb" sign... Bach and beer... refugee from the routine... dreams under lock and key... a walk in the rain... young man on a bachelor binge... determined individualist

 Photograph by St. Hilaire; Farley's next is "Hans Christian Andersen"
Courtly cowboy... beefsteak and lemon meringue pie... dynamite in dungarees... moonlight sail on the Mississippi... Sagebrush sensation... stolen kisses in the dark... magnetism in a country kitchen.

Photograph by Kornman: Dale is in “The Farmer Takes a Wife”
In the past, Bette Davis' career was the main event. Now Gary and the kids have turned it into a sideshow.

BY IDA ZEITLIN

*THE GARRY MERRILLS recently moved into a new house. Though still not settled, the place gives a feeling of home. A large dog lifts sad eyes, wheels into reverse and presents his back for scratching. From nowhere a small gray mop bounces into your lap, turns out to be a poodle and curls up to snooze. This seems natural enough. Dogs have always been standard equipment with Bette Davis. Go-carts and playpens haven't been. But they are now.

In his favorite beachcomber's outfit, Gary lopes down the stairs, sticks out a genial hand and leads the way to his wife, who's in bed with a cold but not sick enough to have lost much energy. As always, her effect is like that of a window thrown open—a sudden rush of invigorating 'air.

"Don't come near me, it's catching. Shove that monster off and I think you'll be safe there on the couch."

The monster is a woolly innocent, stuffed firmly into pajamas, wearing a look both rakish and wistful under the moth-eaten hood that flops over one eye. B-D, as Barbara's called, comes in for him. Fairhaired and almost five, B-D has the face of a storybook child. "He's a lamb," she explains,
whose mother didn't have enough milk. I've got to feed him now. All I do is hold the bottle. He eats by himself. Would you like to see my brother? He's new."

Through the adjoining bedroom with its four-poster and crib goes B-D. "Margot sleeps here with me since my brother came. That's her bed, this is mine." She proceeds across the hall to where a pink smidgen of four weeks lies on top of a bathinette, enjoying a rubdown. "This is Woody. Later on we can see Margot. Right now she's having a little moment alone with a graham cracker." Her grave face breaks into a smile. "That's what Daddy said."

Adjusting your mind to Davis as the mother of three, you wander back and decide that on her, multiple maternity looks good. Except for the poodle cut, she might be the gal of ten years ago. The strained lines of Margo in "All About Eve" were either etched in by makeup or they've vanished. Certainly there's no trace of them in the fresh and blooming phiz of Mrs. Gary Merrill. Her career used to regulate Bette's actions. Now it's more likely to be her (Continued on page 94)
- Flannel with a flair: Constance Smith, of 20th's "The Golden Condor," wears a dressy version of an old standby—a gray 100 per cent flannel suit by Sacony. Fitted jacket is embroidered with black fleur-de-lis. Lapels, pockets are trimmed with black faille. Straight skirt has kick pleat in back. Also in navy, brown or green flannel with black trim. $29.95, sizes 10-20.

Three for the money: Marge Champion, left, of M-G-M's "Everything I Have Is Yours," models a stunning casual suit that comes in three pieces—tailored three-button jacket, matching skirt and contrasting plaid skirt. Jacket worn by Marge is in a warm beige tone, with brown and white plaid skirt, by Rosenblum of California, in a California Desert Bloom fabric. Suit also comes in red, green, coronation blue, navy, gray and brown, all with matching and contrasting plaid skirts. The three piece suit costs around $55.00. Sizes 10-20.

Pearls by Deltah
Black cotton gloves by Wear Right
Premier's white cashmere and nylon sweater
Brown calf belt by Garay
Beige string gloves by Wear Right
Capezio's butterscotch medium heel pumps
Photography by Dirme

Photoplay Fashions in Shades of Autumn

FOR STORES CARRYING THESE FASHIONS
SEE PAGE 89 IF THERE IS NO STORE LISTED
IN YOUR VICINITY, WRITE DIRECT TO
MANUFACTURER LISTED ON SAME PAGE
Photoplay Fashions

in

Shades of Autumn

In the neutral corner: Muted grays and beiges are a very important part of the harvest color scheme for fall. This Handmacher suit, modeled by Grace Kelly of United Artists' "High Noon," is in a beige that's both distinctive and flattering to most skin tones. Of Miron gabardine, the fitted jacket features a tiny wing collar, interesting spread wing pockets at the hipline. Skirt follows the current straight line. In sizes 10-20, 7-15, price $60.00

Matching beige hat by Madcaps
Black gloves by Wear Right
Photograph by Dirone

FOR STORES CARRYING THESE FASHIONS
SEE PAGE 89 IF THERE IS NO STORE LISTED IN YOUR VICINITY, WRITE DIRECT TO MANUFACTURER LISTED ON SAME PAGE
Fall's neutral story in knit: Monica Lewis of M-G-M's "Everything I Have Is Yours," models two beige knit dresses that will hold their shape, don't have to be pressed. Two-piece, above, has straight skirt, separate jacket with tiny collar, loose, easy-to-wear, three-quarter batwing sleeves. Price, $29.95. One-piece, at right, features the new full skirt that is flattering even to the fuller figure, also stresses the becoming batwing style sleeves. $39.95. Both dresses are by Lass of Scotland, in 100 per cent wool chenille yarn, sizes 10-18. Also available in other lovely new harvest shades, as well as black.

Coro jewelry  Debutante belt
Wear Right gloves
With beige, Monica wears Bur. Mil Cameo hose
in new Gold Rush shade
Photographs by Samerjan
Wherever you go...

wear

delicate nylon

Airmaid

nylons

Buy Airmaid at Fine Drug Stores
Coast to Coast

AIRMAID HOSIERY MILLS
Dallas • New Braunfels • Texas
Famous for Style and Quality for 23 Years
Photoplay Fashions in *Shades of Autumn*

Stressing the muted, soft tones so popular for fall, this beige blended wool dress, modeled by Grace Kelly, introduces a different note with its yellow and white striped top. Small gold buttons march gaily down to the waist, where the Sacoxy waistband insures a perfect fit. Collar may be worn open or closed. In both misses and petite sizes, 10-20, dress costs $22.95, is also available in a variety of color combinations.

For stores carrying these fashions see page 89. If there is no store listed in your vicinity, write direct to manufacturer listed on same page.

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FOR FIT, FOR COMFORT,
For a Sweetheart of a Figure
“Will I like being in love?” Debbie asks herself as her girl friends become engaged, marry. She’s sure of the answer.

In her teens, Debbie hated dressing up. Now she likes the idea. Here, on a date with Bobby Van.

Craig Hill, a frequent escort, says that Debbie’s “a real pal.”

Girl Scouts rank tops with Dick Anderson, thanks to Debbie.
**Boys Are Here To Stay!**

- PERSONALLY I THINK boys are very essential to history. It looks to me as though they are here to stay. So I think we girls simply have to accept the fact that boys do make a girl's life very eventful.

Farley Granger's story in Photoplay a few months ago that said girls ruin romance started me thinking. In my opinion that's a pretty broad statement. That kind of remark from any fellow is just another way of shifting the blame when girls believe everything boys tell them.

For instance, a boy says to you, "Oh, you're such a doll." Then he waves his eyelashes at you and purrs, "I just wish a wonderful girl like you would take me seriously." It's my theory he is taking a chance that you might believe him.

However, if you fall for this line and do take it seriously, as would seem only natural, then it's likely to be freezerville for you from then on.

To me necking seems to be a very individual problem, and whether a girl does or doesn't neck is (Continued on page 90)

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*They shuck corn,*

*sometimes yawn her out of her red shoes. But it's the guys with the regular line who changed Debbie's "No Dating" sign to "Having a Wonderful Time"

**by Debbie Reynolds**
as told to Ruth Waterbury

---

*It's said that Bob Wagner, her most serious romance, has proposed*  
*Movie partner Carleton Carpenter and Debbie, date duo after their first hit, are good friends*  
*Premiere time finds Debbie with new actor, Jeff Richards*
It was back to the woods for Calhoun. Until fate and romance convinced him he was really a “picture fellow”

*THE REDHEAD WAS MIGHTY PRETTY.* The “picture fellow,” Fred MacMurray, looked husky enough to be a ranger himself. But surveying the movie location scene being filmed, Forester Francis Timothy Durgin felt no envy. He wanted no part of it, this play-acting in his redwoods.

He was a native of the tree-country. Lean-hipped, with wide shoulders and a sun-warmed smile—his blue-green eyes were alert for any flicker of flame, his senses keyed for the smell of smoke. He’d been assigned by the Division of Forestry to make sure the movie company observed every fire law. And he was observing.

“I heard people scream and holler,” he remembers. “And I heard all the whistles blowing. What a hassle, I thought. What a way to make a living!”

Just let him earn his keep under the open sky. Give him the rich coloring of the redwoods, the sounds of the forest, and the music of the river. His was a stage of majestic splendor. In his watch tower he was king and guardian of all he surveyed. Actors. What a way to make a living!

Forester “Smoky” Durgin had no way of knowing then that two years later he would be a “picture fellow” named Rory Calhoun, up to his expressive dark eyebrows in the same profession. Or that his performance in “I’d Climb The Highest Mountain” with the “pretty redhead” would determine his whole future, and that some day he would be co-starring with Susan Hayward, too, in “With a Song In My Heart.”

However, in the time that followed—the years between—he had wanted no part of Hollywood, itself. During those first few years in movies, Hollywood and acting—his acting—seemed too insecure. He was making no permanent mark in motion pictures, and getting no solid roles which assured him he ever would. True, he was getting parts, but the whole thing was too temporary. He began looking for ranches and land to invest in. Back to the open spaces for him. A man could put his faith in land. Together with his bride, dancer Lita Baron, and her family, Rory invested in some property which soon doubled in value. They bought another ranch, 165 acres near Ojai, which they converted into a guest dude ranch called “The Rocking Star.” This was Rory’s real security.

But then Rory’s own star *(Continued on page 86)*
In the days when he was “Smoky” Durgin, he-man forester, Rory thought movie-making was a “mighty weird hassle.”
AT FIRST, IT SEEMED TOO NEAT, too pat, too according-to-the-script to be true. Here was Lana Turner—the golden, the sumptuously proportioned, never quite happy nor quite alive unless she was in love, and now separated from her third husband. Here was Fernando Lamas—the only present-day incarnation of the fabled Latin lover, with the assured manner, the flashing smile, the graceful and sleekly muscled frame, with a marriage that was not of the steadiest and a new career that could use a build-up. And together on the set of "The Merry Widow," Lana and Fernando were going through scenes of an unabashed romantic fervor rare on today's screen.

You can just picture the boys in the publicity department chortling among themselves, "What a setup! It's a natural!" So, when reports began to come through hinting that the film lovers of "The Merry Widow" were ad libbing some extra ardor into their love scenes, everybody from fans to columnists hooted, "Publicity! Strictly a phony—wait till the picture's finished, and see how fast this 'great passion' cools off."

Many months after the cameras had stopped rolling, Fernando said of his co-star: "I think she is a wonderful woman, a very real person. She's warm and tender and sweet. She's a woman with a great amount of tenderness to give—that's still waiting strong within her." And Lana—Lana went around with that special, visible glow that means only one thing to her friends: Lana's in love again, and she's happy when she's in love.

Well, what happened between the cynical beginning and the ecstatic ending? Were the fans and the columnists all wrong in the first place? Or did the relationship between the co-stars of "The Merry Widow" actually undergo a change as legitimate as it was startling? Here are the facts.

When work (Continued on page 84)
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, the addresses are of the major motion picture studios and a list of the stars they have under contract. If your favorites are not listed in any contract list, write to them in care of the studio at which they made their last picture. For autographed pictures send twenty-five cents to the star to cover cost of mailing.


Goldwyn Studios, 111 S. Formosa Ave., Los Angeles: Joan Evans, Valery Malmers.


Paramount Pictures. 5151 Marathon St., Hollywood: Andy Maria, Althea Berg, John Antonio, Peter D. Baldwin, Gene Barry, William Bard, Verne Carden, Crewe, Bing Crosby, William Demarest, Laura Elliot, Elissa Landi, Janine Fagan-Bell, Goddard, Gloria Grahame, Nancy Hale, Virginia Hill, Peter Hansen, Patricia Ann Hawley, William Hopper, Betty Hutton, Irene Hurst, Robert Merrill, Ray Milland, Michael Moore, Susan Moore, Mary Murphy, Nancy Olson, Eleanor Parker, Barbara Rush, Jan Sterling, Joan Taylor, Alice Tryon. Also personal contact to Hal Wallis, Polly Bergen, Corinne Calvet, Wendell Corey, Don DeFore, Vincent Edwards, Charlotte Hewitt, Marc Lawrence, Jerry Lewis, Marion Marshall, Dean Martin, Edith Marceau, Elizabeth Scott, Norma Shearer.


To的方法 is 0.5, but the state is 0.8. The accuracy of the text is 0.5.
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Your Pan-Stik® Make-Up is so gossamer-light, so dewy-fresh, it looks and feels like your very own skin.

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Pan-Stik

by Max Factor

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3 Now, with fingertips spread Pan-Stik gently over face. Notice how smoothly it blends, how perfectly it covers. And how fresh and naturally lovely it makes your skin look and feel.

*Pan-Stik (trademark) means Max Factor Hollywood cream-type make-up
FOUR TO GO!

Not three—but four girls will compete this year for Photoplay's Scholarship prize. But only one can win. Who will she be?

BY BEVERLY LINET

Connie Mavis of Michigan: “Has the earthy quality of Carole Lombard”

Natalie Polak of Texas: “A talent treat to Dallas audition board”

Jill André of New York: “This girl has a unique dramatic ability”

Nancie Brown of California: “The state judges chose her unanimously”

RUNNERS-UP: Patricia Anne Rose, Denver, Colorado; Nance Dickinson, Rochester, Wisconsin; Dolores Radd, St. Clair Shores, Michigan; Valerie Bales, China Lake, California; Martha Aldrich Scott, Hyde Park, Massachusetts; Penny Howard, Columbus, Ohio.
They make you laugh. They make you cry. These faces won't be forgotten as their talent takes them straight to stardom

BY LIZA WILSON

PALMER LEE

Young actors are becoming very sensible these days. They are saving their money. One of the most sensible, and one of the most attractive of the careful new crop, is six-foot-plus Palmer Lee. He already has nine pictures under his belt, including the current "All Because of Sally," in which he's Ann Blyth's boy friend, and "Francis Goes to West Point," wherein he's Donald O'Connor's chum. With his Universal-International contract, and leading parts coming up any minute, Palmer could afford to splurge a bit. But he's saving for "a small house with a lawn and a picket fence." In the meantime, he shares digs with two other boys. They eat out, but not at Romanoff's.

Palmer has no steady girl friend. Although he has never dated her, Ann Blyth is his idea of a perfect girl. Recently Ann, Palmer and several other U-I players toured Army bases and hospitals in Alaska. "The G.I.'s wanted to eat Ann with a spoon, they loved her so," says Palmer.

Palmer himself is an ex-G.I. He joined the U.S. Air Force in the summer of 1945, and served as a code expert. Two of his four brothers are in service now—one in Korea, one in Germany. After his Air Force stint, Palmer got a job, by accident, as a radio announcer and disc jockey in San José. The guy who gave him the job became a Hollywood agent, and Palmer became his client. It took three years to get a picture part, and a U-I contract. Meanwhile he drove trucks and hauled ice.

Palmer is a born emcee. His hobby is building small models of trains and planes. He blushes easily, prefers casual clothes, likes all athletics, especially skiing. He works hard at the studio preparing himself for the "big break." It's due. Soon.


ALLYN MCLERIE

It's old home week for talented Allyn McLerie in Warners' box office hit, "Where's Charley?" Allyn created the role of the prim and pretty Amy in the original production and played it in New York and on the road for almost three years. One week after it closed, she was on her way to London for the picture version. The Brothers Warner liked her screen test so much they signed her to a contract. "The Desert Song" is her second picture.

When Allyn first came to Hollywood, she lived in a small apartment. Then she got a real break. Her good friends Eddie Albert and Margo set out for Europe, and left their house to Allyn. "It has a pool and a dog and a beehive," says city-girl McLerie. "I've never had it so good."

Allyn was born in Canada. When her father died, her mother moved to New York, became an American citizen and started her daughter taking dance lessons. Allyn was fifteen and attending high school in Brooklyn when Agnes De Mille gave her a part in the chorus of "One Touch of Venus." Then came "On the Town," "Finian's Rainbow," and "Where's Charley?"

Allyn likes clothes, yet hates to shop. She learned to ride horseback while in London and did her own difficult riding in "The Desert Song." She can't remember names. However, she remembers conversations word for word. She's friendly, but shy, and finds it hard to make small talk with strangers. She is completely sold on California. She has only one beef: she eats more in California and thinks she's taking on weight. "When I take it on," she says, "the only way I can take it off is by worrying. And I have nothing to worry about these days."

Born: Quebec, Canada Date: 12/1/26 Height: 5'5" Weight: 125 Eyes: Blue-gray Hair: Brown
WHO'S HERE!

PHYLIS KIRK

"THE IRON MISTRESS" is the first Alan Ladd picture under his new Warner Brothers contract, and young Phyllis Kirk is the lucky girl who gets him in the final fadeout. "It's the only incredible thing in the picture," says Phyllis. "No one will believe that Alan would choose me instead of Virginia Mayo."

Phyllis has always wanted to act. As a child in Syracuse, New York, where her father sold autos and her mother was a nurse, Phyllis used to invent roles for herself. After high school graduation in Elizabeth, New Jersey, she headed for New York. She started as a waitress, moved on to a job selling perfume. A Conover scout saw her behind the atomizers and—presto—she was a model.

She studied drama with every penny she could save, and in 1949, hit the boards in the Jean Pierre Aumont play, "My Name Is Aquilon." Next, roles with road companies and in summer stock. Then Hollywood. Her first picture was Sam Goldwyn's "Our Very Own." Warners signed her to a long-term contract a year ago, and she's now appearing in "About Face."

Phyllis lives alone in a small Beverly Hills apartment with her half-Persian cat. Her pet hate is paying rent, and as soon as the bank balance permits, she's going to buy a small house and have her sister Peggy live with her. "I have no desire for a minx coat or a Cadillac," she says.

She's cordial, warm-hearted and doesn't try to hide her intelligence. And she's a great talker—on any subject! She loves Hollywood and picture-making, and has no patience with fancy "theatuh" folk who criticize the place. And when Phyllis has no patience, she lets you know. You're never bored around Phyllis.

Born: Plainfield, N. J. Date: 9/18 Height: 5'5" Weight: 105 Eyes: Blue-green Hair: Reddish brown

RICHARD ALLAN

WHEN RICHARD ALLAN received a letter of invitation from his Uncle Samuel, he was preparing for a career as an opera singer at the University of Illinois. But Uncle Sam had other plans. "We were consigned to the Quartermaster's Laundry Battalion," Richard recalls. "You never saw sadder rookies. But being a soapsuds soldier did have its moments. When the washing was done, I studied languages and voice from wonderful teachers in Oran, Pisa and Rome."

It was swimming, however, that got Richard his first movie job after Army days. Paramount hired him as a double and stunt man for Montgomery Clift in "A Place in the Sun." Swimming also got him jobs in Esther Williams' pictures. He was working in a musical with Betty Grable—this time as a dancer—when he caught the eye of a Fox producer and was signed to a long-term contract. He's in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" and "Bloodhounds of Broadway," but his best part to date is in the recently completed "Niagara." He portrays a heavy who plots a murder with Marilyn Monroe.

Richard comes from a large family, most of whom still live in Jacksonville, Illinois. His father is a farmer and his mother is a dietician. When he was a kid he sold magazines from door to door. "I was not a success," he says. "I was too social. Customers would give me cookies and milk and soon I'd be completely bogged down from food and conversation."

Richard's quite a conversationalist. He's always a great asset to a party. He can play piano as well as sing. But he's no party boy. He's studying for that day when grand opera and acting will merge on the screen. A Great Day for Richard.

Born: Jacksonville, Ill. Date: 6/22 Height: 6'3" Weight: 165 Eyes: Blue Hair: Dark brown
(F) AFFAIR IN TRINIDAD—Columbia: Rita Hayworth is back in a would-be torrid tale of a virtuous but hobbyish-looking dancer and a would-be dive. With a murder to solve, the murder of his brother, Rita's husband, this shapes up as an enigmatic melodrama. Kirk Douglas and virile young Dewey Martin vie for the love of Indian princess Elizabeth Threatte. Arthur Hunnicutt almost steals the show as a tough-as-nails cop. (August)

(F) ALL BECAUSE OF SALLY—U:1: See review for "Sally and Saint Anne."  

(F) BIG SKY, THE—RKO: Rousing, adventurous adventure story of pioneer fur-trappers' expeditions to the West. With Susan Cabot, James Cagney, and his hoss, in a haunting picturization of the Theodore Dreiser novel. With Eddie Albert, Miriam Hopkins. (July)

(F) CARSON CITY—Warners, Warnercolor: With Tony Dexter doubled as a furry old- time frontiersman and his admirer, in a convicted murderer who, while serving his sentence, invents the U.S. Carbine rifle. With Jean Hagen, Wendell Corey. (July)

(F) CARRIE—Paramount: Laurence Olivier gives up his wife, family and honor and sinks to tragic madness, in a beautifully played, haunting picture. With Jennifer Jones, who subs for him when he's wounded. Judy Lawrence, Gabby Robins and Anthony Quinn. (July)

(F) CARIBINE WILLIAMS—M-G-M: A hilarious adventure story of a Canadian/English adventure story of a Canadian/English adventurer and his mule as he treks across the Andes. With Aldo Ray, sleeper. (September)

(F) CARRY ON—Paramount: Laurence Olivier gives up his wife, family and honor and sinks to tragic madness, in a beautifully played, haunting picture. With Jennifer Jones, who subs for him when he's wounded. Judy Lawrence, Gabby Robins and Anthony Quinn. (July)

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ANA TURNER TELLS YOU HOW TO LOOK BETTER IN A DRESS... BEFORE YOU WEAR IT

"I would not be surprised," says Lana Turner, lovely M-G-M star, "if the women in old Vienna wore voluminous skirts to hide their stockings." Fortunately for today's woman, Cameo Stockings—with exclusive Face Powder Finish—add to the glamour of her over-all appearance. The scene above is the Merry Widow Waltz finale from M-G-M's sumptuous new Technicolor Production...

THE MERRY WIDOW

"Today," says Lana Turner, "an appearance-conscious woman starts dressing from the legs up. For the right stockings—sheer, soft and dull in finish—help make lovely clothes look even lovelier."

The right stockings—for Lana Turner and for other lovely women whose business is glamour—are 60 gauge Bur-Mil Cameo, with exclusive Face Powder Finish.

Not even Kleig lights, or the bright rays of the sun on location, allow the camera to pick up a single unsightly reflection from Cameo Stockings. Their exclusive Face Powder Finish is the subtlest aid to leg flattery since nylon. And only Bur-Mil® Cameo® Stockings offer you Face Powder Finish.*

*TRADEMARK

...and up to 40% longer wear by actual test!
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blessings
of
Tampax

The perfecting of Tampax has simplified the whole subject of monthly sanitary protection for women. Read the sum-
ing-up that follows and judge for yourself on each of the counts.

1 No belts or pins are necessary with Tampax—and no outside pads. Because Tampax is worn internally.
2 Each Tampax comes in its own applicator for dainty insertion. Hands need not touch the Tampax.
3 No odor or chafing—and Tampax is only a fraction of the size of the external kind. (Disposal very easy.)
4 No bulges or "edge-lines" to show through your clothing. It's really good for your social confidence on "those days!"
5 The wearer cannot feel the Tampax when it is in place—and she need not remove it while in shower or tub, or in swimming.
6 Tampax is based on modern scientific principles. Invented by a doctor and made of pure surgical cotton throughout.

Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes (Regular, Super, Junior) to meet individual needs. A month's supply will slip into purse...Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

THE NEWS OF JOAN EVANS' marriage to Kirby Weatherly on July 25 surprised no one. For although Joan had previ-
ously denied she and Kirby would elope—saying they would instead be married at a formal ceremony on August 15—
no one believed she'd wait very long after her eighteenth birthday. And it was, in fact, just one week after Joan's
birthday party that she routed Municipal Judge Charles Griffin from bed and summoned him to the home of her good
friend and godmother, Joan Crawford, for a quiet ceremony.
The only guests present were Joan and photographer Hymie Fink who was called just a few minutes before the cer-
emony, to take the wedding pictures and to give the bride away. Joan Craw-
ford gave Joan a gold locket (something old), a hair clip (something new) and a blue handkerchief. Missing, however,
from the midnight marriage were both young Joan's and Kirby's parents.
For two years, Joan had made no secret of the fact that Kirby had stolen her heart completely. And Joan's friends
knew that her dates with Carleton Carpenter, Robert Arthur and other mem-
bers of Hollywood's junior set were either to please her studio or to bow
temporarily to the wishes of her par-
ents, writers Dale and Katherine Eun-
son. They were opposed to Joan's going steady with Kirby.
In 1950, Joan met Kirby at a diction class in which both were enrolled. The
tall, dark and ruggedly handsome young man was studying for an acting career
at the time. Joan, then sixteen, and
riding high as a star, thought he had
terrific talent. She decided to make
him her protege.
At the time, Mr. and Mrs. Eunson
were vastly amused at Joan's acting as
a patroness to Kirby, who is eight years
her senior. They thought it was "cute"
until they began to realize that Joan
was taking far more than a professional
interest in the young man. By then,
however, it was too late to do anything
about it. Joan was head-over-heels in
love and refused to stop seeing Kirby.
Dale and Katherine Eunson have
been Hollywood's outstanding example
of modern parents in every sense of the
word. They encouraged Joan, when at
fourteen she was going through the
crucial training period for "Roseanna
McCoy." And after Joan's click in
"Roseanna" they moved to Hollywood,
and built a private apartment for her
in their fashionable home. Joan was
allowed to dress as she wished (al-
though some of her low cut gowns drew
criticism from mothers of teenage girls
who wanted to copy her). She was per-
mitted to change the color of her hair
and was allowed unchaperoned dates.

However, when it came to their daughter's falling in love and thinking
of getting married, Joan's parents were
no different from parents everywhere. They worried about their daughter's
happiness and feared that perhaps at
seventeen or eighteen a girl is too young
to take such a crucial step.
Joan took exception to this theory.
She agreed to wait until she was
eighteen, but not much longer. And she
agreed to wait for Kirby's sake too.
A practical young man, he realized
that it would be several years before he
could establish himself in the film
industry, and even longer than that be-
fore he could hope to reach the star
standing of his famous wife. And he
saw, all around him, the unhappy proof
that the odds against a marriage be-
tween a big female star and an unes-
established actor were terrifying. Sure,
he loved acting, but he loved Joan
more. So he gave up his acting aspira-
tions and instead went into the automo-
bile business with a friend.

Soft-spoken and friendly, he clicked
immediately and is drawing a good sal-
ary for a young man of twenty-six.
The prospect for the future of the busi-
ness looks bright. Naturally, Kirby's in-
come doesn't begin to compare with what
Joan is making. But neither con-
siders that important.
For examples of successful marriages
between a star and an up-and-coming
businessman they point to Jane Powell
and Geary Steffen, and to Jeanne CRAIN
Paul Brinkman. Cynics didn't give
them either marriage much of a chance.
Yet they are exceedingly happy couples.
Paul Brinkman, like Kirby, gave up
an acting career in order to go into
business when he married Jeanne. And
Jeanne's parents, like Joan's, were so
opposed to the idea that Jeanne was
forced to elope. Now they are celebrat-
ing their seventh anniversary, and are
the parents of four children.
Joan Evans takes her place among
the down-to-earth young marrieds of
Hollywood. She's wise beyond her
years and with her maturity goes the
conviction that she and Kirby will have
a wonderful life together.
Look for the Magic Inset and

Enjoy the difference

Enjoy the lovely lasting uplift found only in a "Perma-lift"® Bra. The Magic Insets make the difference, cost no more yet mean so much. In a "Perma-lift" Bra the exclusive insets at the base of the bra cups comfortably support from below, never lose that support through countless washings and wear. You're assured of a lovely, youthful figure—always. Ask to try a "Perma-lift" Bra at your favorite Corset Department today, and enjoy the difference.

Modestly priced from $1.50 to $7.50.

*"Perma-lift"—A trade mark of A. Stein & Company • Chicago • New York • Los Angeles (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Left: An actual photo of an ordinary bra without the Magic Insets. Right: Change to a "Perma-lift" bra with the Magic Insets and "enjoy the difference" in lasting beauty and comfort. It's America's favorite.
April Showers
DEODORANT TALC

Now! To famous April Showers Talc, the world's most effective deodorant ingredient has been added! You'll be delighted with this startlingly effective deodorant talc that smooths your skin—and, at the same time, safeguards your freshness. Keeps you fragrant as April Showers—all over.

Family size—50¢.

“A/S” STICK DEODORANT

A favorite with both men and women—this new type deodorant in "solid" stick form glides pleasanty over your skin. It's always safe—always sure—protects you surely, lastingly. Wonderful to take with you when traveling, a not a chance of dripping, staining! 75¢.

by

CHERAMY PERFUMER

new!

WONDERFUL Two-In-One Talc

keeps you twice as nice!

Gable's in Love Again!

(Continued from page 47)

His face was a wreath of smiles when he floored me with his next pronouncement: "You're something terribly important I want you to know." He paused dramatically, "I'm in love again. Desperately in love."

"Who is she?" I gasped. My surprise was real, because I had distinctly heard him just a few minutes before vow he never would re-marry.

"I'm in love with Paris," he murmured dreamily. "With the Paris that you adore. And what woman could ever compare with her?"

Clark had only allowed himself three weeks in Paris. But his infatuation for the fabulous town gripped him so tightly that he put off going to London to begin shooting on M-G-M's "Never Let Me Go" until the very last minute.

And now he says he's heading back to la belle France whenever he gets the chance.

He doesn't care though if he never learns to speak a word of French. He's having too much fun letting the French people explain themselves to him. He can't even pay his taxi fares without help, so he strikes up a close friendship with every cabby he encounters. He thinks they're all terrific, they reciprocate to his needs, his enthusiasm—when he steps out of a Paris cab—no limousines, these rackets, shabby, pre-two-war buggies—the pomp and ceremony is sensational.

But just he says, the driver. Then they shake hands. Then they both bow solemnly like Alphonse and Gaston. Then they shake hands again. Toiours la poisse. I wouldn't be surprised to see Clark get a bit of a crush on a French chariotee one day, in the fine French style reserved for military heroes being awarded medals.

Clark had a charming dinner companion almost every evening during his stay in Paris—Virginia Keeley, a lady who might come closer than most to winning his attention away from the fascinating old town. Virginia, who looks startlingly like Carole Lombard, is not an actress. She's young and gay, with blonde hair blowing in the breeze—just a girl from home.

But Clark, again in Paris, seemed relaxed, very much at peace with himself and his world—I was struck with how little he has really changed since I met him in 1932. He's more sophisticated, worldly, yet. But the basic sweetness and simplicity are the same.

When I first saw him, way back in his early Hollywood days, I thought he was not only the handomest man I had ever seen, but also the shiest. He seemed unaware of his charm. When all the great stars got together at parties, Clark always stayed on the outside. A little afraid, ill at ease, not quite sure of himself.

The first time he seemed to break out of his shell and join the general festivity was one night at a party, a hen swung lately and fashion had been a little quizzed with the late Leslie Howard, Gary Cooper and Ronald Colman. Everybody loved it. There was a great deal of good-humored chafing—and Clark, for once, seemed freed of his restraint.

This was just about the time that he was being divorced from his second wife, Rhea, a charming woman much older than himself. And it was probably the fact that he was solving his marital problems that contributed to his general ease... comparative ease, that is.

But he never became a real social butterfly in any sense of the word. I saw a great deal of him during that period, and I knew him to be a man of few words. He was already the greatest male star in Hollywood; but he hated public adulation. Autograph hounds upset him and he rarely even entendred his own premiers. What he wanted most was to be left alone. M-G-M provided him with iron-clad protection and the result was that few people saw him.

I remember his particularly modest behavior after his huge success with Claudette Colbert in "It Happened One Night." Claudette gave a party to celebrate, and although Clark came—it would have been rude not to—he left almost immediately. There were too many people, too much praise for his taste.

The famous Garbo line would have been just as appropriate for Gable as it was for the fabulous Swede. More than anything else, he wanted to be left alone. He wanted to hunt, to fish, to break his way through bush-tangled mountain paths. And he neither searched for nor seemed to desire any feminine companionship on these masculine forays.

Until he met the late Carole Lombard. She changed his life with easy assurance. In her breezy, fun-loving, free-wheeling way, she was the perfect complement to him. And she adored him. When they were married, she chose to key her signature for Gable, as it was for the fabulous Swede. More than anything else, he wanted to be alone. He wanted to hunt, to fish, to break his way through bush-tangled mountain paths. And he neither searched for nor seemed to desire any feminine companionship on these masculine forays.

Their life together seemed to be enclosed in a magic circle that no outsider could step into at all. They turned their backs squarely on Hollywood's social life, which came as a surprise to people who knew them. Because Carole, at least, had loved the flurry and excitement of filmdom's parties.

They moved out to Clark's ranch in the San Fernando Valley and turned it into a sort of shrine to their happiness. I remember when I first went out there being almost overwhelmed by the way Clark—the man's man—had turned his hideaway over to his wife. He had hung a huge portrait of Carole in his gun room—his own special retreat—and there was another painting of her in the drawing room. Her face and her personality were everywhere that day.

Yet, I sometimes have the feeling that even before Carole's tragic death, their romance had begun to wear just a little thin. Carole was the pal—the good companion in every way, one of the boys—but I think Clark was beginning to yearn for more real femininity, for a gentler, womanlier wife.

Clark was truly grief-stricken though when news reached him of the olan death in which Carole perished. And after that, he withdrew more completely into his shell than ever before.

Yet, somehow, there seemed to be one human being destined to pierce his armadillo covering. This time it was Mrs. Dolly O'Brien—charming, blonde, beautiful. She had a house in Palm Beach in which she gave fashionable parties. But Clark would never visit there during the season. Too many people, too much adulation. But he did come East to see them several times. He said they had flown north. They seemed very attached. I thought they might, marry, and once I asked Dolly about it.

"Never," she said. ""I would have to live in Hollywood. Can't you just see me standing meekly in the background while Clark signed autographs?" She laughed a little. "Oh, I'm fond of him all right. But just being Mrs. Clark Gable isn't good enough."

Their romance ended—interestingly enough—in France. That was four years...
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*externally-caused
it's strange, seeing Clark so enchanted by Paris now, to think that he was unhappy there before. But he was. His only memories up till then of the country had been rigorous, unpleasant ones—the result of his war experiences. And to make it worse, he wasn't well when he was there with Dolly. He had a touch of arthritis in his leg, and though he played some golf with the Duke of Windsor, he was discouraged most of the time. When news of his father's death in the States reached him, he left France and Dolly behind. And I think he was glad to go.

Dolly married again shortly afterwards. And that was the end of that.

Through this long trying period, my friendship with Clark continued firm and strong. My affection for him grew, and I was genuinely concerned about this paradoxical man who, though at the very top of his profession, was lonely and unhappy.

Then three years ago, I gave a ball in New York, where I was inaugurating square dancing for the sophisticated Manhattanites. Dolly wasn't remarried at that time, and she brought Clark to my party. And what a job we both had convincing him to come!

I was calling the routines over the microphone, and when I noticed that Clark and Dolly weren't dancing, I determined to find him a partner. So I beckoned to Lady Sylvia Ashley—she was then Sylvia Fairbanks—to take him in hand. She got up to dance with him, and I think it was the first time they had exchanged more than polite "How do you do?"—though they had met before through Dolly.

Sylvia looked particularly lovely that night, and Clark was really quite gay. It was obvious that they had something for each other. But nothing much came of it then, because Sylvia had to leave for California the very next morning. She had some business affairs to take care of—matters that had to do with the estate she had inherited from Douglas Fairbanks. Even if she had wanted to stay, she couldn't have.

That winter, however, they did see each other fairly regularly in Hollywood. I saw them dining together several times at Romanoff's, and it was apparent that Clark found her gay and amusing. She's a man's woman, there's no doubt of that.

And she had way of getting Clark back on his heels, blithely letting him pursue her. He admitted to me that it was this independence of hers—this casual rejection of his favors—that started him thinking seriously about her. It was a little pettish, like a child who doesn't want any toy except the one he can't have. But that was how it developed. And I suppose that's Clark.

Soon they were seeing each other constantly. Though their wedding—and their honeymoon trip to Honolulu—came as a surprise jolt to Hollywood, the step was inevitable for Clark. The feminine Sylvia enchanted him completely.

When I saw them after their return to Hollywood, Clark took me aside and confessed to me that he was deeply in love.

"Elsa," he said, "I don't know about English women, but I've heard and read a lot about sirens. And now that I know Sylvia I'm convinced that sirens are an export product of the British Isles."

It looked and sounded very hopeful to me. I would see him again and again, and the radiant glow never diminished. I remember once discussing marriage with Greta Garbo at a party at Cole Porter's house in Brentwood. We had been talking about why Garbo had never married when Clark and Sylvia walked across the room. Garbo gazed long and hard at the glowing Mrs. Gable, and then turned to me with a touch of sadness in her eyes.

"If I thought I could ever be as happy as she is, I would look on marriage in a new light."

There seemed no doubt at all that everything was going beautifully between my friend and his bride. I had seen them blissful together when I dined alone with them at the San Fernando ranch. And I couldn't help noticing, of course, how Clark had grown more resourceful from the house, and how Sylvia's brand of womanliness now dominated it. She had turned a rather austere bachelor abode into a gracious and charming home—flower-filled, elegantly decorated.

Nothing could have shaken me from my belief that this was a real marriage, permanent and lasting, when I took my leave of the couple. I was completely startled when news of the break came. It was common knowledge that Sylvia had flown to Nassau, but we had all believed that she had simply gone to the Bahamas for some property there. It was inconceivable that this could have been the prelude to their final parting.

But it was. And the rest is history.

What really happened, nobody knows for sure. But Sylvia told me that there was far more unhappiness in their marriage than anyone would ever have dreamed of—confusion over the distribution of the property.

For one thing, Clark refused to allow her to visit him on the lot, because he felt wives shouldn't be involved in their husbands' work. And he was moody. Sometimes, when he came home from work, he would go to his room without addressing a single word to her, and then stay behind locked doors for twenty-four hours at a stretch.

The climax came when Sylvia flew back from Nassau and found the doors of the ranch locked and her trunks awaiting her out in the courtyard.

It is a peculiar story. And I wanted to reserve judgment until after I spoke with Clark. But he is reluctant to discuss it.

I do know, though, that while Sylvia was terribly hurt, she was glad to write to me finis to the humiliating experience of being an unwanted wife.

In any case, the final chapter was written amicably. When she was in the hospital—at the Nassau automobile accident in which she fractured her leg and hip—nothing came to visit her, and she was more than solicitous. He sent books and flowers, and his concern appeared sincere.

That's all over. Sylvia came out of it with a generous settlement—ten per cent of Clark's earnings for the next five years. Since he is the highest paid actor on the screen, that should be a fat sum indeed. But I've heard of a lot of it. It seems to be a new and healthier and happier point of view than he has ever had before.

He is hard at work now in London on "Let Me Go." Then he goes on to South Africa to make a John Ford picture burlesquing the typical African safari. But in between times, and afterwards, he's going to be heading back to Paris just as often as he ever did.

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The True Turner-Lamas Story

(Continued from page 70)

was begun, both Lana and Lamas were in such a position, careerwise, that they could profit by any news-space tossed their way. With long intervals between, poor Lana had turned out two clinkers in a row, "A Life of Her Own" and "Mr. Imperium." Still a brilliant personality in the fans' affections, she'd slipped at the box office. Lamas had only three supporting performances to his credit after two years in Hollywood—quite a comedown for a man who had been a top star in his native Argentina, though he'd known it would take a while to overcome language difficulties and get a foothold here.

So it's significant that, along with the rumors about the love scenes, word seeped out that Lana and Fernando were keeping a jealous eye on the length and quality of each other's close-ups. They were rivals. Both, at this stage in the game, were putting business first. Troupers both, they managed to get along. Eventually, they were chummy little sessions between the co-stars and their director, Curtis Bernhardt, in Fernando's dressing room, with the host sometimes whipping up a Latin-style dish on the electric grill.

Perhaps by no coincidence, the first date for Lana and Lamas was at the premiere of their studio's biggest picture, "Quo Vadis." Blonde Lana, splendiferous, and plumes, and the darkly handsome Lamas made a spectacular couple, target for every camera. Quite possibly they were conscious of this pleasant fact. Other dates followed. More often, Lana wore black: sequined and figure-hugging, or cut simply—and low. "Black I like," says Fernando. "Depends on the occasion." For him, formal dress needn't wait for the most gala occasion; South American society, far more than their counterparts in America del Norte, like to do it up right almost any evening. Lana's costume tastes, sometimes a little too flamboyant for casual Hollywood, agreed nicely with her beau's. Other colors? "Red makes me very excited," Fernando laughs, "so that's not so good." Lana didn't wear red.

Now let's make this clear: While Lana and Fernando might have been chieftly career-minded in their earlier association, this doesn't mean that they weren't conscious of each other in a more personal sense. Beyond a doubt, the physical attraction between them must have been immediate, definite—and no surprise to either. Lana, with her three marriages and many romances, would have been the first to admit her interest in the opposite sex. Fernando's marriage (his second, following a one-year union with Argentine star Perla Mux) had been unsteady even before he was brought to Hollywood. So, being wise in the ways of romance, Lana and Lamas were not thrown off-balance by any sudden infatuation. They didn't start dating until after Fernando and his wife, Lydia, had separated for the second time.

Then, gradually, Lana and Fernando began to find that they had other tastes in common. Lana, with the memory of a shabby, often hungry childhood still haunting her, has always loved the glitter and luxury of night-club evenings. For the opposite reason, Fernando shares this bent. Raised in a society that's fond of formality, he stepped out on his first night-club date at the age of fifteen, and early in his career he even became an entertainer in a swank Buenos Aires spot. So the striking couple was seen night after night enjoying music and fine food—and each other's company.

Favorite place for both was—and is—the Macayo, in Santa Monica. Here the speciality of the house is Spanish food, naturally suited to Fernando's palate. "But if I think I like it," he says, "you should see how Lana likes it!" He was delighted to discover how she went for the fiery-hot Latin delicacies with special sauces—huitlacoche, carne asada. At the Macayo or at smaller hideaways, theirs was simply a gay companionship at this point. Lana called him "honey" or, teasingly, "the pride of the pampas," and he took it with a smile. On his arrival in Hollywood, Fernando had given American women the once-over and come up with this string of highly approving adjectives: "Beautiful! Outspoken and honest. Sincere. Down-to-earth. Friendly and real." And Lana Turner was all of these, the embodiment of the American woman he so admired.

But was it mere admiration? The atmosphere was changing. Often, the two would be seen, not dancing, but simply talking in a shadowed corner of the Macayo. That is, Fernando did most of the talking—intently, expressively, with ebullient gestures—while Lana listened.
My skin just looked sallow....

It had a dull "heavy" look that was most unbecoming

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Brisk-cleanse—swirl Pond's Cold Cream over face and throat. Where pores look large, scrub with a tissue over trouble spots. Tissue off cream—well.

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See a fascinating, immediate change come over your face.
Alex can grow up here, where I’ll be able to see her. A child needs both parents. She will need a father—a mother, maybe—but a father, too. I think California is a paradise for children, anyway.”

Lana met Alex just once before her mother took her to Buenos Aires. But Fernando soon became well known and then married little Cheryl Crane, Lana’s daughter by her second marriage. “I love children by nature. But this,” he emphasizes, “is a very sweet child. She calls me ‘Uncle Fernando.’ You see, I thought ‘Mr. Lamas’ was a little too formal. And Lana thought ‘Fernando’ was too informal. So we broke it in the middle—we decided on ‘Uncle.’ Anyway, she calls everybody ‘Uncle!’”

There was no such major hitch in Lana’s marital situation; all she and Bob had to discuss was a property settlement, a delicate item under Californian law. But the discussions dragged on. No word was heard from South America, though there had been rumors that Lydia might get a divorce in Uruguay. She and Fernando were married there, and divorce is possible in that country. Again, Lana’s friends began to worry. There was no doubt of her devotion; for her, the “publicity” romance had turned real. But an ugly whisper going the rounds hinted that Fernando still had his eye chiefly on all that lovely free space in the papers.

To such whispers Fernando gave the lie, when he made this dignified answer to the reporters’ probing questions: “What can I say now? I can say I’m in love with Lana. And she can say she’s in love with me. But how can we say about the future? At the present it would be very bad taste. This is not the time to say.”

Then, suddenly, the crisis came. While Lana headed for Lake Tahoe, to establish Nevada residence and wait out the six weeks before her divorce suit, Lydia made plans to return to Hollywood for conferences with her respective attorneys. And a final period was put to all the cries of “phony!” Publicity may be vital to a star’s career; but nobody goes to parties to make it.

Before his romance with Lana flowered, Fernando once told a close friend that he believed an actress makes the ideal mate for an actor. “A professional woman who is funny, who can cleverly think up the whole thing could understand better.”

There, of course, is a perfect description of Lana Turner, whose experiences entitle her to just such a deep understanding. She has been, and will always be, a true California blond, a personality equally rich in color, may come to a happier ending.

Quite a surprise for the publicity boys—if they didn’t get the whole idea. The love story hits a fine dramatic climax just as the lovers’ co-starring film is released—and you can file that in the dream-come-true department.

The End.

Rory’s Gone Hollywood

(Continued from page 58) began to rise. No less an authority than Director Henry King sought him for a role in “I’ll Climb the Highest Mountain,” with Susan Hayward and William Lundigan. This picture changed Rory’s whole future. Fan mail flooded the Twentieth Century-Fox studio for the dark, handsome ex-fire-fighter who suddenly torched the hearts of feminine fans everywhere.

Twentieth proved its faith in Rory by signing him to a long-term contract. It was after “I’ll Climb the Highest Mountain” that Rory came to me. He had faith in his future as an actor. “When the studio sent me for that picture, and when, following the picture, they put me under contract with a sizeable jump in pay—then I thought, ‘Now I have a chance.’ I figured they must have believed in me—giving me a part like that.”

The studio put him in “With a Song in My Heart.” Then they gave him the colorful starring role in “The Way of a Gauchó” which practically cinched him as one of the screen’s most popular romantic leading men. Following this, his present role in “Powder River,” with Cameron Mitchell and Corinne Calvet.

By then, there was no shadow of a doubt left in Rory’s mind. He was for Hollywood, and his pride in his successes proved it conclusively—Hollywood was for him. But to Rory, who still kept the tang of the pine forests dear to his heart, that didn’t mean changing his entire life. He vowed he would never trade the wide open spaces for the heavy air of the night clubs. And he hasn’t done it.

His credo has always been, “I live the way I feel, so long as it doesn’t hurt anybody else.” And if that means that Rory’s uncomfortable from time to time, he can be philosophical about it. Night clubbing is a case in point! Although the pastime is anathema to Rory, his wife, who once sang with Xavier Cugat’s band, under the stage name of Isabella, loves the bright lights, the hum of conversation, the tinkles of glassware. And if that’s what Lita wants, Rory sees to it that she gets it.

Lita is equally cooperative about Rory’s entertainment habits. He makes one drive from their Ojai Valley ranch into Hollywood—just so he could be sure that the air he breathed when he got home at night was not too much fumes. Lita may have strung him as a little less than convenient. But she went along with the arrangement.

And for a gal who had never approached a gun at closer range than the ones she saw flashed on a movie screen from the safe distance of a loge seat, she reconciled herself completely to the small scale array of hunting irons that Rory keeps on hand. She adores him as he is—almost to the collection of antique and unusual guns that Rory tends with the love of a museum curator. She even understands his antipathy to hunting. For Linda needs the solitary walks he takes out over the hills, with just his dogs to keep company.

And Rory, for his part, knows how well his wife understands him, and how lucky he is to have a wife who doesn’t try to make him over. For his sake, she’s learned to respect riding and shooting and hunting. And, Lita, Rory has learned to dance—and Lita, who makes her living on her toes—says that she can samba and rumba with the best of them.

Actually, adding it all up, it’s really not a very great change from the old Rory Calhoun who began his wanderings when he was a boy of ten. He’d take off into the hills near his home town, Santa Cruz, Call-
long weeks he spent alternately working in freezing snow and ice high in the Andes, and sweating in the blistering dust-choked plains of Argentina for "The Way Of a Gaucho."

But all this fire-fighter "Smoky" Calhoun had yet to discover. In 1944, he took a two-week emergency vacation from firefighting and went to Los Angeles to visit his ailing great-grandmother. This is when, by happy accident, he became an actor.

Early one morning while riding in the Hollywood hills, he met a likable fellow on the bridle path who later turned out to be Alan Ladd. "I didn't recognize him," Rory recalls. "We talked for ten minutes, mostly about horses.

"Are you an actor?" Ladd finally asked.
"Thunder no," said Rory, realizing too late why this fellow looked so familiar.
"Would you like to be an actor?" Alan smiled.
"No," said Rory, adding, "I don't know anything about it."

His wife, Sue, was an agent, Alan told him. Sue could get him a good coach. Flattered, but hesitant, Rory lunched with Sue and Alan in their home and agreed cautiously, "Well—I'll stay thirty days."

He was studying to be a ranger. Even going to night school. And he worked too hard for it to take any long gamble.

Sue Ladd got Rory to stand away, playing the part of Jim Corbett in "The Great John L," a part which she knew wisely enough, would require little of him. He worked three days and he had one line. "I'll do that, Champ," it was.

And for this he was paid $600. "As a forester I'd be making $78.40 a week. This was tremendous pay. Two hundred dollars a day—how could you turn that down?" asks Rory.

There followed a part in "The Bullfighter" with Laurel and Hardy at Twentieth Century-Fox. He could handle his dialogue in this, too. "If that guy's a bullfighter—I'm Mickey Mouse," was his worthy contribution.

To a practical young man who'd worked

Habits are easy to form—they might as well be good ones.

MONA FREEMAN

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so hard for a dollar, Hollywood seemed an almost unbelievable place. These people were crazy, but as long as it lasted, they could count him in. He decided to put his realistic mind to the business of making motion pictures. "I thought acting was like a vacation with pay," Rory grins now, adding, "when I got paid."

For there were lean days when, having made acting his business and having given up his job at home, he needed all the ingenuity and athletic ability of which he was capable to stretch a dollar.

There were no dreams in Rory Calhoun's eyes, then or later, No Shakespeare in his soul. Making movies remained just a job. But acting, he discovered, was a trade. "If you're an apprentice, you learn. Then when you're a craftsmen, breaks come your way. I found I was an apprentice then. I'm not a craftsmen now—but I'm learning."

Twentieth Century-Fox signed him to a stock contract, and Rory, by now sold on the fact that he needed both training and experience to earn the small stock salary. He spent his days at the studio and worked nights as attendant at a Beverly Hills service station. When he was on lay-off, he worked in a brick yard near the studio.

Rory got a few small bits parts now and then, including one in "Sunday Dinner For a Soldier," in which you won't remember him. "One-Line-Calhoun," they called him then. His greatest performance was trying to talk his creditors, such as the one who eventually took back his 35 Oldsmobile.

When Twentieth Century-Fox dropped his option, Rory wasn't surprised. "I figured I didn't know anything about acting. I expected it. Disappointed? A little, but I didn't let it throw me."

About this time Henry Willson, then a Selznick studio executive, and today one of Hollywood's star-discoverers and most famous agents, signed Rory at a party given by the Ladd. He noted the way all the girls present kept ogling Rory and recommended that his studio sign him. One of Rory's best parts during his five years at Selznick-International was a loan-out for "The Red House."

Then Twentieth Century-Fox borrowed him for "Sand." Although he couldn't foresee it, Rory Calhoun's future was developing. And in many ways it pleased him.

For about the same time he met a beautiful little Spanish dancer, Lita Baron, who was leading her own orchestra at the Mocambo. Rory was intrigued by the diminutive dancer with flashing green eyes and the warm, vital personality. One night he staggared it to the club and invited her to join him when she left the podium. "I'm not allowed to dance with the customers," she replied. "But I'm not just a customer," he said.

Later, he asked if Lita had someone to take her home. "My brother always comes for me," she said.

"Well, if you'll trust me, I'd like to take you," said Rory.

They stopped at six drive-ins on the way home. "A kind of drive-in marathon!" laughs Lita now, remembering how they ordered a sandwich one place, a dessert another, and coffee four times.

For Lita and Rory it was love at the first drive-in. "I admired him, says Lita. "Rory didn't act like a big shot, like a celebrity. He was such a regular person," she says, her eyes shining the way they do whenever she speaks of him.

"Lita? I liked everything about her," says her husband. "She was very sweet, but with the fire and spirit I liked too. And such a nice, clean girl. Maybe I'm old-fashioned, but I could tell she was a girl who'd make a comfortable home and who would want a family."

When Rory went to Durango, Colorado, on location, he wore a fox cape, which was initiated "I.C.C." "What's the other 'C' for?" her brother teased Lita, whose real name is Isabella Castro.

"I don't know. Maybe it means Interstate Commerce Commission," she laughed.

But she knew it was a way of positioning to her. "I think you made a mistake and sent the cape to the wrong girl," she told him that night when he called.

"Why?" he said.

"Those aren't my initials," said Lita.

"They will," he said, his voice slow and serious, "if you want them to be."

And so shortly thereafter, they were married one summer Sunday morning in Santa Barbara, with the old mission bells ringing melodically in the background. And now Rory Calhoun was gambling for two, himself and a brusnette vision in grey chantilly lace.

But after eight years in motion pictures, it was the starring role as the South American Gaucho, the rugged, handsome horseman of the pampas, untamed and passionate, fighting for love and for his own ideals, that convinced Rory Calhoun that he was probably in Hollywood to stay. And during the making of "Way of a Gaucho" that Rory realized his heart, as well as his wallet, was all wrapped up in his work.

"It came to me during that picture— that I enjoyed this kind of work," he says seriously. "The role was for me; it liked me. I'd played the 'other man' many times—but to be a good guy and a heavy at the same time as in this role was a stimulating challenge. Besides, I liked the guy."

It was while they were in Argentina, too, that Rory Calhoun realized first-hand how great was the impact of his adopted profession, how warm the spot Hollywood's stars hold in the world's hearts. He was surprised to find fans there even knew him, and he was touched by the way droves of them followed him around wherever he went. Two hundred followers followed him to a bar one night while Rory sat inside having a sandwich and a beer, they stood outside mutely watching him. "Those people can't stand there," the tavern keeper said.

Finally he became fairly violent about it, threatening to use force to disperse them. "You can't stay out there," he was saying, when Rory moved in and convinced him they could.

"They're my friends," Rory explained, when the fighting was over.

He invited all two hundred into the tavern and bought a round of drinks. He couldn't speak their language, nor they his. He was a stranger in a strange country, but he was surrounded by friends. Because of motion pictures, wherever he might go in this world, he would find friends. It was a warm and wonderful thought.

"No, Rory and Lita have another wonderful thought. They plan really to take root in Hollywood. They want to buy a lot and build their own house. In the meantime, they're going to dispose of their 'Po-Redo' to a publisher. I don't have the time to devote to it. Acting is my business now," says Rory the ranger. He has found that his own particular trees grow greenest in front of a camera. Rory's gone Hollywood. He's come home.
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Boys Are Here to Stay!

When I was sixteen I actually didn't like dates. All they meant to me then was that I'd have to dress up. But when I got to be seventeen, I changed my mind and began to see that boys were pretty nice to have around, particularly if you wanted to go to a ball or to see a show. I still prefer a date that isn't a big production. For instance, one night recently I went bowling with R. J. (Bob Wagner). We had a million laughs, and a lot of good exercise. On the way home, we passed a theater that was showing "Dracula" plus "Frankenstein and the Monster." R. J. said, fast-like, "Let's go see those, huh?" We went to the box office, but it was closed. However it was a theater near where I live, so the manager let us in, anyhow, because he knew me. Of course, those two oldies scared me so I was practically afraid to get out of the car when I got home—but doing a funlithe that, on impulse, was wonderful.

And speaking of cars makes me think of one set of boys which are absolutely the living end. That's whether or not you are big and strong enough to open the car door on your side and step out. Fellow is so inconsistent.

I do wish they'd get together on these etiquette problems. I think it is pretty dreary to drive up to a show or a beach place or something and have to sit there while the boy runs around the car and helps you out. But with some boys, if you do just step out, they start throwing Emily Post at you.

I went out with one character who, when I got out of the car, put me right back in and locked the door on me before he'd let me go. What I like best is a boy who reaches across, as you come to a stop, opens the door that way and knows perfectly well you can get out under your own power.

Boys talk to girls not being on time for dates, but I seem to have known many more who were just as guilty and I'm here to tell you that boys who always arrive late drive me crazy. I'm always ready at the right hour and if I sit and sit, I begin thinking of something much better to do than have an evening with this particular character. So when he does arrive, I have to knock myself out to get into the proper mood again. Sometimes I never do make it.

A boy who won't let you be yourself is a creep as far as I am concerned, because it just annihilates your personality to be two other people. If a boy isn't interested in the real you, why does he hang around? A perfect example of this in my case, is my Girl Scouting. I love the Scouts and I always will. And I'll tell you in a see about a recent occasion when my Scout troop made it a practice for four of us. But every once in a while I get some creep like the one who called me the other evening. He asked what I was doing that evening and I was about to go to a Scout meeting. This really sent him. He began bowling with laughter and he said, "Oh, please, let's not go through that silly routine again." I told him to be rude so I'll tell you I am going to hang up now," I said to him. I did that little thing, and he called me right back. "I'm sorry, Debbie," he said, "I know how much I bowed he was a nice guy, and I forgave him.

Of course, I do get teased about my Scouting. People say to me, "Aren't you a little old for this sort of thing?"

I answer, "My mother is a Girl Scout, too, and if she did it, I guess I'm safe." Actually, of course, we are both counselors.

But one night this past June, I got my revenge on all those kids. I didn't plan it that way. I just worked. You see, Richard Anderson had a double date to go grunion hunting with Bill Campbell and Pat Tiernan. Grunion, if you don't know, are a kind of California fish, that swim ashore in the high tide on moonlit nights in early summer. It seems to me that all my life I've been told what fun it is to be in on a grunion run. You hunt them down with a flashlight, scoop them into a basket full of holes—and that is supposed to be living (for you, not the grunion). Even Governor Warren gets into this act every California summer—but when I was on an Ark and Pat, it was about my fourth time at it—and never once had we hit the night, or the beach where those crazy little fish were flapping themselves up on schedule.

We'd decided to meet at my house, and all four of us go down in my car. So I made ready. I put in my Girl Scout knife and waterproof matches. My dad put some logs for a fire back in the baggage compartment. I carried a change of clothes and three extra sweats and because it had been a foggy kind of day that always promises a cold evening. I also put in my collapsible bucket. So we drove out to the only beach around Hollywood where you're permitted to light a fire—and Dick and Bill started to work.

By the light of a beautifully full moon, they gathered driftwood, and by the flame of Dick's lighter, they tried to make it burn. But there was a cold breeze blowing, and it blew out the lighter faster than they could flick it on. A spark or two did catch, but the driftwood was too damp to make them effective. It was only around nine o'clock and the grunion weren't due to run till eleven-fifteen, when the moon reached the zenith.

"Well," said Dick laughing, while we shivered, "if we can't have a fire, let's have a coke." He reached into the sack he'd brought along, but he hadn't thought about an opener. "I'll get my knife," I said.

"Knife?" said Dick, "to open a coke?"

"Girl Scout knife," I explained. "It has everything on it except a cement mixer. And there's dry wood in the back of my car. Here are my Scouting matches." In a few minutes we had the fire. A second later, the boys were whistling sticks, with my knife, and before long we were spearing grunions to roast over the flames. When the grunion did
begin to run, my bucket was mighty handy and we ran in and out of the water so much, we would have frozen without those extra sweaters. Pat and I pulled them on in no time. The boys hadn’t thought to bring extra things so they were out of luck. But they danced around our fire so vigorously that they got dry and also attracted people from the rest of the beach to share the fire’s warmth and we really had a ball. When we got back home, Dick said, “Debbie, I salute the Girl Scouts forever from now on.”

And I was saluting the Girl Scouts myself. Because if it hadn’t been for that training, I probably would have had the sniffles and not have been able to show up on the M-G-M set next day, where I was working on “I Love Melvin.”

I learned the hard way that you shouldn’t go out on a twosome the first time you are dating a new boy. Until this one particular occasion I had never done that—and I never will do it again. My plan before and since has been to ask the boy to my house to meet my folks, when he asks to see me. We sit around and talk, or if he wants to go out, I get another couple to go with us.

I think this is a good rule—and not only for that old safety-in-numbers bit. It’s also insurance against your getting bored right out of your red shoes in case the boy turns out to be a very dreamy drip.

On one exceptional night, I let my date do all the planning, and I must say he did it real big. We went to a premiere. We went dancing. But when we got home, all of a sudden he blew a fuse. Suddenly he seemed to have six hands and four pairs of shoulders. I realized to fight or kick would get me nowhere. It would only egg him on. So I just let myself go limp and kept looking at him with real disgust in my eyes, until I began to see the red creep up from under his collar and cover his whole face. He let me go and dashed for his car. He’s never called me since, thank goodness.

The trouble with such boys is that they positively try to snow a girl under with the notion that it is practically in the Constitution that she’s got to kiss them at some good night. But it isn’t—and the kind of boy who makes those demands isn’t what you want, either.

Oh, they have their faults all right, boys do. They get full of crazy notions like it’s being sissy to dance, or sharpie to get dressed up. But in this latter department you can usually calm them down by pointing out that a girl has to be uncomfortable, too, if she’s really rolled-up in the chic manner. Besides, no matter what they say, they all seem to have that dark blue suit, somewhere in their wardrobe, which is dedicated strictly to formal occasions. And it doesn’t take much cleverness on a girl’s part to get a boy who dances off-beat to dance on it.

As I said in the beginning, a boy does make a girl’s life eventful. I have five particular girl friends. We all grew up together and we understand everything about one another. But just lately two of them married and now the third is heading in that same direction.

It makes me feel both lonely and dreamy. I wonder who “He” will be. I say to myself, “Will I like love?” And then I see my friends who have just been married, and I see that extra-special light in their eyes. I see their husbands’ faces light up like a Hollywood opening when they look at their brides. Then I know, for sure, that the nicest thing about boys is that they are boys and can bring girls that unique kind of utterly, positively magnificent happiness.

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Revealing . . .

The Secrets Behind Those Hollywood Heartbreaks

You’ll know the true story about some star couples when you read November Photoplay, on sale October 10.
trenches five feet deep and waves ten feet high and pyramids built of hot dogs—with mustard.

As for their father, his bed looked good.

Kirk had planned, once the boys were settled in bed, to fancy up a bit and go in search of grown-up company. As a matter of fact, he had a date that night with a beautiful girl.

But he was tired. He was downright weary.

He called the B.G. and explained.

The whole summer was like that. That’s why the glamour spots saw so little of Mr. D. while his fellow bachelors were in residence.

Actually, Kirk didn’t mind. He had missed the boys painfully since they had gone East to live. He had looked forward for a year to this reunion. The beautiful girls, the adult world, could wait. This was an adventure in rediscovery—of youth, his own included.

But he wasn’t seven years old any more (you can add thirty years), and keeping up with the small fry was hard work.

“I actually found myself looking upon the days I had to be on the set as resting-up periods.”

But the fun periods came when he was free to scout for adventure with his sons.

They had one blissful week together at a dude ranch.

Kirk had promised Joel a look at some real cowboys and Indians. Mike was one up on him there, because he had visited his father the summer before on “The Big Sky” location in Wyoming.

He had slept in a tent with his father (no governesses along on this trip) and had eaten his meals sitting at a big saw-buck table smack between two Black-hawk Indian chiefs in full regalia.

He rode, and swam and fished.

“Boy,” he said over and over again, “wait till the kids in school hear about all this.”

Kirk was pleased, and eager to hear the details of Mike’s triumphant homecoming. He telephoned him in New York.

“Hey,” he said, “how did it go?”

Mike was surprisingly subdued.

“Not so good, Daddy,” he said. “They didn’t believe me!”

“We’ll do it again next summer,” his father comforted him. “And this time we’ll take pictures.”

“Me too?” pleaded Joel, who was listening in on the extension phone.

“You too,” his father promised.

And Kirk is a man who keeps his promises.

They’d go to the dude ranch, Kirk told him, soon after they arrived next summer, and they’d ride horses together every day. He knew the boys had had some lessons.

“Can we ride just with you, Daddy?”

Joel asked, “without the master?”

They’d better not even mention the master to the cowboys at the ranch, Kirk said. Real cowboys wouldn’t understand that city talk.

“Real cowboys!” Joel gasped. “Boy!”

And this time, their father assured them, they’d take pictures. This time the kids back home would have to believe it.

“The kids will never believe that you know real cowboys,” Mike put in cynically.

“They all think you’re just an actor!”

Just an actor! Kirk counted ten, and while he counted, he thought.

The boys hadn’t seen many movies, all told, and they had seen none of his. He and Diana had planned it that way.

“The heavy dramatic stuff was a little bit thick, we thought, for little-boy blood,” he says, “and then, too, you can never tell—the kids might get it into their heads that their daddy is really a heel. A lot of supposed adults confuse a performance with the guy who is giving it. You can’t expect kids to know better.

But the time had come, obviously, when something had to be done.

Fortunately “The Big Trees” was playing when the problem came up, and in this picture—while it is not Kirk’s favorite—Daddy starts out as a hard guy, but wins up pure hero, without a neurotic quirk in his make-up.

Kirk took his sons to see it. He’d show ’em who was “just an actor.”

They were fascinated, of course, and during the scene where Kirk, single-handed, holds back a rampaging caboose which is about to plunge over a cliff, they were overwhelmed.

“Boy!” Mike marvelled afterward. “Oh, gee! That was somethin’.”

And then he thoughtfully bestowed the highest compliment at a boy’s command: “Gee, Daddy,” he said, “you’re almost as good as Roy Rogers!”

“You’re pretty good yourself,” Kirk laughed, and catapulted Mike up on his shoulder.

“Me, too?” chimed in Joel, once again.

“You, too,” his daddy said, and threw him up on the other shoulder. (He was really getting in shape this summer.)

Mike and Joel have gone back to school now, full of tales of great adventure—and a new respect for “just actors.” Kirk, himself, has left his bachelor diggings for a while, to make “The Juggler” in Europe. But they’ll all be together again next summer. If not in Hollywood—then in Rome, Paris, Switzerland.

Their world is growing up. All of their worlds. And they have a lot more living and learning to do together.

The End
The Present Is Perfect!

(Continued from page 59)

husband was on B-D's account. Bette and Gary would have stayed at the beach forever. Margot and Woody were too young to care. For that matter, B-D wasn't worrying either, happily aware of her deprivations. But the absence of children during the winter months troubled her elders.

"For us it's enough to look at the water," said Bette. "For her it's unsocial. She needs sidewalks where she can ride her trike and roller skate with kids of her own age.

"She needs birds and trees," said Gary. "It's sad for a child to grow up without birds and trees."

In an old section of Hollywood where the trees have had time to soar and spread, they found the kind of house people used to build for generations to live in. It has a two-storied hallway and a staircase straight out of Longfellow. Its timber is seasoned, its proportions beautiful, its rooms high-ceilinged and spacious, its atmosphere one of mellow serenity. Says Bette, "If I'd found it twenty years ago, I'd have been in it too twenty years."

Shunning verbal sentimentality, she can't doubt the gleam of delight as she talks of her brood. "The gang," she calls them, all but smacking her lips over the word. "I always thought B-D should have a gang. Gary thought so too, which was fortunate. Very little children can have marvelous times with their parents. But the minute they're out in the world, they start looking around and wondering why they're alone."

So the Merrills adopted Margot, now a vivid-looking charmer of fourteen months. It was Gary's idea to name her after the character in "All About Eve," adding a t. It was B-D who staked out a claim to her from the first. "Close your eyes," said Bette. "Here's a present for you, here's your sister," and laid the little thing into B-D's lap. From then on, she's been the baby's "mother."

"If the younger kids play it smart," observes their father, "they'll never have to turn a hand for themselves."

When Bette told a famous woman, nameless for our purposes, that she and her husband had a new baby, the remark for a third, the lady said, "You're lucky!"

"Maybe. But you might as well have three as one to tie you down. Because even with one your entire life changes. You're never free in the way you once were, nor do you want to be. So it's nice to have three to show for that loss of freedom. Or six or seven or eight. Only three's our limit."

They wanted a boy the first time. Rather, Gary did, and not so he could take him fishing. "Men," he said, "feel a special tenderness for daughters, women for sons. I think Bette ought to have a son." Since more daughters than sons were being born at the time, they took what they got. With Margot safe in the fold, they could afford to wait for a boy, and a few weeks ago Michael Woodman Merrill came home. Woodman is a Merrill family name, and they call him Woody. Michael, explains his mother, is an ace in the hole. "If he grows into a big tough character and thinks Woody's too elegant, he can be Mike."

An added reason for the third child reflects her fairmindedness. "Two adopted to one you're borne is a good proportion. If the day ever comes—mind you, I don't believe it will but can you be sure?—if the day ever comes when B-D says, "Pooh, you're adopted and I'm not," then Margot will have an ally in Mike. One against one is apt to be a rough deal. If we weren't in the public eye, I'd be tempted never to tell them. I loathe this business of 'her own and the two that aren't.' The blue eyes flamed. 'They're all our own!'"

It took more than children to shift life's center of gravity for Davis. For a year and a half after parting company with Warners, she sat in Lagune and ate her heart out. Here was a woman to whom acting was vital, who worked for eighteen years under the contract system that lines up your next picture before your last one's finished. Studio contracts with their fettering shalls and shall-nots can hogtie, enrage and frustrate you, but they have one saving grace—you know you'll work.

Breaking free of the shackles had been her own choice, but she'd made it, as an actress with her record has the right to do, hopeful that good scripts would come along. Those that came fell painfully short of her standards and as time wore on, she grew increasingly frantic. Idleness was the one thing she hadn't reckoned with, and idleness was murder. "I might add," she volunteered with her usual candor, "that there's also the ego in you. You feel, 'Well, of course, I no longer mean anything, and it hurts.'

Eventually you have to earn a living."

Family affairs took over the "Kansas City 117" set when John Payne's little Kate and Tommy guested at a birthday party for Coleen Gray's daughter, Susan (right)
Though it was nothing to shout hosannas over, she made "Payment on Demand" for RKO. One day a message came from Darryl Zanuck. "There's a script I want you to read, but I won't send it unless you promise to start work as soon as you finish over there."

It was "All About Eve" and she'd have promised her right arm for it, Colbert had been set to play Margo. They'd leased San Francisco's Curran Theatre for two weeks. It was the only theatre that looked like New York and it was tied up for the balance of the year. Colbert hurt her back, making it impossible to work during the crucial two-week period. So Davis got the job. "Rotten luck for her," says she, "and freak luck for me."

Call it freak luck, destiny or accident, something was at work. In the picture, Gary Merrill made love to her with intelligence and charm. One may hazard the guess that similar qualities marked his off-screen courting. Uncommunicative about her personal affairs, Bette breaks through her natural reticence to say, "This is the only marriage I've ever had."

Any criticism implied is largely self-criticism. With her New England conscience, Bette's incapable of taking marriage lightly. Her failures have tormented her. To a wise woman friend she once unburdened herself on a note of despair. "Nothing I do works out. There must be something wrong with my judgment."

"There isn't," said her friend. "The point is, some people have to keep on trying for happiness, others are fortunate the first time."

She's found happiness with Merrill. Their basic interests are the same—family and work. "The last thing I'll ever do," she used to say, "is marry an actor." She's lived to learn that actors can be people, and that it helps to have a man around who understands your professional problems without having them spelled out.

Still more relevant is the fact that Gary confines his acting to the job. He's an adult who puts first things first, and whose attitude toward non-essentials is relaxed. Good grooming, except when you're in front of an audience, ranks as non-essential. Playing the lead in "Born Yesterday," he showed up at the theater one warm day in a pair of Army shorts, hacked off above the knee. "At least," pleaded the wardrobe woman, "let me hem them for you." He's averse to shaving or getting his hair cut, looks upon ties as a form of strait jacket and attributes these idiosyncrasies to nothing more romantic than laziness. In an effort to reform him, Kurt Frings, Bette's agent, appeals to his business sense. "You get better parts when you're better dressed."

"Who sees me here? Even business men like to be sloppy round the house. I work less of the time, so I'm sloppy more of the time. So I won't be in Esquire."

Frings turns to Bette for support. She considers her husband. "I think his hair looks kind of cute when it's long.-Starts curling a little. You know something, Kurt? If he wants to look like a tramp, let him. It couldn't bother me less."

Thus encouraged, Gary continues cheerfully unshaven and unshorn. Without encouragement, he'd doubtless be the same.

On the surface, they're both casual, and react alike to any suggestion of stickiness. "Are you sweet and wifely when you get home from work?" asked an interviewer. She controlled a grimace. "I don't think I'm ever sweet and wifely. It has nothing to do with getting home from work. However, the only person qualified to know is Mr. Merrill."

"She's as sweet and wifely," Mr. Merrill confided, "as I'm sweet and husbandly."

The newshound departed. "Kid," Gary announced, "I've become Dean Acheson."

"Then Acheson, kid, is a charming man to live with."

Gary's tough-minded and soft-hearted. Though he shares Bette's love for animals, he's less emotional about them. Klaus, the big Rottweiler, was prowling sick and lost round an airport when Gary spotted him, took him home, advertised for an owner who never showed up, and thus came into possession of his first dog. Later, Bette thought a toy poodle would be nice for the kids. Gary agreed on one condition: "No clipping. I won't have any lapididahs round the house. Let it look like a bum."

"Fine," said Bette. "Then there'll be two of you."

Out of a litter, they picked the under-priviledged one with the limp, and named her Gimpy. Through B-D's influence, she's now known as Tinker Bell. Tink's a character. Klaus is a wanderer. Whenever he takes a powder, Bette loses her mind. "You ought to watch him. You ought to keep him in."

"I won't tie a dog to a rope," says Gary, hotfooting it out in search of his runaway. Should the worst happen to Klaus, Bette would be crushed. Gary would keep his composure, but in his own quiet way he'd be beating himself up.

He gives his wife's clothes as scant attention as his own. If she wore something he couldn't stand, he'd let her know it. Or the sixth appearance of an outfit might inspire him to comment, "New, huh? Very attractive." For the most part, though, he's oblivious to what she has on. But about gifts, he's a perfectionist. Bette's the kind who can't keep a gift to herself. "Your package is this big and it's not gold but something like it and I refuse to give you

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Producers of continuous process rayon yarns and Tyron Cord for tires
a single hint except it's useful for shirts. Gary's of the opposite school. Keeps mum as an oyster, sheds help, advice or suggestion, roams highways and byways to find the rare and arresting. In London, Bette had a birthday. She thought he'd forgotten it till he came up with an exquisite pin of topaz and ruby-colored stone. He takes the same pains with the kids' birthdays and Christmas. Unless it's a surprise and he digs it up himself—preferably with sweat—it's a dud to Gary.

Long ago his father said, "You show your likes and dislikes too plainly. If you want to get on with folks, you'll have to change your ways." He's learned to be more diplomatic, but not to pretend. In this, he's akin to Bette, who applauds his honesty. It's held at her. He's rather rude, for instance, about her Oscars, up on a mantel for all the world to see.

"I think they're flattering," she contends, "and I'm certainly going to have them around. Besides, you protest too much. You get one same day and see how you react."

"I'd say, 'thank you very much,' but I wouldn't put it on display."

He's from the New York stage, and Oscars loom less dazzlingly there than in Hollywood. Which isn't the whole answer, since even Broadway actors pass up scrapbooks. Merrill doesn't. His stepmother does, however. At his father's one day, Gary leafed through it. "You see!" crowed Bette. "You're interested!"

"Sure," he agreed equably, "enough to look at it every two years. That's hardly worth the upkeep."

More important to him than Oscars are fairly good gowns so he can go well-wrapp ing in his chosen profession. Bette understands this, just as he understands that without acting, her life would be un- rounded and unfulfilled. "Eve" should have brought the plums pelting into her lap. Inexplicably, it didn't. Again she sat through a year professionally barren. Then came "Another Man's Poison," no workbeater, which they made largely for the sake of going to England. That wound up almost a year ago. Since then Hollywood's only job for Davis was an incidental role in "Phone Call from a Stranger"—so incidental that no one would have had the crust to offer it to her. Because Gary was doing the picture, she read the script. "I'd like to play a woman's name is Halsey. But you can't write a whole picture around such a woman, so I'll never get the chance."

Negulesco was trying in vain to cast the part. One day he groaned, "Oh, let's get Bette over here," as if you might say let's get the man in the moon.

"She'd like to do it," said Gary.

The other glared. "Don't toy with me, Merrill. I'm a desperate man."

So Bette did it for two reasons, neither of which involved her husband. It was a good part and she wanted to work.

Under business arrangements recently concluded, she looks forward to working more consistently in the future. This fall she'll be in a Broadway musical, "Two's Company." "But never again," she vows, "on the old treadmill. For nothing on God's green earth would I go back to that fifty-two-week stretch. In some ways, though, I must be a creature of routine. I want to know what's ahead. It's uncertainty I hate, and in freelancing, that's the one great adjustment you have to make. Whether I work next week or next month doesn't matter, so long as I know that six months from now or even twelve, there's a picture waiting. Meantime George Brent and I do "Woman of the Year" for radio. We record it and have a perfectly wonderful time. That takes one day a week, and I'm the kind of woman who has to keep busy. So I've invented a new job for myself. I always did like new jobs."

It's an age-old invention that consists of looking after children. Not that she ever turns them over to a nurse and said, "You bring them up." Not Bette, whose sense of responsibility is all but a religion. When her working schedule made a nurse imperative, she kept a close supervisory hand on the helm. Now there's no nurse except Woody's, and she'll be gone in a month.

What non-career women take as a matter of course meant a whole new pattern of living for Bette. She laid her plans before Gary. "Children in homes that can't afford nurses," she informed him, "are twice the children. These are statistics. All doctors tell you this."

"Who needs doctors? It stands to reason that a nurse has her own ideas, which may not be yours, and you don't know what the dickens goes on with your kids. Stick close, and you find out little things every day that point to other things. You get to know your children."

"Then, instead of sitting and waiting for parts to turn up, why don't I take them over and have a busy day? It'll fill my life. It'll be good for them. When I work—well, it'll be only now and then—I'll get someone in to help."

"Amen," said Gary.

Ask what she does with the children and she's a host, derisive, incredulous, yet somehow jubilant. "What mothers all over America do with children. Get them up, bathe them, feed them, dress them, take them to the bathroom, play with them, nurse them when they're sick, comfort them when they're hurt, fix formulas when they're tiny, answer dozens of questions as they grow older, listen to problems, solve 'em or help them to find

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their own solutions—it’s a big deal, believe me. Exhausting, but I love it. Especially with Gary around. I marvel at Gary’s wisdom with children—his enormous patience, his tact, his humor. He could run a big fat orphan asylum and have every child in the place tagging after him. He’s a Pied Piper.

“Not bad,” he concedes modestly. “Married less than two years and I’ve got three kids. How much better can you do?”

Their household is flexibly run. Bound to necessary routines at the studio, they hoist the flag of the free at home. In Bette’s flat statement, “You want nobody to tell you you have to do anything.” So no marinet rules in the kitchen.

Everyone cooks—Gary, Bette, both maids or a combination. The children eat at fixed hours as children should. Bette and Gary eat when they’re hungry, which is never at mealtime. If they want a snack, they forage and nobody sulks and nobody’s schedule is ruined.

A recent outcry protests the de-glamorization of movie stars. They’re not like the people next door—so runs the pitch—or they wouldn’t be stars. To which the Merrills say, “Bunk!” Whatever magic they may project on the screen, their domestic activities happen to be as unspectacular as those of the Smiths or the Joneses. At the moment, they’re busy with the house, furnishing without benefit of decorators and with stuff which, according to Bette, “we’ve both had for over a million years.”

Gary likes golf and skating but, moderate in all things, makes a fetish of neither. He would really rather lie in the sun, being a constitutionally lazy man except when he’s working. While Bette feels that his gift for laziness is beyond her, it still acts as a tranquilizing influence on her dynamic nervous system.

Their evenings are quiet. B-D’s bedtime is storytyme, with Bette or Gary or both as storytellers. Even here, however, they avoid rigidity. Should they happen to be unavailable, B-D understands. After the story, she and Bette sing Margot a lullaby. Right now they’re stuck with “Rock-alye Baby,” but they’ve learned the first two lines of the Brahms and, once they master the rest, plan to alternate for a change of pace. Finally comes the prayer which B-D, rapt as a Madonna in miniature, says for Margot because Margot’s too little to say it for herself:

“Thank you for the world so sweet. Thank you for the food we eat. Thank you for the birds that sing. Thank you, God, for everything.”

With the children tucked away, their evenings are quiet. Unlike his body, Gary’s mind doesn’t care about loading in the sun. He’s an avid reader, with a sharp awareness of what goes on in the world and of his own responsibilities to it. Bette’s right up there with him. Agreement on basic principles still leaves plenty of room for what she calls enormous discussions, enormous being Davis for terrific, and discussion meaning exactly what it says. Too intelligent for the I-think-what-you-think-is-heaven routine, they’re intelligent enough to keep their differences on a grownup level. “Heckle Gary, and he’d walk out,” says his wife with the air of one who’s considered him justified.

For these enormous discussions they find no end of food, ranging up and down from Korea to the children to whether or not they’ll get to Maine next summer. Both find the Atlantic more alluring than the Pacific, a thing they keep mum about, since you don’t have to explain it to easterners, and to westerners you can’t. As a kid, Gary spent his summers at Prout’s Neck just south of Portland—a rockribbed paradise of beach and woods and crested blue breakers and little sailboats.

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Is June Allyson Retiring?

(Continued from page 38)

said to me, "June's the best actress I know. But she's the most un-actressy actress you'll find in Hollywood. Honestly, I think that on a lot of mornings she wouldn't go to work if I didn't urge her. It's not that I care whether she works or not; but I do believe she'll regret passing up the opportunity later on."

At that time June had an adopted child and was expecting another of her own. She seemed to look at us in amused wonderment as we talked about her career.

"I'm not a career woman," she explained. "I don't like to fight, and in this business to get what you want you have to fight. I'd just as soon spend my time designing as I have. I've been the happiest since the time I learned the stock was headed my way. For the first time in my life I feel important. I've got at least five babies. But Richard (that's what she calls Dick) thinks he's a bit too old for such a big family."

I pointed out that a girl could have children and be screen career too, citing Esther Williams, Jeannie Crain, and Lana Turner as examples.

"I still don't like to fight," June repeated. "That's Richard's department."

Her attitude hasn't changed. Recently she told me she wanted to retire and devote her entire time to her family. Like many mothers, she shed tears when she sent in a school application for her daughter Pamela. "They grow up so fast," she said. "And even when working in Hollywood I miss being with my children."

Here indeed was a Hollywood phenomenon: a star who didn't care about being a star. When I asked if she went to the studio while not working, she cast those innocent eyes upon me as if I'd wanted to know if she wished a trip to the moon and said, "What for? I've got everything I love at home."

June's contract with M-G-M ends within a year. I called Dore Schary, head of production at the studio, and asked what he would think if June retired at the expiration of her contract. He hardly waited for me to get the words out of my mouth before replying, "No way!"

"What are the qualities that make such a big box office star?" I asked.

"She has a fresh personality, an honest kind of personality," he replied. "She lends vitality to a role. She reminds me of something in a picture we just produced about Hollywood, 'The Bad and the Beautiful.' In it Kirk Douglas says to Laura Turner, 'I know you carry a star, because when you're on the screen no matter what you're doing or who else is in the scene the people in the audience are looking at you. That's true of June.'"

"What are her strong points as an actress?" I asked.

"Any good actress must have understanding of other people's problems, and June has," he said. She also has that curious quality called talent—the ability to project herself and make others believe what she does. You know when you turn out the lights in a big room and start showing pictures, the good actress makes you think, 'This is really happening.' She can make one scared, happy, or sad. June has this ability to make others think make-believe is real. This is what we call talent."

"Do you think she'd actually be happy in retirement?" I asked.

"Oh, no," he quickly responded. "She's much too young to retire. Any personality as vibrant as she would be unhappy doing nothing. It would get tiresome. You know we all say that in a couple of years we're going to retire, but somehow it seems that we never do."

This is the opinion of the man who's June's current boss; and the person who will likely get her signature on a new contract, if she puts one anywhere.

To get another answer, I went to see the popular young miss in her Bel Air home. June had just finished dinner before an open fire. June, wearing quilted lounging pajamas and red felt slippers, looked hardly more than a child herself. She had on horn-rimmed glasses, but removed them when she started talking. A mannerism she has of hugging her knees in her arms added to her juvenile appearance.

Our conversation started with politics; and June began telling a story about Dick. He interrupted her with, "You'd better let me do the talking, because I'll get the facts straight." June stuck out her tongue at him and went right on with the story. On finishing, she asked, "Now, wasn't that the way it was?"

"Yes," he admitted. "But you never give credit to others."

"Oh, I don't have to go on and on to tell a story," said June.

Dick looked at her in a patient sort of way, continued his discussion of politics, and stated that he was not a rabid Republican.

"Thank God, you're not a rabid anything," chimed in June, whose every look and gesture indicated she was head over heels in love with the man. As she sat there with her chin on her knees, one couldn't possibly conceive of her being among the most popular film stars on the roll. The question of her quitting pictures causing many a producer and exhibitor to tremble in his boots.

It was plainly obvious that Dick was looking rather closely at the question of his wife's retirement. When June had the opportunity to toss him a compliment or turn the conversation over to him she never failed to do so.

We found pictures, Richard co-starred with Lana Turner," she explained. "Then as if suddenly recalling the event, she looked around with a very wise, impish expression on her face, and exclaimed, "Lana was on that set every day Richard worked."

She glanced about the room, feeling something was wrong. Finally she got up and replaced a chair. "My daughter's shifted its position," she explained. "She's a furniture mover."

It was typical of June to veer from Lana Turner to an action of her child. Unlike most Hollywood stars, she appears bored with talking about movies. That's one reason I believe she actually would like to retire.

"I want to direct," said Dick, who's very much a business man. "As an actor, I'm tired of trying to get the stomach."

"Rich-chard!" remonstrated June.

"You're doing all right," I said to Dick. "Who's your manager?"

"Don't ask me that June."

"Okay," I said. "Now comes the $64 question. Why do you want to retire from pictures?"

A helpless expression came over June's face. With a wide, sweeping gesture, she turned the question over to Dick.

"You answer it," he said. "You made the statement."

June settled back into a lounge as if...
accepting the inevitable. "It's really very simple," she said. "I love my career, and I've been very fortunate in movies. But I don't see why I should waste time doing something not worthwhile. The studio sends me a script. I read it and say, 'I don't want to make the picture.' The studio insists that I should. So I do. Then I'm told by studio officials that the picture wasn't very good. I knew that before I started working on it. Actually I want to retire from bad pictures. People don't want to see run-of-the-mill films. Take somebody making fifty dollars a week."

"Who do you know who makes fifty dollars a week?" Dick interrupted.

"My father," said June.

"He does better than that," said Dick. "You're thinking of my step-father," June corrected. "If my father wants to take his wife and three children to a movie, he has to spend seven dollars. He doesn't have that much money to spend. He can't afford it. That's the reason I don't want to waste either the studio's or my time by making mediocre pictures. I'm married and have two children. I'd rather spend the time with my family."

"Are you getting lazy?" I asked.

"No," she said. "But my children need me. When little Pammy falls down and cuts her leg, the nurse tries to help her. But Pammy won't let her. She says, 'Oh, no, mummy will come downstairs and fix it.' So I go downstairs and fix it, and everything's all right. When I go to work that little thing is always in the driveway to see me off." Mimicking the little girl's voice, she continued, "Pammy says, 'Will you be home before I go to bed, Mummy? That's not easy to take. I want to spend time with my children."

"But, as I said, I'm not a fighter. When anybody pats me on the head and asks me to do something, I'll do it. If I go into a store, and a clerk shows me something, I'll buy it. I don't want anybody to be unhappy. But most of all, I don't wish to be unhappy when I'm working. It makes me nervous. So I bring the state of mind home with me. I get mad at Dick and the kids. I grumble a lot, and that's not right.

I can't blame the studio. If M-G-M had a good script suitable for me, I'd get it.

"I've had about everything a film actress could expect except an Oscar; but don't get me wrong. I have no burning desire to own one. However, if I were ever nominated for an Academy Award, I'd be down sweeping out the theater so it would be clean for the ceremonies. And I'm not saying to M-G-M, 'Give me a good picture, or I quit!' That would be childish. For my birthday two years ago, the studio gave me an $18,900 dressing room. The boys said, 'You've been a good girl, so here's a present.'

"Although I've turned down scripts, I've never been suspicious. A classic example is 'The Stratton Story.' When I read the script, I saw there was very little in it for the girl, so I said I wouldn't do it. M-G-M told me I wouldn't be suspended for refusing to make the film but I was still wanted for it. Then I put up the argument that studio officials—not me—claimed I was one of their biggest stars and asked why they didn't protect their property. 'Well and good,' they said, 'but we want you for the picture,' So naturally I gave in. Then I went to Sam Wood, who was to direct the film, and explained that the picture was not what I wished of mine and that I'd have to depend upon him.

"My part in that film was strictly Sam Wood. He and Jimmy Stewart would come to my dressing room after working hours and cook up whole scenes for me. Jimmy would say, 'June's my wife. She's

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SLIMS FIGURE—FLATTENS TUMMY
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Afraid to Marry?

(Continued from page 43) each case, the bogey is something personal, deep in hiding. Vera-Ellen, for instance, is like a kitten walking a fence—she's so cautious about her romance-life. Of course, I think she's right to be leery of hitching her star to the wrong marital wagon for the second time. But Vera's utter lack of normal, human impulsiveness in this department reminds me of the boys and gals who win Oscars and are then so careful about choosing the next picture that they never make another.

In recent months, I've often seen Vera with Henry Willson, the successful and personable agent. Henry tells me that he expects to marry the girl; he's even building a house as a lure she can't resist—he thinks. But the lady in the case, questioned about her intentions, smiles vaguely and counters by talking about her dates with Ernie Byfield. At that point, I decide she must be serious about Ernie. Next thing I know, I see her with Rock Hudson, even though these two had said a not-so-fond farewell months ago.

I don't know exactly what happened between Vera and Rock, but it couldn't have been pleasant, to judge by Rock's bitterness when he discussed the break-up. In the days when it looked really serious, he said the marriage was being postponed "because I can't marry a girl who makes so much more money than I do. When Vera marries me, she'll have to live on my income."

I suspect that suggestion didn't set so well with Miss Vera-Ellen. She's a very independent-minded girl, a well-balanced personality—in short, too well-balanced for her own good. Her opinions about running her own career, about regulating her life in general are clear and precise. Could be that, deep inside, un-known to herself, and not admitting it in any sense dependent on another person. A true marriage means inter-dependence, and it does take courage to surrender part of yourself into another's keeping. Perhaps Vera just can't get up enough nerve.

Rock tried to be understanding about her career problems; he even okayed her dates with better-heeled guys who could take her to Ciro's and Romanoff's and Mocambo, where she'd be photographed with the elite of Hollywood for the fan magazines and newspapers. That was probably a mistake in Rock's strategy. Seems Vera got used to going out with other men, and thus her ties with Rock were weakened. But I wouldn't write a permanent fias to this romance. These two have meant a great deal to each other, and some day Vera may realize that you can't be both completely self-sufficient and completely happy.

Meanwhile, the tall, dark and oh-so-handsome Mr. Hudson is having a ball with all the young, middle-aged and getting-on-to-be-elderly girls in this fascinating neck of the woods. You can hardly name an unmarried girl in town whom Rock hasn't dated. On his list: Rocky Cooper, Nancy Sinatra, Marilyn Maxwell, Gene Tierney, Barbara Stanwyck—with eighteen-year-old Susam Zanuck, Dar- yl's sprig, thrown in for good measure. To date, his success with the ladies hasn't spoiled him. I'm keeping my fingers crossed, believing that Rock's playing a waiting game. I think he's setting for pleasant companionship, steering clear of strong attachments, hoping that Vera will overcome her qualms.

I call another hike-on-the-loose to check a rumor, and found myself accepting a date to dine at Romanoff's with Dan...
Dayley. Somehow or other, the conversation got around to love and marriage. And I was startled to hear Dan deliver a series of blasts against both. 'It took me twenty years to find out but I'm sure that I want a peaceful life,' he told me, and 'I've never been as happy as I am now. Women! Wives! I can do without them.'

As everybody knows, the end of his marriage was purenerous business, likely to leave anybody bitter. But when I suggested this explanation, hesitantly, Dan replied in obvious anger, 'Liz! I was never in love with her!' I'm sure he's broken with her—this boy, I decided, is whirling in the dark, trying to get over his hurt by telling himself it isn't there.

And that's what lies at the heart of Dan's fear. It's the fear of being hurt once more. It's a mixture of all his violent words. But he'll have to do some figuring in. He'll have to learn to understand his own reactions. Because his marriage failed, it doesn't mean that marriage is necessarily bad. He's beginning to enjoy living alone, eating when he feels like it, operating freely with no need to devote time to a wife and family, it doesn't mean that he'll never find another girl who can fit into his way of life. There might even be a someone—and I hear there is a someone, in Passadena—who enjoys the racket he makes with himself. I would banish him to a shed in the garden or to his dressing room at the studio, to blow off steam. Anyway, I hope Dan finds his Mrs. Dream Dan (even though he says he isn't looking for one). It's a building one.

And I hope June Haver may one day find the feller she deserves. In her case, the source of fear is much more obvious. Her marriage was thoroughly unhappy, broken by the birth of a child, and Dan banished him to a shed in the garden or to his dressing room at the studio, to blow off steam. Anyway, I hope Dan finds his Mrs. Dream Dan (even though he says he isn't looking for one). It's a building one.

June is very religious, schooled to look on marriage as a permanent bond. Being forced to break it was a shattering experience. She'll want again without the consent and blessing of her church; in fact, she went to Rome two years ago to plead for an annulment. In her short life, June has done penance with too much tragedy. Her divorce is a blow, but June's love, Dr. John Duzik; her own illness; her misfortunes.

Her emotional upsets have taken their toll physically, as well as spiritually. June is now, as she always has been, attractive, but June has enough for a dozen men. More hospitalization—and operations—followed after she missed the leap into Dan Dailey's arms. She was found high on a number in "The Girl Next Door." (Such timing's a delicate thing, easily affected by one's state of mind.) Dan used to visit her in the hospital, but both were so full of their own troubles that June needs a husband more than any girl in Hollywood, and I devoutly hope that, when the time is right, she'll take her destiny in her own two hands and go forward to meet married happiness. Jean Peters is another who seems more than moderately wary. She's a mature-minded and highly intelligent young lady; after marriage, I can see the reaction she'll feel, that her heart belongs to her career. I don't know who she's kidding; I hope it isn't herself. True enough, her career is now on the up-grade, but any girl with Jean's brains knows that the finest of the careers alone can't provide a full life. For a long time, Jean was deeply in love with a producer. She'd have married him in a minute—if he'd ever asked her.

It's my guess that Jean still loves him. So she announces her devotion to her career by way of signaling to her producer that he has no real rival. Or perhaps she has lost hope, fears she'll never find anyone. Jean could have romance in general the old sour-grapes treatment. The first is bad strategy, and the second is worse psychology, and I'm betting that Jean's smart enough to snap out of it if her hope is an unrequited one.

Steve Cochran's even more the romantic enigma. He's always on the verge, but never merges (not recently, at any rate). Any girl, any time, any place—but strictly laura, never a long-term affair. But—there's our little Stevie. I suspect he was boasting when he implied that Mae West was quite enthralled with him. I know he was when he implied that Mae West was quite enthralled with him. Gale Rogers was expecting to keep him to a rendezvous with him in Mexico. Steve showed up there, all right—only to find that his alleged lady-love had flown to her ranch near Rogue River.

Then there was Steve's begg romance with Denise Darel. He went to the station to meet her when she was returning to Hollywood. By an amazing coincidence, there was a beautiful blonde on hand. So what happened? Nothing. I'm not sure whether it's Steve who is scared of marriage, or the girls who are scared of Steve. But I'll restate another guess: Here is a fellow who's settled contentedly into bachelorhood after two divorces, who's scared of losing the freedom to pursue fun or publicity wherever he finds it. Oh well, he has his work to keep him warm. And, just because he feels so secure in his bachelorhood, he's likely to find himself some fine day secretly snared by someone aching for love.

Another Blythe. Hollywood's nicest unmarried lady, tells me she will marry only once. So it's essential for Annie to hit the matrimonial bull's-eye with the first shot. It's sad and ironic that the only guy she's showed a real interest in should get into hot water with the Army—and I do mean Dick Contino. By the time he straightened himself out, he was out of Ann's life. At the moment, Matthew O'Hara's brother Charles FitzSimons seems the only likely replacement, but there will probably be others.

Just recently, Annie has developed a flair for tasteful clothes and meticulous grooming. I think this may be the first sign that she is growing up psychologically. Strangely enough for a girl who has been in show business since childhood, she's led a rather sheltered life. She's been taken care of first by her mother and later by her aunt and uncle. More youthful than her years, Ann may have had the young girl's usual admiration and admiration from comradesy basis. And I'm sure this possibly slow maturing is going to produce an essentially lovely woman.

While there had been marriage rumors among her suitors and nobody ever really believed that Farley Granger and Shelley Winters would get married, though the noise they—especially Shell—made about their friendship was so dense, I've come to firmly believe that the truth. Farley was out of character during that interlude. He isn't the type to go whooping around night clubs. The sensitive Farley ("Noodle") feels his heart belongs to a career. I don't know who she's kidding; I hope it isn't herself. True enough, her career is now on the up-grade, but any girl with Jean's brains knows that the finest of the careers alone can't provide a full life. For a long time, Jean was deeply in love with a producer. She'd have married him in a minute—if he'd ever asked her.

It's my guess that Jean still loves him.
Monty Clift: perfectionist

Brando, is so busy finding mates for his pet raccoon, he’s left with no time to find a wife for himself. And that’s probably just as well. Breaths there a girl, do you suppose, with fastidiousness so dead she could tackle this untidy broth of a hulking boy? Maybe Marlon’s afraid there is such a girl, and he shudders to imagine the marital dialogue: “Where are my jeans?” “I threw them out in the trash!” “Well, I’m ready to leave.” “Marlon, I won’t go a step with you unless you put on a respectable suit—and a tie!” And that, very likely, does it.

Compared to Brando, Montgomery Clift’s a fashion-plate, but he’s still another maverick. Personally, I think Monty would like to marry; what stops him is a terrific inferiority complex that stems from his lack of height, in a profession crowded with six-footers. When I first met Monty, I was startled to find myself almost looking down on him, and I’m no Amazon. This feeling of insecurity might account for his long-time association with an older woman, Myra Letts, who used to travel with Monty wherever he went—giving him acting lessons. It turned out! And all the time I thought they were discussing marriage plans.

There’s another fact that makes Monty shy of marriage: He’s a perfectionist. And there are few women alive today (or yesterday or tomorrow) who could measure up to his high standards. Certainly not Liz Taylor, nor Barney Balaban’s daughter, nor the secretary at MCA, to mention a few of his dates.

Also an ex-beau of Liz (and practically every eligible gal in sight), Peter Lawford has told me many times that he won’t marry until he’s thirty. Well, he’s now twenty-nine, with no serious romance in his life. Scott Brady, now twenty-eight, has told me he’s made the same resolution. Both boys, I think, are wary of the responsibility that goes with a wife and family. But Pete’s the more likely to stay footloose. Though Scott has loved and wooed Dorothy Malone for two years, has he ever nerved himself up to the point of a proposal? I doubt it, because I believe Dotty would have said, “Yes.” But she’s a gal with a mind of her own, and possibly Scott’s been afraid she might say, “No”—quite a blow to the masculine ego.

Dotty may very well be weary of waiting for Scott to come out with an honest-to-goodness “Will you marry me?” Or he may be waiting for her to arrange her career so that she can stay in Hollywood. Either way, I think they still may marry. That goes for ninety per cent of these marriage-shy stars. All their assorted tears aren’t strong enough to cancel out the normal human craving for a lifelong companion.

**The End**
SOAP BOX:

Recently, I saw a revival of "Knock on Any Door," the brilliant picture that successfully launched John Derek to stardom. And while watching it, I was reminded of quite a dangerous pitfall that sometimes accompanies the success of a new star.

Mr. Derek is an example. Ever since his tremendous introduction in that picture, which showed what a really fine talent he possesses, he has been receiving routine scripts in pictures unworthy of him.

The day we Derek fans are all waiting for—indeed all of us who approve of brilliant young acting talent replacing the older gentlemen and ladies—is when studio executives realize what excellent and genuine talent they have at their fingertips and reward these people with scripts worthy of them. Let them prove they have something lasting to contribute to motion picture art.

J. CATINELLA
New York, New York

I think nowadays there is too much talk about "new faces" as if the future of movies depended only on them.

It's much better for a picture to have a sound performance by an experienced player than it is to be filled with pretty faces giving bad amateurish performance. For instance, I recently saw "I Want You" and think that Dana Andrews and Dorothy McGuire put Peggy Dow and Farley Granger back in kindergartens, even if these two are the best among young players.

Funny thing: I recently read that Mr. Goldwyn is planning a picture a year with Miss Dow and Farley, but, of course, he wouldn't want to de-team Miss Andrews and Miss McGuire in a good adult love story.

JUAN CORREA
Buenos Aires, Argentina

I think it would be a good idea if a movie was made with old-time favorites such as Greta Garbo, Clara Bow, Nancy Carroll and Fay Wray all in the one movie. My mother says that they still aren't bad looking. This movie would make many parents happy, and would give children like myself a chance to see the stars our mothers and fathers worshipped, and it might be a means for a comeback for some of the old-time greats.

CAROL CHIRKO
Berwyn, Illinois

QUESTION MARKS:

I just saw the movie, "About Face." Who was the wonderful actor who played Mr. Bender? Could you tell me something about him?

PRISCILLA BROWN
Mt. Pleasant, Iowa

That was Joel Gray. He was born in Cleveland, Ohio, nineteen years ago. He is the son of Bandleader Mickey Katz, but he has been doing just fine on his own career since he started in show business at ten. You can get in touch with him through George Evans Associates, 36 Central Park South, New York 19, New York.—ED.

I have been collecting Photoplay pin-ups since they first started and would like to put them in an album, but am missing numbers 5, 6 and 7. Could you please tell me how I can get them?

MARY LOUISE GOMEZ
Woodside, New York

Send twenty-five cents in stamps for each issue to Photoplay Subscription Dept., 205 East 42 Street, New York 17.—ED.

I saw "The Battle of Apache Pass" and I thought it was an excellent picture. I think John Hudson has books, personality and everything. Could you tell me something about him?

MARGARET WOLF
Butler, Missouri

He was born in Dubuque, Ireland, on January 24, 1922. He has blue eyes and brown hair, is six feet tall and weighs 170. And he's not married. He is now working on "Return to Paradise." You can write to him in care of Mark Robson Productions, United Artists, Hollywood, California.—ED.

Could you please tell me the name of the background song in M-G-M's "Invitation"?

S. HUGHES
Norris City, Illinois

It is also called "Invitation" and it is available on M-G-M recordings.—ED.

Could you please give me some information on Leo Genn? I have just seen "Quo Vadis" and I think he is a wonderful actor. Has he ever been in any other pictures?

MARY BOWLING
Mishawaka, Indiana

He is an Englishman who gave up a successful legal career to turn actor. He has a long list of stage and screen performances, both here and in England, including "Mourning Becomes Electra," "The Snake Pit," "The Miniver Story," "He'll Be Next in M-G-M's "Plymouth Adventure."—ED.

CASTING:

The comic strip, "Winnie Winkle, the Breadwinner" would make an entertaining film with Ginger Rogers as Winnie, and Spring Byington and James Grason as Mia and Pa.

PVT. STANLEY LANG
APO 34
Postmaster, New York

This year marks the hundredth anniversary of inventor Louis Braille's death. It would be a good time for Hollywood to do a movie on this great Frenchman who devoted his life to helping the blind. Jean Pierre Aumont, who played Braille in TV, would be the ideal star.

DELA PAQUETTE
Brooklyn, New York

Address letters to this department to Reader Inc., Photoplay, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, New York. However, our space is limited. As much as we would like to, we cannot promise to publish, return or reply to all letters we receive.
Rita Hayworth

(Continued from page 51)

world couldn’t forget it. Now that she has returned to pictures, the spotlight will be even brighter. It will be focused primarily upon her work and her dates. And, of course, the things that mean the most to Rita—her home and family.

People sometimes ask if she wants her daughters to be actresses. At the question, Rita laughs. “How can you discuss futures for such young babies? Just let them be happy.”

She’s seeing to it that they are—and she’s happy to tell the world.

When Rita’s away from home, the roost is mainly ruled by a houseman named Domingo, who feels he owns the entire family. At Christmas time, Domingo hired a artist to carpet and decorate the windows with snowmen, and Santa Claus, and trees, and Rita didn’t know anything about it until the job was finished.

Recently, Domingo averted a domestic crisis. Rita had heard that Alaskan Huskies were wonderful dogs with children, so she bought a pair. They were wonderful dogs. They were also monumental, and when Rita looked at all that latent dog power looming over her children, she got worried. The Huskies had to go. But Rebecca and Yasmine had grown to like having dogs around the house and at the Huskies’ departure they set up a howl.

Domingo disappeared from the scene of battle, and returned sometime later with a small animal. “Nice dog,” he said. “Cost one dollar-fifty.”

The surprising animal of mixed parentage was promptly named Shorty and is now a great social success.

Rebecca, Rita’s daughter by Orson Welles, speaks French beautifully, and acts pretty grown up nowadays. Yasmine speaks a kind of hybrid French-English, and acts any way that comes to mind.

She’s a charmer, who flirts continually, lowers her head, glances up from under her lashes, and throws kisses. She visited Rita at the studio one day, watched her dance, and was utterly captivated. Rita came home that night and there was Yasmine, whispering like a dervish and shouting “I can do it, too, Mama. I can do it, too.”

Already, Yasmine is denting men’s hearts. Her nurse, Ann, takes her to the park every afternoon while Rebecca is at day camp, and in the park the little boys fall under Yasmine’s spell. Donna Reed, listening to her small son Tony pray one night heard him mutter, “And God bless Jazz-min.”

Subsequently, Tony informed his mother that he was in love with Jazz-min, and could she please come to his birthday party?

Donna made a trip to the park to discover the identity of the lady. She turned out to be our girl, looking up from under those lashes.

Rita keeps Aly up-to-date on Yasmine by sending him photos. “She looks exactly like you,” Rita tells Aly. “Ridiculous,” he writes back. “She is your image.”

Once, when Rita was trying to snap some photos, Yasmine insisted on standing on his head. Getting up there was easy enough, but an astute observer who happened to be present, detected a hole the size of a dime in the sole of Yasmine’s sandal. “Ho-ho,” he cried. “A little princess with holes in her shoes!”

Obviously, an actress who earns $252,000 a year plus gravy (twenty-five per cent of the profits from each picture) can keep a little princess in Cadillacs, not to mention shoes. But with Yasmine, the shoe problem is high finance. She can and does wear
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out a pair a week. The only time she’s not in motion is when she’s sleeping.

Shoes aren’t all that take punishment. On one recent Monday, Yasmine roped up a small tornado in her boudoir because she couldn’t find a particular dress. Rita had bought the dress only a week before, and had just thrown it away. Within that same hour her daughter had worn it to shreds.

Then there was the case of the white, iridescent bathing suits. Both Rebecca and Yasmine had gotten one. Yasmine’s suit got kinked up and lost its beauty. Yasmine let her suit take her down to the pool and coming back she crawled up the forty rust-stone steps of the terrace. Rebecca’s suit had worn out.

Rebecca was taking dancing lessons at her own request. And Rita sometimes sits on the floor and plays Bongo while both kids cut a rug.

The girls had a good time with their mother and hate having her away. Why do you have to leave us?" Rebecca asks, very reasonable and grown-up, but with tears in her eyes, and a trembling voice. Rita discreetly took her away, yet once in a while there is something she feels she just has to do—like the hospital tour last fall. She traveled from San Francisco to Seattle, in the Northwest.

It was Rita’s own idea. She had no publicity. She paid all expenses for herself and her secretary, and even the expenses of an Army major who accompanied them.

Many changes in the world, and things weren’t the way they were, and many do; but Rita is the first big-name star to pick up and go on her own.

She was separated from her children again when she vacationed in Mexico after “Affair in Trinidah,” but it’s simply a matter of common sense for her to take a rest once a movie is completed.

Rita and her family are now in Mexico in a station wagon. They covered three thousand miles, spent their first night in Phoenix, their second in Texas, and crossed the border on the third night.

Three days in San Miguel, then motored to Mexico City where they behaved like tourists. They visited an art school, cathedrals, missions and shopped for Cocoa.

Next stop: Acapulco. Rita stayed at the Casablanca Hotel, played golf every day, she shoots in the nineties), swam in the ocean, loll’d for hours on the sun, and drank in the Bachelor bits, the local escorts. Sometimes in the nightclubs, sometimes barefoot on the sand.

You would have been a wonderful vacation without her. It’s a shame that each time she received word that both her father and her grandfather had suddenly taken ill.

The Cansinos recovered, but for a long time after Rita flew back, her grandfather had a bad time. You kept asking to see her. She’d finish work, then dash down to spend an hour with him before going home to the kids. They spoke of his old man’s eyes glazed with happiness. Rita is his favorite grandchild and not because she’s a movie star. He’s not impressed with that—all the Cansinos have been treated the same.

Pride, as he’s called by the whole family, and Rita have always been very close. The old man was once a bullfighter, and together he and Rita started a magnificent collection of paintings.

Rita is not a drinker, but when Padre was around there was always a jug of Spanish wine in the kitchen. He’d go, up, look into the raiding room and start talking bullfighting, while his granddaughter listened rapidly for the hundredth time, as though she had never heard him tell his stories before.

Rita’s interest in art started with the bullfight posters, but it hasn’t ended there. She met Picasso when she was abroad, and he was doing a painting of his, and she bought others. Now her house is filled with priceless pictures, and she has a record collection that’s equally fine. About reading, she’s less selective. She once read four twenty-five cent detective novels, and Tolstoi’s “War and Peace.”

Rita, now on her second picture since she came home, is back in rear harness between the hours of six-thirty in the morning, and sometimes doesn’t leave until eight-thirty at night. She’s now a producer at Columbia, so things that she has done are a little different.

And for a lazy girl, she’s holding up pretty well. She is ambitious for herself as an actress.

This ambition was probably inherited. All the Cansinos knew about was plugging away in show business, and Rita took her work seriously until she met Aly. Then, for the first time in her life, she laid off a picture. Furthermore, up until Aly, she’d never read a newspaper except for the funnies, and she couldn’t have worried less about world affairs.

Now, she’s got all kinds of political sayings which she’s pulled out of the old Cansino book.

“War and Peace” is a conversation with her used to go like this:

“ Gee, business smelled in Milwaukee.”

“Well, it rained.”

“Well, it’s always bad in Milwaukee when it rains.”

Today, Rita knows intimately premieres and potentes, and could argue for hours on matters of state and political trends.

If she had the hours in which to argue, her knowledge of knowledge and horizons, they say at Columbia that Rita hasn’t changed a bit. And they say it on every level—carpenters, designers, green-room, wondering what it would be like when she came home. After three years as a Princess, and manager of what was practically an international hotel—what kind of entrance would she make, how hard would she try to impress everybody?

Bob Coburn, head of Columbia’s staff department, who has been photographing Rita since her first picture there, tells this story:

“I had the gang with me,” he says, “and she walked in and we had a sign that said, ‘Welcome Rita.’ She ran around and was impressed, but it was just as if she’d walked out the night before. It was a touching home-coming.”

Coburn sounds reverent when he talks about Rita. She has never will be a jerk of any kind. He’s always ready to shoot ‘em for the first time when they’re nobody, and two or three years later they give you the ultra-ultra stuff. Then there’s the same story from Jean Louis, Rita’s wardrobe designer. Jean is impressed by her natural, friendly manner.

The kind of manner that makes everyone feel like her pal.

John, the man who was coming out of the studio and a man ran up to him.

“Hello, Jean. Do you remember me?” Jean didn’t, but being a friendly soul he hedged. “Well, your face is familiar.”

“Hattie Carnegie,” the man cried.

Then Jean realized. When he’d worked at Hattie’s, he’d been aTE.”

Then Jean realized. When he’d worked at Hattie’s, he’d been a

Then Jean realized. When he’d worked at Hattie’s, he’d been a
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I can't," Jean said. "I'm not allowed on the set myself. They chase me out when I come around."

"But, Jean..." said the man, "I know Rita."

"Yes?" said Jean.

"Yes," said the man. "Not only do I know her; I know her very well.

"How do you know her so well?" asked Jean.

"From opening the door for her!" his friend said, triumphantly.

A typical working day for Rita starts at ten minutes to six in the morning. That's when the alarm goes off. Rita leaps out of bed into her jeans, has orange juice and a quick cup of coffee, then drives to the studio. By six-thirty Helen Hunt is bustling Rita's hair. Helen Daniels (Rita's maid) is up in Rita's studio suite preparing breakfast, and Maggie Parker (Rita's secretary) is at Rita's elbow drawing up shopping lists or reading the morning mail.

Somewhere between the beat job and the shampoo, Rita will dash upstairs to her suite (sitting room, make-up room, kitchen and bath) for breakfast. Bacon and eggs if it's an ordinary working day. Lots more if she has to dance.

Back again with Helen Hunt, Rita's amber bronze hair is washed and brushed dry. Then she's ready for work. The work never lets up, either.

After a day as Actress Rita rehearsing and shooting, Producer Rita has to see the rushes, read scripts, peruse over advertising contracts.

Getting back to the rumors about Rita and men, they—the rumors—go on. An old friend like Gilbert Roland will drop over to her house one afternoon with a book she wants to read: reporters report, "That's between Roland and Rita.

Kirk Douglas will invite her to his place for a quiet dinner and maybe dancing at Ciro's, and photographers will swarm all over them. Richard Greene will take her to lunch at Tail O'The Cock. This will be in the morning edition: "Richard Greene and Rita Hayworth are making the nightclubs their playground."

This kind of talk is dangerous for Rita. She's in the midst of a divorce case with a couple of probabilities as to its outcome. Though she filed for divorce some months ago, the court hearing is still in the future.

But, in August, Rita's lawyer, Bartley Crum, announced that she had agreed not to serve any papers on any Khan while he is in the United States for a brief family reunion. This intimate friends indicate, might develop into a permanent separation.

The "mystery" that surrounds Rita at present is no mystery at all. She is finishing "Salome," enjoying renewed friendships in Hollywood and having a wonderful time with her children.

If at times she is lonely, she's busy enough hardly to notice it. The Eno

THE VERDICTS!

Who are the "Choose Your Star Winners"? What have the readers of Photoplay decided should be the fate of Ingrid Bergman?

The answers in the November issue of Photoplay

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Mitzi Gaynor

(Continued from page 48)

some time to her first and only love. Puzzled at the interest shown, Mitzi once remarked to a friend, "Since I've been in motion pictures, I can't remember a day—not one—when somebody hasn't come to me and asked when I'm going to get married. Or said, 'Congratulations, Mitzi! I hear you've already married. Why? Wouldn't you think there'd be something else to talk about?'"

But love helps substantially in making the movie world go round. In an industry which blossoms on boy-meets-girl, gossip columns are ever alert. The young star and the attorney have been a never-changing twosome. Some thought they looked married, acted married. The fact that the attorney was making leaves, and working together in Mitzi's yard didn't detract from the idea. But no marriage license could be unearthed. Neither was listed on the income tax return. Columnists found no evidence, . . .

Her romance, as related by Mitzi, is a familiar story. Her attorney-fiancé was her first love. They met when she was appearing in "Ninety" at the Philharmonic five years ago. They have gone steady ever since. She promised her mother "many years ago—when I was a little girl—long before I met Richard—that I wouldn't get married until I was twenty-one." Until then, she was just "engaged to be engaged" . . .

Mitzi turned twenty-one September 4th, a few days before she opened as the star of "Sailing Along." For months they had all poised to print how, like Cinderella, on the stroke of midnight come September 3rd she would turn into a blushing bride. But they were denied this heartbreaking news. "Before that date, Mitzi said her wedding would have to be postponed. "Look," she said unhappily, "I never said I'd get married the first day after I was twenty-one!"

It became generally accepted that for an unhappy Mitzi's fiancé and his mother had occupied a separate four-room apartment in the rambling three-story house high on a hilltop overlooking Hollywood which Mitzi and her mother had contributed to the rumors that Mitzi was secretly married.

According to friends, this was an economizing move. Mitzi likely likes "the feeling of living on a hill," and her mother found the place and rented it months before she signed her motion picture contract. With their inherent warmth and hospitality, a place with a welcome mat large enough for the overflow of relatives and friends who visit them. Rent and expenses were high. As Mitzi once told a friend, "For a while there we were having hamburgers every night. And hamburgers every night can get pretty tiresome." Four rooms of the house divide into an apartment with its own outside entrance. This they could rent. And they did—to the Coyles, to Richard and his mother, who were looking for an apartment at that time.

During the years, Mitzi's mother, whom her fiancé teasingly calls "Sally," and his mother, whose name is "Min"—and whom Mitzi addresses affectionately as "My Min"—have become very close friends. Also, this would enable both families to economize towards the home the engaged couple planned to buy.

Her explanation for postponing her marriage is very simple, and very believable. "We can't get married now," Mitzi says. "I'll be with the show on through the middle of January, and I'm not going to get married when I'm doing a show. We're taking 'Jollyanna' across the country—maybe to Broadway. This wouldn't be my
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HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS
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is always going around asking Richard, "What is he doing now? What can I do for you, dear?" She treated him like a king. As for Richard's mother—My Min—I adore her! We look more alike than my mother and I do. And My Min is always taking up for me.

When their two families dine together at Mitz's, her fancies are always threatening, teasingly, "I'll go home to your mother." Adding with a sigh of sheer satisfaction, "You can marry me if you want to—but bring your mother along. I don't trust you in the kitchen." Whereupon his bride-to-be reminds, "But your mother is teaching me to cook!"

Regardless of their shared opinion that newyards should live alone, already they can weigh the potential disadvantages.

"We keep asking ourselves, How can we do without them?" says Mitzi with Richard being so very fond of his mother's cooking. And where could I find another canasta partner like My Min?"

They're an affectionate family foursome, whether they're playing cards or spending a gala evening together at a neighborhood movie, armed to the teeth with popcorn. If it's Mitz's picture, they sit in a tense family huddle. If it's Richard's, out of their long working partnership he offers helpful comments, "Why didn't you . . . ?" Min will be sure to counteract with, "I think you were just fine, Mitzi." Richard? "He just sits there saying nothing, with his hands clenched, waiting for the jury to come in."

At the moment Mitzi and her husband-to-be are looking for a home to buy. "Preferred lies with a house that I'd love living up above the Sunset Strip."

As this is written her plans are to be married "early next year when I finish in 'Jollyanna.'" We want a simple church wedding with a few close people," she says seriously, then breaks off, laughingly remembering how many close relatives and close friends they both have. "Maybe we can hold it on television."

Her wedding gown? "I don't like to talk about that," she says, serious again. "I'm so superstitious. A magazine wanted me to model a wedding gown layout—but I didn't dare. It's the same when I'm up for a part. I never talk about it. Sometimes I don't even tell Richard. I'm bursting, but I don't say anything until I know—for fear of jinxing it."

Which brings up the matter of the "lucky" house Mitzi and her mother now rent, concerning which Mitzi has observed with some degree of mild understatement, "It's a busy house."

"It's no great shots of a house," she says, "but it's such a lucky house! Since we've been living here, I landed the part in 'The Great Waltz' I signed with Twentieth; I got the part in 'Golden Girl,' and 'I Don't Care If It's Broadway' and now 'Jollyanna.' My mother has written a television play, and a recording company is interested in putting out an album of songs with her lyrisms."

My cousin Yvonne Ruby quit her job with an ice show and started working with a modeling agency, and she hasn't been two days without a job since then. Her boyfriend, My Cementer, was out of work a year ago, but he came over to the house three times to see her—and got a series of television shows! It's such a lucky house, I don't see how I got it."

In the meantime, take Mitzi's word for it. "We're not married—and we're not going to get married right now." She refuses to be rumored into a wedding other than that which will fulfill her own five-year-dream.

Then, and only then, can Mitzi Gaynor put her purple shoes away.

THE END

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Take this Camay bride’s beauty tip—and you’ll have a clearer, fresher skin with your First Cake of Camay!

For complexion or bath, there’s no finer beauty soap than Camay! Camay—so gentle and mild! Camay—so free with its rich, creamy lather. Take your skin “out of the shadows” and into the light of new loveliness with Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women.

Head to toes beauty treatment!
The daily Camay Beauty Bath takes all of your skin “out of the shadows!” It brings your arms and legs and shoulders that "beautifully cared-for" look. It touches you with Camay’s flattering fragrance. Buy the big, Beauty-Bath size Camay for more lather—more economy, too!

Camay the Soap of Beautiful Women
The Secrets behind Hollywood's Heartbreaks

The Three Loves of SUSAN HAYWARD

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Camay the soap of beautiful women
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PHOTOPLAY
FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE-GOERS FOR 40 YEARS

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exclusive to photoplay

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M-G-M gloriously brings this story to the screen in the radiance and realism of color by Technicolor and with a magnificent cast. It is a great entertainment thrill in a year of such thrills!

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Starring
SPENCER TRACY - GENE Tierney - VAN JOHNSON - LEO Genn

with
DAWN ADDAMS - LLOYD BRIDGES

From the Novel by Ernest Gibler
Screen Play by HELEN DEUTSCH
Directed by CLARENCE BROWN
Produced by DORE SCHARY
An M-G-M Picture
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!

*Can't dry your hair like harsh liquids
Can't dull your hair like soaps or creams*

---

**What Hollywood's Whispering About**

What will happen to the Frank Sinatra-Ava Gardner idyll when she goes to Darkest Africa? She'll be exposed to Clark Gable's great charm for months while they emote together in "Mogambo," for M-G-M. Frankie and Ava have hardly been separated overnight since their marriage.

His financial woes are worsening instead of bettering, and he has to hustle around for night-club dates to keep the home fires burning. He wants to do some singing in England while Ava's away, but he has to be caught up on his income taxes or Uncle Sam won't let him go. Dick Haymes couldn't get out of the country because he owed his Uncle Sugar too much in back taxes.

Gable will be the first Hollywood star to come under the eighteen months' tax-free deal so many film folk are trying to put over. They make pictures abroad for eighteen months, and they can take home their salaries clear.

Gable has made one picture in England, has this one coming up in Africa, and M-G-M has promised him another in England. Gene Kelly expects to work out his stretch in France and Van Heflin is cooking up a similar deal.

Terry Moore has a new personality. She was formerly typed as a home girl who didn't play around. Now she's doing the night clubs with such eligible gents as Greg Bautzer and Kirk Douglas. Seems to have paid off for her. After having finished "Come Back Little Sheba" with Dick Jaeckel, she landed a fat, juicy role in "The Man on the Tightrope" with Kirk. The picture is being shot in Europe by Twentieth.

*(Continued on page 6)*
By MARY MARATHON

If you saw “The Greatest Show on Earth” you’re probably still palpitating, as I am, to that great big beautiful hunk of male, Charlton Heston, who played the “boss man” of the circus. Well, let me tell you—Chuck (that’s what his friends call him, so I’ll call him that, too) made such a hit in that swell picture that he was immediately slated for other big things, including “The Savage,” which theatres will be showing in November.

* * *

Chuck plays a white man who, when he was a little boy, was rescued from sure death at the hands of the Crow Indians by their hated rivals, the Sioux. He grows up learning to love his adopted people. When the whites and the Sioux threaten to start a war, he is caught between loyalty to his own race and to the Sioux, who have been so good to him.

* * *

The white girl who makes him realize that his true happiness lies with her in his own world is played by Susan Morrow, a 19-year-old beauty you’re going to hear about. She and lovely brunette Joan Taylor as the Indian girl, also in love with Chuck, are both young stars with great promise you’ll enjoy watching. Handsome Peter Hanson, cast as Susan’s brother, completes a foursome of Paramount’s most interesting and exciting new personalities. You will really get a charge out of Chuck as the virile, hot-blooded hero of “The Savage” and you’ll chalk up another hit for this bright and attractive new star.

* * *

If you’d like a drooley photo of Chuck for your dressing table mirror, I’ll be happy to send you one. Just make sure you write me for it before November 15, 1952 or I won’t be able to send it to you. Address me care of Paramount Studio, Hollywood, California.

* * *

Another film I want to recommend to you is “The Turning Point,” a thriller I am sure you’ll enjoy as much as I did when I was privileged to attend a preview of it. William Holden, Edmond O’Brien and lovely Alexis Smith really do a solid job of entertaining in this modern story of the smashing of a big city crime syndicate.

* * *

I don’t know whether you heard this yet, but Bill Holden was recently voted “Mr. Dreamboat” in a poll conducted by the bobbysoxers of America, and he sure lives up to his name in his big love scenes with glamour girl Alexis. The part Edmond O’Brien plays is a big change from his recent boots-and-saddle roles. He’s the fighting lawyer whose dangerous job it is to turn the tide against crime in a city riddled with it. Believe me, this one will have your pulses hammering with excitement, it’s that suspenseful and gripping.

* * *

P.S. Next month I’ll have news for you about “Road to Bali,” the travel-laugh film co-starring Bing Crosby, Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour, that everyone is waiting for.
New! COLGATE Chlorophyll Toothpaste DESTROYS BAD BREATH Originating in the Mouth.

Here is the magic power of chlorophyll to destroy bad breath originating in the mouth! Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste in most cases acts quickly...acts thoroughly...and the purifying action lasts for hours! Keeps your breath sweet and fresh longer!

Now! The Full Benefits of a Chlorophyll*Toothpaste in a New, Exclusive Colgate Formula!

Have you ever thought about the power of chlorophyll? That green stuff that grows in all green plants? Colgate brings you the full benefits of this wonder-working formula in a toothpaste that will keep your breath fresh and clean for hours!

Every time you use Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste—especially right after eating—you act against the destructive acids that are a cause of tooth decay...actually help retard their formation!

Checks Common Gum Disorders!

Tests show chlorophyll promotes healthy gum tissues. New Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste brings you the effective benefits of chlorophyll to help you care for sore, tender gums.

— Colgate’s Guarantee:

Try Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste for one week. If you’re not satisfied that it’s the most effective, pleasantest chlorophyll toothpaste you’ve ever tried, send back the tube and Colgate will give you double your money back, plus postage! Colgate-Palmolive-Western Company, 193 Hudson Street, Jersey City 2, N. J.

*Contains water-soluble chlorophyllins.

By Flrsabel Marv

(Continued from page 4)

Hedy Lamar is trying to get someone to put up the cash to produce “The Story of Esther” in Europe, with her, of course, playing Esther. She laid out $35,000 to acquire the story, and now she’s knocking on bank doors.

What about Joan Crawford’s decision to do a Broadway play after all these years of stage fright? She was so scared, she wouldn’t even go to the theatre to accept her Oscar. Said the thought of getting up before all those people made her ill. She’s to do Norman Krasna’s play, “Kind Sir,” with Charles Boyer as co-star.

Joanne Dru and John Ireland may have been battling while on their eastern straw-hat circuit, despite denials. She was sporting a black eye, but refused to tell how come. Hollywood wonders which one will file for divorce.

What is Gary Merrill trying to prove with his boisterous conduct at night spots and his “crazy red shorts” and tuxedo? He got tossed out of Mocambo during a private party given by Marie McDonald and her husband, Harry Karl, for Jake Arvey, Democratic political boss. Bette Davis, Gary’s wife, who usually takes him home when he gets too gay, was busy working nights in “The Star” and couldn’t be on hand.

Jean Wallace, wife of Cornel Wilde—she used to be Mrs. Franchot Tone—has been telling everybody she is going to have a baby. Jean has certainly settled down since she married Cornel.
Burt Lancaster as The Crimson Pirate

"Booty or Beauty...
I take what I want!"

Filmed in the Mediterranean and presented by WARNER BROS.

WITH NICK CRAVAT
WRITTEN BY ROLAND KIBBEE
PRODUCED BY HAROLD HECHT
DIRECTED BY ROBERT SIODMAK

A NORMA PRODUCTION - DISTRIBUTED BY WARNER BROS.
I WOULD LIKE to hear George Sanders talk to Zsa Zsa Gabor as he did to Anne Baxter in “All About Eve.” . . . Aldo Ray is great playing a supporting role but he can’t be the hero and carry a picture . . . First thing visitors to Hollywood comment on when they go out at night is the amount of neon lighting all over town . . . Gloria Grahame has put on weight, and it’s okay with me . . . I’m convinced that wearing fashions improves nothing . . . Every time I hear Shelley Winters talk, I think of a Sousa march . . . What happened with Jan Sterling? She rates much better roles in important pictures . . . Marlene Dietrich and Rosemary Clooney are my favorite current combination on records. Clooneyville is your next favorite movie star . . . And after Rosie clicks maybe some producer will be bright enough to sign Patti Page . . .

Gosh, I can remember all the way back whenobby soxers mobbed Van Johnson . . . Cyd Charisse sleeps best when it’s raining . . . Drive-in theatres prove that TV can hurt the movies but they can’t hurt love . . . Asked about a new picture as he came out of the preview, baseball fan Tony Curtis shrugged and said, “A bunt!” . . .

Bob Hope says that Hollywood is a place with one thousand station wagons and no station. Jerry Lewis never looks as if he’s married, even when he’s with his wife.

Who thinks up names like Rock, Piper and Tab? . . . Esther Williams has a private kennel built in a closet off her bedroom for her pet cocker spaniel, Angie . . . In a movie, I’ve never seen anyone dial “information” and ask for a phone number. I keep looking at Mona Freeman and keep wondering what makes her so sexy to so many men . . . My favorite character, Gregory Ratoff, relented during an argument with a producer and said, “You are partly 100 per cent right.” . . . I’m still surprised when I see a movie actor, as Scott Brady, on the stage giving a sustained performance . . . Ann Blyth is such a lady she can play a scene with Bob Mitchum and make him seem like a polished gentleman . . . To her friends, Elizabeth Taylor is now “Becky.” . . . Diana Lynn told me, “Of course I like television. Look what it did for me. The necklines in my movie gowns are two inches lower than they’ve ever been” . . . Any picture with Jean Hagen in it is better to me . . . I still look upon Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck as a team, despite the fact that I know Taylor is playing the field and Stanwyck is interested in Ralph Meeker . . . Mel Ferrer can outdistance any movie hero at Mocambo . . . At her swank dinner parties, Joan Crawford always seats on her right the guest who happens to be in her house for the first time, regardless of what his or her importance standing happens to be.

Marilyn Monroe wears red, white and blue slacks, as if she needs to flag-wave to attract attention . . . Why don’t they put Jane Wyman into a Technicolor version of Hawthorne’s “The Scarlet Letter”? . . . When Ruth Hussey’s husband gifted her with a television set for her bedroom, he said, “Well, I guess there’ll be no sleeping with you now” . . . Hollywood must be a very clean place because I hear so many people are always being washed up . . . Kirk Douglas is the only guy who lost his shirt and became a movie star. I’d like to see him fully clothed throughout one entire picture.

Suave Gilbert Roland loves horses and bulls, but is horrified of cats and people who own them. Don’t expect to see him having lunch with James Mason . . . Lucille Ball rubs her head all over her body after she takes a bath . . . I know that Fernando Lamas is sentimental but he has never written a love letter.

He’s smart, too . . . Tyrone Power reads aloud to Linda Christian in bed. Linda says his voice is wonderful, because it puts her to sleep . . . On the set I asked Corinne Calvet why she didn’t knit between scenes as other actresses do. Corinne replied, “It isn’t sexy. I always avoid doing things that aren’t sexy.”

Doris Day always looks as if she’s freshly scrubbed . . . Best hunk of new sex to come on the screen is Katy Jurado . . . I have yet to be introduced by a movie star to a man from Texas who doesn’t own an oil well . . .

After hearing that Betty Hutton’s husband hired his old rival for Betty’s affection, Pete Rugalo, to make the musical arrangements for Betty’s act, I can only say that the movies make stranger bedfellows than politics . . . Says Ava Gardner, “Any time a woman sets out to show she’s smarter than a man, she proves how dumb she is!”

DEBBIE REYNOLDS HAS A QUICK VISIT WITH MEL FERRER IN THE MGM COMMISSARY
A autumn brings new beauty, new excitement

...let it bring a new and lovelier you says

WOOLWORTH’S
Susan Smart

Autumn can be the most romantic time of the year... so you'll want to be sure you're looking your loveliest. Begin your Winter beauty care, too, with a visit to Woolworth's. You'll find counter after counter brimming with your favorite nationally advertised cosmetics and toilettries. Choose them now, at handy Woolworth's... and learn the new excitement this season can bring.

EXQUISITE! GAY! EXCITING! And now it can be yours... the misty fragrance of PARK & TILFORD Perfume #3. A delightful "dress up" scent both precious and lasting. Brilliantly boxed in a sparkling plastic jewel case. Only 49c*

FOR BEAUTY MEN ADMIRE... and women envy, try HAZEL BISHOP Complexion Glow. This luxurious liquid-creme rouge blends with your natural skin tone. Choose from 5 flattering shades: Pink, Coral or Rose. Just $1*

HOLI-DATING? Here's news... DURA-GLOSS Perfumed Nail Lacquer puts the "extra" in special occasions. Imparts subtle fragrance to your twinkling fingertips. Quick-drying, chip-free. 10 salon shades, in a plumed bottle. 25c*

BE ON YOUR GUARD AGAINST THAT CHAP! When Winter weather leaves hands rough and red, let PACQUINS Hand Cream help to make them soft and smooth again. Two kinds — for normal or extra-dry skin. 25c, 49c, 98c*

SNOW WHITE AND SPARKLING, that's your smile with PEPSODENT! Pepsodent's patented oral-detergent cleans, brightens, lifts decay, works where brush can't reach... ensures a lasting clean mouth taste, as well. 10c, 2c, 47c, 63c

HELP YOURSELF to a peaches-and-cream complexion, with LADY ESTHER'S Complete Cream Make-Up. It hides those tiny blemishes and lines... keeps your skin looking petal soft all day long! 5 flattering shades. Just 49c*

PREFER A LOTION? You'll prefer HINDS Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream. Its rich emollients work wonders on rough, dry skin... keep hands softer, lovelier. Smoother. 3 handy sizes: for purse, home or office. 10c, 25c, 49c*

SEE YOUR COMPLEXION BLOOM with new beauty... this Winter, give it the extra protection it needs with LADY ESTHER'S 4-Purpose Face Cream. Lady Esther cleanses, softens, smooths. A fine powder base, too. 29c, 55c, 83c*

PERMANENT HAIR BEAUTY: Treat yourself to a TONI Home Permanent. New Toni Trio lets you choose the permanent just right for you, Regular for normal, Super for hard-to-wave and Very Gentle for easy-to-wave hair. $1.50*

FOR HAIR THAT'S SUNNY BRIGHT tomorrow, use WHITE RAIN tonight. Not a creme or soap, it's a new kind of shampoo. Like washing with softest rain water! It leaves hair lustrous, cloud-soft... so easy to comb and set. 30c, 60c, $1

WHY KISS AND TELL? Try HAZEL BISHOP, the amazing no-smear lipstick that leaves no tell-tale traces! Won't eat off... smudge off... kiss off! All day long your lips stay fresh and colorful as the moment you first apply it. $1.10*

STAY LOVELY TO LOVE whatever you do... skiing, skating, dancing, with FRESH Cream Deodorant. Fresh checks perspiration. Its amazing ingredients become reactivated to assure continuous protection. It's safey gentle. 25c, 39c*
it's fresh! it's fabulous! it's for YOU ***

"RED HOT 'n BLUE"
by CUTEX

For that Beautiful American Look:

... Cutex creates "Red Hot 'n Blue"
... a sizzling new red—
mellowed with a sweet touch of
blue! Light your lips and fingertips
tonight with this new color magic
that starts hearts beating...
phones ringing... things humming
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Lips stay thrillingly soft. 59¢ plus tax.

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Polish... Spillpruf Cutex!
Made with Enamelon, beautiful Cutex
"sets" hard as a jewel! Gives lasting
non-chip wear! Another Cutex first...
miraculous Spillpruf bottle protects
clothes, rugs, furniture! 15¢ plus tax.

Evening Separates
by Nelly de Grab
SOAP BOX:

I wish to say—pooh-pooh! Hardly a month passes that Liz Taylor, Farley Granger and the rest are not spread all through Photoplay. That's okay. But how about giving some of the others more than a mere mention? Especially my boy Bogart! Bogie did get an Oscar, he did get named film father of the year, he's a very good actor and a colorful person. So give the ole boy a break.

VIVIAN SCHII
Evansville, Indiana

Heartiest congratulations to Roy Rogers and Dale Evans! They're never seen in "mushy" pictures, even though they're happily married. Let's have a lot more of this and a lot less of that other junk. Let 'em do it at home, but please keep it away from the cameras.

A. TAYLOR
Detroit, Michigan

A few years ago I saw "Fortunes of Captain Blood" with Louis Hayward. I have seen him in only one other picture, "The Lady and the Bandit," but he became my favorite actor. I'm sure he has a lot of fans besides me who want to see him more. He is much better than some of those "dreamboats" like Tony Curtis, etc.

MRS. RONALD CRANE
Bayside, Long Island

Why haven't Shirley Temple's baby pictures been re-released? I'm sure the youngsters these days would enjoy them just as much as their parents did and I know many of my friends and I would love to see them again.

EMIL HENNESSEY
Coraopolis, Pennsylvania

QUESTION MARKS:

I would like some information on Anthony Steel who starred in "Ivy Hunter." I just had to write and congratulate him on doing such a wonderful job.

HERMAN CHASE
Sharon Hill, Pennsylvania

He's an Englishman who left soldiering to act. First lead role: "The Wooden Horse." Watch for him in "Planter's Wife" and "Something Money Can't Buy."—ED.

Natalie Wood

Will you please tell me Natalie Wood's age and what pictures she will be in next? In the August issue of Photoplay you had a picture of her dating a boy. If she's so grown up, why does she play such little girl roles in the movies? Janet Erickson
Eveleth, Minnesota

She's fourteen and acts her age in "Just For You," write her c/o Paramount Studios, Hollywood—ED.

Who played Helen Ramirez in "High Noon?" Has she appeared in any other movies? She reminds me of Maria Montez.

J. W. T O M E S
C. S. S. L.
San Diego, California

Katy Jurado, She was in "The Bullfighter and the Lady."—ED.

Katy Jurado

I saw the show of "Lydia Bailey" and I wonder if you can give me some information on the man who played King Dick.

SUSAN NELSON
Salem, Oregon

That's William Marshall who played "de Land" in the Broadway revival of "Green Pastures."—ED.

I just saw the fifteen-year-old movie, "King Kong," starring Fay Wray. Can you tell me what has happened to her?

MRS. EDNA BROWNING
Utica, New York

You'll be seeing her soon again in Twentieth's "The Golden Condor."—ED.

CASTING:

Jeff Chandler is a dashing sheik, he's a handsome Hawaiian and magnificent as an Indian. But can't we have him as a Twentieth century American? Please let's see the new King of Hollywood in a comedy like "It Happened One Night."

MRS. PANSY GOURGNOTH
Sheridan, Oregon

I've been waiting to see Arlene, the beautiful "Dahl," in another technicolor musical. Why not cast her with Ricardo Montalban or Fernando Lamas?

VIRGINIA C.
Wilmington, Delaware

Address letters to this department to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. However, one space is limited. And much as we would like to, we cannot promise to publish, return or reply to all letters we receive.
Two magnificent gifts for the price of one

A Deltah 'Park Avenue' Necklace, and with it this fabulous "Carryette" at no extra cost

The twin gift that's doubly exciting!...a superb "Park Avenue" necklace of lustrous simulated pearls by Deltah...and with it, at absolutely no extra cost to you—this "Carryette" worth $7.50, handsomely created in mock tortoise-shell.

Choose, if you wish, a graduated necklace, a high-styled uniform choker or adjustable collar—your jeweler will give you the fashionable "Carryette"!

"Park Avenue" necklace, choker or collar (single strand styles)...$12.75 including Federal tax.

L. Heller & Son, Inc., Fifth Avenue, New York
Wow-ee! If this hasn’t been a ma-a-ad month for Hollywood parties, night club doings and openings, I never expect to see one! And it’s a cinch things will get even more hectic as the season progresses! Judy Garland and Sid Luft gave their first party since becoming Mr. and Mrs. (and can I help it if the Garland gal is so much in the limelight that she has to get into this report three times in a row?). Judy wore a dress of mauve—on the violet side—trimmed with tiny matching flowers. The affair was a midnight supper with dancing. Jimmy Stewart and his Gloria (well again after another siege of illness), Sonja Henie and Winnie Gardner, the Barry Sullivans, among the sippers and suppers. Dick Powell and June Allyson too. June was in pale gray chiffon, long-sleeved and flowing. Dotty Lamour wore gray lace—a lovely strapless thing with an enormous skirt over deeper gray satin. Rita Hayworth in a strapless, black lace Balenciaga number, there with Richard Greene. After supper, the Humphrey Bogarts, Pete Lawford, Kay Thompson and Judy gathered round the piano while Roger Edens beat out scads of wonderful tunes. Plenty of singin’!

Undoubtedly, “the hostess with the mostest” was Marie McDonald, who with hubby, Harry Karl, took over the entire Mocambo to toss a champagne and caviar dinner dance for the visiting Colonel and Mrs. Jacob M. Arvey of Chicago. Lavish is the visiting! Hundreds of guests streamed from the bulging buffet table to their gardenia-laden individual tables. Flowers were everywhere. Even the walls were covered with white blooms. Ava Gardner—with her Frankie, of course—looked like part of the decor in white lace over nude soufflé. Anne Sheridan (in black lace over pale blue) with Jacques Mapes, Jane Wyman (in white, trimmed with red velvet) back with Greg Bautzer again, Esther Williams and Ben Cagle, the Danny Kayes, the Eddie Robinsons, Joan Davis, beauteous Angela Greene, Virginia Mayo (in pale green satin) with Michael O’Shea and the Huntington Hartfords, among others.

We were seated with Janie Powell, Geary Steffen and the James Craigs. Janie, who is expecting, managed to look like a doll in a white embroidered silk Chinese cookie coat, over a long, slim black crepe skirt. Joan Davis, believe it or not, had at least four different shades of color streaked into her hair—green, gold, brown, et cetera. This is a new fad. Lots of the gals “wore” the tiniest of iridescent—or powdered sequins on their eye lids, chins, shoulders. Very attractive! And lots of ’em are wearing their hair in longer, softer bobs. The John Lunds talked with the James Masons. Noted Jeanne Crain happily floating about the dance floor with Paul Brinkman, and she in vivid chartreuse full-skirted orgenza—so flattering to her red hair. She seems to be building her entire wardrobe of greens lately. I’ve seen her in all shades—from the palest of limes to a deep leafy green—at parties and places. On this particular evening, she was looking her best. So was hostess Marie, in deep mauve—very decollete—with laverder water lilies for decoration.

Now for some quickies along the party line: John Raven house-warmed his new hilltop abode with a dinner party for sixty—mixing local socialites and picture people for an extremely gay evening of fun, music and gab. Ran into Adele Jergens and Glenn Langan there. His movie career is booming again, while Adele is just a-settin’ and awaiting their first-born. Among those on hand was beautiful Hillary Brooke, who—along with all her camera chores—has become a big TV star. She was with her ex-spouse, Jack Voglin.

Then there was that crazy day-time pool-side party for Marilyn Monroe, at which Ray Anthony and his band serenaded her with the new tune, “Marilyn.” The Monroe herself was in a pink dress so tight she couldn’t even sing with appreciation! But the men did! And it was appreciation for the gal—not for the song! . . . Marge and Gower Champion were the hit of Harriet Lee’s Malibu Beach party—Marge in a snappy, tight-waisted full-skirted shortish dress of yellow raw silk (it’s still warm here you know) and tiny yellow flowers in her hair. Colleen Gray was with John Payne (John played the piano and sang some songs he’s written for a show he hopes to produce). Barbara Whiting with Jack Myers, and Craig Stevens—still torching for Alexis Smith. . . . And at Clifton Webb’s party for Ethel Merman, the gal dusted a bunch of songs from “Call Me Madam” with Van Johnson. They were so good that V.J. got blue remembering how much he wants to do an all-out musical. They hope to repeat the act at a benefit or two.

Sometimes people go to a night club opening expecting the best and get it, and then get even more for their money! Like f’instance, the eve little Peggy King (hailed as a ringer for Judy Garland—and she is!) debuted at Mocambo along with the fine dancing act put on by Billy Daniel. Peggy and Billy were terrific! Then, when it was time for the customers to prance around, up got Betty Grable and Harry Ritz—and put on a little dance act of their own that had the ringsiders gasping and applauding some more. Betty, in pale blue with a tiny bow in her hair, really let her hair down, and the crowd loved it. Debbie Reynolds was there in a simple dress street dress of black crepe—trimmed with black velvet across its boat neckline and edging its short sleeves. Debbie also had a wide, black velvet belt around her waist—and Carleton Carpenter by her side. Joan Caulfield and Frank Ross too. And Joan’s blondness well set off by a dress of emerald-green crepe—one of those fabulous new pure silk crepes that are colorfast, washable and almost wrinkle-proof. Despite a spattering of vivid colors, the season’s style picture looks suddenly black—but I don’t mean gloomy. Black dresses, black suits—in fact, black anything is the most chic addition you can make to your wardrobe.
"You’ll be prettier...if you make a clean start!" says Piper Laurie

"You may look lovely Saturday, but don’t save that face for Sunday...stale make-up spoils a pretty face!" Piper Laurie warns. And while ordinary cleansing doesn’t get to the bottom of yesterday’s make-up and grime, Woodbury Cold Cream, with Penaten does!

Penaten, a marvelous new ingredient in Woodbury Cold Cream, carries the rich cleansing and softening oils in Woodbury deeper into pore openings. Your cleansing tissue will prove how much more dirt you remove. Feel your skin; it’s softer!

Clean deeper with Woodbury Cold Cream

Penaten works the magic

"Your make-up looks loveliest when you start with a clean face," says Piper Laurie, star of "SON OF ALI BABA," a U-I Picture, Color by Technicolor. Try Woodbury Cold Cream, with Penaten, 25¢ to 97¢, plus tax.

Cast of Current Pictures

ASSIGNMENT—PARIS—Columbia: Jimmy Rice, Dana Andrews; Joanne Morey, Marta Toren; Nicky Strang, George Sanders; Sandy Tate, Audrey Totter; Grisly Garbo, John Hodiak; Anton Vratsky, Donald Randolph; Andreae Orly, Herbert Berghof; Vajra, Helen Mack; Biddle, Willis Bouchey; Day Pellham, Earl Lee; Fitcher, Maurice Doner; Franz, Lois Axton; Kedro, Paul Hoffman; Henry, Jay Adler; Jan, Peter Voitman, Gogi, Georgianna Wolf; Mobile Phone Operator, Don Gibson; Barker, Joe Fosse; Wanda Marlowe, Mari Blanchard, Bert; Don Kohler, Secretary, Hanne Axton; Lado Boros, Paul Javore.

BACK AT THE FRONT—U-I: Willie, Tom Ewell, Joe, Harvey Lembeck; Nida, Mari Blanchard, General Dixon, Barry Kelley; Sgt. Rose, Richard Long; Capt. White, Palmer Lee; Johnny Redmond, Russell Johnson; Major Orman, Vaughn Taylor; Ben, Aram Katcher; Pete Wilson, George Ramsey; Sameh Aen-Ling Chow.

BECAUSE YOU’RE MINE—M-G-M: Reno Alano, Tannara; Bridget Batterton, Donetta Morrow; Sgt. Batterton, James Whitmore; Ben Jones, Dean Miller; Francesca Landers, Paula Corday; Patty Waring, Jeff Donnell; Mrs. Montville, Spring Byington; Gen. Montville; Curtis Cooksey; Capt. Benton Nordell Lovin, Don Potter; Albert Parker Foster, Eduard Franz; Artie Piller, Bobby Van; Horacy, Ralph Reed; Mrs. Kassian, Celia Lovsky; Maestro Furranda, Alexander Steinert.

BIG JIM MCLAIN—Warners; Big Jim McLean; John Wayne; Nancy Vallon, Nancy Olson; Mal Barker, James Arness; Struct, Alan Napier; Madge, Veda Ann Borg; Dr. Goldstein, Gayne Whitman; Poke, Hal Baylor; Edwin White, Robert Keys; Robert Henriksen, Hans Conrad, Lt. Compte, Oberon Grey, John Hubbard; Mrs. Namata, Mine. Soo Yong; Chief of Police, Dan Liss; Mr. Lentner, Paul Hurst; Phil Brahm, Vernon (Red) McQueen; Mrs. Lentner, Sarah Padden.

BONZO GOES TO COLLEGE—U-I: Marion Davies, O'Sullivan; Edmund Gwenn; Malcolm Dureau, Charles Drake; Betsy Dwyer, Gigi Perreau; Clareece B. Gateau, Gene Lockhart; Nancy, Irene Ryan; Ronald Calhoun, Guy Williams; Wilbur Crane, John Milton; Jack, David Janssen; Lefty Edwards, Jerry Paris; Dick, Frank Nelson, and Bonzo.

BRANDY FOR THE PARSON—Group 3: Bill Harper, James Donald; Tony Rackham, Kenneth More; Petronella Brand, Jean Lodge; Customs Inspector, Frederick Piper; George Curnow, Charles Hawtry; Redworth, Michael Trubshawe; Dalwyn; Alie Bass; Mr. Alnec, Wilfred Caithness; Mr. Frost, Lionel Harris; Mazzaud, Richard Molynas; Scout Master, Reginald Beckwith; Customs Officer, Stanley Lemont; Major Gloceleigh, Arthur Wontner; Vicar, Frank Ticke.

DEVIL MAKES THREE, THE—M-G-M; Capt. left Eilot, Gene Kelly; Wilhelmus (Willy) Leitf, Pier Angeli; Col. James Terry, Richard Rober; Lt. Parker, Kenneth Egan; Hercegana, Claus Clausen; Hansfiet, Wilfried Seybert; Cabaret Singer, Margot Hoescher; Mrs. Keijger, Anne Rosar; Sgt. at Airfield, Harold Benedikt; Mr. Nolder, Otto Gebhr; Mrs. Nolder, Gertrud Wolle; Keijger, Heinrich Greth; Girl in Telephone Booth, Charlotte Flemming; Lt. Farris; Charles Gordon Howard; Oberlit, Bum Kruger; Walter, Claus Benton Lombard; Sigmund Vitt; Ivan Petrovich; Customs Officer, Sepp Rist; Ernst Haldmann, Michael Tellinger.

HURRICANE SMITH—Paramount: Luanna, Yvonne De Carlo; Hurricane Smith, John Ireland; Gorkibsen, James Craig; Dan McGree, Forrest Tucker; Clough, Lyle Bettger; Brondage, Richard Arlen; Dicer, Mike Kelia; Dr. Whitmore, Murray Matheson; Sun, Henry Brandon; Capt. Rathee, Ethel Merman; Matt Ward, Stuart Randall; Ben Hawino, Ralph Dunkel; Brown, Kim Spalding.

MIRACLE OF OUR LADY OF FATIMA, THE—Warners: Hugo DaSilva, Gilbert Roland; Maria Rios, Luise Angert Clark; Artho Dos Santos, Frank Silva; Antonio, Jay Novello, Father Ferreiro, Richard Hale; Manuel Marin, Norman Rice; Olivina, Frances Morris; The Monument, Carl Millital; Lucia Dos Santos, Susan Whitney; Jacinta Martha; Sherry Jackson; Florence Mayo, Sally Ogr.

MONKEY BUSINESS—20th Century-Fox: Banro; Fouton, Cary Grant; Caffina, Ginger Rogers; Mr. Orley, Charles Coburn; Lois Laurel, Marilyn Monroe; Harvey Etzkoff, Hugh Maclean; Siegfried Kitzel, Henri Letondal; Dr. Zedek, Robert Cornthwaite; Mr. Culverly, Largy Keating; Dr. Bunn, Douglas Spencer; Mrs.Rhettander, Ellen Furse; Little Indian; George Winslow; Jimmy, Emmett Lyon; Coard, Jerry Sheldon; Barber, Joseph Moll; Auto Salesman, George Eldredge; Painter, Heinz Cook; Van, Kathleen Freeman, Clark—Mary Field; Hotel Clerk, Olaf Soule; Yale Man, Gil Stratton, Jr.; Reporter, Harry Carey, Jr.; Photographer, Joe To; Denager, Faire Flinney; Bell Boy, Billy McLean.

MY WIFE'S BEST FRIEND—20th Century-Fox: Virginia Mason, Anne Baxter; George Mason, Malcolm Donn; Carey, Retired, Chamberlain; Cecilia: Peter Brethun, Casey Adams; Jane Richards; Catherine McLeod; Nicholas Reed, Leif Erickson; Mrs. Chamberlain, Frances Bavier; Flossie Chum.

(Continued on page 16)
Once he loved... in the bitter-sweet of Parisian nights. And now he searched for his lost soul... through a war in Spain... and the hippopotami-teeming waters of throbbing Africa. And here at the foot of the great mountain of Kilimanjaro, at the edge of "Ngaje Ngai," House of God, he stood... and he dared not enter—for his life as his loves had been a sin!
“No matter what shameful things you may think of me, all that I ever did was because of you.”

CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

(Continued from page 14)

Bergman, Mary Sullivan; Buddy Chamberlain, Martin Milner; Katie, Billie Bird; Page, Wild Red Berry; Pilot, John Hedloe; Co-Pilot, John McKee; Cab Driver, Phil Hartman; Miss, Michael Roos; Dr. Smith, Janis Matthews; Steward, Joe Hayworth; Police Chief, Ed DeBaggio; Dr. McCarron, Morgan Farley; Hannah, Ann Staunton; Walter Rogers, Emmett Vogan.

MY MAN AND I—MGM: Nancy, Shelley Winters; Our Cher Ramires, Ricardo Montalban; Angel Ame, Wendell Corey; Mrs. Ani Ame, Chire Trevor; Sheriff, Robert Burton; Manuel Ramirez, Joe Torvay; Leticia Garcia, Jack Elam; Willie Chung, Pasqual Garcia Pena; Fransie, George Chandler; Vincent Asuza, Juan Torena; Joe Mendado, Carlos Coma.

O, HENRY’S FULL HOUSE—20th Century-Fox: (Five Short Stories)—THE COP AND THE ANTHEM: Story, Charles Laughton; Streetwalker, Marilyn Monroe; Horace, David Wayne; Manager, Thomas Browne Henry; Headwaiter, Richard Carlson; Waiter, Krug Verhees; Owner, Nickie Lek; Judge, William Volodya; Buttyender, Billy Wayne. THE GIFT OF THE MAGI: Delia, Jeannine Crain; Jim, Farley Granger; Santa Claus, Fred Kelcey; Mentor, Sig Ruman; Mr. Crump, Harry Hayden; Butcher, Frank Jaquet; Waiter, Fritz Feld; THE RANSOM OF RED CHIEF: Sam, Fred Allen; Bill, Oscar Levant; J.B., Leo Askey; Mr. Dorset, Irving Bacon; Mrs. Dorset, Kathleen Freeman; Storekeeper, Alfred Marx; THE CLARION CALL: Barney Wood; Dale Robertson; Johnny Kernan, Richard Widmark; Hagel, Joyce MacKenzie; Chief of Detectives, Richard Cren; Manager, Will Wright; Baxsom, House Peters; Sr., O. Henry, Tyler Meavy; Guard, Phil Tully; Walter, Frank Cossack; Detective, Stuart Randall; Bartender, Abe Dinovitch. THE LAST LEAF: Jenny, Anne Baxter; Susan, Jean Peters; Behrman, Gregory Ratoff; Doctor, Richard Garrick; Rudolf, Steven Geray; Dandy, Hal J. Smith; Mrs. O’Brien, Martha Wentworth; Sheldon Sidney, Bert Hicks; Neighbor, Ruth Warren.

RING, THE—U-I: Pete, Gerald Mohr; Lucy, Rita Moreno; Tommy, Lalo Rios; Billy Smith, Robert Arthur; Freddy, Robert Drigor; Vidal, Martin Garraghas; Harry Jackson, Jack Elam; Barney Williams, Peter Breck; Josie, Julia Montoya; Helen, Lillian Molieri; Rick, Peg Hen; Pablo, Victor Milian; Go-Go, Tony Martinez; Joe, Ernie Chavez; Benny, Edward Sieg; Pete, Robert Alton; Art Aragon, Art Aragon.

SOMEBODY LOVES ME—Paramount: Blossom Skyeley, Betty Hutton; Benny Fields, Ralph Meeker; Sonny Dewey, Robert Keith; Nola Beech, Adele Jergens; Estie, Billie Bird; Forrest, Henry Slate; Lake, Sid Tomak.

STRANGER IN BETWEEN, THE—Rank, U-I: Chris Lloyd, Dirk Bogarde; Robie, Ron Whiteley; Magda Lloyd, Elizabeth Sellars; Mrs. Sykes, Kay Welsh; Mr. Sykes, Frederick Piper; Jack Lloyd, Julian Somers; Mrs. Campbell, Jane Aird; Mr. Campbell, Jack Stewart; Detective Inspector Beckin, Geoffrey Keen; Police Station Sergeant, Leonard White; Assistant Commissioner, Gerald Anderson; Chief Superintendent, Denis Wisby; Deputy Assistance Commissioner, Gerald Case; Waitress, Kather-ine Blake; Bormaid, Molly Uphurst; Pawnbroker, Joe Linnane; Woman in Courtroom, Grace Arnold; McHargh, Alec Fitter; Colored Man, Harry Cushie; Boat Owner’s Son, Ian Hunter.

YANKEE BUCCANEER—U-I: Commander David Porter, Jeff Chandler; Lieutenant David Forrenger, Scott Brady; Counterfeit Donna Margarita, Suzanne Ball; Captain Domingo Del Prodo, Joseph Calleia; Poulin, Rodolfo Acosta; Link, George Mathews; Reddell, Times Paynell; Reckless Jackenson, Romero, Michael Ansara; Lead Warrior, Jay Silverheels.

WHAT ABOUT INGRID BERGMAN?

Do You Want Her Back?

The votes have been pouring in by the thousands—so many of them that we extended the deadline. But we’ll have the verdict—your verdict—in the December issue.

Watch for it! On Sale November 7.
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NEW TONI TRIO
custom-made for you!

Regular Toni
FOR NORMAL HAIR

Perfect for most women— including the millions of Toni users who have always had good results. Now better than ever, Regular Toni gives you the beauty of a natural wave because it's just right for normal hair.

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FOR HARD TO WAVE HAIR

If other permanents didn't take or didn't last, Super Toni is your answer. For it is specially made to curl resistant hair. Super Toni is recommended, too, for women who want a curlier permanent.

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FOR EASY TO WAVE HAIR

If your hair waves very easily you need the extra mildness of Very Gentle Toni. It's custom-made to give you a soft, natural-looking permanent. Also wonderful for bleached or tinted hair—or hair with some natural curl.

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—choose a permanent custom-made for your type of hair. Make your choice from the New Toni Trio — Regular Toni, Super Toni, Very Gentle Toni. Three different permanents, each expertly formulated by the world's leader in hair research to give you a home permanent custom-made for your type of hair. And that means a lovelier, livelier, more natural-looking wave than ever before. Results no single-lotion permanent can give. Today, choose from the New Toni Trio the one permanent just right for your hair.

Your choice of Toni refills $1.50

Tonette
NEW PERMANENT FOR CHILDREN

At last a permanent that takes on every little girl's hair! Tonette— the children's home permanent by Toni. Specially made for youngsters' hair that lacks body and resists ordinary permanents.

Tonette refill $1.50
laughing stock...

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON
(See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel" on your local TV station.)

Pampered Hollywood kiddies are kept busy from morn to night with professional lessons in everything from swimming to table manners. Two such small fry were playing in a Bel Air park area and one climbed a tree and called the other to join him in the branches.

"I can't climb," said the grounded tot. "But you certainly do it well. Tell me, who is your tree-climbing instructor?"

Hollywood wolf to another: "What with inflation these days, blondes in Hollywood are a diamond a dozen."

Latest definition of a baby sitter: "Someone you pay by the hour to watch television."


A well-known director, megaphoning a character actor in a death scene for a movie, quipped: "Let's try it once more. And when you die this time, please put some life into it."

Robert Q. Lewis tells of the profile boy who said he'd go through anything for a certain movie queen and did—her six bank accounts.

Hollywood's night club row on Sunset Boulevard is where a secret is hushed from place to place.

Overheard at the Brown Derby by film-writer John Lucas: "When I married my husband, he had a strong will—and by working at it for ten years, he's developed just as strong a won't."

Glimpsed on a newsreel theater marquee:

"Latest Flood Pictures."

"Also Johnnie Ray."

Just before Bing Crosby goes into a song for a scene in Paramount's "Road to Bali," Bob Hope turns to the camera with a wicked leer and says:

"This is the time to go out for your popcorn, folks—he's going to sing."

Jack Paar is prodding the Civilian Defense to put out a pamphlet called: "What to Do in Case of Peace."

The story is making the rounds about the elderly Las Vegas grandmother who sits in front of a spinning wheel—and bets and bets and bets.

Director Michael Curtis, the English-language murderer, flipped it:

"This starlet I met is getting married next month and she is very busy getting her torso ready."

Spike Jones' musical instruments were shaken up in the wreck of a railroad baggage car on his one-nighter tour. "The band," Spike whispered to a pal later, "sounded much better after the wreck."

Overheard at Romanoff's: "Getting acquainted with her is like running to a fire—you go with the crowd."

A gagster observed the three Andrews Sisters rushing out of a movie fur designer's salon in new mink coats:

"Ah," he said, "The Mink Spots."
“I flirted with trouble in New York!”

“It was a glorious, bright day,” explained Doretta Morrow, “when Steve and I set out to see the sights of the city. But there was a wintry nip in the air, too, and when we got back from our ferry ride I knew I was in for trouble.

“My hands and face were chapped raw from the biting breeze. Fortunately, at home I had soothing, pure white Jergens Lotion. It smooths and softens chapped skin in no time.

“The wind atop Radio City was terrific. After extreme exposure like that, Jergens Lotion is a blessing. It works so wonderfully fast. Try this and see why! Smooth one hand with quickly absorbed Jergens...
Best Direction: Henry Koster

Making advances to a lady, Charles Laughton figures, is one way to get winter lodging in jail. But Marilyn Monroe is no lady

Though Lalo Rios realizes he's a failure as a fighter, he can't persuade kid brother Robert Altuna to stop hero-worshipping him

When Ralph Meeker decides to step out in a solo act, his ever-lovin' Betty Hutton teaches him the art of putting a song across

O. HENRY'S FULL HOUSE
(20TH CENTURY-FOX)

These five tales by the master story teller, each given a big-name cast and a top director, make up a refreshing variation on the standard one-plot movie. The best of the quintet are a nice balance of comedy and drama; "The Cop and the Anthem," with Charles Laughton as an elegant bum, David Wayne as his humble stooge; "The Last Leaf," with Anne Baxter and Jean Peters as sisters, Gregory Ratoff as their artist neighbor. Likewise, the melodrama of "The Clarion Call" (Dale Robertson as a detective, Richard Widmark as the hoodlum who knew him when) is contrasted with the gentleness of "The Gift of the Magi" (Jeanne Crain and Farley Granger as the self-sacrificing pair). But "The Ransom of Red Chief," with Oscar Levant and Fred Allen, is fumbled. Each surprise-finish story is done in costume, wisely.

Verdict: Quaintly charming turn-of-the-century tales

THE RING
(U. A.)

Considering the subject and the producers (the King Brothers, who made "Dillinger" and other action hits), you'd expect this to be a bang-bang melodrama with a familiar plot. Instead, it avoids the obvious; its characters behave amazingly like real people. Dealing with Los Angeles' Mexican-Americans, the film attacks prejudice, but no scenes of violence are dragged in. It's the nagging indignities that embitter Lalo Rios, the youthful hero, and his friends. When a smooth-spoken manager offers Lalo a ring career, you're sure the manager will be a standard crook type. As portrayed by Gerald Mohr, he's a likable human being. More rules are broken in the course of the career that temporarily wins Lalo respect earlier denied to him. Lalo is artlessly appealing; Rita Moreno, not quite at ease as his girl.

Verdict: Fresh, unusual story of troubled youth

SOMEBODY LOVES ME
(PARAMOUNT—TECHNICOLOR)

It's Betty Hutton's picture all the way, this mild memoir of show business in the first two decades of the century, whether she's whooping jazz tunes with her famous gusto, huskily crooning love ballads, or doing touching dramatic scenes. The plot's inspired by the true saga of Blossom Seeley and Benny Fields, casting Betty and Ralph Meeker as that big-time team of vaudeville and night clubs. In the film, Benny marries Bloss to advance his career, then falls in love with her and strikes out on his own to regain his self-respect. Ralph's impersonation is a bit colorless; but Robert Keith, as Bloss's agent, and Billie Bird, as her wry-faced Girl Friday, furnish fine support. Music is supplied almost too generously, with both pop classics and justifiably forgotten oldies. The new "Love Him" is a hit.

Verdict: Nostalgic romance, slight but tune-filled

For complete casts of new pictures see page 14
For brief reviews of current pictures see page 15
THE MIRACLE OF OUR LADY OF FATIMA
(WARNERS—WARNERCOLOR)

With tender simplicity, this film relates the miraculous events that in 1917 made a shrine of a remote hillside in Portugal. Eleven-year-old Susan Whitney brings lovely, unaffected dignity to the role of the child who sees and hears the Virgin Mary and defends the truth of her vision against churchmen's cautious doubts and an anti-clerical government's persecutions. Humor and raffish humanity slip into the story via Gilbert Roland's endearing portrayal of a ne'er-do-well who has no faith, yet protects the girl and her even younger companions. Angela Clark is outstanding as the child's practical mother, but Frank Silvera's brutal-administrator role is too melodramatic. Except for garish effect in the miracle scene, the color is mellow as an old painting.

Verdict: Gentle yet impassioned religious drama

MY WIFE'S BEST FRIEND
(20TH CENTURY-FOX)

A honey of a springboard idea flips this marital comedy off to a promising start. Seems Anne Baxter and Macdonald Carey, a bovinely happy couple, are off on a second honeymoon when one of the plane's engines catches fire. Facing death (she thinks), Anne wails that she has been a frivolous, useless mate for the perfect husband—whereupon Mac confesses that he once did a bit of stepping out with Anne's best friend. Uh-huh, you guessed it—the plane lands with an intact passenger list including one furious female who has suffered a grievous wound to the old ego. The hijinks that follow are amusing till the jape wears slightly thin. With blonde hair and a newly trim figure, Anne's a bright comedienne; Carey, a sympathetic foil. Also credit Catherine McLeod as the wise "other woman," Cecil Kellaway as Anne's dad.

Verdict: Gay and sharp-witted featherweight farce

THE DEVIL MAKES THREE
(M-G-M)

Real backgrounds overpower a machine-made story in this movie about Germany and the American occupation forces after World War II. As an American flyer who was befriended by an anti-Nazi family, Gene Kelly returns to Munich at Christmastime to thank his benefactors, only to find their home bombed to rubble, the parents reported dead and the teen-age daughter missing. The girl, he discovers, is now a cynical "hostess" at a shabby cafe, and his love for her embroils him with a smuggling ring and a neo-Nazi party. Though the doings are pretty much cops-and-robbers, and Gene Kelly seems uneasy without his dancing shoes, Pier Angeli makes a lovely, pathetic heroine, and the location trip pays off with shots of Salzburg, the famed Autobahn and the ruins of Hitler's eyrie at Berchtesgaden.

Verdict: Travelogue laced with thrills and romance

Best Acting: Gilbert Roland

Shielded by her mother, Angela Clark, and the friendly Gilbert Roland, Susan Whitney temporarily escapes her would-be captors

Best Acting: Anne Baxter

The crippled plane is safely down, and Mac Carey is already beginning to regret a brink-of-death confession to Anne Baxter

Gene Kelly discovers how Germany's new Fascists are smuggling gold, and he accuses Pier Angeli of being one of the plotters
In the moonlit mood of a Paris boulevard, the world’s favorite fragrance adds enchantment to a tender embrace. On every continent, wherever lovers meet, Evening in Paris plays its romantic role for more women than any other fragrance in the world.

Exciting things happen when it's

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Created in France...Made in the U.S.A.

Eau de Cologne $1.00 to $1.50
Cologne Stick $1.25...also Purse Size $1.00
Face Powder in eight different shades $1.00 each  

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**MOVIES—CONTINUED**

Big Jim McLain
(Warners)

Against the splendid mountain scenery and seascapes of Hawaii, a vigorous action story trails two investigators of the Un-American Activities Committee assigned to expose the local communist group. John Wayne is right at home, of course, in both the riskier situations and the light romantic interludes with charming Nancy Olson. And feminine fans get an extra treat in the personable presence of James Arness, the tall young newcomer who plays Wayne’s sidekick. With rather a straggling plot, the film never decides whether it’s an adventure tale or a semi-documentary crime report. Saturnine Alan Napier and the fellow reds conspiring to paralyze Honolulu shipping are so tellingly evil in behavior that the dialogue needn’t assure us of their villainy so often.

**Verdict:** Lively tribute to anti-red agents

**Because You're Mine**
(M-G-M, Technicolor)

In a vein totally different from “The Great Caruso,” Mario Lanza’s first picture since that box-office champion turns out to be a cheerful yarn, suitably loaded with both popular and operatic music. As a famous opera star who gets drafted, Mario has the good luck to draw a music-loving sergeant (James Whitmore). The tender treatment lavished on Mario as a result hardly endears him to his fellow draftees, but the situation has a rich laugh potential. Newcomer Doretta Morrow, as the sarge’s singing sister, has a distinctive brunette beauty and an impressive soprano voice, duetting with Lanza both musically and romantically. Neither of the stars is over-equipped with acting talent, but that’s no major handicap in a picture dominated by songs from start to finish. Among the supporting cast, lanky young Bobby Van stands out as one of the G.I.’s, with a brief dance number.

**Verdict:** Hearty blend of laughs and music
Brandy for the Parson

(Group 3)

There's an informal, holiday atmosphere about this engaging little British movie, celebrating the institution of smuggling. Three of the smugglers in this case are amateurs, inveigled by the debonair Kenneth More into helping him get fourteen kegs of brandy from France to London. A solid, no-nonsense type, James Donald is persuaded by his impish girl friend (Jean Lodge) to lend Kenneth a hand after their sailing yacht rams and sinks the smuggler's powerboat. In England, a timid laundry-truck driver (Charles Hawtrey) is startled to find himself joining the adventure. The ensuing ramble across the countryside, with seven circus ponies toting the kegs, gives you the feeling this film was fun to make.

Verdict: Sly and pleasant bit of foolery

My Man and I

(M-G-M)

Seems Mexican-American heroes get the play this month. In his best role since the similar-themed "Right Cross," Ricardo Montalban meets discrimination with spirit but without bitterness. It takes all Ricardo's persuasiveness to make you believe in this thoroughly good man, whose dearest possession is a letter from the President of the United States, written in reply to the happy new citizen's missive of thanks. Put up reluctantly as security, the letter changes hands among the picturesque crew of fellow itinerant workers who are Ricardo's best friends. He needs the first loan for the girl he loves, a sleazy "wino" he's intent on reforming. Shelley Winters does a respectable acting job as the alcoholic, though she's hardly at her most attractive. Wendell Corey and Claire Trevor etch sharp character studies as a sour farm couple who cheat Ricardo of a month's wages and then frame him on an assault charge. It's an often moving tale, with many bright lines, but the dialogue occasionally outsmarts itself with self-conscious wit and philosophy.

Verdict: Winning table of Americanism

The Stranger in Between

(Rank, U-I)

The good old chase is with us again, this time served up in the smooth English style, with a variety of characters along the way, and a quick look at British scenes from London to the coal district to the Scottish Highlands. The fugitives are an oddly matched pair: dark and intense Dirk Bogarde, as a young seaman who has killed his wife's lover; wistful, tow-headed Jon Whitely, as a six-year-old who runs away from his callous parents and happens to come upon murderer and victim the moment after the crime. It's a predictable story; you can guess what effect the lad will have on his desperate companion. But the picture builds up plenty of sympathy and tension.

Verdict: Slick if unremarkable thriller

More reviews on page 24

What are these women doing that is so New... so Smart... so Wonderful?

They're using Helene Curtis Spray Net—
the magic mist that keeps hair softly in place, looking naturally lovely. That's right—naturally lovely!

it's the most exciting thing that's happened to hair!

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Helene Curtis spray net

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Spray Net Works Wonders! Use It!
- After combing, to keep hair "just so"
- To control wavy ends and unruly hair
- To avoid "damp-day droop"
- To avoid "wind-blown wildness"
- After permanents, to control waves and curls

There's only one SPRAY NET! It's made by HELENE CURTIS, the foremost name in hair beauty

Only $1.25
now! for the first time! SPRAY NET in the amazing new finger-touch pressure dispenser for only $1.25

$175 economy size pressure dispenser
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NET!
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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 few delicate drops of Suave "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 5 to 1.

ENDS DRY HAIR WORRIES...NO OILY "AFTER-FILM"

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Bonzo Goes to College
(U4)

That talented chimpanzee is back—rather, his double is, since the original Bonzo died on the eve of box office triumph. But the new chimp’s equally dexterous, and his expression reflects equally profound wisdom. After losing a carnival job because of two gamblers’ double-dealings, Bonzo finds refuge in the campus home of a professor couple (Maureen O’Sullivan and Charles Drake), becoming a cherished playmate for their lonesome only child (Gigi Perreau). Bonzo’s adopted grandpa (Edmund Gwenn) happens to be a coach whose football teams haven’t won a game in years, so it’s no surprise when the chimp shows talent as a quarterback.

Verdict: Innocent sentimental comedy

Yankee Buccaneer
(U-1, Technicolor)

Jeff Chandler and Scott Brady in full color—a tale of derring-do on the high seas—what more could any movie-goer ask? Well, a little more than is supplied by this long-on-talk, short-on-action story of a U.S. Navy ship that pretends to be a pirate craft in order to put the finger on the Caribbean pirate fleet. The spectacle might have been rich in comedy and excitement: the stern captain and his well-disciplined crew reluctantly making like ruffianly buccaneers. But too many other elements come in: the conflict between first officer Scott’s rashness and captain Jeff’s devotion to the rule book; the hassle over a shipment of Brazilian gold coveted by the Portuguese, the pirates and the Spanish colonial governor. Suzan Ball is a treat to the eyes as a Brazilian patriot. But, after the magnificent ships and seas of “The World in His Arms,” these toy boats and phony waves are no treat at all. At least, the gals will find Jeff quite an eyeful when he sheepishly dresses up as a pirate king. While Joseph Calleia is a slick head villain, some of the other minor roles are bungled.

Verdict: Unconvincing seagoing melodrama
**Hurricane Smith**  
*Paramount, Technicolor*

Now we're off on a South Sea cruise, in search of buried treasure. There's a picturesque crew aboard this craft, oddly antique-looking for the mid-nineteenth century; adventurer John Ireland (who's really the captain of the ship on the lam from an unjust piracy charge), his pals Forrest Tucker and Richard Arlen, "scientist" James Craig, half-Polynesian Yvonne DeCarlo. Plots and counterplots multiply, with mutinies and mysterious disappearances. But the pace is brisk and the mood is light.  
Verdict: Slapdash swashbuckler  

**Under the Red Sea**  
*RKO*

This record of ocean-floor exploration might be another "Kon-Tiki"—if it didn't veer so often in the direction of "Hurricane Smith." Dr. Hans Hass and his co-workers brought back fascinating trophies: close-ups of giant manta rays, killer sharks, a huge whale shark; smaller, stranger fish weaving through the deep; divers swimming through coral caverns and the bones of a long-sunken ship. But the picture is plumped up to a laughable extent. Lotte Berl, Hass's secretary, is much prettier than the fish, but she isn't nearly as unusual.  
Verdict: Fine documentary stuff, boated out.  

**Back at the Front**  
*U*

Bill Mauldin would hardly recognize his Wittie and Joe in their latest adventures. But Tom Ewell's pessi- 
mistic pan draws a fair share of laughs, with Harvey Lembeck stepping in as his conviv- 
ial dogface. This time, the two are spared in the reserve call-up to continue their war with the U.S. Army. Title to the contrary, they get no farther than Tokyo, but find plenty of action there after Mari Blanchard, as a broadly caricatured and exceedingly blatan lady-spy type, makes them her dupes in an explosive-smuggling racket.  
Verdict: Flimsy knockabout comedy  

**Monkey Business**  
*20th Century-Fox*

Two of Hollywood's most expert comedy stars need all their skill to steady this 
loose-jointed farce. The idea sounds amusing: Absent-minded scientist Cary Grant has been working on a youth-restoring formula, which suddenly becomes effective as an inquisitive chimp sneaks in a few extra ingredients; both Cary and his toler- 
ant wife, Ginger Rogers, serve as guinea pigs. In sequences where they believe they're twenty-year-olds, then ten-year-olds, Ginger proves more ingenious than her co-star. But the theme's too thin to hold up for a feature's length. Marilyn Monroe garners laughs and whistles, bouncing in and out as a secretary who can't type. Typing skill, however, is the only attribute which the lady appears to be lacking in.  
Verdict: Erratic flight of fancy  

---

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EASIEST WAY EVER CREATED  
TO STOP UNDERARM PERSPIRATION AND ODOR!  
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An overwhelming percentage of women —and men too—who try 5-Day come back 
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We've made it very easy for you to try this new wonder-deodorant. We'll give you a month's supply absolutely free! 
That's how sure we are that you, too, will say..."At last!...this is what I've been waiting for!" Just send the coupon below.  

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Please, madame, try 5-Day Pads at our expense! We want to send you a month's supply...FREE

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Enclosed find 10¢ to help cover cost of postage and handling.  

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Offer expires in 60 days  

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Save on cosmetic taxes! Instead of usual 20% tax on other deodorants, pay only...2¢ on 25¢ size...4¢ on 50¢ size...6¢ on $1.00 size.
Rock Hudson is playing the field because he doesn’t want to get married. And there’ll be no knot-tying for at least four years. Rock’s reasons for headin’ off a weddin’ are interesting.

He says: “I’m making seven pictures a year now so I don’t get much time off. But more important than that—I’m not ready for it. I was tied down so long in the Navy that now I want to have dates. I want to travel and see the world.”

Rock reasons that too many men get married too young. His parents, wed at twenty-five, have been divorced twenty years. Both married again.

Says Rock, “I don’t want that to happen to me. Four years from now I’ll be thirty-one. That’s the right age for marriage. I’ll find The Girl by then—and by that time I’ll know what I want.”

If you ask me, Rock knows pretty well what he wants right now! That field I referred to above has included Vera-Ellen, Marilyn Maxwell, Ann Sheridan, Ann Blyth,
Piper Laurie, Barbara Stanwyck, Rocky Cooper, Gene Tierney and Susan Zanuck! How about one of them as a middle-aisle partner?

A good question, Rock admits. Here's how he breaks it down:

It’s Vera-Ellen’s love of picnics, the beach and old clothes that our boy finds attractive.* Marilyn Maxwell and Ann Sheridan share a great capacity for having fun. He enjoys dancing, music and theatre dates with Ann Blyth. He shares Piper Laurie’s enthusiasm for going to premiers and fiddling around in the kitchen. Barbara Stanwyck, he says, is the most interesting conversationalist he has ever met. Gene Tierney is an intelligent listener. Sports

and Rocky Cooper are a good combination, he has found. He’s impressed with Susan Zanuck’s versatility. Each has a quality he admires.

Don’t be surprised, though, if the future Mrs. Hudson doesn’t come from within the acting profession. Rock says he would like a non-pro.

*(His agent, Henry Willson, also finds Vera attractive.)

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photoplay applauds:

“Assignment—Paris”

Here's the cream of the month's movie-going, this suavely told story of a courageous reporter

Echoes of the William Oatis case give a headline sort of urgency to Columbia's picture of American newspaperdom in conflict with the Iron Curtain. But this is no grim documentary-style movie; it's consistently entertaining, with many crackling lines, a dash of romance and some persuasive acting.

As a truculent American reporter, Dana Andrews is first assigned to the office of the New York Herald Tribune's Paris edition. His brashness doesn't set too well with his new boss, a man of dignity and integrity. This role makes a refreshing switch for George Sanders, cast as a thoroughgoing good guy, a reassuring type to have around in a dangerous situation. The antagonism between the two men sharpens when Dana falls in love with fellow staff member Marta Toren. Sent to Budapest to replace the Trib's ailing correspondent in red-ruled Hungary, Dana believes that Sanders' jealousy motivated the transfer.

But there's little time for romantic problems after Dana finds himself facing the brutal realities of life in a police state. Optimistically, the story assumes that Hungary's prime minister is secretly planning to pull a Tito and cut loose from his Soviet masters, and Dana's out to get evidence of this plot. For once, a movie about communism doesn't waste time with long speeches denouncing the reds. This one makes its point much more vigorously by just showing them in action. As the prime minister, Herbert Berghof cuts a convincingly sinister figure. The scenes in which he tricks and forces the captured reporter into pleading guilty as a spy give you a chilling insight into such phony confessions.

On the lighter side, there's Audrey Totter's brittle performance as the Trib's fashion editor wryly in love with Sanders. And Marta's sad-eyed beauty helps to make the tender interludes a further relief from the general tension.
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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
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FATIMA Quality
"ah-h-h!
my Ivory Bath

it's a pleasure... pure pleasure!"

Yes, Ivory makes richer lather . . . faster!
It's no effort . . . just a pleasure . . . to lather up with Ivory! You barely touch your washcloth to that husky cake . . . and presto! . . . you've got heaps of the richest, sudsiest suds that ever filled a tub! For Ivory makes more lather, faster, than any other leading bath soap.

And Ivory makes the mildest, most refreshing lather
Soothing is the word for silky Ivory suds—they baby your skin so delightfully! Why, Ivory is the most famous soap in the world for mildness—more doctors advise it for skin care than any other soap. And you'll find the clean, fresh smell of Ivory lather an added pleasure—so refreshing!

Yet famous Ivory actually costs you less!
Would you ever guess that you pay less for pure, mild, wonderful floating Ivory Soap? You do! Ivory gives you more soap for your money than any other leading bath soap!

99\% pure
...it Floats

"The whole family agrees on Ivory!"

America's Favorite Bath Soap!
You’ve done it again—chosen your favorites amongst the new stars. In a record-breaking number of votes you’ve registered your opinions . . . with these results.

Lori Nelson is the top favorite among the actresses, with an overwhelming lead that was never threatened during the entire period of balloting. In the first few days, Lori forged way to the front; there she remained, and in the final days of the contest her lead became even greater. Lori has been in several pictures, notably in “Bend of the River.” You’re in good company, too, in predicting stardom for Lori, for no less an authority than James Stewart is of the opinion that she’s a sure bet for star roles.

Tab Hunter is the winner among the actors, but it was no walkaway for him. For the first few weeks of the contest, Arthur Franz and Oskar Werner, who wound up in second and third place respectively, were in the lead, with Tab a close third. But in the final ten days of the contest, when Tab’s picture, “Island of Desire,” was being seen on the nation’s screens, he closed in rapidly—and in an exciting finish, outdistanced his rivals in the last three days of the tabulation.

To Lori and to Tab, and to all the other winners as well, go our sincere congratulations.

Ursula Thiess and Elaine Stewart, holders of second and third-place respectively amongst the actresses, sawed back and forth for days at a time, and for a while it seemed that Hildegarde Neff, the fourth place winner, would be a real challenger for second place. But Ursula’s slim lead was sure all the way during the final week of tabulating the votes.

Probably the most dramatic rise of the winners among the actresses was that of Joan Rice, who took tenth place in the final results. For the first ten days, Joan was in the seventeenth slot—then, as the fans began to see her in “Robin Hood,” she moved ahead slowly but surely. In fact, until the final count, the exact placing of those in the eighth, ninth and tenth spots was most uncertain.

Tied for tenth place among the actors are Rusty Tamblyn and Dean Miller. At one time Rusty was in seventh place, while Dean was twelfth, but final results found them contending evenly for tenth position.

The producers in Hollywood, as always, have watched the contest with the greatest interest. There are brilliant plans ahead for the actresses and actors who number among the winners. Those plans—and the pictures lined up in the future for your new favorites—we’ll announce to you in the December issue of Photoplay. And in the December issue, you’ll find special color pictures of the winners. These favorites whom you have picked for your own special interest are on their way to the top. Of last year’s winners, Mitzi Gaynor, Pier Angeli, Jeffrey Hunter and Robert Wagner have made most strides forward in the past twelve months, and you can watch for new progress toward stardom by the players you’ve picked this year.

Tabulation of votes can be a routine process, but in this case the job of tallying ballots was far from dull! Day by day there were dramatic changes, and as more and more mail poured in, your opinions in the matter became clearer and clearer. Photoplay thanks each of you for your interest—and we are very sure that this year, as in the past, you will prove once again to have been excellent judges of motion picture talent.
Vic Mature gives Brando competition. Debbie Reynolds talks too much. Joan Crawford is a movie fan.

Studio Scuttlebutt: Betty Hutton has always been so popular with Hollywood society that Cal was under the impression she was Miss Popularity on her home lot, too. So what happens? La Hutton asks for a release. The release was granted and, after twelve years at Paramount, Betty departed. The second the news became official, several top male stars gathered in a dressing room and toasted Betty's departure with no tears. We wouldn't know what's in back of it. To us, Betty has always been very noisy—and very nice.

Bread Upon The Waters: It's these untold stories that give Cal his greatest kick. Yes, eyebrows were raised when the late Atwater Kent remembered Greer Garson in his will. Maybe she didn't need the money, but when the famous philanthropist needed a friend, Greer came to his rescue. Some years ago when he was throwing one of his famous parties for a society of blind people, a certain Hollywood star who had promised to be guest of honor, canceled out at the last moment. In desperation, Atwater Kent called Greer Garson who lived next to his Bel Air estate. At first, she declined.
A plump but happy Judy Garland straightens Frank Sinatra’s tie at the dinner given in her honor by the Friars’ Club. Frank looks happy too as she was just going out the door to a dinner party. However, when Greer heard of the circumstances, she dropped everything and flew up the hill. Mr. Kent never forgot her kindness. Greer, now back at M-G-M after an absence of two years, has never hesitated to give her time to worthy causes. And all of Hollywood is hoping that her new films will equal her early successes.

Roman Scandals: Vic Mature’s experience working with the animals (the camels weren’t housebroken) in “Androcles and the Lion” had nothing on RKO’s experiences working with Vic! Mature is a real “character”—in reality—as colorful as Marlon Brando’s publicists wish he were. Well, it seems our boy has over-size feet, and shoes all but kill him. It happened those hand-made Roman boots for “Androcles” made his puppies purr with contentment. The movie finished, the boots vanished. A search was begun when they were needed for retakes. Vic finally admitted he had “borrowed” them. They were in the locker at his club. So the studio sent a car for them. But one small (Continued on next page)
Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger made Hollywood news when their case against RKO went to court. Their dispute was recently settled—out of court.

Michael Rennie escorts wife, Margaret, and his sister, Muriel Benton, to see the play “Stalag 17” at the Los Angeles Biltmore Theatre. Michael’s tie nearly stole the show. He’s started a brand new fad in evening wear.

detail was overlooked. Vic neglected to say he’d put spikes in the soles and was wearing the boots for his golf game.

Predictions: That the recently married Rhonda Fleming, who love children, would love to give Dr. Lewis Morrill a son and may make an “announcement” in the near future. . .
That unkind rumors to the contrary, the Cary Grants are making a go of their marriage and only the arrival of a wee one could magnify their happiness. . . No less an authority than Jeff Chandler joins Cal and the voters in Photoplay’s “Choose Your Star” Contest in predicting that Lori Nelson will become a big star. Lori, formerly “Miss Encino,” is a friend of the former “Miss Burbank.” You know her under the name of Debbie Reynolds!

Unknown Quantity: Here’s hoping that this touching little tale won’t send Marilyn Monroe into retirement. Ray Mil-land, who was summering down at Balboa, went into a fix-it shop to have a lamp repaired. While he was waiting, he noted that there were four of those now-famous nude calen-dars on the wall. “Those calendars you have of Marilyn Monroe are quite valuable,” Ray commented pleasantly. The little man behind the counter eyed him quizically. “Marilyn Monroe?” he muttered shaking his head. “Never heard of her.” With Marilyn’s movie career going great guns and her name practically a permanent fixture in all of the gossip columns, very few people can make this statement.

Unofficially Speaking: Rita Hayworth’s performance in “Af-fair in Trinidad” indicates, among other things, that a title doesn’t improve talent . . . No matter what you hear, the radio show “Double or Nothing” was not inspired by Jane Russell . . . Beauty she has plenty of, acting experience she’d better get. And if you want further proof, see Zsa Zsa Gabor in “We’re Not Married.” . . . Question: Who talks more than a talking picture? Answer: Debbie Reynolds sitting there watching it.

Hollywood Melting Pot: The extremely talented Sally For-rester no longer has to wonder if she innocently offended some-one at M-G-M. They’re talking a new deal with better roles . . . Joan Crawford sent David Wayne a fan letter after she saw his inspired performance in “Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie.” David’s framing her letter and Joan’s framing the charming one he sent her in return . . . For his role of dark-eyed “Eddie Cantor,” blue-eyed Keefe Brasselle wears con-tact lenses. He won’t pose for stills wearing them.

News, All Kinds: Good news for Ingrid Bergman who is gradually gaining great sympathy and understanding from the public, now that more facts are becoming generally known . . . Glad news for Hollywood that Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger settled their offensive contract dispute with RKO out of court. Even their own British press didn’t approve of it . . . Sad news for Esther Williams and Ben Gage,
whose restaurant, "The Trails," got robbed by gunmen who hid in a storeroom until closing time . . . Trying news for Rosalind Russell when she jumped, missed and required seventeen stitches in her leg. It happened during a scene in her current movie, "Never Wave at a Wac" . . . Gloomy news for Fred Allen, a reported victim of a virus attack, a nervous collapse and other complications which will keep him off TV channels this fall . . . Humorous news for Dean Martin whose personal possessions were placed at auction and a man in a beard who could have been Jerry Lewis (and was!) suddenly started the high bidding.

And More News: Exciting news for Jack Carson and Lola Albright who finally married. Good friend Dennis Morgan, who didn't like making all of those "Two Guys" pictures with Jack, did like to be his best man . . . Inevitable news for Marilyn Monroe and Joe DiMaggio who were reported to be eloping when they motored to San Francisco . . . Aggravating news for Mitzi Gaynor and her mother when a magazine (not Photoplay) printed the address of the house they share with Mitzi's fiance and his mother. Crank letters of unsavory nature resulted . . . Final news for director Nick Ray when Gloria Grahame divorced him and encouraging news for Cy Howard (and a half-dozen others we could name) who thinks the beautiful blonde is just what Dan Cupid ordered . . . Questionable news for columnists when Mario Lanza held up production on (Continued on page 106)

Now that she has completed "The Girl Who Had Everything," Elizabeth Taylor has retired to await the birth of the Wilding heir or heiress
IT BEGINS IN A MINING TOWN CALLED GILLESPIE, A FAR CRY FROM HOLLYWOOD. HERE IS
BY GEORGE ARMSTRONG

- steady, powerful, effortless-seeming, Howard Keel's voice surges out as if singing came as naturally to him as breathing, as if he had been singing easily and from the heart all his life. But it didn't happen that way. Throughout his childhood, into his early teens, the people of his home town never suspected the wealth of music hidden inside him. It was hidden, thoroughly; it came out first, eerily, in a recording sent home under dramatic circumstances long before Howard became famous.

Some Hollywoodites might argue that the early muteness of his singing voice is all of a piece with the present-day Keel, the man who has been called too reserved, even stand-offish. That judgment is not and never has been accurate. True enough, Keel does insist on keeping his private life to himself; he has steadfastly refused to allow any publicity focusing on his home and his family.

But publicity is one thing and friendship is another. At no time in his life has Howard Keel been the sort of person who recoils from human contacts, who wants to live withdrawn. Even more than the average man, he has known what it is to need friendship. His need has been answered; he has welcomed friendship; and he has given it freely in return.

From Gillespie, Illinois, to New York City to London, there are many, many people who have known him as a good friend. You have to go to these people to get the true and complete picture of Howard Keel. Those who knew him in the English theatre and movie world can tell you what he was like as an American in a strange country, as a man in love—after one unsuccessful marriage. Those who knew him in New York can tell you about that first marriage and the brief romance that followed. Those who knew him back home in Gillespie—who never suspected then that he could sing—can now tell you why, unlike most singers-to-be, he kept his gift hidden so long.

The story begins in Gillespie. A boyhood playmate now lives in the white frame cottage that used to be home for Howard, his mother, his father and his brother. On pleasant, tree-shaded Madison Street, the house—like the town as a whole—no longer reflects the threat that once brooded over it. This is a coal-mining town. While mining remains a hard and hazardous trade, its dangers have been somewhat reduced, and the shadow of the depression has lifted.

But the atmosphere was different when Howard was a little boy and his father worked in the mines. The unhappy figure of the elder Keel is very much alive in the memory of Gillespie. Homer Keel was a handsome man, big and swaggering. That swagger, his townsmen finally realized, hid a bitter and rebellious spirit. Maybe there was music locked inside him, too. He tried his hand at playing the trombone, but, the local music teacher recalls, "Homer Keel never blew a true note in his life."

In his mind, he must have heard the true notes, lyrical and beautiful, out of his reach. As a youngster, he was restless, though he came of a solid, steady, (Continued on page 94)
Soon Jay will have a new playmate. And Janie will be closer to her dream.
For long ago she knew in her heart that families are dearer by the dozen
If the baby is a girl, she'll be able to wear Jay's shirts, says Jane—just like all kid sisters!
ON A RECENT EVENING, a gray-eyed girl with silvery blonde hair, accompanied by a tall, proudly smiling man, had dinner at one of Hollywood's better restaurants. They sat at a corner table, isolated and intimate, and they held hands between courses. They talked in brief phrases, needing few words to convey their thoughts; each could sense what the other was thinking. A couple who had just fallen in love? No, there was between them more than the magic of being newly in love. There was the magic of being married and being parents. About them, there was the glow of past as well as present happiness—and of future years together and children still to come.

At the moment, Jane Powell and Geary Steffen were talking about Jay, their sprout who was a year old in July, and the new baby, who is scheduled for a January debut. Said Jane, “We haven’t taken nearly enough pictures of Jay. Let’s make a resolution New Year’s Day: We’ll photograph both the children at least once a week. Nothing elaborate. Just snapshots when there’s sunshine, flash-bulb pictures when we have to shoot indoors.”

Geary went along with the idea. “And we won’t let ‘em just kick around the house, either. Pictures like that become more valuable every year. What we

Jay’s the baby of the family now—but he isn’t going to resent the new arrival. Jane is making sure of that. For...

...months now, she’s been cuddling a doll wrapped in a shawl. Just the other day Jay took over, and rocked “baby” to sleep!
Room For One More

ought to do is keep an album. Takes time, but I'll make time. This could be a real family history—dates, special events...."

"You know," Janie said, "we now think we'll always remember every single thing Jay does, but there seems to be more to remember all the time, and some of it's bound to slip away unless we make a record of it, somehow. I'd like to get some movies of Jay's reaction to music—the way he tries to hum the tune and sways back and forth. He really has a sense of rhythm! Of course, I guess a lot of babies do that, but I'd like to have it on record in case he does turn out to be a musical genius."

"Not with those paws!" Geary grinned. "They aren't designed for piano-pounding. He's going to be a star quarterback. With those hands, he'll heave the ball the length of the field. And run? Wait'll you see him, with that build. Then he'll be able to give his younger brother a few tips—show him the ropes—when Kyle starts college. Kyle Amerson Steffen, Class of '75.... They'll probably nickname him 'Kas.'"

Janie spoke up pointedly. "I think she will probably be called 'Sissy'—around the house, that is. Miss Suzanne Eileen Steffen...."

"Or Suzy, Jr.," Geary suggested (Suzanne Eileen being Jane's real name).

"Definitely," his wife said, "I think it's better to have a boy, then a girl, then a boy, then a girl...."

"Keep right on going," Geary urged. "Make it an even dozen!"

"Won't it be wonderful?" Janie bubbled. But then there was a certain wistfulness in her eyes. In the pleasant room, in the midst of the mingled fragrance of good food and expensive perfume, in the warm atmosphere of comradeship and comfort, she was remembering a winter night long, long ago, a night when a dream was born....

It was the 23rd of December, and Jane wasn't more than thirteen or fourteen. She was trudging slowly home after choir practice, the music of Christmas still joyous in her ears. Caught up in the elation of the season, she still felt a vague heart-hunger. Jane was looking forward to the big day with a teenager's normal eagerness. She was entirely happy in her home life with her mother and her father; yet among the absorbing interests and emotional satisfactions of her experience there was an empty space. She couldn't have described her feeling even if a passing grade in English had been at stake, but the emptiness was there, elusive yet unmistakably, disturbingly real.

As she wandered along, listening to the lonesome sound of the wind in the pine trees, she asked herself silently. "What is it? What is it I miss?"

And then she saw the house with the great, lighted window. Cautiously she crossed the lawn, keeping in the shadows, but coming close enough to see the bright and busy scene within. A family was trimming a tall Christmas tree. There were five boys and four girls, supervised by the mother, the father and several other grown-ups who might have been uncles and aunts.

Jane knew then that the holiday activities she watched were perfectly conventional, taking place in millions of homes. But for some reason they seemed to her very special and important. A boy and a girl got into an argument over the privilege of climbing the stepladder to place the angel at the top of the tree; the mother had to arbitrate. The baby insisted on trying to eat the miniature light-bulbs—particularly the red ones. A teen-age girl was wrapping a large and mysterious package and trying to dodge one of the older boys, who made teasing efforts to take it away from her. Two middle-size children were popping corn at the fireplace. One of the boys was stringing the corn; another was stringing cranberries.

Quite suddenly, Jane (Continued on page 111)
Some women are crazy about clothes or mad for jewelry. But Susan Hayward’s love is just for Jess and her sons.
Three Loves has SUSAN

There’s a big “no trespassing” sign on Susan Hayward’s private life.

Here, for the first time, you can get to know her on her home grounds.

They’re named Jess, Timothy and Gregory Barker, and they’re at the warm heart of Susan’s world. She likes to work, but the men in her life come first and they know it. Secure in that knowledge, they take the rest in stride. Now and then the twins will put up a reasonable squawk. As on the day she started “The President’s Lady” in August, soon after finishing “The Snows of Kilimanjaro.” “Why can’t you not work till we go back to school?” They got a reasonable answer, plus the dazzling promise of a fishing trip, and felt they’d engineered a pretty neat deal.

Her solution to the problem that baffles so many career women rests on a rooted devotion to home, husband and kids. At the studio nobody works harder than Susan, nor drops out more completely once the picture’s done. Her free time belongs to her family, and she won’t have it nibbled away by meaningless outside demands. When the phone rings, she calls to Cleo, the cook: “I’ve just left for China!”

Offhand in manner, her speech laced with dry humor, you’d never take her for the sentimentalist she is. Anniversaries are sacred. She and Jess even celebrate the day they met. Stored away in a box are the broken bits of two lovebirds that topped their wedding cake. Till they fell apart, they kept them over the bed. Arden’s Cyclamen is her favorite perfume, because it’s the first he ever gave her. Her first gift to him was a pair of cuff links, his initials on one side and on the other, Francie—the kid who grew with the tree in Brooklyn. Jess still calls her “Francie,” his kid from Brooklyn. Or “Pinky,” for the luminous quality of her glowing skin.
Susan and Jess spend as much time as possible with Timothy and Gregory. Susan maintains, "Children are the home"

The fact that she's a movie star makes no impression on her sons. "With a Song in My Heart" was the first Hayward picture they saw. Tim sat enthralled, weeping steadily through the sad parts. Greg asked, "When's the comedy coming up?" Since Greg's the sensitive character and Tim's the battler, Susan has yet to figure out these reactions.

Greg and Tim were seven last February, and they're so different that Susan finds it hard to think of them as twins. Tim's five pounds heavier than his slender brother, and more outgoing. Being introduced, he'll stick out a friendly paw. Greg stands back and cases you before committing himself. Tim's easier to fathom. Sent to his room for some mischief, he bangs things around, gets the ferment out of his system and starts from scratch. Greg clams up and broods, thus driving his mother frantic. On the other hand, Greg's the comic who comes out with cracks. Like all humans, they're inconsistent. Matter-of-fact Tim's the book-lover who invested his own cash in a copy of "Tom Sawyer." Greg, highly imaginative, likes to work with his hands, though given the choice, he'll sit spinning private dreams which have been known to take a practical turn.

Recently the Barkers bought a Ford station wagon. Greg asked what it cost. Susan told him. "Is that a lot?" he queried anxiously.

"My daddy didn't make that much in a year," Susan told him. "Many people don't. They have to use all their money for food and rent."

Greg digested this. "You know what? I b'lieve I'll make a million when I grow (Continued on page 82)
SECRETS Behind

Barbara Stanwyck was lost in the aftermath of her divorce

What happens to a marriage in Hollywood? Is it destined for failure? In this exclusive report we bring you the intimate and personal stories of three of Hollywood's once-happy pairs.
—The Editors

- Bitterness and bewilderment—these were the emotions that keynoted Barbara Stanwyck's life in the months following her divorce from Robert Taylor. But she had wiped out the bitterness. And now, looking back on the subtle steps that led—one by one—to the separation, she has come to understand.

"At first, I could think only of me—my hurt, my ego, my problem," she says. "But gradually, I came to realize that I was by no means unique."

Barbara knows, however, that the end of bitterness does not necessarily mean the end of loneliness, as well.

But loneliness is one subject that Barbara Stanwyck chooses not to dwell on long. Because she has been working so hard to overcome it.

She is much less reluctant, surprisingly, to reveal her most introspective thoughts on what happened to her marriage and why—as she sees it now—the divorce from Bob was inevitable.

For one thing, she admits in retrospect, that she may have been too career-minded, too concerned about maintaining her status as one of Hollywood's most successful actresses—and not concerned nearly enough with being a truly successful wife.

She never took her marriage for granted—no (Continued on page 98)

BY RUTH WATERBURY
Hollywood Heartbreaks
and a regretful Bob Taylor continues to mourn his marital failure

• “I doubt that there’s a marriage in the offing for me. At least, there isn’t one in the foreseeable future. If there were to be, I’d be the happiest guy in the world. I’m not cut out to be alone. But every time I go out with a girl, I begin to make comparisons. And that’s always the beginning of the end.”

That is Robert Taylor’s frank and honest answer to questions about his marrying again. There have been repeated rumors of new romances for him—flurries of newspaper stories—linking his name with charmers here and abroad. Tall tales! Fantastic deductions!

“Marriage now is the last thing in my mind,” Bob says. “You see, I figure I hit the jackpot the first time, and it would be asking too much of life to expect to hit it again.

“I’m sorry things turned out the way they did. And I feel that I’m responsible—completely responsible. I accept the facts for what they are—but it makes a guy lose confidence in himself as a husband.

“And after Barbara, who could I possibly marry? Barbara is a great girl—intelligent and understanding—and full of love. Real love, I mean.”

Being the kind of man who never dreamed of divorce, he’s finding the return to singleness anything but blessed. “I’m not very gregarious,” he puts it. “I don’t like parties and big crowds. My choice is to be pretty much alone, but I don’t want to sit home and mope. I get restless. That’s why I rattle around town as much as I do.”

And that’s why the romance rumors flourish. Bob is a charming escort, gracious, amusing (Continued on page 99)

BY KATHERINE ALBERT

Bob takes the full responsibility for the failure of their marriage
I have a theory that the reasons for the breakup of John Wayne’s second marriage are deeply rooted in his first.

Here is the background.

Wayne’s first marriage was in 1933 to Josephine Saenz, daughter of a Mexican government official and a devout Catholic.

John, too, is a Catholic—that is, he is but he isn’t. His folks were, but they went their separate ways when he was fifteen, so he wasn’t actually brought up as a practicing member of the Catholic faith.

Josephine was Society with a capital S. John was just plain Duke (his friends in Hollywood still call him that) Morrison, bit player and stunt man. Josephine’s society was the real thing—strictly Pasadena, not Hollywood. She is still high society and, incidentally, still a very beautiful woman.

To John, things came the hard way. He got his big break in “The Big Trail” in 1929, made by Raoul Walsh for the old Fox Company. Walsh had discovered him at Fox Studio working as a prop man for the summer. The various studios made a practice of giving kids—particularly football players—jobs during the vacation months, and Wayne, who made the varsity team in his sophomore year at the University of Southern California, was being touted as a coming football star.

“No Trail” was intended to... (Continued on page 100)
Heartbreaks

but for Chata Wayne recent years of her marriage have brought only sorrow

With Esperanza (Chata) Baur, John at first found the quiet home life he had so desperately desired in marriage

BY EVE FORD

- When Chata and John Wayne were married on January 17, 1946, there was no doubt that they were deeply in love. Their tastes were similar; they shared a mutual desire for the quiet contentment of a happy home life.

Chata was, in fact, ready to give up her career as a motion picture actress in Mexico to devote herself to being just Mrs. John Wayne. Shortly after their wedding Chata said, "I don't ever wish for acting again. But I am glad for the Duke that I did act for a while, for it makes me know, without his having to explain anything at all, when he is tired or cross. Then I either baby him or I just turn my back and go away and let him gloom quietly, all by himself."

And there is no doubt that the moody Duke did gloom by himself much of the time. But Chata and John did, at first, share a lot of fun together. They loved their home, and they loved occasional evenings out too. Both enjoy dancing, and Chata particularly enjoyed dancing with John because of his height. "When I first see Duke in Mexico, where most of the men are so short, I know it is good for me," she admitted shortly after their marriage. "I know that when I, who am so long, dance with him his head will be above me, which never happened to me before."

Chata and John had much in common. They both had come from middle-class families where working for a living was the accepted (Continued on page 101)
SECRETS Behind Hollywood Heartbreaks

Eleanor Powell gave up her career to make her marriage successful

BY JANE CORWIN

On an October evening back in 1944, a solemn young couple stood side by side in the flower-decked living room of the bride's Beverly Hills home. Softly, in words barely audible except to each other, they repeated the marriage vows. "Only once before in my entire thirty-five years in the ministry," said the Reverend Ray Moore afterward, "have I ever performed a ceremony where the strength of feeling between two people was so marked.

"Standing there, so straight and tall and so deeply in love, they were a symbol of everything fine and good and clean in this world."

This was the wedding of dancing star Eleanor Powell and Glenn Ford, actor turned Marine sergeant. It was a wartime marriage, and their love seemed the only stable thing in a world of confusion. In the year of 1952, confusion in full force seems to have entered the lives of the Glenn Fords.

There were hints of trouble as far back as 1946, when Glenn came home from the service and made "A Stolen Life" and "Gilda." At that time, he admitted that a few adjustments were being made in the household. "But we've never discussed anything so drastic as parting," he said.

Lately the rumors have been revived. There are those who insist that Eleanor at one point not only consulted a lawyer, but was bent on filing for divorce, when Glenn somehow managed to persuade her to give their marriage another try.

Recently the story of a quarrel reached the papers. The accounts were many and varied. One reporter said that Glenn had left home (Continued on page 102)

After a rift, Glenn Ford has asked Ellie to give him another chance

BY JAMES WILDER

It happened a long time ago. A tall, gangly youth was perched high on the roof of the Wilshire Theatre in Santa Monica. He wore an ill-fitting raincoat to ward off the rain. His face was eager and tense as both hands hung onto a huge twisting searchlight that swept the sky. Thus he clung for four hours each night, twisting the light that guided theater-goers to the box office below. For his services, he got to see the show—free! Each night he could lose himself in the magic world of make-believe—the world that one day was to be his world if it took the last ounce of his being.

Gwlylyn Samuel Newton Ford from Glenford, near Three Rivers in Quebec, didn't have to grow taller. But he did become older and wiser and one day, as Glenn Ford, he appeared in a Paramount short called "A Night in Manhattan." This time there was no free movie for his services. For his acting chore, he received the magnificent sum of twenty-five dollars, and never before or since has he been so genuinely thrilled. The rest is now Hollywood history.

Glenn Ford has come a long way. He's richer today in worldly goods. Experience has been a great teacher. Would he want to change places with the eager, wistful boy back on the theatre rooftop? Sometimes, when that unhappy expression creeps into his eyes, when the corners of his mouth tighten and he sighs as he talks in soft, quick gasps, Hollywood wonders. His restless nature, his cautious attitude do not bespeak a happy man.

This may well be the heritage of his Welsh ancestry. There have been and probably (Continued on page 103)
Peter Ford accompanied his parents, after the reconciliation, on a holiday fishing trip to the Mammoth Lakes.
Liz Taylor knew she wasn’t happy—that she was searching for something she couldn’t find in her own life. And then . . . Mike found Elizabeth

• FOR THE NEXT SIX OR SEVEN MONTHS her friends and fans will refer to Elizabeth Taylor, please, as Mrs. Michael Wilding.

Before she met Michael, Liz says, she was never really satisfied with her life, with herself.

“it wasn’t anything really specific—I just wasn’t happy, never quite knowing why. I was searching for something, I didn’t know what.

“Now I know. And I have it. My love. My reason for existing.”

The beautiful young star, awaiting the birth of her first child, began a temporary retirement from the screen late in August with the completion of her role in “The Girl Who Had Everything.”

“The girl who has everything—you can say that again,” seemed to be the unanimous verdict of all the people who worked with her in the exciting five weeks just before Liz said goodbye, for a short time at least, to all of her friends and co-workers on the M-G-M lot.

For Liz, home again after an idyllic honeymoon in the Alps with her handsome British husband, Michael Wilding, was a vision to inspire even the most determinedly

(Continued on page 92)
Water skiing by moonlight ... classical music on a juke box ... magnetism on Main street ... blue jeans and dancing shoes ... hometown boy with a party line
A dryad, dancing to a street organ ... white violets in an earthenware jar
... a Botticelli elf ... sunlight on the Mediterranean ... Mona Lisa in her teens
Here’s something for the girls who want to keep an eye on Bob Wagner—a collection of pocket-size pinups.

Bob Wagner may be the young man about town, but he’s career-conscious. Serious and hard-working, he keeps everyone on the set hopping—answering his questions! At twenty-two, Bob is not only one of Hollywood’s brightest young stars, he is one of the most popular too. An all-round sportsman, he can also swing a mean tune on a sax and really roll those drums! But it’s his growing fan mail that proves Bob really sends the girls. For which he’s grateful. Yet he isn’t forgetting what Clark Gable said to him when he first started in movies. “Always be considerate of people at the studio, Bob. And don’t ever forget—you can always be replaced.” That makes good sense to Bob.
Bob's for girls! Pictures are of Debbie Reynolds, Debra Paget. "I play records all the time. It drives my poor Dad nuts."

Vitamins plus! Now we know where Bob gets all that energy! A sharp dresser, even when he's preparing to hit the sack.

Cars send him—he used to drive a hot rod, now wants a Jaguar. It's the cats! Bob is next in "Stars and Stripes Forever."
WIVES MAKE THE

A lot of Hollywood success stories might never have been written if the mister hadn’t married the right missus.

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

...WHEN AVA GARDNER took Frank Sinatra for better or for worse, I couldn't see how things could be any worse for them. His television show was about to be axed. His picture, “Meet Danny Wilson,” was heading for a box-office nosedive. His records weren't selling. His fan following was violently divided over the divorce from Nancy. His popularity with the press was nil. He wasn't even feeling too good physically.

And do you think any of this bothered our Ava? Of course it did. But she was determined not to let it bother Frankie too much. As far as she's concerned, he has never stopped being a success. And it's this kind of confidence that has put many a career-wobbly husband right back on top again.
Paul Brinkman made a career switch and proved Jeanne Crain was right

Ava Gardner steadies Frank’s career doubts with wifely confidence

Janet lets Tony Curtis know she’s in love with a wonderful guy!

America’s the land of opportunity for Vittorio since he wed Shelley

Lucille Ball parted from movies for a permanent spot with Desi

BEST HUSBANDS!

That’s what I mean when I say that wives make the best husbands. Look at the positive wives—the members of Hollywood teams where the husband couldn’t possibly be where he is today—and tomorrow—if the little woman hadn’t been right behind him, giving him the kind of push a man needs to send him soaring. And I mean, among others, Sue Ladd, Lauren Bacall, Shelley Winters, Jeanne Crain and Esther Williams.

I remember smiling when Sue Ladd sold half her agent’s interest in Alan to another ten percenter, because, as she told me then, “I couldn’t do a good job for him at the studio, or anywhere, once we were married. No matter what I said about him, it would sound prejudiced. And people were bound to be sceptical.” But did that stop Sue from boosting Alan in every way she could? Not by a hundred per cent.

She didn’t even slow up on the Ladd sales promotion a couple of years ago, after she sold her remaining half of Alan to a top agency. Her net on the deal: enough cash to pay for the $150,000 mansion in Holmby Hills. That was Alan’s present to Sue. And Sue’s present to Alan is one of the most fabulous careers this town has ever seen. With Sue pegging the rates, Alan’s salary at Paramount rocketed from $150 a week for “This Gun for Hire” to $200,000 per pic, which he’s earning for “Shane.” He gets that plus a percentage at Warners for “The Iron Mistress” and a fifty-fifty share of the profits from (Continued on page 87)
I want WOMEN to like me
I want women to like me. I've just come to realize that.

I think I came to realize that I want women friends when I discovered, by accident, that I had one whom I barely knew. Her name is Eleanor Parker and I think she is the most beautiful girl in Hollywood.

It was at a party one night recently, after I'd finished work on the picture, "Monkey Business." As I started into the powder room I heard my name under discussion. It was just like that old crack about eavesdroppers. I stopped cold. I certainly didn't hear anything good said about me. One girl was knocking my clothes. Another was hammering my manners and other things. I stood there dying, just outside the half-opened door, not knowing whether I should burst into the powder room or run out on the party.

Then I heard a third voice, serene and lovely. "But do you know Marilyn?" asked the voice. "Have you really met her? The moment you do, you'll know that most of the things said about her are false."

I walked in then to see who was speaking. Eleanor Parker's eyes met mine, and she smiled like one best friend greeting another. "Hello, Marilyn," she said. "How nice you look tonight."

I gulped. "Thank you," I said. The other two cats left hurriedly. And as the door closed on them, I could feel the tears stinging against my eyelids. The truth was that Eleanor Parker and I had never exchanged a word before that moment, except "How-do-you-do" as we had been introduced to one another earlier that same evening.

Now I fumbled for words. I'm not much of a word girl anyhow, because the best way to talk to men, of course, is to listen. Finally I said, "I honestly don't know how to thank you."

"Let's be friends," Eleanor said. "That's payment enough for me."

Now up until that moment I never, in my whole life, have had but two women who were outright kind to me. I had no family life in my childhood. I lost my father while I was still in my cradle, and I was separated from my mother not long afterward. The state of California and the County of Los Angeles took me over and both did their best by me. I'm very grateful—but how much can you do for a kid when there's only twenty-five dollars a month to spend on her? I went from "home" to "home"—one an orphanage. It wasn't till I was eleven that I was taken into a shabby little house in a very beat-up section of Los Angeles. I was old enough by then to expect the worst, and looking at that house in that neighborhood, I fully expected this to be intolerable. But in that house (Continued on page 80)
PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS:

On the go... on the stars!

Here are clothes designed for action... exciting, fall-into-winter Go-Clothes to see you through an on-the-go season... daytime, date time, nighttime. Hollywood's glamorous stars wear them—Photoplay stars them for you to wear! GO... in step and in style with the stars!

ON THE GO... lively Gloria DeHaven poses, left, with the S.S. America as background, wearing a wonderful go-outfit by Korday. Slim skirt, vest, jacket and hat are in Juilliard new, tweed-striped cotton corduroy. Blouse in Security washable wool jersey. Vest, under $6, skirt, $8, jacket, $18, hat, $3, blouse, under $8. All, 10-18. Marlow leather bag. Dawnelle gloves. Gloria is in 20th's "Down Among the Sheltering Palms"

JANIS CARTER right, keeps in step with style in a wear-everywhere coat designed to go from morning to night, over everything. By Jaunty Juniors, in a pebbly, blackish-gray wool tweed, about $50. 7-15. Janice wears a pert little black velvet-teen jockey cap by Madcaps. Park Lane leather tote bag. Ciner rhinestone pin, bracelet

JANIS is all set to go walking with Liebchen, her frisky dachshund. Her day-into-date classic by Henry Rosenfeld is in striped gray, red and yellow Frankel wool tweed. And for after five, Jan changes accessories and slips off the rib-knit dickey. Dress, about $18, dickey, about $2. 10-18. Angora beret by Madcaps. Park Lane bag. Ciner jewelry. Janis is in RKO's "The Half-Breed"
going formal: Going out on the town, Janis is all set for the theater, dinner and some late-evening dancing. Her lovely, every-season, strapless dress with matching, cover-up jacket is in Cohama Capri, a new, richly textured antique silk-and-ace-tate, in an exciting shade called lime tone. Bodice is appliqued with white flowers and rhinestones. By Virginia Spears, about $25. 7-15. Janis adds rhinestone tulip choker and earrings by Coro. Her gold wedgies by Town & Country

going home: Still on the go even at home. For sleeping comfort and style, Janis chooses a three-piece Tommieset that combines solid yellow cotton with Stevens Scotch plaid. She wears the reversible coat outdoors in summer. It's plaid on one side and quilted plain on the other. The tailored p-j's have plain yellow pants and plaid top. The set, $17.95. 32-38, tiny, regular, tall. Clix slippers. Desley bedspread

Stores where you can buy these styles are listed on page 97
On the go, on the stars!

going informal:

Just like every girl, Janis Carter loves informal dates and parties! She’s dressed for either in a reversible, coin-dotted skirt (blue on black or black on blue) of French cotton flannel, and a lacy wool top. Jeanne Campbell of Sportswirl. 10-18. Skirt is about $15.95; sweater, about $8.95. Clix mules; Coro pin

going outdoors:

Janis romps with Liebchen, ready for any sport in cozy White Stag calf-skinner pants and cardigan. Made of Cone tweed denim, lined with warm cotton jersey, there is snug rib knit trim at calf and neck. 10-18. With gay, matching cap, $25.85 the set. Clix wool flats and Dawnelle red wool shorties add warmth
Close-up!

Close-ups of the star accessories Janis Carter wears with the Go-Clothes in this issue... penny-wise fashion buys for you... or for Christmas giving!

On the go outdoors or in: Jan's Clix plaid wool flats shown on p. 63 with pedal pushers. Full sizes 4-9M and 5-9N, $4.98. Order from Fashions for Now, Inc., 426 Madison Ave., N. Y.

Great with her greatcoat: a new, blonde satchel bag. Top grain cowhide, double closing, $10.95, by Park Lane. At the May Company, Los Angeles; Halle Bros., Cleveland

Hot news for cold hands: going outdoors, Jan wears Dawnelle warm wool jersey gloves, bright red, $4. Mandel, Chicago; Broadway, Los Angeles; Oppenheim Collins, New York

Heirloom pin-or- pendant (pinned on Janis, p. 63): a Ciner gold-plated heraldic with simulated pearls, $10, a now-and-forever gift. Order by mail from Saks-34th, New York

Go-cap dreamed up by Madcaps for Janis to wear with her coat, and with everything: black velvet with ribbon bow, $5.95. Bloomingdale's, New York; Marshall Field, Chicago; May Co., L.A.

Going formal, Jan wears elegant Coro "jools:" silver choker with shiny tulip pendant, matching earrings, $5 each. Wanamaker, New York; The Fair, Chicago; The May Co., Denver
Sew Easy

... separates worn by Anne Baxter in 20th's "My Wife's Best Friend"

You can make all three for under $25! Here's a line-for-line copy—in a sew-easy pattern—of Anne’s day-into-date outfit designed by Charles LeMaire for her to wear in her latest film (see real scenes from the movie, above.) Make it in the very same fabric, Security lovely wool jersey... stripe for the doll-waist skirt and Spencer, matching heather for the date blouse. For size 14: 5 yards of the stripe at about $4 a yard, and 1 1/4 yards of plain heather at about $3 a yard.

Jacket off, it's a terrific date outfit! Turn to page 97 for close-up of fabrics, detailed drawings of back views, and how and where to buy this pattern and fabric.
She prefers horsepower in a car to those horses he loves, sometimes sounds off like a Marine sergeant! But Virginia knows just how to keep Mike whistling while he works.

\* Virginia Mayo is a versatile actress, a gifted dancer, a designer of women’s clothes, an interior decorator, and a student of contemporary religions. She is also foolhardy and courageous: she married me.

I saw her for the first time when I was working in the picture, “Jack London.” I was playing a member of the crew on a sealing vessel set, and at the time we were supposed to be skinning seals. We were an unlovely lot to look at, up to our elbows in grease and gore. Suddenly I knew that all movement about me had ceased. Glancing up I saw an incredibly lovely girl come tripping across the littered deck. I learned later that she was there to be interviewed by a director, but she seemed as oblivious to the grime and sordidness of the scene as though she were strolling through a garden. The contrast was startling. And I was aware, instantly, that she was a girl I had to know. For the rest of that day, I wasn’t much good on the set.

Thinking about it since, I’ve wondered why she ever consented to go out with me that first time. I wasn’t a star. “Jack London” was only my second picture and though I learned later it was also her second, a girl as lovely as she was didn’t need an established career to make her attractive to the top echelons in Hollywood. But the fact that I did manage to see her later on became the most important single event of my life.

I was doing a good deal of rodeo work in those days (I still haven’t given it up) and Virginia and her mother used to travel the (Continued on page 76)
What happens when stars leave home? In Europe, whether they're holidaying or working, they go all out for fun . . . ANYTHING
A prank of Danny Kaye's in England was good practice for his assignment opposite Jeanmaire in RKO's "Hans Christian Andersen"

Never at a loss, Orson Welles grease-paints an innocent guest at a shindig abroad. Claudette Colbert is amused!

BY ELSA MAXWELL

- MEET A WORKING STAR in Hollywood and you find a serious person intent on business, a person who goes to bed early and arises early, a person who is probably annoyed at practical jokes and pranks. But meet a star vacationing in Europe and you discover a person who's freed himself from cares for a while, and is bent on adventure and gayety. The stars turn up at odd times, doing strange things. Whenever I think of them turning up in strange places I recall an escapade of Danny Kaye's in Manchester, England.

Ambition never leaves some people alone. No matter how successful they are, there always seems to be one more thing they yearn to do. And it's usually in some field other than their own.

With Danny Kaye, the urge—for years—has been to be a ballet dancer. During his recent fabulous engagement at the London Palladium, he decided to do something about it. He had become friendly with one of the leading dancers in a ballet company then touring the provinces. And Danny's powers of persuasion being what they are, he convinced the dancer a) to teach him the routine for one of the numbers, and b) to allow Danny to step in for him at a performance in Manchester one night.

But they kept it all a deep dark secret—even from the ballerina opposite whom Danny was to dance.

Without warning, she found herself confronted by a strange partner, apparently confident of what he was doing—except for a vaguely self-conscious grin. She rose to the occasion, (Continued on page 104)
Take it from Dale Robertson, the next time he becomes a father, that will be the day—he doesn’t work!

FATHER’S DAY

The phone rang on the Erie Canal set on the back lot at Twentieth Century-Fox Studios just before four o’clock on the afternoon of last July 10, and the assistant director scurried over a vast tangle of cables to pick it up. “Yeah . . . yeah,” he said excitedly, “that’s just great! Yeah, I’ll tell him.”

He got back to his microphone in record time and roared for attention. “Bulletin,” he said, “from Good Samaritan Hospital.”

At this point every one of the hundred or so workers on the stage turned to look at Dale Robertson, standing by to go into a love scene with Betty Grable, his wide open Oklahoma face reddening perceptibly under the make-up.

“A girl,” the assistant director’s voice proclaimed, “weight eight pounds, five ounces, 3:42 p.m., mother and daughter doing fine.”


And while the crowd on the set cheered and applauded excitedly, he began to work his way through a network of outstretched congratulating hands to reach the phone. He wanted to find out for himself how Jackie, his “best girl,” was, if indeed their long awaited first baby had arrived safely and everything was all right. After all—“Jackie never got anywhere on time in her life”—this baby was many, many days overdue.

Since eight o’clock that morning, when he had reported at the studio for work after depositing Jacqueline at the hospital, he had been sweating it out, and he wanted to be reassured. He reached the phone stand at last, asked the operator for the number of the (Continued on page 90)

Terrific! It’s a girl!!!
no wet sponge
no greasy fingertips
no spill-y powder

Angel Face
by Pond's

smoothes on with a puff
—and stays!

In this adorable Mirror Case
your powder and foundation in-one!

An angelic complexion—in 5 seconds!
A touch of the puff smooths you, "de-shines" you, gives a heavenly, soft finish that clings—much longer than plain powder! Because Angel Face is powder and foundation in one! The Duchess de Richelieu says, "Angel Face is the cleverest make-up, so flattering!"

Tuck it in your handbag! In the new Mirror Case with puff, mirror and Angel Face, you carry a complete, velvety complexion! Can't spill! "Angel Face is the most important bit of flattery in my handbag," Mrs. H. Latrobe Roosevelt, Jr. says. In six sweet skin tones. Pond's Angel Face Mirror Case, $1

Also in this sweet blue-and-gold box, at 59c, 89c, *plus tax
Keep that $100 gleam in your hair!

New Lady Wildroot Shampoo

Want your hair to sparkle...to have that $100 gleam? Then start using new Lady Wildroot Shampoo...the liquid-cream shampoo that gleams as it cleans...cleans as it gleams.

You see, Lady Wildroot Shampoo is more than just a liquid...more than just a cream! It's a combination of the best of both! It's soapless and for deep-down cleaning! It contains lanolin to soothe and soften hair...leaves it clean, easy to manage...a snap to set!

For soft, gleaming, radiant hair...for a clean, deep-clean scalp, insist on the shampoo that's good for your hair...right for your hair...insist on new Lady Wildroot Shampoo.

Harry, Harry! There's still time to win a $100 — BE A WILDROOT GLEAM GIRL!

Want to win $100. Want to have your picture in a Wildroot advertisement? Just send a snapshot or photograph(less than more than 3 x 3 inches in size) that shows your hair after using Lady Wildroot Shampoo, plus Lady Wildroot Shampoo box top, to Lady Wildroot Shampoo, P. O. Box 109, New York, N. Y. Keep your name and address on the back of the picture.

If your photograph is chosen, a famous artist will paint your portrait from it, and Lady Wildroot will use your picture in the Wildroot advertisement. It will be a New York artist and an art director. Decisions of the judges are final. No photographs will be returned. Offer is good only in 1952. Send your photograph today! And to keep that $100 gleam in your hair...keep using Lady Wildroot Shampoo.

A. Neither the styles she wears nor the men she dates are the same for this gay gal, on the town with Tony Martin in 1946.

B. Who wouldn't give at least ten pins for this bowler? Even with her face hidden, there are a couple of famous clues showing...
They've changed, but you can name them if you try

C. Man-about-the-tennis-court, man-about-town, man-about-the-world, there's hardly an ounce of difference in him since 1940

D. She's as energetic now as she was at rehearsal in 1948. But the old bounce hasn't stopped her from going "smoothe."
Get "Sliver Seme" — a booklet to guide you in your purchase and use of silverware. Send to # to Dept. Pll, Holmes & Edwards Division, The International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn. © 1952. ALL PATTERNS MADE IN U.S.A.
BIG SKY—THE—RKO: Rousing, authentic adventures of pioneer fur-traders along the Missouri, by Robert Taylor as the Saxon hero who defeats King John and is loved by Elizabeth Taylor, as Rebecca, and Joan Fontaine, as Rosene. (F) September

CRIMSON PIRATE, THE—Warner, Technicolor: Lusty, tongue-in-cheek tale of pirates and rebel colonists on the old Spanish Main, with embellishing anecdotes by Burt Lancaster and Nick Craven, Newcomer Eva Bartok plays heroine. (F) October


HIGH NOON—U.A.: Adult and unearntly suspenseful western, Gary Cooper stars as a marshal who, on his wedding day, must face four desperadoes alone. Fine support by Grace Kelly, Katy Jurado and Lloyd Bridges. (F) June

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

JUST FOR YOU—Paramount, Technicolor: Ambi-
table, 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

QUIET MAN, THE—Republic, Technicolor: First-rate biography of a beloved American, from cowhand to political wit. Will, Jr., is exactly right as his dad; Jane Wyman matches the film's warm, unsentimental tone. (F) October

STORY OF WILL ROGERS, THE—Warner, Technicolor: First-rate biography of a beloved American, from cowhand to political wit. Will, Jr., is exactly right as his dad; Jane Wyman matches the film's warm, unsentimental tone. (F) October

DREAMBOAT—20th Century-Fox: Tasty satirical farce, with Clifton Webb as a stuffy prof, ex-ideal of silent films, who's outraged when Ginger Rogers revives her corny co-starrers on TV. Jeff Hunter and Anne Francis are romancers. (F) October

ISLAND RESCUE—Rank, U-I: Droll English film about a pregnant pedigreed cow on a Nazi-held British island, David Niven and Glynis Johns lend romance to Venus' rescue. (F) September

LURE OF THE WILDERNESS—20th Century-Fox, Technicolor: Pleasant, unspotted tale of Jeff Hunter's adventures in an unexplored swamp, where he finds Walter Brennan, murder suspect. With Jean Peters, Constance Smith. (F) October

MERRY WIDOW, THE—M-G-M, Technicolor: Lush and lovely romance in waltz-time, about a rich American widow whose cash is needed by a toddling mythical kingdom. Lana Turner's insubstantial, but Fernando Lamas steals the picture. (F) September

SON OF PALEFACE—Paramount, Technicolor: Hilarious sequel, with cowardly Bob Hope seeking his dad's hidden fortune and getting involved with Jane Russell, saloon singer and bandit queen. Roy Rogers is in on the musical fun. (F) October

STORY OF ROBIN HOOD, THE—Disney-RKO, Technicolor: The legend of Sherwood Forest comes to life again with all the charm and gusto of an old ballad. Richard Todd's Robin; Joan Rice, Maid Marian; Elton Hayes, a minstrel. (F) August

WE ARE NOT MARRIED—20th Century-Fox: Five couples discover they're not legally wed. Funniest: Fred Allen and Ginger Rogers, radio Mr. and Mrs. duo, Runners-up: Marilyn Monroe, a beauty-queen winner, and David Wayne. (F) September

WHERE'S CHARLEY?—Warner, Technicolor: The famed farce set to music, with Ray Bolger's great danish, as the Oxford English titles. Voluptuous at his aunt. Allyn McLerie's his girl; Bob Shackleton and Mary Germaine also duet. (F) September

YOU FOR ME—M-G-M: Sprightly comedy of hospital and family life. As a tart-tongued nurse, Peter Lawford has a hard time choosing between wealthy Peter Lawford and Lucie Young. (F) October

AFFAIR IN TRINIDAD—Columbia: Rita Hayworth is back in a would-be torrid tale of a dancer in a Caribbean dive. With Glenn Ford investigating the murder of his brother, Rita's husband, this becomes an entertaining whodunit. (F) September

ALL BECAUSE OF SALLY—See review for "Sally and Saint Anne." ANNI-D-Lax: Old-fashioned romantic melodrama with Italian dialogue, English titles. Voluptuous Silvana Mangano, distraught by passion for the too-good Vittorio Casman and love for farmer Raf Vallone, turns nursing sister. (A) September

BREAKDOWN—Realart: 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 Cassell). (F) October

DUEL AT SILVER CREEK, THE—U-I, Technicolor: Mild horse opera starringAudie Murphy as hot-tempered deputy to marshal Steve McNally, chasing claim-jumpers, Faith Domergue the men- ace; Susan Cabot, pert heroine. (F) September

FEARLESS FAGAN—M-G-M: Amusing little tall tale, with Carleton Carpenter as a circus star who tries to take his beloved lion into the Army with him. Janet Leigh is less effective as a cynical movie actress. (F) October

FRANCIS GOES TO WEST POINT—U-I: In his riotous new movie, that talkative mule prevents warplant sabotage, sets Donald O'Connor into the Army academy, master-minds the Point's football games. Lori Nelson's decorative. (F) August

HAS ANYBODY SEEN MY GAL—U-I, Technicolor: Gay ramp of the roaring twenties, centering on a family's reactions to millionaire Charles Coburn's anonymous showers of wealth. Piper Laurie and Rock Hudson make Jazz-age wave. (F) August

JUMPING JACKS—Wallis-Paramount: Dean Marin and Jerry Lewis invade the paratroopers. Dean as a draftee, Jerry as a civilian who plays G.I. to help with an Army show. Enough laughs for their fans. Mona Freeman's the girl. (F) September

LES MISERABLES—20th Century-Fox: Unwieldy, often affecting drama. Michael Rennie is reformed convict, Victor; Robert Newton, his ruthless pursuer, Javert. With Cameron Mitchell, Debra Paget, Sylvia Sidney. (F) October

ONE MINUTE TO ZERO—RKO: Spectacular saga of warfare in Korea. Robert Mitchum and Ann Blyth share the uneasy love interest, as an Army officer and a dedicated UN worker. William Talman and Richard Egan score. (F) October

SALLY AND SAINT ANNE—U-I: Aided but affable comedy of an Irish-American family's feud with a politico. The original idea, Ann Blyth's faith in St. Anne, gets lost in the shenanigans. Palmer Lee plays Ann's boy friend. (F) September

WASHINGTON STORY—M-G-M: Tribute to an honest congressman. Van Johnson's daily routine shows you how hard your representatives work: less absorbing is his romance with Pat Neal, female newshawk who turns dove. (F) September

WHITE CORRIDORS—U-I: Neat British-made drama that goes behind hospital doors as it chronicles a scientist's attempts to perfect a rare drug. Googie Withers, James Donald and Godfrey Tearle turn in good performances. (F) August

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 cour-
tess. With Anthony Quinn. (F) August
Mrs. Whistle Bait

(Continued from page 67)

circuit with me. I recall the glances of outright envy I received from my cow-puncher friends, and while I'm pretty sure that no one wished me the ultimate in hard luck—a profound blessing wouldn't have minded if I'd been roughed up a bit, say enough to make me out of circulation for a while.

And what a real-life actress that Virginia turned out to be! She pretended, most convincingly, that she thought bronco-riding and calf-roping the most exhilarating of sports. Actually she didn't like them at all. The heat-soaked air, the dust, the savage bawling of horses gone temporarily insane, was not for her. But because I liked it she seemed to share my enthusiasm.

I'd get up with the chickens on mornings when we were to start out for a rodeo, load my horses into a trailer, throw my gear into the trunk compartment of the car, and head for Virginia's house. She was always waiting, eager as a pup on a leash, rarin' to go. Or so I thought. Then with her mother comfortably settled between us, we'd pick up Monty Montana and his nice wife and head for the wars.

During the rodeo, the Montana rooms or bungalow, or whenever quarters they were lucky enough to get, was a meeting-place for all of us. Virginia would sit wide-eyed, listening to some bow-legged cowpoke brag about the mean ones he'd topped. All the time he'd got in front of a stampede with nothing between him and certain death but Old Blue or Baldy or some other favorite nag he happened to be riding. And she'd slip in her breath-less "Oh, my!" at just the right place.

It wasn't until after we were married that I found out Virginia loved rodeos. Maybe I can express her lack of admiration for them more clearly when I state that she has never gone to one since the day she let me slip the ring on her finger in church. She likes horses, but in an abstract sort of way. She thinks they're nice in the corral or in a pasture. They blend well with their scenery. They lend atmosphere to a semi-ranch place such as ours. But she thinks anyone who deliberately climbs on to a horse's back and goes tearing about the country under the impression that he is having fun has lost some of his marbles. Her idea of perfect transportation is a low-slung, English-made car that can go from a standing start to a mile a minute in the space of a long breath.

There is a belief abroad in the land that no two people engaged in the same kind of work should marry. Inevitably, so the seers say, there will be a clash of temperaments, professional jealousy will lift its ugly head and presently the cynics will smile sourly and say, "Ah, these actors! Teh, teh!"

For an actor and actress who love each other to stay married is rather a simple matter, it seems to me. All that is needed is a sense of humility on the parts of both husband and wife, a realization that no matter how excellent each is in his work, just around the corner, there's some kid who is soon going to be pretty as good. And if one of them happens to be inordinately comely, that is it. That was a gift, straight from the hand of God.

Fortunately I married a girl who is utterly devoid of vanity. If she is beautiful, she believes that it is merely a fortunate heritage and one over which she had no control. And she is much too thoughtful to be unaware of her own limitations. For instance, Virginia hasn't the faintest idea that she is, at this stage of her career, a dramatic actress. She has had sound training since she was eight years old, and she continues to study. But she labors under no illusions. She is pretty sure, on the other hand, that she does all right in musicals. She feels right at home in something like "Back to Broadway," but she's plenty all right, too, in her role in "Iron Mistress."

She has one fault that even I, as her husband, am objective enough to see. She is absolutely, brutally honest. You may be surprised that I would consider this a fault, but my feeling about the matter is that you don't have to sound off like a Marine Corps sergeant simply because your opinion was asked. There is, you know, such a thing as tact. If you want to belt somebody in the nose, it's possible to pull your punch just a little. But not my Virginia. With her a fact is a fact and that's it. Don't misunderstand me; she doesn't go on the proud looking for a chance to say what she thinks. But she does look. If anyone wants to know what her opinion is, he isn't left long in the dark. And she wouldn't butter up to a soul in the world.

Religion has always prodded Virginia's mind because she can't keep from asking questions. She has an insatiable curiosity about things she doesn't consider. She tends to happen to be Catholic and, I like to think, reasonably well informed in my faith. But Virginia can ask questions about it that set me right back on my heels.

Religion was the main opportunist, I called up Bishop Fulton Sheen, the last time we were in New York, and asked him if he would see my wife and give her some answers she was looking for.

Although, on a recent house several days, Bishop Sheen gave Virginia seven hours of his most valuable time. I don't know what he told her but I do know that no other kind of kind was used. The Bishop doesn't work that way. He says that people who come to him for information are already touched by divine grace or they wouldn't be there. Virginia, an agnostic, doesn't know, because she never told me. She still goes to her own church, the Presbyterian, and she spends much time reading the books the Bishop gave her.

I spoke of Virginia's interest in interior decoration. The undeveloped possibilities of a house are a perpetual challenge to her. When I am not at home she's often crouching in the corner of the room wondering whether it is safe to put her finger in the outlet to test the electricity. I know she is not crazy about horses, but she is just beginning to get interested in hunting "For Sale" signs. When she finds one she goes in and looks the place over, having herself a ball conjuring up mental images of what she would do with the place. Occasionally she's known to pick up a house—be it a very small one, of course, where to spend their vacations. She's planning to have a room where the next owner will find her jestings. Whether or not she ever does, we're very likely to find her getting ready for it.

Before I knew it I was up to my ears in work. I began digging foundation trenches. Then I was laying bricks, an art I'd learned in New York in order to keep eating regularly. I installed plumbing. I remodeled interiors. And all the time that wife of mine was offering suggestions in her soft, gentle voice that added up to a lot more buck-breaking Virginia wouldn't know about. And the trouble is that Virginia wouldn't know about. And the trouble is that Virginia wouldn't know about. And the trouble is that Virginia wouldn't know about.

So here we are, married over five years. Interested in the present, excited about the future. We are a family of seven. We dream about having children and we look forward to doing another picture together. But whether we do or not, I'll go contentedly along with my career, and Virginia will keep on making more and better films and eliciting well-calls from the male youth of these United States.

I don't object to that. I think it's fine. After all, it's what any guy should expect who marries himself a good looking babe.

The End
Adorable Margaret Curpley of New York to Herbert Barlow, Jr., of Providence, R.I. Their exciting plans: A church wedding to be followed by a European honeymoon.

She's Engaged

Every girl who meets Margaret longs to ask her beauty secret. Margaret's complexion always looks radiant—so fresh, smooth.

She's Lovely

Margaret finds nothing cares for her skin as beautifully as Pond's Cold Cream. "It's just marvelous!" she says. "It leaves my face feeling silky-smooth!"

For a really lovely complexion, do this every night as Margaret does

Soft-cleanse—swirl satin-smooth Pond's Cold Cream all over your face and throat—generously. Tissue off—well.

Soft-rinse quickly with more skin-helping Pond's Cold Cream. Tissue off again—lightly. Your face is immaculate, glowing.

"I've found a wonderful way to help my skin look its best."
Margaret says

"It's almost like magic, the way Pond's Cold Cream makes my skin look so much softer and smoother," Margaret says. "You should try it."

No wonder Margaret is thrilled with the lovely look Pond's Cold Cream gives her complexion. This special cream is an exclusive formulation of skin-helping ingredients.

Together, these ingredients work on your skin as a team—in interaction. As you swirl on Pond's Cold Cream, you help both the inside and the outside 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 is never left harsh, never left dry.

On the Inside—the circulation is stimulated...helping the skin to repair itself and refine itself.

Like Margaret—and so many other girls—you'll be delighted with the fresh, lovely look Pond's Cold Cream brings to your skin.

Go to your favorite face cream counter and get a large jar of Pond's Cold Cream today.

Try this skin-helping Pond's treatment yourself tonight

See a fascinating, immediate change come over your face
It was making a chocolate cake that got Suzan Ball her screen test. Suzan made a cake that won a prize at a charity bazaar at Santa Maria, California. Talent scouts spotted Suzan's picture in the paper, with the cake of course, and she was in. She made her screen debut in the dramatic part of the “other woman” in “Untamed Frontier” for Universal. As always, the studio wanted to change the new contract player’s name. Suzan turned down the names they suggested, and offered a compromise: she’s changed the “s” in Susan to “z.”

Suzan lives alone in a small Hollywood apartment with her Siamese cat. She’s an excellent swimmer. Tony Quinn’s eyes popped when he saw her do perilous dives for “City Beneath the Sea.” “Suzan’s completely fearless,” he says.

She wants to be a competent actress, and in time a great actress, and she doesn’t care how hard she has to work to obtain her goal. She is grateful to U-I for the opportunities they give new players and she takes advantage of all the improvement courses, including acting, dancing, singing, riding, fencing. In her off-time she takes painting lessons, does her washing and ironing, reads, and goes to concerts and museums. When Rock Hudson was leaving for France to make a picture, Suzan asked him to visit the Louvre and write her about the paintings. Rock promised to write, but not about the Mona Lisa.


Anne Bancroft is TV’s gift to motion pictures. Twentieth Century-Fox signed her, named her Anne Bancroft and gave her her first part, that of the night club singer in “Don’t Bother to Knock,” with Marilyn Monroe and Richard Widmark. Anne’s real name is Anne Italiano, and before coming to Hollywood she was a New Yorker, along with her parents and two sisters. In Hollywood, Anne has a small studio apartment in a big apartment house with a swimming pool. The studio rushed her through three pictures so fast she barely had time to take her hat off; she is in “Treasure of the Golden Condor” and “Tonight We Sing.” But for the moment she is having a breather and enjoying the swimming pool. She hasn’t had any time to meet the boys, she says. But she will. When she first came to Hollywood she was in the throes of a frantic romance with a New York actor, but that’s over now. She’s fancy free.

Anne’s special dislikes are long phone conversations and people who “drip sweetness.” As for likes—she likes to see her movies in drive-ins. When the studio ups her salary and she can afford a house she hopes to have her parents and her younger sister, Peggy, come live with her. The first thing to shock her in Hollywood was “cheesecake” pictures. “But it’s different now,” says Anne. “They can’t keep me out of a swim suit. I’m always asking, ‘When do we go to the beach?’”

Ever since the first preview of "The Big Sky," Dewey Martin, who used to usher at the Pantages Theatre in Hollywood, has been a big rave. Producer Howard Hawks, who knows talent when he meets up with it, has Dewey under long-term personal contract; fanatical outdoor man Dewey hopes that Hawks will type him (imagine an actor who wants to be typed!) as a western character. "A sort of sawed-off John Wayne," says five-foot-nine Dewey with his friendly smile.

Dewey's life to date has been anything but plushy. His family was quite poor. When his father died and his mother's health broke down, he and his younger brother, Jimmy, had to go to live with distant relatives. His mother and brother came to Hollywood to live with him, after a separation of twenty-one years. And to do things up right, Dewey brought a bride home a year later, a model named Marie Havelhurst. He met Marie while he was in Sun Valley doing a ski layout (you'd think Dewey was born with his skis on, he's that good).

Mr. Hawks' gold mine doesn't drink or smoke. Dewey is a trained athlete and goes in for surfboarding, skiing, swimming and hunting. He likes sports clothes, dogs, classical recordings, small cars and any picture that has Claire Trevor in it. When and if he gets enough money stashed away he wants to buy a ranch in Texas or Colorado.


Gig Young is one of the fortunate few who had his option picked up by Metro five months before it was due. After seeing him in "Holiday for Sinners" and "You for Me," the studio brass said, "Sign him again. Give him a raise."

Gig came to Hollywood in 1939 and worked as a gas station attendant and drive-in car-hop until he won a scholarship to the famous Pasadena Community Playhouse. He was spotted there by a talent scout, signed by Warner Brothers. His first outstanding part was as the character, Gig Young, in "The Gay Sisters." Fan mail started coming in for Gig Young. So with the studio's okay, he took the name for himself.

Right after Pearl Harbor, Gig enlisted in the Navy. After his honorable discharge in 1945 he resumed his movie career, has made seventeen pictures to date. His thirteenth picture was with James Cagney in "Come Fill the Cup"—his part in that won him an Academy Award nomination.

Gig is married to Sophie Rosenstein, a test director at Universal-International studios. He met her twelve years before they married—when she directed him in his first test at Warners. The Youngs recently bought a house with a swimming pool in the Valley.

Gig loves tennis, golf and hunting and fancies himself a handy man around the house. "But Sophie always calls in someone to re-fix things!" he grins.

I Want Women To Like Me

(Continued from page 39)

I encountered "Aunt Anna." Her real name was Mrs. E. Anna Lower.

She was far from young. She barely had enough to look like a regular woman but Aunt Anna became a mother to me. She was the first person I ever knew who preferred to be called a daughter—and like a friend.

When she died, a few years later, I almost died, too, from sheer loneliness. I think maybe that is the reason I married when I was one week passed my sixteenth birthday. I simply had to have someone to love. It seems to me that this is how I think that is the most important thing in the world—to love and to be loved.

My marriage didn't work out. I don't see now how I could ever have believed it would. I knew nothing. Neither did the boy I married. We had nothing—but raw emotion.

In some ways loneliness is a good thing. It forces you to think for yourself. It makes you responsible for your actions. Its danger is that it makes you settle for too little.

I had settled for too little. But I was lonelier than ever when my marriage broke up.

There's a picture I release right now called "Okinawa," and to my surprise and amusement, I'm in it. The reason I laugh now is because I never made that picture. But a few years ago I did make a picture called "Ladies of the Lane." I got the impression that I tried to break into movies. And the movie world, when you are unknown and ignorant and shabby as I was, makes your existence even lonelier.

There's a picture I release right now called "Ladies of the Chorus." I had to see Harry Cohn, who is head of Columbia Studios. I had a cold and I was scared to death. Between the two, I could barely speak above a whisper. I said: "How can I sing on-screen when I can't hear you across my desk?"

But I did get signed—and subsequently dropped—just as I had been signed and subsequently dropped by Twentieth Century.

Today, I have to watch my diet to keep my figure, but in those days I was watching my diet in reverse, afraid my figure would vanish from starvation. Then "Asphalt Jungle" came along. And with it came my second wife, Lucille, the talented coach at M-G-M.

Lucille taught me diction as she coached me for my role. Lucille taught me how to walk, how to stand, how to sit.

Whenever anyone asks me how I learned about the books I learned, first from John Huston, who directed "Asphalt Jungle," then from Lucille. And now I'm learning from Henry Hathaway, who just finished directing me in "Niagara." If it were easy I wouldn't worry. I feel I could possibly go to Lucille and she would try to help me—without, necessarily, asking "Why?"


I'm sure that almost every girl believes in her inner heart that the most important thing in life is to have love. One man. But I'm coming to see that that is only—well, not the half of it, but let's say the sixty per cent of it. The other forty per cent is having your own sex like you, so that they understand you and you understand them.

That's why I've come to the point where I want women to like me, too. It squares everything up. It makes you live completely.

Or is this just another way of saying, when any girl reaches this conclusion, that she has finally grown up? The End

How to use a feminine syringe

is fully described in my book mentioned below. You'll find many helpful suggestions. One important suggestion is to use a gravity-flow syringe as we do in the hospital because its gentle action will not harm delicate tissues.

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B. F. Goodrich "Sojourner" folding syringe fits in a handy waterproof case no bigger than an evening purse yet it holds 2 full quarts.

Easy to pack when traveling and easy to store when used at home. If your druggist doesn't have the "Sojourner," ask him to order it for you.

When you're the nurse you'll be glad to have a good water bottle on hand. I recommend B. F. Goodrich guaranteed water bottles because they are treated to resist age and wear and give you dependable service for years.

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Now's the time to do something about distressing dandruff . . . hard to manage hair . . . a stiff, brittle permanent! Now's the time to give your hair Cream-Tone care with new Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing! It's the new amazing way to soften, soothe and beautify hair and make it extra manageable as well.

And here's news! You can Cream-Tone your hair to radiant loveliness right at home! You don't have to soak your head in hot, smelly oils. No fussing with wet towels. Cream-Toning is pleasant, relaxing, easy, simple and it works wonders with scalp and hair.

You'll love Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing, the exciting new product that makes Cream-Toning possible. It's so smooth, so creamy, so flower-fragrant, flower-pink! It's a blend of soothing lanolin, costly cholesterol and other precious ingredients that do so much for hair and scalp!

Cream-Toning is Guaranteed . . . or Double Your Money Back! That's right! Unless you agree that Cream-Toning gives you a cleaner scalp, more radiant hair, return empty bottle and get double your money back. Get Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing today.

Cream-Toning is easy . . . follow these simple steps!

1 Brush hair vigorously. Part it section by section, rubbing Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing thoroughly along each part. Let the lanolated oils soothe, care your scalp.

2 Continue rubbing until both scalp and hair are cream-washed, cream-toned. The rich oils in Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing work their way to the very ends of hair.

3 Leave this creamy lotion in the hair for a few minutes, a half-hour or all night. Then shampoo with Lady Wildroot Shampoo that cuts grease, floods away loose dandruff.

4 Now look at the results! Note how pink and clean the scalp is . . . how soft and pliable every strand of hair. Waves are now easy to set . . . need very little coaxing.

5 Whatever the problem . . . dandruff . . . stiff, dry hair . . . frizzy permanent . . . let Cream-Toning solve it . . . give you lovelier, more manageable, more glamorous hair.

Hair care hints from Lady Wildroot

Every day, rub a few drops of Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing along the part, at the temple. Then brush vigorously . . . and see how easily your hair stays in place!

Between Cream-Toning . . . use Lady Wildroot for quick touch-ups and to keep hair well-groomed.

When shampooing . . . if you lack time for Cream-Toning, add a teaspoonful of Lady Wildroot to your final rinse, to wash away snarls and tangles.

. . . stop at your favorite store and get a bottle of Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing and a bottle of Lady Wildroot Shampoo and start Cream-Toning loveliness into your hair.

Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing . . . 50' and $1 sizes
“Doctors’ tests reveal this ‘all-purpose’ chlorophyll

STOPs WOMEN’S Special ODor PRoBlEm!”

(Continued from page 43)

up.” “Good luck to you,” said his mother.

That night she overheard her sons in the living room. “You can’t make a million,” Tim was arguing, “unless you invent things. So that’ll work, won’t it?”

“A magic machine,” offered Greg. “Say, I instanced a little kitten comes along. Well, you pour this magic water over the kitten and change it to anything you want. And then you run off to becoming an—”

Susan and Jess take parenthood seriously, which doesn’t mean solemnly. Their object is to launch into the world a couple of well-adjusted citizens. They agree with the modern school that parents should be in love and must love their children. They disagree in the matter of discipline. Psychologists say don’t spank. Susan says, “I think boys need a good whack on the funny side every so often when they get out of hand. It clears the air and does them good. It’s a kind of protection against their own lack of self-control. I’ve observed kids who’ve been raised as polite as I’d like; to me they seem less secure. Somehow, they get the idea that you don’t care enough to exert yourself to whack them. Not that I advocate it as a regular thing. But when it’s necessary, and if they’re deliberately disobedient, if they endanger themselves by picking up a butcher knife or shooting out of the driveway on their bikes. You can always say, ‘It takes more than a tramp to upset a family—’ then that’s it, I’ll bet it does—” Then he laughs. Even Greg’s less upset by a spanking than a scolding.

What the high price is less important than the fact that they do it together. Sometimes they pile into the station wagon for a trip to the fishing store to look at tackle. Sometimes it’s a tossup to decide who gets to go—Scottie because the kids are cheerful losers. Their allowance is twenty-five cents a week, but they get a bonus for such extras as keeping the backyard clean. Right now they’re loaded, since the good kids scaled a hickory tree half hidden under their pillows for every tooth they lose. “The good fairy’s mommy and daddy,” Greg whispered to Tim.

“They know, but we’re always having a project,” Susan said. “They have projects, like the garden planted by Tim and Susan. The flowers thrived, the vegetables came up cockeyed. It’s daddy, not mommy, who’s blessed with the green thumb. Susan likes to spend her time as an onlooker, free with advice, but unprepared to sweat. Figaro has to be discouraged from helping. Figaro’s the Scottie presented to Susan last Christmas by the boys. Afterward in the world, Susan’s definitely his mamma. Let the twins play rought, let Jess give him a look, and he scuttles to Susan, cocking an innocent eye. He’s a sucker for lemons. Figaro packs on the tree, rolls them to the edge of the pool, drops them in and turns around for applause. Everyone, Figaro included, thinks they’re great.

Afternoons are spent in and around the pool. No summer camp for the boys. “They’re too little,” says Susan, “and we’re not anxious to be rid of them.” Instead, she engaged seventeen-year-old daughter of their former nurse. She’s young enough to have fun with them, peppy enough to go hiking with them, and reasonably quiet with them.

Their program is more flexible than camp’s and perhaps more varied. And for that inevitable moment when they cry, “What’ll I do now? I have nothing to do,” Susan always keeps something away—a pound of clay, for instance, that costs all of twenty-five cents and provides an enchanted interval.

Generally speaking, she’s lukewarm about television. An occasional special program holds her interest, but she’d rather take them out. Sometimes, if there is one, or go to the Hollywood Bowl Barrning brassy jazz, she delights in all forms of music, with maybe a special leaning to big bands. But in her dressing room, she wears the Erroll Garner records thin. By the same token, she loves to dance, as does Jess. They both dance well. He has just one criticism to make, and that is, “It’s hard to dance away by the music, she’ll forget who’s leading.” “Would you care to try this solo?” he suggests. “Abashed, she subsides.

They live simply because they love living. They make their own dinner, but they never follow any recipe. Needing more space, they keep half an eye out for a larger one without putting any fancy into the search. They don’t go in for electronic gadgetry—except that they have a 3-pin set that’s room sized. They’ve bought it by the subscription plan, and only wish they had room to build in a kitchen. They own paintings, but they’ve bought some good reproductions of Cezanne, the earlier Picassos and other French moderns. For the rest, their place suits them as it and they leave it like that and spend their money on her pro sessions. “To me that’s empty foolishness. There are too many other things to do. It’s a big world. I’d rather see it some day than spend more of the money my four ways and look at it.”

Cleo’s the whole domestic staff, except for her sister who comes in once a week for the heaviest cleaning. Entertainment’s what Susan looks for and there are plenty. San Francisco or San Francisco. Their circle includes another from the east, and an actor or two—George Tobias, Thelma Ritter.

Dinner parties are small because more than three years ago they moved from the dinette room. And informal, because they get early on account of the boys. On account of the boys, too, they pick their guests. “Lots of adults don’t care for dining with children. To me the kids are the fun.”

We don’t banish ours for the sake of company. Instead, we ask people who have children themselves and like them. When more lavish entertainments is in order, they sneak away. They never throw big parties. I don’t feel that, because you’re in the movies, you have to...
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This is what is happening: In your teens, the oil glands often become over-active. At the same time, the skin gets sluggish—fails to throw off the everyday accumulations of dead skin cells. When these tiny, dead flakes build up over the pore openings, enlarged pores and even blackheads are on the way.

Today—Pond's recommends a greaseless treatment for these four major problems: oiliness, sluggishness, enlarged pores and even blackheads. It's easy, quick...and it works!

(Continued from page 82)

throw them. My idea of home is a place that's comfortable and relaxing. Being hostess to a crowd, even if you like them all, creates a certain tension. Anyway, it does in me. Like in the gardenia place damn couple kid convertible truck little MY 84 greaseless blackheads the come. Are Have. Tonight—Pond's recommends a "keratolytic" action loosens dead skin cells—dissolves them off? Frees tiny skin gland openings so they can function normally. After 60 seconds—tissue off. See how fresh your skin feels! How much softer and clearer it looks!

1-Minute Mask clears off: "tones" brightens young skin

Tonight—do this: Cover face, except eyes, with greaseless Pond's Vanishing Cream. Its "keratolytic" action loosens dead skin cells—dissolves them off? Frees tiny skin gland openings so they can function normally. After 60 seconds—tissue off. See how fresh your skin feels! How much softer and clearer it looks!

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mink coat. Three years ago, they'd put enough money by to furnish the living room. Came a chance to acquire this coat, ordered by a woman in San Francisco who then got cold feet. "Buy the coat," said Jess. "I like a nice girl living in a house where we can stick a projector and show pictures."

She let him twist her arm. Reveiling in the coat, she also points out its utilitarian aspects. "A cloth coat keeps you just as warm, but if it has to go to the shop, you get more for the mink."

No hookshop shadows the foreseeable future. Susan, however, has a long eye both forward and back. "I've been there before. Who am I to say it can never happen again?"

She likes swimming, seafood and cakes from Ebinger's bakery in Brooklyn. As a child, she was always allowed to choose her own birthday cake at Ebinger's. It cost sixty cents then. The price has gone up, and the quality remains up. Whenever she goes east, she never fails to buy pastry at Ebinger's. She likes dictionaries and encyclopedias. Hers get a big workout, since she's thirsty for knowledge and intelligent in seeking it. After buying a Toulouse-Lautrec print, she dug up every available book on the artist so she could understand the picture better.

She dislikes the odor of perfume at dinner. For her money it shouldn't be used until 8:30 p.m. In defense to this idiosyncrasy, her friends arrive perfumeless to dinner. Susan's a little rough about the whole thing. "I suppose if I were a nice person, I'd never mention it. But I disagree with the roast ruins my appetite."

She's afraid of high places. Looking through the window of a New York skyscraper, she'll make an instinctive grab at something for support. Yet, she's deeply anxious about her only reservation involves the children. To protect them, she and Jess have agreed never to make a long flight on the same plane. She's not exactly superstitious, but doesn't want any sight before starting a picture unless (1) she's in bed by nine, (2) Jess gives her a red apple, (3) she tunes in the car radio on her way to work and, whatever song's playing, by the end.

She never hopes to sit on a piano and sing in a night club, but thinks it would be awfully nice if she could. The role she most enjoyed was that of Jane Froman, because of the joy and the joy of working with so remarkable a woman. No gush-er Susan, her eyes light up at mention of Froman's name. Indirectly, the picture proved another her people. In the height of Hollywood, her alma mater, had long been urging a visit. It was arranged for last March when she went to New York. As the car stopped in front of the building, her pupils were bright. Girls in their life, dressed in suits generally, stood lined up outside. The cop remembered her. She recognized the janitor's beaming face. Teachers of her childhood came forward to greet her. In the art de-

Hayward's never been one to flaunt her heart on her sleeve. An instinctive reserve discourages the over-familiar. People like her at Fox, but they're not free-and-easy with her. Instead of hollering when a scene's finished, she goes to her dressing room and plays records. Her own self-analysis sounds lucid, fair and convincing. "I've always needed a lot of rest. Till I was sixteen, I napped after school and set up the set and conserving my energy helps me to work better. But that's not the whole story I can be contrary. From the back of somebody's neck, I'll decide that I don't like that person. Sometimes I'm right, sometimes wrong. And I do have a tendency to withdraw. This is when I'm born with. Maybe it's due to shyness, that you'd call a shy person. Circumstances have forced me to be otherwise. Still, there are times when I clam up like Greg, and I think it's a failure. It keeps me from giving back. I find if I make an extra effort, I can overcome it, but it does take that little extra effort. You can't be best friends with everyone—

She thinks she's living the ideal life right now. But for a really terrific imaginative life, she'd take a huge ranch with rolling hills and a stable of beautiful horses, where she and Jess could raise alfalfa, or raise an alfalfa own a little plane, pick up the twins at will, hop off to Europe or Africa, come back to the ranch and find some new little colts and calves to code. Why this of all visions? She can't explain, unless it's because she's seen too many westerns. Would she miss acting? A gleam shoots from under Miss Hayward's lashes. "I could take care of that myself!"

Her faith is simple. She believes God put her into the world for a purpose, and feels a deep responsibility in fulfilling that purpose. When she was seven, a car ran over her, causing injuries that kept her in the back of all designs—Susan's winning label, entered in competition with other art students and still used by the school. The sense of things past worked hob with what was to come, and in her impressionable mind a radiant sense of the wonder of people's kindness. Nothing that's happened since has changed her view. She believes the human heart, and in trying to be a worthy member thereof. She believes in the essential goodness of life. She thinks that her own has been crammed with as many blessings as that of any woman, and that the greatest of them all are Jess, Gregory and Tim.

The End
Wives Make the Best Husbands

(Continued from page 55)  
"Desert Legion" at Universal. This could easily add up to an astronomic half-million a year. And now that he is making "The Red Beret" for Columbia in England, he gets an added $250,000 plus $50,000 for family living expenses abroad.

Every tiny detail of Alan's career comes under magnified scrutiny by Sue's sharp eyes. And for years, studios haven't bothered to bother Alan with the details. Sue told him years ago when to go on strike for more pay, and she held him firm during the suspension to ultimate victory.

I always used to think that Sue set the pace at home, too. But I learned differently when I spent a day with them not long ago. Alan is in charge on the home front—a surprise reverse. He decides what food they eat, when the children should go to bed, who's invited to visit, and what television shows the family watches.

Alan thinks the division of responsibility is just fine. And he knows how lucky he is. He adores Sue, and would no more move a step without her in his social life than in his career.

Shelley Winters—about as unlike Sue Ladd as a gal can be—is just as genuinely concerned about her husband's work. She started creating an American career for Vittorio even before she married him. Shell always was impetuous. And the very day her Gassman flew into town, she had him out at Metro meeting Dore Schary and all the top producers and spilling about how he was the greatest dramatic actor in all Italy. But this didn't impress anyone. After all, we've been listening to Shelley talk for years, only it used to be just for her own benefit. Anyway, when she found she couldn't whip up any interest on her say-so, she rented the Circle Theater in Hollywood, hired Valentina Cortesa as interpreter, and impressed Vittorio in a program of readings—everything from Shakespeare on down. And the audience was electrified.

As a clincher after the show, Shelley—who always said she's going to broke—hosted a big party for the press and producers. I hope Vittorio doesn't forget that

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Betty's RADIANT WITH MIDOL

he owes "Sombreiro" and his good contract at Metro to Shelley. She even managed to wrangle more money for him than she herself earns. And she's prepared to go on suspension any time to be with him.

A lot of people have asked how Shelley could be in love with Farley Granger when she went to Europe with him last summer, and come home in love with Glassman. The answer could be that she never was in love with Farley—just trying to be. I happen to know that the beginning of her romance with Vittorio came as kind of a surprise to Shelley. She told me how it started: "We were at a party in Rome and playing a guessing game. And out of a clear sky, Vittorio asked me to guess when he fell in love with me. I was covered with confusion, naturally." Naturally.

Another all-or-nothing pair are the Bogarts. One of the things I like best about Lauren and Humphrey is the way they go to bat for each other. It's almost ancient history, but when the critics panned Baby in "Confidential Agent," Bogey wrote them letters as fierce as Truman's when the music boys massacred Margaret's High C.

And Lauren was a gal in pretty good standing at Warners until Bogey started panning Jack L. Warner all over town. Then Baby decided she didn't like the pictures they were throwing at her.

But when it was decided that Bogey was her life's work—after seven suspensions—that J.L. and L.B. called it quits. And she hasn't worked for two years.

She's smart enough to dissociate herself completely from Bogey's working problems; she knows he knows more about acting than she ever will. But this isn't where he needs her strength. Bogey is, shall we say, the guy type, and he'd stay up half the night having fun for Baby's quiet displeasure. She's probably prolonged his life a good ten years. It's funny, but no one gave this May-December match more than a year. They've already chalked off seven.

And I never thought I'd see tough guy Humphrey living in $160,000 worth of splendor, replete with swimming pool et al. and swimming with butlers. But there he is, all for the love of his Baby. By comparison, the home he lived in with previous wife, the late Mayo Methot, was a hovel. So, what with little Stephen and the new baby girl, Leslie, you can say without fear of contradiction that Miss Bacall is her husband's best friend.

A girl's mother, however, is not always her best adviser, though most moms want to be. Take, for instance, the case of Jeanne Crain and her female parent. Jeanne married Paul Brinkman despite her mother's "No," and time has proved that Jeanne knew exactly what she was doing. There's no doubt about it—Jeanne is a smart as well as a pretty little cookie.

When the wife is a successful movie star and the husband can't even land a job in pictures, you can make a solid prediction: trouble in the offing. But not for somebody as cagy as Jeanne. She advised Paul—whose resemblance to Errol Flynn is striking enough to keep him from real success on the screen—to go into a different profession. Now Paul is chairman, president and what-have-you of ABC Die Casting Works, which makes containers for radar equipment. Business is booming.

Esther Williams did the same thing for her husband, Ben Gage, who could still get missing jobs in radio and TV, but who couldn't possibly do half as well as he does in the Esther-sponsored businesses he runs for them both.

It's understandable how hesitant George Montgomery was about marrying Dinah Shore just before the war. He'd never see it, but it was plain to see that George was afraid marriage might hamper his career. Dinah wrote him, and when George went to training camp, she tripped right after him. And she got his man. But even though her own career is as big as any top movie star's, she never forgets how "nice it is to have a man around the house," who feels equally important. So when ABC originally offered her millions to do her TV show in New York, Dinah said, "No." Because George's work keeps him in Hollywood.

This gal who loves success—who doesn't?—loves the real things in life even more. That George is a lucky guy.

No one can really prophesy how the Elizabeth Taylor-Mike Wilding marriage will work out. But the way things are going, it looks as though Liz will rather be known as plain Mrs. Wilding than as a fabulous leading lady. She cooks for her man and loves him! And—more important—she sees that the spotlight is on Mike. It's all very good for his ego—and for their future together.

Lucille Ball didn't need to risk her talented neck in television. But she did it, just so Desi Arnaz could have a steady job if Hollywood wouldn't misunderstand me—Des could always make as much money as the could spend, with his band in night club and on tour. But it wasn't helping their marriage for him to be on the road or working till dawn nine months out of every twelve. For years, Lucille had tried to talk producers into giving him a good part in pictures, but the one time she managed it didn't work out too well. Every warning in the books was thrown at her who she announced the TV series with Des. And you know what happened. Their success has been wonderful for them both but it's been more important, perhaps, than than to Lucille. He is now a to

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TV producer and he's producing shows for stellar lights such as Eve Arden.

It's hard to know who is masterminding Tony Curtis' career—his best friend Jerry Lewis, or his best wife, Janet Leigh. It could even have been his agents who advised him to go on suspension, rather than forego five weeks with Janet on her Durango, Colorado, location with "The Naked Spur." But he's certainly a different boy since the marriage—more confident. And that's understandable. Imagine a guy who has Janet bending over him solicitously all the time, and telling him how handsome he is and to eat more or he'll get sick—imagine that guy not feeling good.

When I used to listen to Bob Hope say that he spent three months of the year at home, I wondered how his wife, Dolores, felt about the long absences. But they don't seem to throw her. It's because she understands Bob so well that this marriage wears so well. If Bob's busy, so is Dolores—on every fund-raising committee, with their four children, with the running of their homes in North Hollywood and Palm Springs. She's always calm—in public anyway—always gracious and always a wonderful foil for Bob. He just has to be one of the happiest men hereabouts.

"Nothing improves my driving like a police car right in back of me."

JUNE ALLYSON

Dick Powell always looks to me as though he'd swallowed the cat—all puffed out and pleased. And June Allyson can take a bow. She tells me she's thinking of retiring when her present Metro contract expires, because she wants more time with Dick and the children. June, consistently one of the top girls in box-office polls, has never been ambitious—certainly not since she married Richard. She used to eat her heart out during her pre-marriage years fighting for and against—mostly against—pictures. Now she thinks she may be ready to pass the whole caboodle along to the next generation. The Powells don't need her extra money—especially not since Dick has turned writer and director. These are two normal people. They go to parties, only rarely to night clubs, to premiers when they feel like it, take occasional trips. But they don't gab about all over the place. It's not the way her predecessor, Joan Blondell, tells it, but June has made Dick one of the best husbands in town.

Betty Hutton is currently going to bat for her new mate, Charlie O'Curran. He's a fine dance director, but Betty thinks he rates a full-blown director's berth. He's to produce her pictures and her filmed TV shows when she joins the new medium.

Maybe the greatest switcheroo possibility of them all is this: for Bette Davis to be cataloged simply as "Gary Merrill's wife." But it could happen. Bette thinks Gary is a heck of a fine actor, and to prove it, she took a bit in his "Phone Call From a Stranger." Even Shelley Winters was impressed. "Just imagine," said she, "Bette Davis playing a supporting role to me!"

Bette managed to steal the picture with her bit. She's at work now on "The Star," but her films are getting fewer and fewer with the years, and Gary's performances are getting better and better. One thing is certain: the best role Bette's played to date is "Mrs. Gary Merrill."

More than any of them, possibly, it's Bette who proves that a genuine actress is at her happiest when she's a genuine wife and woman, as well. You don't measure the rewards in kilowatts blazing down from a theater marquee, but in the glow that comes from a happy heart.

The End

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Father's Day

(Continued from page 70)

hospital and waited. Before the connection could be completed, however, he was summoned back into camera range for the next shot.

For the next two hours he worked. "Singin', danclin', lovin'—old triple threat in action." That's how Dale described his routine for the rest of that remarkable afternoon.

At six-thirty, though, he was standing over his wife's hospital bed, trying to make sense out of her anesthetic-jogged mumblings, trying to let her know how glad he was that it was over and that they had a "sweet little baby girl."

"Have you seen her?" Jacqueline wondered sleepily.

"Yes," Dale fibbed. (He had come straight to Jackie; she was the one he was worried about.) "She's wonderful. Big, strong—be riding Black Diamond before you know it."

The little blue-black race horse—only fourteen hands high and the sweetest disposition you ever saw—was the most recent addition to "horse-happy" Dale's private stable, and had been earmarked as the kid's first pony ever since the Robertsons knew a baby was on the way. Jackie didn't pooh-pooh this boast. She didn't hear it. She was fast asleep. Dale smoothed the tousled hair back from her forehead, tiptoed out of the room, and headed at a canter for the nursery.

"They held up three newborn babies, and I couldn't tell which was mine," Dale said later, but nobody believed him. His conversation on the set on ensuing days (accompanied by free cigars) was too liberally sprinkled with proud-father talk:

"You never saw a baby with so much hair—black hair, like her momma's..."

"Just brought her home from the hospital, and the first night she slept right through from one o'clock until seven this morning. Most kids don't do that till they're six months old—or a year."

"She's a real sweet little baby...doesn't cry hardly at all."

And he was making plans, not just for training Chief and Little Chief, his German shepherds, to guard the little girl, or for educating Black Diamond for his new role as Rochelle's own horse. ("Maybe when she's about two we can start her.

Have to stay right with 'em at that age, though. Kid wouldn't be strong enough yet to pull up on him.") Dale was planning for a new kind of life as a family man.

"We're gonna need a bigger house pretty soon," he announced a few days after Jackie brought the baby home from the hospital. "But not until the kid gets old enough so I can tell her not to write on the walls. As long as she's dead set on writin', she can practice on this house."

Rochelle is at present ensconced in the "spare room" of the Robertsons' three-bedroom San Fernando Valley cottage. Dale had painted the walls and furniture blue shortly before the baby arrived, and the new crib and bathinethe were also blue.

"Blue is supposed to be for boys," he concedes. His friends will tell you that Dale confidently expected a boy from the moment his best friend and stand-in, Kit Carson, announced the birth of a bouncing ten-pound son. His son was going to weigh at least ten and a half, Dale predicted, although he did admit that the Carsons, "the nicest people in the world," had "a mighty fine big boy."

The nursery—Don't get fancy, it's only the spare room—Dale insists—will remain blue, despite the second fact that the occupant is Rochelle Robertson and not Cary Scott Robertson. Since "we're gonna have four or five, if we can," they'll stick with the blue and take their chances on the next baby being a son. Rochelle can write on the blue walls, if she insists, with pink crayons.

And she'll probably get away with more than that. Dale makes a determined attempt to be casual about his new daughter: "Can't tell much about a kid when she's so little. Sure, I hold her sometimes, but she's usually asleep." Nevertheless, he shows every sign of turning into the type of father who carries a wallet full of photographs and indulges the children scandalously.

Rochelle isn't going to be any "Hollywood-type" child. Dale has seen too many of these, "turned over to a nurse, and brought in all gussied up to be inspected by their parents for half an hour each day."

"I don't approve of nurses," Dale says flatly. "We had a lady for a couple of weeks after the baby and Jackie came

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home (real nice lady this one was—my aunt-in-law), but just as soon as Jackie was up and around we let her go and took over ourselves.

"I've seen too many of those kids with nurses. Kid grows up and every time it hurts its finger it runs to her instead of to its momma and daddy. I've seen it. Friend of mine tells his kid to do something, and the kid says right on playing until the nurse tells him to do what his daddy says. Not my kid."

Dale and Jackie are willing and eager to shoulder the full responsibility for Rochelle's upbringing, though Jackie, in the last few weeks before the baby came, worried a little about her adequacy for the new job.

She had never handled a baby in her life. Of course, she had a fat contingent of willing coaches: her mother, her sister-in-law, who had a baby last spring, and her good friend, Boots Carson, Kit's wife. Yet Jackie had her moments of anxiety, usually in the middle of the night, wondering if she would ever learn to bathe the wriggling little thing, or change its diapers, or make the formula.

Rochelle's tardiness of arrival didn't help. Four whole weeks before the baby came, Jackie had her hospital bag packed and ready. The clean towels were already in place on the bathinette. The new blankets on the crib were turned back.

After two weeks of this, Jackie moved into town to stay with the Carsons for "the last few days." The Robertson's home is twenty-seven miles from the hospital, and Jacqueline had begun to have visions of having her child in a filling station somewhere along the way, even though "Dale is a wonderful driver, and most babies come in the middle of the night when there's not much traffic."

Every day was going to be the day. Jackie had a series of "spats of energy" a sure sign. One day she shopped all day for a washing machine. And nothing happened. So she moved back home.

"Maybe you're never gonna have a baby," Dale joshed her, but, to tell the truth, he was getting nervous, too. He worked all day at the studio, came home for dinner, played two hours of softball with his Dale Robertson Shamrocks in the evening, and then settled down to look at a few fights on television before turning in. Each night, as he locked up, he'd look at Jackie.

"Feel all right?" he'd ask. Jackie says that she knew he was wishing she didn't.

It was four o'clock in the morning of the tenth of July when things started to happen. At five-thirty he called the doctor. At six o'clock Jackie was in the hospital labor room and Dale was directed to the Fathers' Room down the hall. He looked in as he passed by—commiserated with the other waiters—and hurried on. For at eight o'clock Dale had to be on the set, resplendent in sideburns and wedding clothes of the 1850 era for "The Farmer Takes a Wife."

He shrugged it off with a laugh for his pals in the picture. "My wife is having a baby over in town and I'm here gettin' married!"

But it was a long, rough day for Dale. For Jackie, too, he is willing to admit.

Anyhow, the next time—when Jackie goes to the hospital to have that baby brother for Rochelle that the whole family wants—any singin', dancin', and lovin' Dale Robertson is booked to do for his employers will just have to wait until the good news comes.

That—you can take Dale's word for it—is for sure.

The End
Fall Beauty Hints
—by Ruth Pearse

Top News—
Fashion’s newest fancyness is the beautiful outside bra, to be worn as a dress-up blouse a-top an evening skirt or hostess slacks.
Made of glamourous flowers or fabrics, these revealing pretties call for underarms soft and smooth as your neck and shoulders. That calls for YODORA, the beauty-cream deodorant. Used daily, YODORA protects against perspiration odor, helps beautify your skin at the same time.

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She’s a New Woman

(Continued from page 51)

downhearted, and felt the last spring when M-G-M chose “The Girl Who Had Everything” as the title for Liz’s post-honeymoon picture. If the label would fit any girl it seemed, if you will excuse the pun, tailor-made for Taylor.

But Liz, then in England to marry her Michael, quibbled.

“It’s sort of ridiculous,” she cabled, “the title. I mean, because no one has ever done anything.” It seemed even more ridiculous, even presumptuous, for people to couple her with the title in their thinking.

At some point, however, between her London marriage and her return to Holly-wood as a radiant—and expectant—bride, Liz forgot that she was upset. A title change, after her return, was never again mentioned. Mrs. Wilding, it appeared, was much too happy to bother herself about titles.

Not that she had changed her mind.

“Of course I don’t have everything,” she insisted. “Nobody has. But I have everything I want. And I have a reason for existing.”

Her “reason for existing” was first revealed to her, Liz will tell you, in the first exciting days of her marriage to Michael. Like two very happy and slightly addle-pated children, they journeyed from England to Switzerland by boat and by train to honeymoon at a professional skiers’ resort high up in the Alps—so intrigued—and mildly alarmed—to find that her handsome and maturely sophisticated bridegroom was almost as baffled as she was by the intricacies of international training.

“One of us was always misplacing a passport or losing a suitcase,” she says. “We were always terrified that we’d miss our trains.”

And once Michael almost did.

“Bless him, he got off at a small town in Southern France to get me a glass of water. And while I watched him hurry- ing down the platform the train started chug-chug-chugging off. Luckily! There I was, alone in the compartment, knowing not a single word of French... oooh!”

But Michael made a flying leap and re-boarded the train. Unfortunately, the glass of water, but with his very useful knowledge of conversational French.

A series of similar miracles saw them safely to their honeymoon lodge.

The Bottom Line

Mary Talbot found the new Elizabeth. She doesn’t ski, and Michael— who does, and well—couldn’t. His British film contract expressly forbade him to risk life or limb on the slopes. So they spent the long, sunny days on the balcony out-side their suite, tanning gloriously in the ninety-degree heat while the bright sun beat down on the heavy drifts of pure white snow on the ground below.

They had time in great, quiet patches to discover one another. They knew now that they were meant to be together. Their reason for existing was that they were very much in love.

A whole new way of life was opening up for Elizabeth. Feeling a security and permanence she had never known before, she had everything she wanted.

It had all been different—before she married Michael.

In the period of her vague discontent, Elizabeth recalls, she cast about anxiously for ways to change—to improve myself.” She tried to find specific reasons for the inadequacy, the incompleteness she felt. “Maybe it was more brains I needed,” she concedes frankly.

Perhaps her education, which amounted to high school training in Metro’s Profes-
sional school, had been insufficient. "I was by no stretch of the imagination an in-tellectual; indeed, I doubt not that the main thing that interested me in school was the bell that rang when classes were over.

Perhaps I should have tried to be the book-worm type. I would have loved to learn more languages... especially French.

...Michael knows French," she says pridefully. "He was taught me.

With the failure of her first marriage to Nicky Hilton, her feelings of inadequacy had been intensified. ...Perhaps she had failed somehow. Why, she couldn’t even cook—a thing.

So she determined she would learn to cook. She went so far as to buy a couple of cook books, and look into the rates of schools which teach gourmet cooking. But somehow she didn’t get around to doing anything about it. So that was that, at the time, for the cooking. But now: “Michael is a wonderful cook. He can teach me. And we’ll have fun.”

"Michael!" is that magic word. It is clear that Elizabeth, having Michael, at last has everything she wants.

Michael arrived from England only a few days before Elizabeth was scheduled to start work on “The Girl Who Had Everything.” Elizabeth whisked him home to their small apartment and allowed him a look how a lady who didn’t get around to doing anything about it. So that was that, at the time, for the cooking. But now: “Michael is a wonderful cook. He can teach me. And we’ll have fun.”

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She yearned for green eyes. And she had, for awhile, her shining black hair. At first she thought she wanted to be a blonde. And in "Little Women" she had her chance, thanks to a wig.

"Make-up wanted me to bleach my eyebrows," she remembers, but she rebelled. "How would I have looked going around at night with coal black hair and blonde eyebrows?" So they compromised by covering her thick brows with make-up.

"They turned out bright green," Elizabeth laughingly grins. "Fortunately, since the picture was in technicolor, not quite Kelly green."

After a look at herself in "Little Women," Liz decided she had made a mistake. It wasn't a blonde she wanted to be after all, it was a redhead. A redhead with green eyes. There was nothing she could do about the eyes, but she could change her hair color. Again, fortunately, she first visited the make-up department and tried on a red wig. Everybody shrieked. Even Elizabeth had to admit that red hair was definitely not for her.

All her periods of rebellion were equal-

ly short-lived. They were just symptoms, really, of her lingering unhappiness, her restless discontent with life and with herself.

There was even a period when Liz "escaped" by pretending that she was much more grown-up than she was, that she was "sophisticated." She wore clothes that everyone, including her mother, thought were much too old for her, disciplined her wonderfully unruly hair into a glamorous up-sweep.

Michael Wilding changed all that. Michael clanged everything by making it very clear from the first that he loved her just the way she was, the age she was, just for herself.

With Michael's help Elizabeth learned that "sophistication" wasn't even a pleasant word.

"As for false sophistication . . . there is nothing worse. Of course," Elizabeth adds, "I would like to have more poise. But I think that will come with a few more years.

"Already," she confides, smiling, "I'm much less shy than I used to be. It still takes me awhile to get to know people. . . . but I try. And I've stopped making snap judgments of people the first time I meet them. No more instantaneous crushes or, even worse, immediate dislikes."

What Elizabeth really learned, basically, is that, to be happy, she need not be any-

one but herself.

Michael, who loved her for herself, made her see that important truth. Or rediscover it.

"I really knew it long ago," Elizabeth says. "When I was ten years old my singing teacher gave me a little gold pin. It was a musical note, B-Natural, and inscribed with a single word 'Always.'"

"It meant a great deal to me then—and still does. I still have the little pin, and I value it."

The most important part of being natural for Elizabeth, these days, is enjoying her pregnancy, even, she insists, the unpleasant parts.

"I'm sick all the time," she says, "and I couldn't care less. It's a wonderful feeling to be sick, and like it. You like it because you know what it's for. I love all my symptoms."

She feels like a "contented cat," she says, "nice and warm and feminine."

Happiness is a contagious thing. Everyone knows it who is exposed these days to this girl—the girl who has absolutely everything she could possibly want.

THE END

---

Rabbit eye tests prove Zonite's absolute safety to body tissues in feminine hygiene

NO OTHER type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is SO POWERFUL yet SO SAFE to tissues.

For years the need of douching has been accepted among better-informed women. Now, thanks to more broadminded and advanced educational facilities—women in all walks of life recognize and gratefully practice vaginal cleanliness. The modern woman fully realizes how important douching is for married happiness and health. She knows how important it is to keep her person dainty, 'sweetheart sweet' and free from offensive odor.

The important question is what to use! You certainly need an effective germ killer yet one you can be sure won't harm you. A perfect solution is world-famous ZONITE! Scientists have tested every known antiseptic-germicide they could find on sale for the douche and no other type proved so power-

fully EFFECTIVE yet HARMLESS as ZONITE. This great miracle working ZONITE is positively non-poisonous, non-irritating.

Spectacular Proof of ZONITE'S Safety to Tissues

The membranes of a rabbit's eye are far more delicate than those in the vaginal tract. Tests show that ZONITE, as used in the douche, was put twice daily for three months directly into rabbits' eyes, NOT THE SLIGHTEST IRRITATION APPEARED AT ANY TIME. In fact, ZONITE is wondrously soothing—healing to body tissues. ZONITE is so harmless, it can even be accidentally swallowed with SAFETY!

Developed by Famous Surgeon and Scientist

The ZONITE principle was developed by a world-famous surgeon and scientist. ZONITE completely deodorizes. It leaves one feeling so dainty and CLEAN.

ZONITE helps prevent infection. It is so powerful—no germs of any kind tested have ever been found that ZONITE won't kill on contact. It's not always possible to kill all the germs in the tract, but you can be sure ZONITE immediately kills every reachable germ. Inexpensive.

Always use as directed.

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Zonite

FREE! Mail coupon for free book. Reveals intimate facts and gives complete information on feminine hygiene. Write Zonite Products Corp., Dept. PP-112, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.*

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This ideal 'all purpose' antiseptic-germicide should be in every medicine chest.
For hundreds of Years...

Women had no Tampax!

Pioneer days, horse-and-buggy days, spinning-wheel days—women had no Tampax. Go further back—Plymouth Rock, Queen Bess, Rome burning, the Egyptian sphinx—still women had no Tampax. . . . Today this improved method of monthly sanitary protection is available in more than 75 countries and millions of women have adopted it.

There’s nothing crude about the Tampax method—nothing primitive or clumsy. On the contrary it’s neat, dainty and hygienic—especially designed by a doctor for internal use. Your hands need never touch the Tampax, which is contained in slender individual applicator. Its pure surgical cotton is wonderfully absorbent—and easily disposed of. No belts, no pins, no bulky external pads. No odor, no chafing.

A surprising fact about Tampax is that you can wear it during tub or shower bath—or while swimming. Remember: you cannot even feel the Tampax while wearing it! . . . Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Full month’s supply slips into purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.
Letters that came to Gillespie told the rest of the family that Grace and Howard had both found work (though the money was hardly rolling in), that Howard had recovered his health—and that he was taking singing lessons. This last bit of information impressed nobody, until Grace returned to Gillespie to watch at the bedside of Grandpa Osterkamp, who was dying. She brought a record with her, a privately cut record of "The Lord's Prayer" set to music, and played it for the old man. It was played again at his funeral, and the family and the Keels' friends made the astonishing discovery. Mrs. Gennelle Abbott Barry, whose mother had been one of Howard's substitute "mothers," recalls, "It was weird. I never knew Howard could sing. And then there, in the funeral parlor, suddenly I heard an amplifier above me. I recognized it, even if I had never heard it before. It put a chill down my spine, but it was wonderful, too."

Hearing these deep, true notes, did the townspeople remember Howard's unhappier father, whose urge to express himself in music had brought forth nothing but discord? Probably not; this voice told them instead that Howard himself must have become a person very different from the youngster they had seen leaving for California. Just how different, they realized when Howard paid a visit to his home town. Early one summer morning, there was a knock at Mrs. Barry's door, and on her doorstep stood a tall, broad-shouldered, smiling stranger—who was no stranger, she immediately recognized. Before she could rub the sleep out of her eyes, he was inside, shouting, "Anybody up? Who's got some coffee?"

"We drank three pots of coffee and ate six dozen doughnuts," Mrs. Barry says. "I went to the store four times. All the neighbors came in. Nobody shut up for two hours, we had so much to say."

The shadow of his father's failure had lifted, and confidence was beginning to cast its light on Howard's life. Still on his wartime job as an aircraft worker, he was a long way from his final success, but now he could believe it might be possible. Perhaps as a mark of this new confidence in his own future, he had taken a wife, and Gillespie met the bride, a tall, red-haired, spectacularly beautiful show girl named Rosemary Randall, who had been in "Earl Carroll's Vanities."

Those who knew Howard later, as a newcomer to the Broadway theatre, remember that he and the first Mrs. Keel made a gorgeous-looking couple. Personally, too, they seemed compatible. Not at all the show girl of fiction, Rosemary proved to be a quiet, cheerful-natured "home girl," who loved to sew and expertly made most of her own clothes. Raised in a tradition of neighborliness, Howard quickly made friends with his new neighbors.

(Continued on page 96)

**Camera Clicks!**

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- All the selective skill of our ace cameramen went into the making of these startling candids.
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10. Elizabeth Taylor
11. Cornel Wilde
12. Frank Sinatra
13. Van Johnson
14. William Holden
15. Howard Duff
16. Bob Mitchum
17. Burt Lancaster
18. Bing Crosby
19. Shirley Temple
20. Natalie Wood
21. Janice Logan
22. Gene Kelly
23. Doris Day
24. Montgomery Clift
25. Richard Widmark
26. Mona Freeman
27. Wanda Hendrix
28. Perry Como
29. Bill Holden
30. John Garfield
31. Bill Williams
32. Barbara Hale
33. June Duprez
34. Lon McCallister
35. Jane Powell
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44. Yvonne de Carlo
45. Yvonne de Carlo
46. Doreen Gates
47. Audrey Murphy
48. Don Drake
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50. Elizabeth Taylor
51. John Agar
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104. John Agar
105. John Agar
106. John Agar
107. John Agar
108. Vera-Ellen
109. Deanna Durbin
110. Deanna Durbin
111. Deanna Durbin
112. Deanna Durbin
113. Deanna Durbin
114. Deanna Durbin
115. Deanna Durbin
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... when it's about the stars and how they spend Christmas morning.

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The.

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OLD
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waitresses,
Send
free.

Pour

into

25.

Write

for

5713

home,

foursome.
husband,

and

her

theatre

in

secure,

He

had

been

there

for

as

long

as

thirty

years

without

more

doing

than

nurture

to

other

in

the

hallway.

But

after

the

boy

at

was

facsimile

he

might

be

found

playing

Canasta

with

the

man

upstairs,

or

running

down

to

have

tea

with

the

little

lady

on

the

floor

below.

Soon

he

knew

everybody

in

the

building.

He

had

started

going

with

one

of

the

dancers

in

the

"Oklahoma!" ballet.

Not

so

spectacular

in

appearance

as

Rosemary,

but

so

famously

as

Helen

Anderson.

Helen

had

a

quiet

charm,

a

wholesome

prettiness

of

innate

dignity

very

like

her

mother's.

Their

love

was

not

sudden,

overwhelming

at

first-

sight;

it

grew

slowly

and

surely,

and

separation

only

strengthened

it.

While

Helen's

work

took

her

back

to

the

United

States,

Howard

remained

in

England,

but

together

Helen's

continued

to

keep

them

apart.

The

earnest

correspondence

grew

more

and

more

frequent.

Once,

he

went

to

Pittsburgh

to

see

her

while

she

was

on

tour;

again,

he

followed

her to

Canada.

And

at

last

they

agreed

that

they

wanted

to

be

together

always.

With

Helen,

Kaiya

Liane

(on

going)

and

Kristine

(four

months

old),

Howard

now

has

a

home,

a

life

that

is

small

wonder

he

is

determined

to

keep

it

intact—especially

when

you

consider

its

contrast

with

his

own

childhood.

On

the

screen,

Howard

comes

across

as

a

personality

different

from

the

quaint,

home-loving

family

man

he

is.

He

is

big,

handsome,

swaggering,

music

pouring

out

of

him

freely

and

gloriously

so

perhaps

the

sort

of

man

Homer

Keel

might

have

been

in

happier

circumstances.

The

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

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HERE'S WHERE YOU CAN BUY PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS:

Korday on-the-go separates, p. 60
For Store Near You, Write To: Korday Sportswear, 1887 Broadway, New York, New York

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Henry Rosenfeld day-in-date dress, p. 61
For Store Near You, Write To: Henry Rosenfeld 458 Seventh Ave., New York, New York

Albuquerque, New Mexico:
• Hinkel's

Detroit, Michigan:
• B. Siegel

Minneapolis, Minnesota:
• Field Schlick

Virginia Spears formal dress and jacket, p. 62
For Store Near You, Write To: Virginia Spears 1300 Broadway, New York, New York

Birmingham, Alabama:
• Kress & Co.

Little Rock, Arkansas:
• Pfeiffer's

Fort Worth, Texas:
• Wally Williams

Los Angeles, California:
• The Benson Shops

For Store Near You, Write To: Tommies pajamas and robe, p. 62

Birmingham, Alabama:
• Loven, Joseph & Leeb

Columbus, Ohio:
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Los Angeles, California:
• The May Co.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin:
• Gimbel Brothers

Kaplan, Inc. 180 Madison Avenue, New York, New York

White Stag outdoor outfit, p. 63

Houston, Texas:
• Levy Brothers

New York, New York:
• Russek's

Below: its fabric, Security jersey

Above: back view of Anne Baxter separates, pattern #13 on p. 65.

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY PLAN
BRINGS MOST WOMEN LOVELIER COMPLEXIONS
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The very first time you try the Palmolive Beauty Plan you'll actually see Palmolive begin to bring out 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.

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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.

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THE "CHLOROPHYLL GREEN" SOAP WITH THE PURE WHITE LATHER!

97
Secrets Behind Hollywood Heartbreaks

Barbara Stanwyck

(Continued from page 44) woman married to Robert Taylor could ever do that. But she didn't work at it quite conscientiously enough. While she was busily building an admirable reputation for diligence at the studios, Bob was filling the gaps in his life with interests of his own.

"It's easy to see now," Barbara said, "what I should have known then. When Bob got his own place—and began flying about, I should have realized that it was an important sign that he was needing me less. But I didn't!"

And she didn't realize that it was a mistake not to accompany Bob to Italy, as he wanted her to, when he went there in 1950 to shoot "Othello." It was a germ-killing, greaseless, non-irritating type as famous Zonitors liquid in greasless, stainless vaginal suppositories. (You never feel their presence.) When inserted, Zonitors do not quickly melt away. Instead, they spread a protective coating and continue to do so for hours. Only Zonitors can make all these claims!

Zonitors contain the same powerful germ-killing, deodorizing type properties as famous Zonitors liquid in greaseless, stainless vaginal suppositories. (You never feel their presence.) When inserted, Zonitors do not quickly melt away. Instead, they spread a protective coating and continue to do so for hours. Only Zonitors can make all these claims!

Zonitors completely deodorize. They help prevent infection and kill every germ they touch. It's not always possible to contact all the gums in the tract. But you can trust Zonitors to immediately kill every reachable germ. Inexpensive. Convenient. Efficient. Support in your purse.

NEW! Zonitors Now Packaged Two Ways
- Individually foil-wrapped, or
- In separate glass vials

Assures You Hours Of Continuous Action!

Wives fully realize how the practice of vaginal cleanliness protects their health, married happiness and prevents offensive odors. And they should realize that Zonitors for this intimate purpose, Zonitors offer a far more convenient, highly modernized and effective method, yet they are positively non-poisonous, non-irritating.

Zonitors completely deodorize. They help prevent infection and kill every germ they touch. It's not always possible to contact all the gums in the tract. But you can trust Zonitors to immediately kill every reachable germ. Inexpensive. Convenient. Support in your purse.

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possible. I haven't turned my back on it. 
"Just because I do believe in love again, I can afford to wait. And those romance 
rumors notwithstanding, I am waiting. 
"I know that somewhere there must be 
a man who feels about love the way I do, 
and who wants to share it equally. But 
there's no hurry. Now that I have the 
courage to want love again, I have the 
courage to wait for a love that's right."

Robert 
Taylor

(Continued from page 45) 
and attentive. And because he is certainly 
one of moviedom's most eligible bachelors, 
would-be matchmakers do a lot of vicar-
ious romancing for him.

But the ever-present fictitious romance 
is only one of the problems that face a 
handsome talented man who, after almost 
twelve years of marriage, suddenly finds 
himself without a wife.

Problem most ponderous: where does 
he live?

Some years ago, Bob bought a home for 
his mother in Westwood. (His father died 
just before Bob made his big success.) 
His mother has a companion living with 
her—a woman near her own age. It seemed 
logical for Bob to go back home again.

But the house is small. Bob couldn't see 
himself inconveniencing two elderly ladies 
by sharing the bath with them. So he took 
the tiny servant's room, because it has a 
bath of its own.

And that's where he lives. At least it 
Isn't lonely.

And he travels for the same reason.

"Travel is an escape from boredom," he 
says, "but I no sooner get away than 
I want to come home. I wish I were 
the kind of guy who's interested in art. 
You know, the type who likes to sit around 
and discuss it. I like to see all the big 
galleries, like the Lowere. But I just like 
to look and go. Same way I wish I could 
sit on some balcony in Europe reading a 
book. But I can't sit still."

Besides his work, he has three great 
enthusiasms—flying, hunting and fishing. 
And these add complications to the com-
plex life of this divorced man.

His closest friend has said, "It's funny 
about dames. You know, Barbara disliked 
hauling and hunting and fishing. And Bar-
bara wouldn't go up in Bob's plane with 
him. Oh, maybe once or twice, but she 
didn't enjoy it. Well, this didn't worry Bob. 
Lots of married couples have different 
interests and it's okay.

"But those advice to the lovelorn col-
umns—they're always telling the girls how 
they shouldn't be interested in whatever the 
guy is interested in. So all of a sudden 
there are dozens of dames in this town 
who are just crazy about flying and hunt-
ning and fishing."

It's best for Bob when he's working, and 
he has taken a new attitude toward his 
work—a more mature attitude. He is de-
lighted with "Ivanhoe" and has high hopes 
for "Vaguer." 

The future? What does the future hold 
for the man who never even contemplated 
divorce—never dreamed it could happen?

He's going to Europe again. He'll get 
a small car in Paris and drive through 
France and, he laughs, "I'll probably get 
lost and the gendarmes will think I'm a 
shady character."

Beyond that—no plans.

About one thing he is sure at the mo-
ment. I don't really believe in love at 
first sight. You know that thing a lot of 
guys say, 'I just looked at her and knew.' 
I ask you: how can anybody know? But 
I do know this—at least for me. Going 
around with a girl for a couple of years 
and finally deciding to get married is no 
good either. If you see a girl for five or 
six months and don't know whether or not 
you're in love—then you're not!

Is he happy? Ask him that question and 
he counters, "Who is?"

Bob has his problems. But he is facing 
them honestly and intelligently. And if 
anybody deserves happiness, this guy does. 
He is just so darn nice.

For example, after he had finished tell-
ing what not many people have bothered 
to ask him—the truth about his present 
situation, he said, "Gee, I hope nothing I've 
said sounds rough on Barbara."

"Rough on Barbara?" What he had said 
about her was, "They broke the mold after 
they made her." What he had said was, 
"She's a great girl—the greatest." What 
he had said was, "Everything was all my 
fault." What he had said was, "Barbara's the 
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person I've ever known."

And that, you see, is the biggest prob-
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"And where?" he asks, "Am I going to 
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The End

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Secrets Behind Hollywood Heartbreaks

(Continued from page 46)

make a big movie star out of him but it flopped. Then he did a few other pictures and went into a decline. (Wayne recently was named Number One box-office star, along with Doris Day, for the third year by theatre owners in the country.)

During his decline, he had to make a living doing something, so he made westerns that took only eight days to shoot for Republic and Universal—"The Three Mesquiteers" series and other quickies. It is said he would forget about what he did in his own fighting. He arrived on the set at 6:00 A.M. and after a rugged day got home dirty and tired at 7:30 P.M. only to find that his dinner clothes had been out for Josephine. And off they went to a party!

Speaking of this, John says, "A guy in pictures has got to look wide-eyed. I used to be so sleepy I could die. I loved having my friends around, but the routine of getting in at 1:00 A.M. and then up again at five to be on a horse in front of a camera at six—well, I began to curl up."

To John it was his old friends who were important—the people he went to school with. He was—and is—a loyal person, as indicated by his actions toward Herbert J. Yates, the president of Republic, one of Hollywood's small studios. John could have signed with Universal a few years ago at twice the money Republic was paying him but preferred to stick with "Papa" Yates, who helped give him his start.

Despite the fact that John didn't care for society, he did like almost every other aspect of his life with Josephine, including that of religion. They had four children. Michael, nineteen, and Tony, seventeen, both at the University in Los Angeles. Patrick, fifteen, is in junior high, and Melinda, thirteen, is in the eighth grade.

Of his children, John says, "I think my kids are the most wonderful, handsomest kids on earth."

A turning point came in 1938 with John's smash hit in "Stagecoach," which made him the top star he was supposed to become. There "The Big Trail" was produced. Followed "Stagecoach" came more big roles and the inevitable separation from Josie and the children while he was on location.

These endless location—separations, plus a possible sense of inferiority to the elegant Josephine, brought about a new assertiveness in Wayne's manner which caused differences that, starting out as small, grew and grew in the eyes of both of them.

There was a gradual drifting apart. Then, in 1943, came an unofficial separation. It was during this period that John married Esperanza Baur at a dance in Mexico City given by mutual friends. Esperanza was an up-and-coming Mexican actress.

She was a beautiful dark-haired girl with snapping black eyes, a cup pug-nose, and a smile that would charm the birds off the trees. Like Josephine, she was of Spanish descent. John called her Chata, which is Spanish for "pug-nose."

She, oddly enough, had been married in 1941 to fellow star, Merle Oberon, Wayne's real name. This one's first name was Eugene. She divorced Eugene the same year she married him.

Both women are tall, slender and dark. Although there is a remarkable first glance resemblance between the two, Chata actually is the complete antithesis of Josephine. Josie is reserved and has a patrician appearance. Chata is hoydenish, and when she smiles her nose and her eyes and her whole face winkle. She is thirty; Josephine is forty.

Chata wanted the things John wanted: the simple uncluttered life—a fire in the fireplace around which old friends could gather, and good, simple fun around a barbecue pit.

However, the ties that bound John to Josephine and the four children were too strong for John to ignore at first, and he did break up with Chata and go back to Josephine. They effected a precarious reconciliation. It was agreed between them that if Chata received $30,000 a year alimony from John, he would not see her. They married at Long Beach. Ward Bond, former Warner star, and the former wife of the late Harry Carey, was matron of honor. "Papa" Yates gave the brides away.

When they returned to Hollywood after the honeymoon, I met them for the first time at the Associated Press Editors' Convention at the Biltmore Hotel. They were the center of attention, along with the fact that John would couple who shared our table—Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall—and Danny Thomas and his wife. They were having a wonderful time and were obviously very much in love.

The Waynes changed their way of living—career-wise, and the location—separations that had come about with his stardom while he was married to Josephine continued throughout his marriage to Chata. For Joe, it was a matter of business commitments than he had ever carried before—responsibilities that demanded more time than Chata was willing for him to give. For instance, he signed a producing contract with Republic as well as an acting contract, and became involved with the Motion Picture Alliance for the Preservation of American Ideals—and he was increasingly in demand for pictures until it got to the point where he was making pictures for Republic, Warner Brothers, RKO and himself, with little time left to enjoy the home life that he and Chata had originally pictured for themselves.

And Wayne was changing. He was now a star of top stature and was gradually discovering he liked the Hollywood social life—the life that was distasteful when he was married to Josephine.

Both women began following the pattern for the separation last June, while John was making "Big Jim McLain" with Nancy Olson in Honolulu. John produced it and starred in it, but Warners' release, Chata went with John on the location trip but flew back home after several fights. No one has ever reported what these fights were about but
the reasons seem obvious to their friends.
It was when Chata returned from Honol-
ulu that I came up with an "exclusive"
on the rift in my column in The Hollywood
Reporter.

Before taking off to attend the GOP
Convention in Chicago last July, John
asked his lawyer to request Chata's at-
torney to file for a divorce immediately.
He said he was anxious to get it over
with as soon as possible.

John and Chata then put their Encino
home up for sale, the home they bought
two years ago for $140,000.
Josie, devout Catholic that she is, has
never remarried.

The question now is: Will John and
Josephine try it again?

(Continued from page 47)

thing. Chata had been working for her
living as an actress. She co-starred with
Arturo de Cordova in "The Count of
Monte Cristo" in Mexico. But being a star
was not important to her. It was merely the
means toward a desirable end—a com-
fortable life. And as the wife of John
Wayne she could have that comfortable
life plus the real home she and John both
desired so fervently.

But as the star of John Wayne rose in
the movie firmament, the long evenings at
home with Chata became less and less
frequent. Then, too, there was his great
desire to spend more time than ever with
his children. In fact, in 1948 when John
was playing the lead in "Rio Grande," his
son Michael made his acting debut in the
same picture, while younger son, Patrick,
accompanied them on location. John's re-
lationship with his children is very close
and warm.

More and more Chata found that after
a hard day's work at the studio her
Duke was best left alone to "gloom by
himself." And more and more, as John
became a Number One box-office star, he
was separated from Chata and home by
long location trips. A victim of loneliness,
Chata would often visit her mother in
Mexico City, "The Quiet Man" took John
to Ireland for a long location trip.

As the situation grew worse, Chata
found herself beset by frequent illnesses
which were aggravated, if not caused, by
her unhappiness over the increasing fail-
ure of their marriage. Hollywood gossiped
about her unhappiness, predicted that the
estrangements and reconciliations would
finally end in a parting of the ways. A
reconciliation in February of this year,
after six weeks apart, soon ended in
another rift.

Finally, when John went to Honolulu
to make "Big Jim McLain," the rift was
admitted to the public. Neither John nor
Chata had much to say—each had too
much regard for the other's feelings—but
it seemed the beginning of the end.
Reconciliation in February of this year,
after six weeks apart, soon ended in
another rift.

As the situation grew worse, Chata
found herself beset by frequent illnesses
which were aggravated, if not caused, by
her unhappiness over the increasing fail-
ure of their marriage. Hollywood gossiped
about her unhappiness, predicted that the
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Secrets Behind Hollywood Heartbreaks

Eleanor Powell

(Continued from page 48)

and Eleanor confessed that she didn't know
where he was. Another stated that it was
merely a foolish quarrel such as many
couples have, and that he hadn't left home
at all. There were rumors of Glenn's
interest in other women. However, all
actors are subject to such rumors.

At this writing, Glenn and Eleanor are
reported to be living peacefully under the
same roof. There have been more rumors of
Glen's interest in other women. However, all
actors are subject to such rumors.

One day Glenn came home. "I've found
our new house," he announced to Eleanor's
unbelieving ears. They did need more
room, she knew. They really weren't in a
position to go into debt, but—if Glenn
wanted it, she could drive the car and
drove with Glenn to Beverly Hills. When
they stopped and she saw the house, her
heart sank. It was an estate. Three-and-a-
half acres. Half a dozen trees, gardens, a swin-
mimg pool—and "for the two of us,"
according to Charlie Chaplin and Fred Astaire. The price was
reportedly over $100,000.

Glenn was elated. The house came
completely furnished. There was a
special provision for the dancing side of
Eleanor, a clause they could study. It was just what he wanted. And so
Eleanor wanted the house too.

Marriage, after all is a partnership,
and her friends say she felt she would be able to
cooperate bit to help pay for the house.
But she was also in love with Glenn again.
To one of her good friends she confided,
"When I quit I was champ in my line. I was on top. Now we've had a war.
Night after nightbulletins, and I know
people will even remember who I am?"

However, against great odds, Eleanor
went into the Beverly Hills Club in Cin-
cinnati. She broke all records. Previous
to this she had opened in Buffalo, danced at Las Vegas.

Rumors began again that there was
trouble with the Glenn Fords. One
columnist even printed that Eleanor Powell
had better come home and take care of her
family—before being imported to find
a family waiting for her. Another
sympathized with the lonely figure of Glenn
while his wife was away "taking bows
and hearing the plaudits of the crowd." It
nearly broke Eleanor's heart.

From this time on the rumors grew,
and rumors have a way of multiplying.
It was reported that both Glenn and
Eleanor were unhappy. It was intimated
that Eleanor had been more for one
another, that in the first glow of love,
Hollywood spectators had overlooked the fact
that Glenn and Ellie are opposites in many
ways—both some of the most simple
people. Normally, Ellie is a very
gay, friendly, enthusiastic and talkative
person. Glenn is retiring and uncom-
municative. When she is out socially,
She always appears to be enjoying herself,
whereas Glenn seems unhappy.

But then the things Glenn and Eleanor
do have in common are often overlooked.
Their backgrounds are similar. Both are
from small towns and entered a quiet,
simple life. Each is an only child and
they have both always been exceptionally
devoted to their mothers. As children
they were painfully shy. Yet both assumed
family responsibilities at a very early age.
Essentially they are the same kind of people.

They love their son and, more than any-
thing, want to give him a happy home.

From the beginning, Glenn and Eleanor
have felt they had a better that a perfect
marriage is built on a foundation of love. If
they remain together, perhaps their next
ten years will find this belief and their
love growing even stronger.
always will be, terrific highs and lows in the life of Glenn Ford. These moods produce shyness, loneliness, aggressiveness, unrest. During the years of her married life with him, Eleanor Powell Ford has lived to learn that the expected is usually the unexpected. Glenn, himself, has frankly admitted that he is far from easy to live with.

"I get tired of reading about how wonderful movie stars are," he once told a writer, "You and I know it's not possible to be absolutely perfect. If, for instance, you've ever been led to believe that I approach being an ideal man, ask anyone who actually has to bear up under the strain of me at close range. Holy cow, you'll receive a blast."

He's honest and outspoken, this Ford. "It never occurs to me to deny myself an honest opinion whenever one hits me," he also has said. "Ellie is always telling me I hurt acquaintances with my straight talk to them. If we have company who want to stay late and I've had a hard day with an early studio call ahead, I don't mind announcing I've got to go to sleep. If we are stuck at a dull party, I'll hiss in Ellie's ear, 'Honey, let's get out of here!' We do, but if I were alone, I'd not ease out in the slow, polite way she prefers."

Even in a crowd, Glenn seems lonely. Bette Davis saw it when he tested with her for his role in "A Stolen Life," the picture that brought him into Hollywood's big-time league. There's something about Glenn—an air of helplessness—that makes you want to do everything within your power to help him," she says.

People were always inclined to feel this way about Glenn. "I looked forlorn," I guess," he has remarked, referring to his pre-service days, "because I was inclined to brood, subject to spells of depression. I had never learned how to have fun, you see. Being an only son, my father's death made me the head of the family when I was just out of high school. I grew up by myself, I didn't make friends easily and I wasn't considered good company."

Glenn realized that it was a sense of kindness that prompted people to help him and, strangely enough, when he tried to discourage them he seemed to rob them of a kind of personal satisfaction. But there were times when he had to prove that he could look out for himself.

People, including Glenn, are also inclined to believe that the war years changed him. Formerly, he was afraid to say no to requests. Afraid of hurt feelings. As a result, he seemed always to be obligating himself to do what he least wished.

A year-and-a-half after his and Ellie's marriage—just two months before Peter Newton Ford was born—Glenn got out of the service. It was just like beginning all over again, as far as his interrupted career was concerned. Glenn was making a small salary when he answered the call to arms. The unforgettable "Gilda" that shot him to the top was yet in the future, so he refused to the service of a wife he had known before the war. Only this time there was a family to consider. The future was uncertain as far as progress and a better scale of living were concerned. Things are different now. However, outsiders believe that although he collected a six-figure salary for his role opposite Rita Hayworth in "Affair in Trinidad," an inner conflict shows in his face.

That Glenn has changed, there is little doubt. He hardly seems the same fellow who proposed to his girl over a soda in an ice cream parlor. The Fords seldom entertain these days. Glenn's former friends and former poker parties with tried and true friends are a thing of the past. But people who have known Glenn Ford along the way have always said that you never really do know him—that just when you feel close to him, he shunts you out. It's something he can't help. And that must make a happily married life difficult.

It would seem that Glenn has everything and so he refuses to the service of a wife who certainly loves him, a fine son, a flourishing career that now pays off in huge hunks. He was handsomely paid for making "Time Bomb" in England recently. Perhaps it has been his intense fight for security for his family that has made the difference.

When you sum it all up, it takes you right back to his very first picture of any importance—the picture that got one foot inside the Hollywood gates for Glenn. The picture was called "Heaven With a Barred Wire Fence," and the unknown Ford was acclaimed by critics. It would seem—sitting on the outside and looking at Glenn on the inside—that this is the life he has made for himself today . . . heaven with a barbed wire fence! The End

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LOVALON
your hair

Anything Goes
(Continued from page 69)

however, and successfully saw her anonymous partner through the routine.

In the wings, in the meantime, the director was fuming. And after Danny had taken his bows, the director rushed up to the composer and furiously demanded his name. Danny was suitably meek. "Danny Kaye," he murmured.

"Danny Kaye!" the director almost exploded. "But this is wonderful!"

The director did not offer Danny an engagement—although the one-shot ballet dancer is convinced he might have, with just a little encouragement. But Danny couldn't have done anything about it anyway. He was scheduled to get back to London for a Command Performance before the Royal Family.

Another escapade of a star involved a bit of detective work on my part.

Italian villagers, several years ago, flocked to the tent on the outskirts of town to see the mysterious Cagliostro. Never, rumor whispered, had so mighty a master of legerdemain been seen in Lombardy—certainly not since the Middle Ages. The wonder-worker was a huge, dark-browed man of ferocious aspect for whom animals and flowers appeared and disappeared.

"Maraviglioso," exclaimed the awestruck patrons.

Next day the tent was gone, and Cagliostro's shingle was out in another village. Who was the mystery man who appeared from nowhere to bewitch the peasants and their pretty wives as well as to charm the precious fire from their pockets?

Cagliostro disappeared from the Italian byways as suddenly as he had come, and, perhaps the audiences in the ancient hilltowns are wondering about him yet.

Intrigued with the story, I remembered one remarkable magician I knew. And in Rome, I went straight to him and demanded the truth. I was a good detective. The culprit grinned.

"You see, Elsa, I was broke and I had to see myself through to my next picture. But some of the experiences I had are going to be mighty useful when Greg Ratoff and I get together on the Great Cagliostro."

Which they certainly proved to be.

The mighty magician's name: Orson Welles.

Gene Tierney has been missing from this season's social flurry in Europe. She's been abroad, all right, but she has been spending almost all her time in serious pursuits—working on "Never Let Me Go" in London with Clark Gable, and in her spare time, studying ballet dancing.

But last year, she was completely caught up in the social whirl. And one of the biggest events of the year—a costume ball in Venice, found her arriving at the door dressed as a little Italian peasant girl. Her costume was perfect, down to the last detail—a basket of produce which swung over her arm.

One look at her, and the doorman sent her around to the servants' entrance. For a moment, Gene wanted to protest. But then she decided to relax—and just see what happened. Next thing, she was in the kitchens of the Palazzo.

She was basically friendly with the staff, when on one of the guests who had seen her herded off, made his way back to rescue her. Gene should have been grateful—but she wasn't.

"I was having such a wonderful time," she said.

Also "having a wonderful time" is Errol Flynn. On location in the English countryside, where he is filming "Master of Ballantrae," Errol has been trying to behave like a "perfect English gentleman"—no

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RADIO-TV MIRROR
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practical jokes, no bizarre clothes, no displays of temperament. He’s rented a beautiful home in suburban London pending the arrival of Patrice and has admitted to being “too tired” from shooting to raise cash at the night clubs.

The only deviation from this new approach to life happened when bit player, Jane Harte, complained of being “warm enough to take a shower with my clothes on.” Before she knew what hit her, Errol had picked her up and tossed her into a nearby shower stall and turned the water on full force.

Clark Gable was accessory—rather than instigator in a little adventure last summer. It was the height of the holiday season in Cornwall when Clark arrived on location for M-G-M’s “Never Let Me Go.” In the hundreds-of-years-old town of Mevagissey, Clark was working on an outdoor set surrounded at respectful distances by adoring holiday-makers. Those with cameras would come hesitantly up between shots to take a candid picture of their idol and were given full cooperation.

One day he noticed a middle-aged man standing at the edge of the crowd, camera in hand, just watching. Hour after hour, the man didn’t budge. Finally as the sun was setting, and the unit was packing up for the night, he approached slowly, purple in the face with terror.

“Begging your pardon Mr. Gable, can I take your picture?”

“Well, sure.” Clark agreed, grinning his famous grin. “But why did you wait all day?”

“To tell you the truth, I didn’t want to be here at all. It was my wife started this,” he explained. “She made me get up early this morning—it’s my day off from the quarry—and go out and buy a camera. She said, ‘Don’t come back till you’ve got Gable’s picture.’ It’s past my tea now and

I don’t mind telling you I’m hungry!”

So the willing model posed for the reluctant photographer.

One of the best fight scenes I’ve ever seen was in a villa at Biarritz.

It happened this way. About thirty of us had met for lunch in the home of a dear old friend of mine who lives near the Spanish border. Our plan was to go to San Sebastian afterwards, to see the bull fights. But just as we were getting ready to leave, a terribly heavy storm broke out, and that was the end of our plans. We looked forward to a pretty grim afternoon, with the rain pelting at the windows and lightning flashing all around us.

Suddenly, down the stairs swept a matador—waving a red velvet drape in front of him. In his hands, he held two long towering forks. He paused dramatically. “You wanted a bull fight. Here you are!”

For the next hour, Charlie Chaplin proved to our little group just how well he deserves his reputation as the greatest mimic in the world. He was the bull, he was the picador. And he was sensational.

As a fitting climax to the performance—after he had, as the matador, successfully slain himself, as the bull, he transformed himself into thousands of cheering Spaniards and exiled shouting, “Olé, Olé!”

British stars—for all you hear of their so-called dignity and restraint—are just as likely as our home-grown variety to let themselves go and have a little fun when they get away from home. The famous Bea Lillie didn’t even bother to get very far away.

After years of star billings, she thought it would be fun to see how it felt to work as an unknown music hall entertainer again. So calling herself Miss Brown, she applied to the manager of a variety house in a seaside resort not far from London. She didn’t try very hard to sell herself on talent. Her appeal was emotional: she was broke, and she was hungry—and well, yes—she could do some fairly decent imitations of Bea Lillie.

“Let’s see,” said the sympathetic manager. Bea ran through a slightly exaggerated burlesque of herself. “Well,” said the manager, “I’ve seen better. But it’s not bad.” And he hired her for a week at thirty quid—about seventy-five dollars.

For seven days, she worked a two-a-day schedule that had the audiences rolling in the aisles—a Beatrix Lillie cavalcade. The manager was impressed—but business being business—he didn’t let her know how much, except to offer her a slight raise, “If, Miss Brown, you’d care to stay on.”

She rejected the offer, with an apology. “Oh, I’d like to, very much,” she said, “but I can’t. You see, I start another engagement tomorrow—at £1000 a week. That’s what I usually earn when I work under my own name—Bea Lillie. Turning her back on the home fires has pretty much the same effect on Ginger Rogers that it has on a lot of girls on holiday: kindling romantic fires!

Ginger, much in evidence at the Riviera gay spots last summer, was seen a great deal with one Monsieur Jacques Bergerac, a prominent Paris lawyer. And while at this writing Ginger wouldn’t commit herself beyond the fact that she was “loving France,” the rumor is that unlike the sad, long-nosed Bergerac (first name, Cyrano) of literature, who lost the girl of his dreams, the suave, elegant Bergerac (first name, Jacques) of contemporary history is very likely to wind up with his dream girl permanently in his arms.

So, there’s a chance that at least one far-from-home escapee will shape up into a serious heartsire matter.

The End

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Rexall DRUGGISTS OF AMERICA
Inside Stuff

(Continued from page 35)

"The Student Prince." Some say he has financial worries. Others believe it's just plain temperament. Expensive news for M-G-M was the announced abandonment of the Lanza picture. They had forked out $700,000 for costumes, pre-recordings of Marlo's songs, Ann Blyth's services on loan from U-I, other salaries and expenses.

At The Moment: Jane Powell's public appearances without Geary Steffen are easily explained. He reports annually to the Army Reserve Corps for special training... Robert Wagner with a similar setup, celebrating his last night in town with Debbie two-double-chocolate-sundae-girl Reynolds!... To our knowledge it's never been printed, and we join all of Hollywood in wondering why Olivia de Havilland finds it necessary to hire a bodyguard for her son Benjy... According to Bob Hope: "So many mysterious fires have broken out at Warners, they're now signing all new contracts on asbestos!"

Twinkle Twinkle: Remember, Cal told you first that Terry Moore is going to get the most super-sexy buildup of any gal in pictures. Literally and physically speaking, she's busting out all over! When she makes "Man on the Tight Rope" opposite Fredric March in Germany, Terry will keep a date with Kirk Douglas in Capri. Then, when the picture finishes, she'll have a whirl in Paris with attorney Greg Bautzer. These charming chaps have a charming surprise waiting for them, however. Terry's mama is traveling with her daughter!

Happy Chappy: No wonder Gig Young's neighbors were startled when they saw him working in his garden attired in shorts and wearing a monocle. No, the ol' boy hasn't gone European on us. He was merely "breaking" in the monocle for the role he was scheduled to play in "The Student Prince." Gig is very happy these days with a new contract, plus raise from M-G-M.

Friendly Enemies: It always happens in Hollywood. By the time Rock Hudson and Yvonne DeCarlo dated a few times and played in two pictures together, they decided they could get along without each other just fine. Anyway, Rock was very excited about playing opposite Linda Darnell in "Toilers of the Sea," in England. So what happens? So Linda's doctor advised her against taking the trip and you know who got the part! Those torrid love scenes between Rock and Yvonne will really prove what good actors they are.

Sights You See: Jane Russell at Dora and Jody Hutchison's fabulous Luau, wearing long jade-green feather earrings... Vera-Ellen and Doris Day, who attended the same dancing classes in Cincinnati, lunching in the Brown Derby with home-town girl friends who were vacationing in Holly-

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Five

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wood...Rory Calhoun, who bought a new house on Beverly Drive, running across the street to borrow electric light bulbs from good neighbor Cornel Wilde.

Seen and Heard on Sets: Betty Grable taking a bath for "The Farmer Takes a Wife": "Get me, with two stand-ins—one wet and one dry!...Van Johnson shooting "A Streak for Connie": "I love the first day of a picture because I'm anxious to get back to work. I love the last day, too, because I can eat again and not have to worry about putting on weight!...Jean Peters between scenes on "Niagara": "Marilyn Monroe plays a sexpot in this one, so I'm happy to add six inches to all my necklines. In my next picture, however, I'll be out in front!"

Gold Fish Bowl: Cal heard it with his own two flapping ears, as he sat back-to-back with Marlon Brando in the M-G-M commissary. With the fabulous fellow were famous Shakespearean actor John Gielgud, and James Mason, all acting together in "Julius Caesar." "I wish," said Brando almost wistfully, "that people would look at me with interest instead of curiosity." As he said it, the waitress arrived and placed before him a big bowl of raw eggs topped with sour cream.

Hollywood Kaleidoscope: Alan Ladd is the kindest actor they've ever served, so waitresses in the U-I commissary are forming a fan club, and calling themselves "Ladd's Lassies"...Because she's near-sighted and looks like she's staring on the screen, Patrice Wymore now wears special contact lenses over her pupils...Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis get their wish to work together in Paramount's "Houdini"...Jerry Lewis turned over his dressing room for their use with a sign on the door reading, "Mr. and Mrs. Schwartz!"

Big Boy: A twenty-first birthday happens once in a lifetime, which is why Tab Hunter, your "Choose Your Star" winner, will never forget his. The muscular blond who clicked quick in "Island of Desire" (his first picture) lost his own father at the age of twelve. So he was deeply touched when Harold Lloyd gave him a party for him. The famous comedian became interested in Tab when Harold Lloyd, Jr. brought his friend to the house. Senior has been his mentor ever since. Old Harold Lloyd comedies, which they had never seen (match!), were projected for Tab and his guests.

Home Sweet Home: Bill Holden tells it on himself! "We loved Europe, but yearned for home again. First, we ran out of money—it's so expensive there. We missed the kids, and we were nostalgic about our beautiful home and the peaceful life we live. The city was smothered in fog and smog when we arrived. Landing in Palmdale, we waited three hours to be picked up. As we walked in, our house stood on end. It was Mother Nature's way of welcoming us—with an earthquake!"

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Dear Miss Colbert:
I am a divorcée, nineteen years old and have a beautiful baby daughter fifteen months old. I haven’t seen my husband for a year.
We were married while my husband was in service three years ago. He was based at a camp near the city in which I live. His home was nearly two thousand miles away. After his discharge, we talked about going to his home town, but I didn’t want to leave home.
You see, my mother was ill of an incurable disease, and I had been warned by the doctor that it was only a matter of time. I begged my husband to be patient as long as I could be of some comfort to my mother, but he finally walked out one day, leaving just a note.
I have written to him every single week since, but I have had no word from him.
We had such a perfect two years of marriage that I don’t see how he could have forgotten it so soon. I have the notion he hasn’t been receiving my letters.
Please tell me how I can win him back. My mother has been gone nearly three months, and I have been wondering if I should make the trip to his home to talk things over. What would you advise?
Paula J.

Dear Mrs. J:
When one person feels an overwhelming love, it is difficult to face the fact that so great an affection is not returned. However, there are certain definite signs of love. When a man holds a woman dear, he wants to be with her; her griefs are his and he can be relied upon to bolster her strength; he cares for the children; he shows in many ways that his affection is steadfast.
Deep down in your heart you must know that a man in love does not walk out and then maintain a year’s silence.
To avoid further heartache, you should accept the fact that the divorce you obtained, and which he did not contest, was your husband’s desire. To follow him would only be to expose yourself to humiliation.
You should rebuild your life as quickly as possible. If this is any comfort, experience has indicated that a man who will do what your husband has done is not worth the salt of a woman’s tears.
Claudette Colbert

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of CLAUDETTE COLBERT? If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 521 S. Beverly Hills, California. If Miss Colbert feels your problem is of general interest, she will consider answering it here. Names will be held confidential.

What should I do?

Your letters answered by Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:
I am eighteen years old and very much worried about my hair. It is beginning to turn gray so fast that it will be whipped cream white in another year.
Some of my friends suggest that I have it dyed. Others say that I should leave it as it is. It is naturally curly, which is one advantage.
I hope to get married one day when I meet Mr. Right, but everyone says that a man is not attracted by gray hair. I will be thought old and no one will take an interest in me.
What do you think I should do?
Leona D.

Dear Miss Colbert:
Contrary to your statement that a man is not attracted by gray hair, I should like to say that some of the most beautiful women in Hollywood have gray or graying hair. Mrs. Ray Milland looks blonde in her photographs, but her hair is really gray, thick, beautiful. Barbara Stanwyck’s hair is also more white than black and photographs to great advantage. Lana Turner, Marilyn Monroe and many others are platinum blondes which actually is almost white.
It seems to me that you will be happier to allow your hair to turn white. Dye processes are highly successful in many cases, but they are expensive if done in beauty shops, and sometimes the results are not completely successful when tried at home. Also, the dye sometimes removes part of the curling tendency from hair.
There are so many gorgeous colors and fabrics to be worn by the woman with white hair: bargundy velvet, turquoise satin, shocking pink chiffon, are just a few.
Most girls yearn to be striking and chic; you have the perfect opportunity. Make the most of it.
Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:
You may think this is a silly problem, but I’ve got to tell someone. I am afraid that when I do anything, no matter how unimportant, people who are watching me will make fun if something goes wrong. This might not be so bad in civilian life, but I am a member of one of the women’s uniformed services.
All my life I have wanted to be able to get up in front of people and talk with poise and grace. Instead, I simply get nervous and give up.
How can I overcome this dreadful self-consciousness?
I have two assets. I am told that I have a lovely face and a “million dollar” smile, but they aren’t much help when my tongue freezes and my mind goes blank.
Uarda F.
Dear Miss F:
There are some simple tricks you can try. The first hurdle you must leap is your own self-criticism. Don't compare yourself with the best speaker you have ever heard; compare yourself with the worst. You know you can do better than he did; don't you?
Next, when you stand up, look around the audience, using that million-dollar smile of yours, and locate your best friend. Aim what you have to say at her. Probably the two of you chat by the hour unrestrainedly, so it is easy for you to express yourself to her.
Be natural. Don't gape for big, impressive words. Use your simple, comfortable, everyday vocabulary. Say what you have to say and then thank your audience and sit down.
Finally, don't expect compliments even if you make the best speech since Gettysburg. Talking in public is no greater a trick than walking in public and you've been doing that since you were a year old?
Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:
I will be thirty my next birthday, but my mother seems to think I am still in boyish sex.
She has had a very difficult life. She had four children, three older than I. All three passed away during the past ten years. We lost both my brothers in World War II. My older sister died of pneumonia, leaving two small children who were taken by her husband, although my mother wanted them.
Then, when I was twenty-one, my father left home. I rented an apartment for my mother and took one myself in a building several miles away. I call her every day and try to spend at least one weekend a month with her and I contribute to her support.
Now I am in love with a man who works in my office and I want to marry him. When I told my mother, she had a nervous collapse. She says I am all she has left in the world. I haven't told this man much about my mother. We have talked of my continuing to work, but I haven't explained why. Perhaps I'm afraid of losing him. Do you think I should go ahead and get married and then have him meet my mother, or should I discuss it in advance?

Glenda A.

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What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 100) hate to seem like a tyrant to her, but she won't do anything I ask.

Can you tell me how I can get advice on care, and how I can grow up faster in order to cope with my responsibilities?

My daughter isn't really bad, just unruly. She seems to try me at times as though she realized I don't know what to do.

Barbara E.

Dear Mrs. E,

There is an important book called "The Inner World of Childhood" by Frances G. Wickes, and published by A. Apple-ten County, New York City, which you should read.

If you can't borrow it from your public library, try writing to your local bookseller to order it for you, or you might write to the publisher direct.

It will give you important insight into both your own childhood and your children. Meanwhile, your relationship with your daughter might be improved if you remember that an elder child frequently becomes a demon when a new baby is born. The elder child feels snubbed, as a result, tries to attract attention to itself.

If you will give your daughter exceptional attention and constant reassurance of your love and faith in her, that new baby is hers as much as yours, there is an excellent chance that your daughter will again become loving and cooperative.

Whether you know it or not, you are already a good mother, and you will improve yourself in order to help your youngsters. That is the essence of good parenthood.

Claudette Colbert

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P.S. I am a widow of fifty-six, and after years of independence, now live with my daughter who is divorced.

Our household is made up of my daughter, her son, myself, and my dead son's boy. Unfortunately the two boys dislike each other intensely. Add to that discord the fact that I am not happy to have to accept a dare from my daughter. I keep house, so I more than earn my keep but it is galling to my pride not to have my own money.

There is a widower of sixty living not far away who has asked me to marry him. He is deeply religious, super-religious I think, and he wants everyone to think along his ideas. He told me once that if he wouldn't allow me to cook for him as long as I wore nail polish. He explained to me everything in a material way and he could provide a home for my grandson, away from the arguments of my daughter's home.

Do you think that a woman my age can make over her life and find happiness? Love is for youngsters, I am reconciled to that; but is quiet affection possible? Can a mature man and woman find contentment together?

Mrs. Anne M.

Dear Mrs. M:

I believe that love, the real thing, can come at any age. In your case, however, it would seem that this new love might be more misery than you could possibly know if you continued in your present situation.

At least you, your daughter, and your two grandsons are all members of the same family. You can forgive a great deal among your relatives.

It is the idiosyncrasies of a stranger which are difficult to understand or to endure.

Why wouldn't it be possible to make a business deal with this man? Agree to accept the responsibility of his home and his care in exchange for a home for yourself and your grandson, plus a reasonable cash salary. It is much easier to put up with sermons and dictatorial conduct from an employer than from a husband.

Claudette Colbert

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Room for One More

(Continued from page 40)
identified and understood the empty space in her heart. It was the niche meant for the brothers and sisters she'd never had.

At the discovery, the faint glow lifted from the spirit of this only child, and a cheering warmth took its place. She was making herself a promise: some day she would plan the marriage of this Christmas scene; she and her husband would be surrounded by children trimming the tree, bickering happily, enjoying the delights of this family holiday.

Of course, on that faraway night the girl who was Suzanne Burce hadn't the remotest idea that she would become Jane Powell, world-famous movie star. She dreamed simply of becoming the wife, of someone like Geary Steffen, the mother of a baby like Geary III and of his brothers and sisters-to-be.

In the Hollywood restaurant, Geary was startled to hear his laugh suddenly say, "Do you know, one of the first reasons I liked you was because you had such a nice brother and sister. And because your sister had children. I said to myself, 'Isn't it wonderful to know that our children are all set with cousins in advance?' I consider cousins almost as important as brothers and sisters," Janie announced pensively.

"Oh fine!" Geary growled. "And all the time I thought you loved me because I could give you diamonds."

That reminded her. Janie tapped his shoulder with an admonitory forefinger.

"No presents when the new baby is born. No more diamonds!" When Jay was born, Geary dashed to the town's most famous jeweler to buy Janie a pair of magnificent earrings. "If you want to splurge," Janie added, "just put the money into our New House Fund."

That new house has been a family joke with the Steffens for over a year. They've been gradually outgrowing the little house they bought on a love-at-first-sight basis when they were newlyweds, and the arrival of the second baby will complete the process. But the Steffens have found the "perfect" home for themselves and the dreamed-of family that might well come, thanks to that 

This is how they found it: While they were driving around idly one Sunday, they passed a low, rambling English cottage of weathered red brick, with a wide- eaved shingled roof. It was surrounded by gardens vivid with begonia, geraniums, copa de oro, lantana, petunias and even hollyhocks. A redwood stake fence enclosed a patio and a turquoise tiled pool. Jane and Geary could clearly see the potential for a new, joyous life. And it seemed to them that Jane was growing more hopeful every day.

Yes, the agent said, the house was vacant. A very unusual house. He wouldn't quote a price until they had seen the interior. He would meet them at the property with a key. "Today?" asked Jane.

Back they went, and the interior proved to be as much of a delight as the exterior. There was a gracious living room with a deep fireplace, wide windows and a perfect spot for the television set; there were a family-size dining room, a big, homely kitchen, a paneled den with a second fireplace and floor-to-ceiling bookshelves (a good room for parents to retreat to when daughters start entertaining); there were six great, airy bedrooms and six tiled bathrooms.

(Continued on page 112)
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DECEMBER, 1952

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I guess Mario Lanza would be satisfied if they made "The Mario Lanza Story"... Have you ever seen a photo of Marilyn Monroe with her mouth closed? Understand the Monroe practices puckering her upper lip... Whenever I meet Lauren Bacall at a party, I start wishing she'd make another movie in which she tells a guy to whistle for her... Gray hair doesn't make Spencer Tracy look older; just dignified... I always get a kick out of seeing a shot of Broadway at night in a movie... Joan Crawford looks best in a red or a white evening gown. No matter what Lana Turner wears, I prefer to see her in a sweater... I've never heard an actress with real ability complain that she couldn't get anywhere unless she became real friendly with the director... Comedians who depend upon a pie in the face or a prat fall aren't funny to me.

Audiences in movies always wear evening clothes and applaud harder and longer than any audience I've ever been a part of... Linda Christian is not clothes-conscious in bed... Shelley Winters' pet name for Vittorio Gassman is "Boopsy." Marlon Brando does not wear a torn toga in "Julius Caesar"... So why isn't "The Big Sleep" Dietrich making a picture?... I'd say that the test of a good TV show is whether you would have resented paying to see it... Jane Powell is stubborn, but no one would guess it from her soft way of talking... On a radio program, Bill Leonard introduced, "The two and only Jane Russell."... My favorite character, Mike Curtiz, told off one of your favorite heroes with: "For years I've been seeing you're a liar, and now I believe it!" I prefer Stewart Granger to Farley Granger because Stewart has Jean Simmons... It's Terry Moore's turn to be the build-up, and she has the build for it.

I'd like to see either Dan Dailey or Gene Kelly do the movie "Pat Joey"... José Ferrer acts as being charming, always, everywhere... Esther Williams hates those stories that hint that she isn't as she appears to be. She told me: "I don't use water wings or any other kind of inflation."... I'm surprised that James Mason has no scratches on him—from the cats, of course... Kathryn Grayson is a giggler... I'd like to see a movie in which the heroine is taller than the hero... Shell Winters said to me recently: "Until I met Vittorio my love life was just as cold as my name."

No matter how many times I visit MGM, I always look for the fig tree near the old dressing-room building. And I think of Garbo plucking a fig on the way to her dressing-room... Eleanor Parker is often told that she isn't a bit like a movie star, and sometimes she doesn't know whether to consider it a compliment or not... Danny Kaye can do a scathing take-off on himself. He explains: "I know him so well,... I wonder how it would be if Robert Mitchum played through an entire picture with his eyes open... I'm for teaming Crosby and Clooney in a movie.

Tom Jenks can't understand why actors want their footprints in the forefront of Grauman's Chinese Theatre. After seeing some of their pictures, he thinks these actors should try to cover their tracks... Betty Grable can be all dressed up and walk around barefooted... I've never heard anyone say an unkind word about Jimmy Durante... Marie Windsor's s.a. eludes me... Better than some shows at Ciro's is the cigarette girl, Maggie Barstow, because with her hair up she looks like Barbara Payton; and with her hair down she looks like Jean Wallace... I've often tried to list the ten best movies I've ever seen, but have yet to compile a list which completely satisfied me. Can you do it?... I'm glad to see that Robert Taylor is going with Ursula Thiess. It's nice to see Taylor with a girl who is better looking than he is... They're saying Cleo Moore is another Marilyn Monroe.

Shell and her "Boopsy"
By MARY MARATHON

Hi, fans! Here I am again and I'm high as a kite about a picture I've just seen—"Road to Bali" with Bing Crosby, Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour. These three aren't exactly strangers to each other, having traveled a few previous "Roads" together. Maybe you saw one (or more) of them. If you did, you'll agree that when Bing, Bob and Dotty team up to hit the road, it's a laugh marathon for sure! In "Road to Bali" I want to tell you, they're but colossal.

What happens to them could only happen to them! They have all kinds of impossible adventures—with music—including diving for sunken treasure (a little situation Bing maneuvers Bob into); tangling with savage head hunters and beautiful native women; wrestling with ferocious animals; and running into some of your favorite Hollywood personalities (surprises galore!) in the middle of the jungle. It's all for laughs and, believe me, laughs for all. In a "Road" show anything goes, and in this one not only anything—but everything!

Dotty has a wardrobe of whistle-bait Balinese sarongs (she plays an island princess) and, of course, the two B.s buzz around her like crazy, each outdoing the other, pulling all kinds of wild wires to be the lucky one who wins her.

Story? Well, now, between you and me, anything sensible couldn't stand up under Bing's and Bob's gaff, although Dotty does her feminine best to provide motivation and maintain a semblance of sanity. There's a villain, though, who cooks up enough trouble to keep "our heroes" hopping. He's played by Murvyn Vye and I seem to remember that he connives to cheat the princess of her fortune, but who really gives a care about a story when Bing, Bob and Dotty are in action in glamorous Bali?

"Road to Bali" is the first of the "Road" films in color by Technicolor. And wait'll you see the Balinese dancers in their lush and lavish, colorful costumes. It's an eyeful you won't soon forget. There are six new songs, among them a couple of Crosby-Hope comedy routines that are worth the price of admission alone. Take it from me, fans, this "Road" rates traveling to, no matter how far you are from the theatre that plays it.

There's another Technicolor movie coming out soon, too, that I think you'll enjoy—a thriller called "The Blazing Forest," that is tops in action adventure. That gorgeous guy all the gals are gone on—John Payne—has the number one starring role as the tough boss of a logging camp in the tall timber country. Other stars in it are William Demarest, Agnes Moorehead, Richard Arlen and lovely newcomer Susan Morrow (remember I told you about her last month in connection with "The Savage"). "The Blazing Forest" has all the action excitement its title implies, set against magnificent mountain scenery—wonderful background for the romance between Payne and Susan.

And pretty soon you'll be hearing about "Come Back, Little Sheba," the movie version of the Broadway stage hit, co-starring Burt Lancaster and Shirley Booth. Miss Booth starred in the stage play, too . . . but more about that simply immense picture next month. Goodbye for now, fans, and happy movie-going!
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I dreamed I was given the key to the city
in my maidenform bra

BY MIKE CONNOLLY

ROSEMARY CLOONEY will take all the advice
you want to give her about what songs to
record. But don't try giving her any
romantic counsel. Paramount's bright new
star follows her own conscience in affairs of
the heart. And, if sometimes her conscience
seems to lead her astray, that, says Rose-
mary, is her very own funeral and nobody
else's problem.

Things are looking more than just a little
lit rosy these days for the small-town gal
who's now up there in the very, very high-
time. She has made herself completely—and
happily—at home on the Paramount lot in
the dressing room that, for many years, had
Betty Hutton's name on the door.

She has been digging herself in—good
and solid—and she hasn't forgotten for a
single minute that her being ensconced in
that dressing room means that the studio
big guns think that our little Rosemary is
just exactly what the doctor ordered to take
over where La Hutton left off. Which is a
large-size order in anybody's book.

But Rosemary, as everybody knows, has
not had her pretty little head focussed en-
tirely on her career. By no means! After she
finished her stint in "The Stars Are Sing-
ing" (she's sensational in it, is the good
word!) Rosemary had both the time—and
the inclination—to get herself thoroughly
involved in some extra-curricular, and sen-
sational, headline making. And she doesn't
care who knows it!

She is as straightforward a gal as there
ever was, both about putting a song across
and giving you the facts straight on the line.
She doesn't mince words when you come to
her with a direct question. Even when it
might be an embarrassing one to answer.
This I learned first-hand when I had a long
gab-session with her recently.

I interviewed Rosemary in Reno on the
touchy subject of her romance with José
Ferrer. I had come over from nearby Lake
Tahoe to listen to (Continued on page 8)
Her lips had to be bought with a Southland kingdom ... and he handed it to her on the blade of his Bowie knife!

ALAN LADD
as Jim Bowie, the Louisiana bayou man
VIRGINIA MAYO
as Judalon, the shameless belle of Natchez!

THE IRON MISTRESS
WARNER BROS. BRING ALL THE FURY OF THE FIERY BEST-SELLER TO THE SCREEN!

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from a novel by PAUL I. WELLMAN • music by MAX STEINER
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR
impertinent interview

BY MIKE CONNOLLY

(Continued from page 6) Rosemary sings at Reno's Hotel Golden. I sent round a note—something to the effect that “You're great, sensational, etc.”—and she sent back word to stick around and she'd come out and see me. She was as good as her word. I didn't have long to wait.

Rosemary looks and acts and sings like the proverbial “girl next door.” No newcomer to Hollywood in recent years has quite the well-scrubbed look or zest for living that the “Come On-a My House” girl has. It's this well-scrubbed look, I guess, that stands out most strongly in opposition to her romance with Ferrer—Ferrer, the rugged individual who directs, acts, produces—but always with a flair that sets him apart from every other director-actor-producer in show business. Plus which he's married, or was when we went to press! But anything can happen in this strange business called show business.

I asked Rosemary about the many printed reports of a romance with Ferrer. She answered without batting an eyelash. “They're all true,” she said. “Isn't it awful? Here Paramount is building me up as the All-American type and I have to fall in love with a married man. Which means I'm casting myself as the Other-Woman type, I suppose.” At this, she smiled a little self-consciously.

I remembered the report that Phyllis round Ferrer, José's wife, had listened to “Poor Whip-Poor-Will,” the song on the other side of Rosemary's smash hit, “Half A Mach,” and had dubbed Rosemary “Poor Miss Whip-Poor-Will.” Which would seem to indicate that Mrs. Ferrer regards Rosemary's affection for José as little more than a passing fancy.

“It's nowhere near as wicked as it sounds,” said Rosemary. “José and his wife haven't been getting along for some time now. She went to see him recently in Paris, where he is being directed by John Huston in 'Moulin Rouge,' and I understand they discussed a settlement. They will divorce soon, after which José and I will be married.”

Rosemary herself told me another story. There in Reno, about how she wouldn't take the advice of Columbia Records music chief, Mitch Miller, with reference to recording “Come On-a My House.” She didn't like the song. She refused to do it. Mitch insisted that she do it. And you all know what the result of that was: It made Rosemary Clooney a star.

“It was a great lesson,” she said. “I never pick my own songs now. Mitch picks them.”

I raised an eyebrow.

“And that's all he does pick!” said Rosemary quickly.

The End
All the glitter, grandeur and spectacle that was Venice!...All the intrigue, lust and danger of an era of adventure and romance!

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THE THIEF OF VENICE

Starring

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FAYE MARLOWE • MASSIMO SERATO

Screenplay by JESSE L. LASKY, JR. • From an original story by MICHAEL PERTWEE • Music by ALESSANDRO CICOGNINI • Played by the Rome Symphony Orchestra
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ALL THIS...And More!

THE RACE of the galley slaves for Venice...under the whippmaster's lash!

THE REVOLT...of the rabble against the Prussian mercenaries!

MEDIEVAL TORTURE!...The Thief - broken on the rack...Tina - tortured on the wheel!

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MARRIAGE PARADE...of the Doge's daughter...tens of thousands on the screen!

ANGELS ROOST...a fabulous hideaway of the cut-throats of Venice...where law ended and revelry began!

THE INNOCENTS...swinging from the gallows—for the crimes of the Masked Assassin!
Dear Miss Colbert:

What I am writing about is hardly a problem, but rather an uncomfortable situation which grows more irksome all the time.

I have nightmares practically every night. I can’t find any cause for it, because my diet is normal, and my health is excellent. My family life is happy and my childhood was good. Of course I had the usual emotional ups and downs of a growing person.

My nightmares are about no one particular thing; they consist of a variety of terrifying scenes that wake me up screaming. Sometimes I seem to be falling off high places, sometimes I am chased by a nameless sort of horror.

My husband used to be worried, but now he has concluded that this is merely a bad habit. Probably it is, but it certainly is an annoying one.

Could you please tell me whether you have heard of such a thing before, and what was done to break the habit?

(Mrs.) Roanne V.

Dear Mrs. V.: I doubt seriously that your nightmares are a “habit.”

I think a good many medical men would say that these nocturnal frights result from an attempt of your subconscious mind to deliver a message of some sort to your conscious mind.

I know very little about clinical psychology, of course, but I have heard doctors say that the eldest child in a large family is often troubled by dreams of falling from high places. This simply means (I understand) that the eldest child feels supplanted by the younger children.

Your sentence, “Of course I had the usual emotional ups and downs of a growing person,” may be the clue to much that is troubling you.

I believe you should discuss this problem with a competent doctor. If you have already talked to your family doctor and he has said that you shouldn’t worry, it will correct itself in time, you should ask him to recommend a good psychiatrist.

Don’t be afraid of the word “psychiatrist.” Such a doctor merely helps to cure sprained muscles of the spirit, just as an orthopedist helps to heal broken bones.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

In our church there is an organization of girls called Flag Bearers. It’s made up of girls twelve and thirteen. After that, girls go on to another group called Comrades in Court. My mother had me take the tests required to join Flag Bearers, and I passed (I’m sorry) at the top of the group. I had to join to please my mother.

I went to a few meetings, but I was awfully bored. This group is made up of girls from the north end of our town (the snooty routey), and I live on the west side.
Only a PLAYTEX® Girdle

lets you feel as free as this...

and look as SLIM as this...

"Fashion has a festive air" this season of holidays and holly nights," says MARCEL ROCHAS, famous Parisian couturier. "The simple elegance of party clothes puts slender emphasis on you. All the more reason why your holiday figure needs a Playtex Fab-Lined Girdle!"

Whatever the occasion, there's no girdle like Playtex Fab-Lined. Fashioned of smooth latex, with softest fabric next to your skin, it whittles you wonderfully, hasn't a seam, stitch or bone, fits invisibly under the most figure-revealing clothes.

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At department stores and specialty shops everywhere.

Prices slightly higher outside the U.S.A.
What should do? continued from page 10

has little to do with it. If you're patient, you will find that some of the girls in the Flag Bearers will turn out to be your best friends.

Wherever you go, if you expect to make friends, you will make them.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Four years ago, when I was eighteen, I met Gordon, who was a few months older than I. We dated quite often and although it was just friendship at first, it deepened into love, with me, at least.

We had known one another about six months when he joined the Air Force. At first he wrote frequently, but gradually I heard from him less and less often. However, I continued to write every other day.

He would come home on leave once a year and we would have the most wonderful time. He would tell me he loved me and I would be in seventh heaven. After he went back to his base, he would write steadily at first. Then there would be periods during which I would hear nothing for weeks or months.

This last time it had been eleven months. He came home on emergency leave when his mother passed away, but he didn't even telephone me. Naturally, I can understand that he was under an emotional strain.

He is scheduled to be discharged soon. Would it be a good idea for me to plan a sort of "coming out party" for him?

Melinda L.

Dear Miss L:

No, I don't think you should plan any social function for this lad.

At twenty-two, you feel that you are ready to settle down and marry. At twenty-two, this boy undoubtedly feels that he wants to be free for a long time. He has spent four years of restriction under military rule; he is not eager to accept, at once, the restrictions of marriage.

It would be wonderful if the fact that you are in love with a boy automatically caused him to be in love with you, but the world is not so constituted. You know that sometimes the boy who is madly in love with you, is the boy you couldn't "see" with eight-power binoculars. It works the other way, too, unfortunately.

As for hoping that the young romance which existed four years ago can be recaptured now... think of it in this way; Could you, at midnight, turn your watch back to noon and make all the world return to that hour with you?

Claudette Colbert

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of CLAUDETTE COLBERT? If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, California. If Miss Colbert feels your problem is of general interest, she will answer it here. Names will be held confidential.
"In this scene from my new M-G-M Technicolor picture Million Dollar Mermaid," says Esther Williams, "I was threatened with arrest for appearing without stockings! Modern women might prefer jail to wearing the shiny stockings made in those days—before Cameo's exclusive Face Powder Finish!"

"Men talk plenty about this subject," says Esther Williams, "but always from the standpoint of see-ers. We women think in terms of being seen—whether it's on the screen or in everyday life."

Stars have to be appearance-conscious—they're always in the public eye. Under Kleig lights or in the blazing sun, they know that shiny stockings pick up ugly highlights, make legs look unshapely. That's why M-G-M stars, like Esther Williams, wear Bur-Mil Cameo stockings on the screen and off. Cameo's exclusive Face Powder Finish never reflects even the strongest lights!

Do as the stars do—wear Bur-Mil Cameo nylons. They're kind to your budget, too

...up to 40% longer wear by actual test!

BUR-MIL CAMEO STOCKINGS WITH EXCLUSIVE FACE POWDER FINISH...A PRODUCT OF BURLINGTON MILLS...WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCER OF FASHION FABRICS

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BUR-MIL CAMEO AND FACE POWDER FINISH ARE TRADEMARKS REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. OF BURLINGTON MILLS CORPORATION
Marilyn Monroe is the hottest thing in town. Theater managers are billing her over such stars as Ginger Rogers and Cary Grant on the marques. Twentieth has upped her loanout price to over $100,000, and when she completes "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" in which she'll be starred, they expect to up it another $100,000. In the meantime, her take-home pay is what she has left out of $500, which is her weekly salary.

Folks about Hollywood are comparing her to Lana Turner or Jean Harlow. They point out that only every once in a great while does a gal click like this at the box office.

Lia de Leo is threatening to file a breach of promise suit against Robert Taylor in Rome, where the Italian actress said he wooed her while he was making "Quo Vadis." Quite a wad of Taylor's dough is tied up in Italy, so if she can make her charges stick she has a pretty fair chance to collect.

Barbara Stanwyck's new love interest seems to be handsome Ralph Meeker, who co-starred with Betty Hutton in Paramount's "Somebody Loves Me." When Meeker planed in from New York recently, Barbara met him at the airport with what eye-witnesses said was a fervent greeting. She says, however, there's nothing to it but friendship. "He's a wonderful companion, full of fun and good stories, but that's as far as it goes."

and if the contested trial gets under way. John told me he hopes their attorneys come to an agreement on a property settlement out of court, so that the divorce will be routine instead of scandalous.

"But," he said, "I'm not going to give in to all her demands. I've gone as far as I intend to."

I asked him what broke up their marriage and if it was, as reported, because of his devotion to his children by his first wife, Josephine. He said he didn't think so, but then, "Who knows what motivates my second wife? I find I do not know her very well."

His pals are hoping he'll go back to Josephine if and when he sheds Esperanza, but he said he didn't think he would, "We are too far apart now to remarry," he said.

Hollywood remembers when those same friends, which includes Director John Ford, tried every way to keep him from splitting finally with Josephine when his amorous sighs were all for Esperanza. "It's only an infatuation and will not last," Ford argued. Looks like the guy knows as much about marriage counseling as about making movies.

When a disappointed gal decides she wants to meet her ex-husband at the airport, the reconciliation rumors are bound to start flying, high, wide and reckless. Which is exactly what happened after Mona Freeman went out to meet her ex-husband, Pat Nerney, when he planed in from Europe. There are some who say this is the beginning of a new beginning. And others who are guessing that it means nothing of the sort. The only ones who are qualified to talk—Pat and Mona—just aren't. At least, not yet. For the time being, Mona is going ahead with the divorce proceedings.
"My husband and I trade roles at Christmas!"

"All the rest of the year," Rosalind Russell explains, "he's Frederick Brisson, the producer. But come the holidays, he's the star and I'm in charge of production. It's I who actually 'deck the halls with holly.'

"There are packages to be wrapped, then the eggnog to be made, and after washing up, of course, I smooth on Jergens Lotion. It restores beauty to hands quickly! See why: Smooth one hand with Jergens..."

"I scramble around attending to all the preparations 'til my hands wouldn't be fit to be seen if it weren't for Jergens. Pure, white Jergens Lotion softens them in no time!"

"Under the mistletoe, my hands are nice for my real life leading man, Freddie. No wonder the Hollywood stars prefer Jergens Lotion 7 to 1."

"apply any ordinary lotion or cream to the other. Wet them. Water won't 'bead' on the hand smoothed with Jergens as it will with an oily care.

"There are packages to be wrapped, then the eggnog to be made, and after washing up, of course, I smooth on Jergens Lotion. It restores beauty to hands quickly! See why: Smooth one hand with Jergens..."

"Keep your hands lovely, too. Protect them from roughness and winter chapping for only pennies a day! Jergens Lotion only costs 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.

Rosalind Russell, starring in "NEVER WAVE AT A WAC," An RKO Radio Release
**hollywood party line**

by Edith Gwyn

This is but definitely the year to unleash the “femme fatale” urge that lurks in the breast of every gal from six to sixty. With that siren look being heavily encouraged, my advice is, “Live a little!” Treat yourself to at least one outfit that has nothing to do with practicality. Go real crazy with your fur scarf or stole that’s a bit tired, and have it fashioned into a huge soft muff to wear with a slim, dark clingy dress. Or go mad with a detachable apron fashioned of black curled ostrich feathers which can glamour up the simplest of black frocks. Lana Turner has one, so has Mrs. James Mason. Stunning—especially when the outfit’s only other eye-catcher is a bit of glitter. preferably in an unexpected place. Pat Wymore always gets a double-take in a subtle way by wearing jewelry where one isn’t used to finding it. Clips or brooches pinned to a drape at the hip, or peeping out from just underneath a low neckline—or worn somewhere along the ribs. Outside, this time! Things like that are good little come-hither touches for the siren who is tiny like Mona Freeman. Small gals can’t go in for the sweeping elegance type of stuff—the broad-brimmed hats, the masses of material, the elaborate drapery. But some of ’em can do just as much vamping with a tiny antique fan.

The siren look was much in evidence at many parties and a couple of premieres this month! Ann Blyth’s glitter was on the collar of her short, purple velvet jacket the opening night of the Ice Follies. Her jacket covered a calf-length, full-skirted dress of mauve crepe. She wore a corsage of baby orchids and tiny roses (from Charles FitzSimon’s) at her waist. Marie Wilson in beaded white satin, Jeanne Crain in strapless pale yellow satin, Jimmy Stewart and his Gloria, the Gene Nelsons—some of the movie crowd meeting the ice stars off their skates at a party after the show.

One of Hollywood’s most famed femme designers told London reporters, “Our starlets are beautifully dressed when prepared for public showing. But they look like tramps when not on parade.” Well, I don’t agree with her. True, there a few Raggedy Annes among both the older, more famous dolls and the young ’uns—gals who don’t give a damn whether their clothes fit, or how sloppily slacked they go to market, and who permit themselves to be seen uncombed or out in “any old thing”—unless it’s a special occasion and they’re getting all done up for a date or a party. But Hollywood has grown up fashion-wise in recent years, and there are no longer only a handful who can be depended upon for glamour. Now, most of our gals look just as delish reporting for work, or walking the dog, or munching a hamburger at a drive-in, or swinging a market basket over their arms, as they do when they’re all decked out and are very definitely “on parade.”

Very much “on parade” were Joan Evans and Pier Angeli the night Joan Crawford and Bill Haines co-hosted a dinner dance for some visiting Texas friends. Joan (in black chiffon, trimmed with bands of black lace) and her bridgroom, Kirby Weatherly, had eyes only for each other. Pier, slim as a reed, was beautifully gowned in a very sophisticated number of pale blue taffeta, strapless, and tightly draped to her body to well below the hip-line. Pier was with Kirk Douglas. Her hair-do that night was identical with Joan Crawford’s—sleeked back tight from the face into a big chignon, the chignon circled with rhinestones. It was a beautiful party, with some hundred and fifty guests seated at tables for eight in Joan’s play-house beyond the swimming pool. Sylvia Gable (in white lace and plentiful of diamonds) was with Richard Greene; Olivia de Havilland, in black, off-the-shoulder taffeta, was with Director Ned Martin. She danced and danced. And so did Judy Garland and Sid Luft, La Crawford (in short, strapless white chiffon), with Cesar Romero. Barbara Stanwyck, in black and white organza. And most luscious of all was Eleanor Parker—just a few weeks away from having her third—in a full coat of lilac taffeta.

Another soiree, this one a long-lasting cocktail party for the zillionaire South American, George Guindle and his handsome wife, was tossed by Connie Moore and Johnny Maschio. Their home was so jam-packed that when Patricia Neill (looking beauteous in champagne satin and with her hair blonde again) came in just as Gary Cooper was leaving, they didn’t even see each other in the throng. Ursula Thiess, in black crepe, with a tiny black velvet hat set dramatically on her black tresses, was with Bob Taylor. The Richard Carlsons, the Dennis O’Keefes, Emlyn Burrington with Don Loper. Director Mitch Leisen, Doretta Morrow, and up-and-coming star Byron Palmer were some we spotted. Leisen was raving about the future he sees for young Palmer. Byron is really a hobby-oxers’ delight? Not only does he sing with the best of ’em, but, s’helpme, he looks like a composite photo of Cary Grant, Dean Martin and Rory Calhoun. And that, in a way, brings us to male fashions. Humphrey Bogart has been showing up at parties in a purple tuxedo, ... Steve Cochran was the only gent (?) at Ruth Roman’s birthday party who had the nerve to arrive without a tie! ... and he was wearing a red shirt! ... On the other hand, usually dreadful-dresser Marlon Brando is around town neat as a pin these days.

There were stars galore at the big outdoor party (it’s still warm enough around here to make with the poolside stuff in the daytime) that tunesmith Jimmy McHugh tossed to celebrate Louella Parsons’ return to health, and her new shape. She’s lost about thirty pounds, the better to show off all the lavish duds she’s acquired lately. Lolly helped receive in a stunning cocktail-length job of teal blue silk and lace. Ginny Simms wore elegant pink chiffon, embroidered with horsehair braid. Ann Sheridan, with her hair a new shade of bright red. Jane Wyman in a short, short bob—and note: She’s letting her tresses go gray! The Jack Bennys, Judy and Sid, Maureen O’Sullivan, Rosalind Russell and Irene Dunne, Dick Haymes, Mary Pickford, Buddy Rogers, among the many guests.

The Nelsens enjoy a joke.

Backstage: Ann and Charles

The Nelsons enjoy a joke.

Partying: Maureen, Louella, Annie.
For Caressable Hands
Use Cashmere Bouquet
HAND LOTION
Absorbs like a lotion—
Softens like a cream,
Makes even
"Sandpaper Hands" Feel Caressable
in 10 Seconds!

New Cashmere Bouquet
French Type
NON-SMEAR LIPSTICK

Now your lips can be more exciting, more inviting than ever... and stay that way all day long! Just smooth on the 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 here's the beauty-miracle: it won't smear, it won't dry, and it 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... for lips that stay soft and creamy-smooth... for lips that won't tell secrets!

Contains
"Lip-caressing" Lanolin!

6 Fashion-Right Shades
Just 39¢
Paintings by your favorite stars now on Hallmark Christmas Cards

They're all in the Hallmark Hollywood Star Box

Painting is a hobby with these stars. Groucho Marx sketches between rehearsals at the studio. Fred MacMurray likes to get up early in the morning and paint before breakfast. Jane Wyman finds paint brushes, oils and canvas the perfect companions between pictures. And Henry Fonda went to art school long before he became an actor.

Hallmark Cards asked each one of these stars to design a Christmas card they would like to receive—and the Hollywood Star Box is the result.

There are twelve Christmas cards in the Hollywood Star Box, three reproductions of each of the paintings by the four stars. Groucho paints an amusing candy-cane house; Fred, a winter landscape; Jane and Henry... well, why don't you see for yourself how the stars paint?

You'll find the Hollywood Star Box for $1.00 at all the fine stores that feature Hallmark Cards. It's only one of many, many exclusive Hallmark styles you can buy in boxes. And there are lots of Hallmark boxes priced as low as 59 cents. So, no matter what limits your budget may have, your Christmas cards can have Hallmark on the back... the famous Hallmark that tells your friends, "You cared enough to send the very best"!

See these other Hallmark Christmas Cards in boxes:

DESIGNS BY:
Grandma Moses
Norman Rockwell
Currier & Ives

VERSES BY:
Edgar Guest

AND
The Kodachrome Box
The Shadow Box
The Poodle Box

Mr. and Mrs. Box
Religious Box
The Big Value Box

Winston Churchill
Paul Gaertner
Steinberg

The Comic Box
The Thrifty Box
The Parchment Box
"The Turning Point"

With a less expert technical touch and a less capable and personable crew of players, this expose of civic corruption would remind you only of a dozen other racket-busting movies. Instead, it reminds you uncomfortably of real life, with special echoes of the Kefauver investigation. A hearing with full TV coverage even finds committee head Edmond O'Brien fiddling thoughtfully with his horn-rims, crime boss Ed Begley fiddling nervously with a pencil, party girl Carolyn Jones toying languidly with her furs.

And the people chiefly concerned in Paramount's "The Turning Point" make an impression as more than newspaper headliners. You're likely to feel involved in the personal affairs of the reporter smoothly portrayed by William Holden—at first cynical and detached, later a vigorous crusader. He's a jump ahead of O'Brien in taking the lid off O'Brien's home town, where the investigator's dad (Tom Tully) is a supposedly honest cop.

Strong and harsh in the manner of a newsreel, the photography helps to sustain the illusion of reality. It's a little rough on Alexis Smith, but she is plausibly cast as O'Brien's aide and fiancée, promptly tabbed by Holden as a social-register type. The triangle built up between the three leads is discreetly underplayed, never interfering with the action; but again the stars win your sympathy.

Watch Adele Longmire in her highly emotional part. (Offscreen, she's Mrs. Arthur Franz.) This and other minor roles give the film added force.

Out of loyalty, Alexis Smith and William Holden have hidden their real emotions till this moment.

A climax arrives as Adele Longmire, key witness, evades gunmen to reach Edmond O'Brien.

Newsman Holden finds that the underworld fights back ruthlessly against investigation.
THE PROMOTER
(RANK, U-I)

Another delicious tidbit comes along for Alec Guinness fans. The British star's dry, sly style is now devoted to a comedy about a gent who manages to make a fortune with a minimum of work. Though Guinness does no fooling around with miscellaneous make-ups, he covers an imposing range during our hero's development from awkward law clerk to leading citizen of an English industrial town early in this century. Violin-voiced, cat-eyed Glynis Johns is his first love, a dancing teacher who charms her way to her inevitable niche as wealthy young widow. The wide-eyed appeal of Petula Clark makes a nice contrast, and Valerie Hobson is an aristocratic good sport as the countess whose sponsorship Alec seeks and gets. A clever musical score sharpens the story's wit.

Verdict: Rollicking farce about a rise to riches

EVERYTHING I HAVE IS YOURS
(MGM, TECHNICOLOR)

Finally, the Champions have been given room to swing, instead of a meek corner in somebody else's starring picture. The couple's fresh young charm and dancing talents are shown off to fine advantage in this story of marriage and the musical stage. After a first-night hit in their Broadway debut, Marge has to bow out as Gower's partner because the stork's on the way. Once their daughter's past infancy, up come problems: Marge wants to dance again; Gower wants her to stay home in Connecticut; she's jealous of his new co-star (Monica Lewiss); he's ditto of their ex-boss (Dennis O'Keefe). Light and lively for most of its length, the film has soggy stretches when it seems a long time between numbers. Best songs and stepping: "Like Monday Follows Sunday" (both stars); "Derry Down Dilly" (Marge alone).

Verdict: Easygoing musical, with likable people

OPERATION SECRET
(WARNERS)

In a switch on the usual story of underground agents during World War II, this tense film has hit on a promising and generally unused source of dramatic material—the Communist element in the movement. Unhappily, by taking the form of a mystery, the plot gets to its point too late. At a hearing conducted by the French authorities, various people show up (with too neat timing) to testify on the wartime murder of a member of the maquis. The story unfolds in flashbacks, focusing on Cornel Wilde as an American who serves with the French, goes to London after their surrender, and returns to the Continent as a secret agent, eventually contacting the underground in France, Steve Cochran, Phyllis Thaxter and Karl Malden, also with the maquis, share in adventures by turns exciting and confusing.

Verdict: Blurred but occasionally suspenseful

For brief reviews of current pictures see page 78
For complete casts of new pictures see page 79
THE SNOWS OF KILIMANJARO
(20TH CENTURY-FOX, TECHNICOLOR)

Against colorfully varied backgrounds, a swirl of Technicolor emotions paints the picture of a wasted life, recalled as the man who lived it lies near death. Writer Gregory Peck, downed by a leg infection in the wilderness of Africa, regrets the trash he wrote, the masterpieces he didn’t write, the lost love, the false love. By a noble acting effort, Greg manages to draw a bit of sympathy for this crying-in-the-beer type, Ava Gardner shows surprising warmth, as well as classic beauty, in the role of the gallant lady he loves most deeply. As his rich wife, Susan Hayward projects a likable blend of courage and common sense, and Hildagarde Neff is suitably brassy as Peck’s companion on a fling in Riviera society. Overlook the fearfully highfalutin’ lines and the super-Hemingway airs; enjoy it as a romance.

Verdict: Lush and spectacular love(s) story

IT GROWS ON TREES
(U-I)

Of course, it doesn’t grow on trees. But all of us wish it did, and this agreeable comedy makes the wish come true. The eminently sensible-looking Irene Dunne again proves her skill at playing flutter-brains, as a housewife whose vagueness about money matters is the despair of her hard-pressed husband (Dean Jagger). With three children to raise, she can’t stick to the budget, yet she goes for “bargains” like a pair of small trees of unknown species to decorate the back yard. Then these trees sprout money—five-dollar bills on one, tens on the other. Like all good fantasies, this one proceeds in a logical manner from its fantastic premise, getting the federal government and the local law in on the act, making the romance of daughter Joan Evans and bank teller Richard Crenna an integral part of the plot.

Verdict: Neatly worked-out, honey sort of whimsy

THE THIEF
(UA)

To prove that most pictures talk too much, up comes a movie that relies on action, music and sound alone. Ray Milland needs no words to put across the emotions harrowing a physicist who has turned traitor to his country. When one of his micro-films of secret documents at the Atomic Energy Commission falls into the hands of the FBI, he must flee Washington—and the chase gives the fugitive no time or occasion to do any talking. Unlike old-time silent movies, this dialogue-less film never shows you characters’ lips moving; it simply catches them at moments when they aren’t speaking. Trickery aside, the story is familiar spy stuff—and the G-men’s job would be a lot easier if real red agents looked as much like spies as Martin Gabel and his sinister cohorts. Newcomer Rita Gam’s a sexy dish in a brief role.

Verdict: Novel treatment of an atom-spy thriller

Full reviews continued on next page
Take the strain off your mind

(not just once, but 13 times a year)

When "that disagreeable time-of-month" looms up ahead of you, what do you worry about most? Is it the discomfort of the belt-pin-pad harness? Is it the fear that bulges or "edges" will be outlined under your dress? Or the fear of odor? Or just the general worry that goes with self-consciousness?

Tampax was invented to take all these fears off your mind. Being worn internally, Tampax needs no belts or pins. There is nothing to "show through"—and no odor or chafing. Quick to change. May be worn in tub or shower. Each Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton of great absorbency, fitted into a slender patented applicator for dainty insertion. You cannot feel the Tampax when wearing it.

Buy Tampax at drug or notion counters: in Regular, Super or Junior absorbency-sizes. No disposal problems. An average month's supply tucks into your purse. Economy box contains 4 times the quantity. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

The Savage
(Paramount, Technicolor)

In the honorable line of westerns that take a realistic view of Indian-white relationships in pioneer days, a new entry gives its hero an unusual status—between races. A boy who is sole survivor of a wagon train raided by Indians is adopted by the chief of a rival tribe, and grows up considering himself a Sioux. Charlton Heston gives a decisive performance as the warrior who must eventually make a choice between his real and his foster race. Ian MacDonald and Angela Clarke make sympathetic figures of his Indian parents; Susan Morrow is the white girl whose charms influence Heston's decision. The Black Hills provide an imposing backdrop for the scenes of warfare.

Verdict: Actionful, intelligent western

The Steel Trap
(20th Century-Fox)

As the hero remarks at one moment, this story of one strange weekend in the life of a junior bank executive has the feeling of a nightmare. A race against time that never lets up. Joseph Cotten, who has access to his bank's vaults, first thinks of stealing a million in cash as an amusing fantasy. Suddenly, he finds himself putting the plan into action, breaking the whole pattern of his life. Threatened by exposure at every turn, he must get to Brazil, beyond extradition, before the vaults are reopened on Monday. In another of her average-woman roles as his wife, Teresa Wright goes along on what she believes to be the start of a business trip. The film's based on a thoroughly contrived, trick idea, but its suspense holds us up as you watch it, and music aids the mood.

Verdict: Nerve-racking account of theft

The Hour of 13
(M-G-M)

We're back in London of the Sherlock Holmes era to watch a winningly conventional suspense tale of jewel thieves, a maniac murderer and a frustrated Scotland Yard. Aiming for the aplomb of a Colman (and he's likely to make it, the rate he's been progressing). Peter Lawford is the Raffles-type "hero," who winds up helping the law—for his own nefarious ends. He's ably lifted the famous Whatzis emerald—and the mysterious cop-killer has struck down another hobby at exactly the same time and place. Since the Yard assumes killer and thief are one man. Pete and his accomplices are afraid to "find" the jewel and collect the insurance company's reward until the maniac has been caught. Pretty pretty Dawn Addams is Pete's innocent collaborator; Derek Bond, her rather stuffy fiancé; Roland Culver, the Yard official who tries to outsmart the wily Lawford.

Verdict: Pleasant, humorous melodrama

Something for the Birds
(20th Century-Fox)

At a time when attention is more than ever focussed on Washington, a comedy of behind-the-scenes maneuvers in the capital has an extra tang. Patricia Neal (looking too thin these days) caricatures the earnest crusader, as a bird-lover who comes to Washington to save the preserves of the California condor from being awarded by law to an oil company. In this scheme she's aided by Edmund Gwenn, typically kindly and quizzical as a gate-crasher who has met all the right people at parties. Victor Mature's unctuous manner suits his role of professional lobbyist.

Verdict: Lively spoof on lobbying

The Lusty Men
(RKO)

Rodeo riding is a comparatively fresh field for the movie cowboy, and here we are given a vigorous, unglorified survey of this dangerous trade. Crippled by one ride too many on a Brahna bull, Robert Mitchum has retired, but returns as coach to Arthur Kennedy, who breaks into rodeos to earn money for a ranch. As Kennedy's wife, Susan Hayward expertly goes through the paces of the women-who-wait-and-worry. The traits and emotions of the lead characters sometimes change too mechanically, but Kennedy's always a persuasive actor, and Mitchum is plausibly cast. Arthur Hunnicutt and Maria Hart make credible minor figures of a punchy old cowboy and a plucky trick rider.

Verdict: Hard-hitting lowdown on rodeos

Hellgate
(Lippert)

Reaching into an ignoble, little-known corner of U. S. history, this neatly put-together action picture takes place for the most part in a bygone American equivalent of Devil's Island. Just after the Civil War, the guiltless Sterling Hayden is sent to Hellgate in the New Mexican desert, where
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convicts live in caves at the bottom of a box canyon. Since Hayden is believed to be a guerrilla, he gets special attention from commandant Ward Bond, whose wife and child were murdered by a guerrilla band. So relentlessly is the atmosphere built up that you'll be rooting for the success of the convicts’ escape plans. Hayden is an understandably dour hero; James Arness, a ruffianly cave-mate; Joan Leslie, a minor figure as Hayden’s wife. But Bond wraps up the show with his soft-voiced menace job. Verdict: Grim, gripping prison drama

Springfield Rifle
(Warners, WarnnerColor)

The locale is the West—plains and magnificent mountains—but the action deals with the struggle between Union and Confederate agents for horses vital to both armies battling in the East. The Union needs a counterspy to uncover the Southern spy who tips off raiders, so moviegoers may draw their own conclusions when Gary Cooper is discharged in dis-

grace from the Union force at the frontier outpost. Coop’s a master hand at this sort of adventure; attractive young Philip Carey and the distinguished Paul Kelly keep pace with him as fellow officers. Being a mere female, Phyllis Thaxter scarcely gets a look-in. Verdict: Satisfying big-scale western

The Golden Hawk
(Columbia, Technicolor)

Pirates are now the most popular characters on the movie scene. The latest in the series of Caribbean melos picks a Seventeenth Century period when England and Spain were allied against France in a war for the mastery of this sea. Except for the fact that the hero is French, neither side in the brawl is given any notable claim to sympathy. As the lady-killing buccaneer (or patriotic privateer?) of the title, Sterling Hayden is a little diffident in manner and thick in the midriff for all the swashbuckling required of him. In faith to the story’s best-seller origin, dashes of sex
Secret People
(U-lp)

Authentic-seeming details, moments of dramatic force and the arresting personalities of Valentina Cortese and Audrey Hepburn give this import from England a certain interest, but it's often frustrating to watch. Two sisters flee from an unnamed European dictatorship after their father has been killed for his courageous writings. Though they become British citizens, their native country's troubles follow them when the older sister's lover comes to England and enlists her aid in the underground movement—which, she discovers too late, has been taken over by schemers of ruthless violence. Valentina gives depth to the role of the unhappy heroine, and Audrey plays her sister with youthful spirit and grace. But Serge Reggiani, whose English is so uncertain that half his lines are lost, is less effective as the treacherous lover.

Verdict: Political drama that just misses

Horizons West
(U-l, Technicolor)

Seems to be a new rule that all westerns must be set in the post-Civil War era. Instead of the usual echoes of North-South conflict, this one centers on two brothers' adjustment to peace-time conditions. Rock Hudson has no trouble settling down on the family ranch in Texas, but Robert Ryan has come home with a yearning for plenty of quick, easy money. Starting out with a little modest cattle-rustling, he proceeds ruthlessly to build up a ranch empire, grabbing other men's lands by legal trickery. Ryan struggles with an implausible role, while Rock is given surprisingly short footage. The ladies come off little better, Julia Adams being merely decorative as Ryan's partner in crime, Judith Braun downright embarrassing as the good girl.

Verdict: Routine western, wasting talent

Because of You
(U-l)

Though Loretta Young seems too ladylike ever to have been a crook's consort, she is more convincing in later scenes, when she unwiseely conceals her prison past to wed socialite Jeff Chandler. Even Jeff hasn't much chance in a "Men! They're all alike!" sort of story: Alex Nicol, as the crook, has less. But Frances Dee (Jeff's sister) and Lynne Roberts (a blue-blood gal) are nearly as noble as Loretta. The most affecting moments surround Loretta's relationship with her daughter, taken away from her when Jeff discovers her secret. While it's Jeff who's in need of psychiatric care at the outset of the picture, the child is in this fix after being parted from her mother, and many moviegoers may find the solution to the difficulty quite touching.

Verdict: Sad story of a woman's problems
readers inc...

SOAP BOX:

Joan Fontaine has been my favorite for over ten years. I correspond with her several times a year, and she always answers in such a personal way. Her letters are hand-written and not typed up by a secretary...

Arlene Peterson
Council Bluffs, Iowa

I would like to comment on two pictures I saw recently, "My Six Convicts" and "The Atomic City." No "big" names, but such marvelous sincere portrayals...

Margaret McEwen
Mineral Wells, Texas

I just saw "Lovely to Look At"... Marge Champion and Janet Leigh... look so much alike they should play sisters...

Sandra Hamilton
Goldboro, North Carolina

... that Dale Robertson is going to go places! With that Oklahoma drawl and those twinkling eyes, he could win over a sour grape in an onion patch... Anne Mathesow
Washington, D.C.

... I would think... that Hollywood would realize the harm being done by sending movies to foreign countries showing a false impression of American life. People of other countries think we are a money-mad, materialistic, night-life people. Why not show them that we treasure our home life, our religion, our freedom to enjoy the simple things in life...

Joan Dries
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

I have just seen "The Story of Will Rogers" and I think Will Rogers, Jr., is simply out of this world. He's great and that's that!...

Janice Groppenthin
Peterson, Iowa

CASTING:

We teenagers would really love to see a musical romance starring Debbie Reynolds and Robert Wagner. They make such a darling couple off-screen that a movie featuring the two should certainly be a smash hit...

Sherry Bagley, Joyce Ansley, Kathryn Pace, Jo Ann Buice
Chamblee, Georgia

Wouldn't it be fun to have a gay, French comedy with some songs made into a movie with real French actors... Take Micheline Presle, Danielle Darrieux and Louis Jourdan... add Georges Guetary of "An American in Paris" fame and you have a terrific foursome...

Paul F. Johnson
Minneapolis, Minnesota

... the screen combination we've been waiting for such a long time is here now... Marlon Brando and Susan Hayward would outshine other casts in sex appeal as well as in acting...

Eleanor Klemperer
Linz Dependents' School
O/o Postmaster, New York

... it would be heaven to see a marquee which read, Jane Powell and Gordon MacRae in M-G-M's Technicolor "Blossom Time."

Karl Hess
Fielding, Utah

QUESTION BOX:

I have enclosed two pictures of Arlene Dahl. In each one, her so-called "beauty mole" is on a different side of her face. What do you think? I think it's a fake...

Joan Coutu
Winnipeg, Canada

It's real all right, and it's above her lip on the right-hand side. The negative of one of the two pictures you sent must have been flipped over when it was printed.—ED.

... is the actor who played with Tony Dexter in "The Brigand" related to him? They look like twins.

Dorothy Ferland
Fall River, Massachusetts

No wonder! Dexter played both roles.—ED.

... that beautiful blonde who appeared in the morale-boosting film Pat O'Brien showed his men in "Okinawa." Wasn't she Marilyn Monroe?

M. Lasell
Omaha, Nebraska

Nobody but Miss Lush herself.—ED.

... please print a picture and tell me the name of the girl who played Robert Wagner's girl friend in "What Price Glory?"

Judith Boykin
Kelly, North Carolina

Marisa Pavan, whose real name is Maria Pierangeli, She's Pier Angel's twin.—ED.

William Reynolds
... who played Lori Nelson's fiancé in "Francis Goes to West Point"? Please print a picture...

Mary Ann Lawrence
Carnegie, Pennsylvania

William Reynolds. He'll be in U.S.'s "The Raiders" next.—ED.

Just saw "Because You're Mine."... It's the best Lanza picture yet... who played Artie?

S. Hayden
Boulder, Colorado

Bobby Van, ex-trumpeter. He was a Broadway success before he hit Hollywood.—ED.

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Angel Face
by POND'S

Powder and Foundation in-one—smooths on with a puff and stays

In this Mirror Case

Your easiest way
to holiday glamour!

The most heavenly "face" at the party—Angel Face by Pond's! Just a touch of its puff, and little skin flaws disappear beneath a sweet-tinted finish. Never drying or shiny. And Angel Face stays on—longer than plain powder. Because it's powder and foundation in-one! Mrs. Winston Guest says, "Angel Face gives such a fresh look!"

Angel Faces are going places! More women tuck it in their handbags than any other complexion make-up! With mirror, puff and Angel Face, the Mirror Case holds your holiday complexion complete. And it can't spill. "I've given several Angel Face Mirror Cases for gifts. Everyone adored it," says Mrs. John A. Roosevelt. 6 skin tones. Pond's Angel Face Mirror Case, $1.65.

Also in the sweet blue-and-gold box, at $0.96, 89¢.

Angel Face in its new Mirror Case makes a lovely gift!
19 wonderful ways to make it a Silver Christmas...

These Holmes & Edwards serving pieces are as lovely as they are useful. Choose your gifts in any of these distinguished patterns from $1.65 for an always welcome serving piece to a gleaming 52-piece service for 8 at $74.95.

**WONDERFUL GIFTS FROM $1.65**

<table>
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The most wonderful gift of all!

A 52-piece service for 8 in Holmes & Edwards — the silverplate with the look and feel of sterling — is only $74.95. Comparable service in sterling would be $200 more! Your dealer’s Club Plan makes it available immediately for only a small down payment.

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Although Marlon Brando and Movita were considered a constant twosome in New York, the romance has been classified as top secret. Some say it began while Marlon was making “Viva Zapata,” but he has refused to talk about it. However, when Brando trekked West to make “Julius Caesar,” Movita also appeared on the scene.

Born Maria Louisa Castenada, she became Movita for films. One of her most publicized roles was that of the native girl in “Mutiny on the Bounty” (right, with Franchot Tone). Recently, she signed with M-G-M for a top role with Cary Grant in “Dream Wife.” She is the ex-wife of former Irish heavyweight, Jack Doyle.

It has been said that Movita strongly resembles a girl to whom Marlon once proposed. But most believe him in love with Movita. Brando isn’t talking!
Marilyn Monroe is used to her name in headlines. But she’s not so blasé that having a song named for her wasn’t fun.
Hollywood Wonders Why: Margaret O'Brien's mother continues to dress her like a simple school girl, when her obvious charm and beauty rate her in the running with Elizabeth Taylor ... Certain Hollywood actors say they'll be just as pleased if they don't work with Danny Thomas a second time—and this despite his general popularity ... Rita Hayworth accepts invitations to Hollywood parties when she looks so bored five minutes after she has made an entrance ... Easy-going, kindly, cooperative Van Johnson, who makes five money-making pictures to Gene Kelly's one, was asked to support the hoofer in a forthcoming production ... Kathryn Grayson continues to protest that there are no eligible bachelors in Hollywood, when a member of her household confides that no less than sixteen men called her in one week—all asking for dates!

Heart Throbs: He has the ring and if Vera-Ellen will just nod her pretty head, she'll make Dean Miller the happiest man in filmland ... All's fair in love and what have you! All of which means Jane Wyman stopped seeing Travis Kleefeld and started seeing Greg Bautzer again, when Ginger Rogers stopped seeing the handsome attorney and started seeing young Jacques Bergerac somewhere in France ... Quoting Lana Turner: "Regardless of what you hear, read or even decide in your own mind, I am not romantically interested in any other man but
INSIDE STUFF
CAL YORK'S GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

A guy and a gob: Mickey Rooney and Dick Haymes in "All Ashore"

Fernando Lamas... After a series of sophisticated women, Kirk Douglas is taking a refresher course by dating Pier Angeli. He obviously passed the "acid" test because Mama Angeli no longer chaperones her darling daughter on her evenings out.

In Case You Care: The William Powell's named their French poodle "Bogart," because when the little beastie smiles, he bares all his teeth... She does it strictly for laughs, which she gets, which is why Rosalind Russell sometimes goes to Hollywood parties wearing her son's Boy Scout uniform... In case you were a bit baffled by Patricia Neal's performance in "Washington Story," you have nothing on the lady herself. When the studio decided to change her characterization, she was called back to dub in new dialogue, but they didn't re-shoot her scenes... Jeanne Crain, whose personal life personifies everything that's wholesome, is on a glamour kick and is begging the studio for cheesecake photos... All the stills had to be retouched for U-I's "Seminole" because it's a Breen Office rule that American Indians can't show their navels!

Funny Side Up: Hollywood or Hoboken, it all adds up to growing pains when the following conversation takes place at the breakfast table. Doris Day: "What's the matter, Terry? You look so unhappy—and today's the day you're going to your first girl and boy party," Terry: "That's what's worrying me. Supposing I'm the only boy who shows up with all those girls?" Marty Melcher: "You should be so lucky! Carry a rabbit's foot, son—carry a rabbit's foot!" Fadeout on a platter of bacon and eggs. Everyone dives into it and registers satisfaction.

Cal Believes: That Craig Hill (a former "Choose Your Star" winner) can't miss being one of the biggest hits in Hollywood. Your fan letters following his touching performance in "What Price Glory" made a big impression on studio bosses... That Beverly Michaels will be rewarded for her courage and patience. After she soared to success in "Pickup," Columbia took over her contract and let her sit it out. She's now signed a long-term contract with Universal... That his bosses now realize Tony Curtis needs good pictures and strong stories to preserve his popularity. Following elaborate announcement of his appearance in person at the local Paramount Theatre, the house was still half empty... That Marilyn Monroe is going to suddenly surprise everyone by turning into a top dramatic actress. While she has wisely gone for all the cheesecake art that made her famous. Miss Lush and Lovely has some far sighted plans. She is quietly devoting endless hours to study and improvement.

Small Talk: "Mr. Stevens just called," said the maid to Mrs. Mark Stevens. "He's bringing Mr. Pidgeon (Walter) home to dinner." Little Mark Richard let out a war whoop. "Mr. Pigeon's coming to dinner!" he exclaimed as he danced around the room. His mother drew him to her side. "Now why are you so excited?" she inquired. "You don't know Mr. Pidgeon." The little boy's eyes continued to sparkle. "Yes, I do—yes, I do!" he cried. "I feed him every single day in the park."

Eternal Eve: Even though Linda Christian may be perfectly capable of raising the raised eyebrows of Hollywood society, Tyrone Power still finds her a most fascinating female. At the Tony Martin's party for the Maharajah and Maharani of Jaipur, Mrs. P. all but stole the show from the guests of honor. She wore odd green make-up on her eyelids that matched the gown she was wearing. Her accent, her gaiety, her cat-like way of walking across the room attracted everyone. Ty's face practically beamed with pride as he watched her, too.

Broad Shoulders: "It really takes guts to be that uncon- vincing," is the way a top director summed up Shelley Winters' performance in the Circle Theatre production of "A Streetcar Named Desire." Cal agrees that Shelley bore no physical resemblance to the fragile heroine of the Ol' South. On the other hand, you have to admire her ambition, even if Shel doesn't recognize her limitations. Some of the unkinders reviews upset her, match. But now that the Vittorio Gassmans are expecting the stork, life is just a big fat bowl of happiness.

Around the Town: We've got news for blonde and beautiful Lori Nelson. Robert Wagner would like to be your real-life gentleman caller, but you'll probably have to share him with Debbie Reynolds, too... Last month, we said Hollywood wondered why Olivia de Havilland hired a body guard for her son Benjy. The answer to that question might be found in the no-punches-pulled testimony at Livvy's divorce trial... Bette Davis' sister Bobbe (she's always wanted to act) may play a small role in Bette's New York musical. In the meantime, the great Davis is celebrating her victory in that (continued on page 77)
In the Black Hills to shoot "The Savage," Charlton Heston is shorn—not scalped.

Victor Mature is short on time for joy rides. He went straight from his stint in M-G-M’s "Million Dollar Mermaid" into Twentieth's "Something for the Birds."

Lucky Ricardo Montalban! He has Pier Angeli eating out of his hand.

Boy meets girl: Pat Neal and Cam Mitchell, both at work at Twentieth, exchange cheerful hello's.

"A fine guide, thees hubby!" says pert Leslie Caron first-timing in New York.

A "Come Back Little Sheba" conclave. Director Daniel Mann and star Shirley Booth have nothing but praise for Burt Lancaster on his performance opposite Shirley.

Cyd Charisse likes what she sees in stills of herself from "Sombrero." And so do we!
Tab Hunter's success in "Island of Desire" was no fluke. He's been hard at work studying dramatics for the past four years.

Arthur Franz won much acclaim as "The Sniper." His career will be furthered by "Eight Iron Men."

Oskar Werner, outstanding in "Decision Before Dawn," returned to Europe to await assignment.
Here are your winners!

And each a future star on the
way to fame and fortune

- This is the dramatic story of
the winners of Photoplay's annual
"Choose Your Star" contest. However,
it begins as a "thank you" because
the players would have it no
other way. You, the readers, have
given this group of prospective
young stars one of the finest
gifts that can be bestowed in the
sometimes uncertain Hollywood
world. You have given them your
vote of confidence.

The players are grateful. They
want you to know it, and they
have asked (Continued on next page)

Lori Nelson has a new U-I contract and
a top role in "Nothing But the Blues"
you chose these stars!

Your choice of future "greats" has a wide range—from sultry Hildegarde Neff to the boyish Johnny Stewart . . .

. . . from dynamic John Forsythe, whom you know best, so far, through his TV shows, to statuesque Beverly Michaels

(Continued from preceding page) the editors to express their appreciation through the pages of Photoplay.

The tall, sexy blonde with the expressive brown eyes, Beverly Michaels, who hadn't worked in twelve long, long months, hung up the receiver slowly when she heard the news. For the first time in too many days, she smiled.

To pretty, red-headed Helene Stanley, a movie veteran at twenty-one, who'd been in motion pictures since "Our Gang" comedies, and who'd just left a major studio and was even then weighing the next move—

See Fashions (page 58) for more winners

You tabbed tall, dark and handsome Dean Miller, who is just as popular with Hollywood stars as he is with you . . .

. . . and put your faith in versatile redhead, Helene Stanley, and in Rusty Tamblyn, who wowed you in "Retreat, Hell"
You placed heavy bets on success for virile, vital Robert Horton, whom many have pegged "this era's Clark Gable"... and went all out for the continental "oomph" of Zsa Zsa Gabor, and the solid, boy-next-door charm of Keith Andes

to leave the projection room. "There were so many things wrong," he told his mother later on. "Oh, I'm sure it wasn't that bad," she soothed. So he built himself up to seeing Tab Hunter on the screen once again.

Now he was coming home from seeing his first picture for the third time, still trying to convince himself that maybe his mother was right—maybe he wasn't that bad. And the news that was waiting for him this time made him feel sick again—giddy sick.

"Me?" he exclaimed, his usually dreamy face lighting up in a blaze through the paleness. Then, as though trying to convince himself. "You mean, I won?"

Nineteen-year-old Lori Nelson, pretty as any golden-haired storybook princess—but a weary little princess in anybody's book at that moment—walked slowly across the Universal-International lot from the stage where she'd been testing all day for the part which could mean the turning point in her career. It could spell the difference between being an actress and a peppermint-stick ingénue. What did publicity want, she wondered, almost too tired even to go see. Then, joyously. "I did? Are you sure?"

And a tall lovely German girl strolling along a street in Westwood, her thoughts in Hamburg with her mother and her two children, and her heart full of anxious hope that nothing (Continued on page 90)

You chose Dawn Addams for her charming smile and lilting British accent. Gene Barry, for his talent and good looks... and approved the English countryside loveliness of Joan Rice, the compelling, brawny he-mannishness of Michael Moore
TROUBLE IN PARADISE?
THE question came up suddenly. "What's a house without a dog?" asked Jean. "I must have a dog."

Granger beetled his brows at her. "Dogs are like children. They need sustenance, training and care. You can't just—"

"I know. I've had dogs. Before we were married."

"And who did the dirty work? Your mother. You cuddled them and that's all."

Her soft eyes went softer. "I want a little dog to cuddle."

"No little dogs. Not till you get used to running the house."

Time passed and brought knottier problems. Sidney Franklin of M-G-M had offered Jean the title role in "Young Bess." It would have been a lily on any terms, but this lily was gilded because she'd be playing opposite Granger. There remained, however, the small matter of prior commitments. Would RKO lend her when M-G-M needed her? By turns, the situation looked hopeful, dubious and black. On one of the blackest days, she sat in the kitchen to be close to her husband, a handy man at the range. As he eyed the small disconsolate figure, his heart smote him. So did an idea. "You stir this stew, darling. I'll be back in forty-five minutes."

His errand took longer than he'd expected. By the time he got back, Jean was tapping a foot. On her lips, speech blazed, sputtered and then died, as she saw the little gray poodle peering from under his coat. Next minute the creature was clutched to her heart, sprinkled by her tears. Granger's arms swallowed them both. "She's 'Young Bess,'" he explained gently. "And sure as you've got her, you're going to get that part."

He proved a true prophet. The above-noted incident illuminates their relationship as summed up by the guileless-looking Jean. "He's very firm with me. I can wrap him 'round my little finger." But that incident also suggests an attitude better suited to honeymoon days than to the long haul. Are the Grangers going to make it? Stewart Granger's already a Hollywood legend. As a rule, it takes years to build up a legend. His sole contribution to this phenomenon lies in being himself, a gentleman of wit, mettle and style. Such is the impact of his personality that myths gather 'round him, and his name starts hot-and-cold running paradoxes. They say directors can’t stand him, yet directors scream to get him into their pictures. They say he doesn't know how to make friends, yet those he makes are his friends for life. They said his marriage was headed for the rocks even when it looked as if he and Simmons formed a mutual-adoration society. Of these hit-or-miss shafts, only the last ever got under his skin. At first it confounded, then it infuriated him. So he armored himself in irony.

"I gather we're not original. In fact, we were warned, 'Wait six months, and they'll start taking potshots at your marriage.' We laughed—till a columnist rang up one evening. 'I hear you're getting divorced.' "What the devil are you talking about?" 'Do you deny it?' 'Of course I deny it!' Next day, another call: 'What about this denial of divorce?' You smell a trap, but you're still bewildered. Where did that come from?' "Says so in the paper: GRANGER DENIES DIVORCE RUMORS. No smoke without fire, you know, old chap.' Then you lose your temper and let the expletives go! Which makes you not only a candidate for divorce (Continued on page 84)
TONY CURTIS
Two years, a tailor-made suit and Janet add up to a dramatic change

AVA GARDNER
You'd never think that the now super-sophisticated Ava was once a farm girl

SUSAN HAYWARD
Hedda wonders if Susan remembers her loneliness in the heartbreak town

HOW HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOPLAY'S FEATURE ATTRACTION

Hedda takes you back to the beginnings of some stars. If you don't agree they've changed—she'll eat her hat!

BY HEDDA HOPPER

• "Going Hollywood" is a phrase no stars want attached to their names, even though it's true. The term has all the ugly connotations of forgetting to see old friends "who knew them when," acquiring a plush house, a swimming pool, and a temperament to match the set-up. I've heard weary, cynical studio press agents say of a star, "I remember when she'd stand on her head in front of the city hall at high noon to get her name in the papers; now she thinks she ought to have an Oscar for posing for a picture." I've heard Bob Mitchum say, "I haven't changed, but my friends have. If I don't speak to a doorman, I'm a snob. Before I got into pictures, the
HAS CHANGED THEM

doorman would have thrown me through the door.”

The only change I’ve seen in Bob is his acquisition of material things. He came into town a character and has remained one, much to the despair of those who try to control him and have him behave like a star.

Sudden fame, wealth, and the adoration of millions of fans are items not easy to take.

The first time I met Tony Curtis, he dropped by my office looking anything but the suave sophisticate he is today. He was wearing a sweat shirt, blue jeans, and canvas sneakers. When we walked a few blocks down Hollywood Boulevard, not one girl turned to take a second look. But when Jan Sterling made a personal appearance with Tony in a New York theatre, about a thousand females were waiting in the foyer to mob the boy. “I wouldn’t have believed it if I hadn’t seen it,” said Jan. “The girls were so excited they grabbed me when they couldn’t reach Tony.”

What made the difference? Publicity arranged for him by his studio. In fact, Tony was just another kid on the lot until he went on a film junket up the West Coast. The girls swarmed all over him. Though the accompanying studio publicist was amazed, he reported the incident to his bosses. The (Continued on page 93)
Sympathy runs strong in Hollywood for this talented tenor, despite his record of startling behavior

BY GEORGE ARMSTRONG

The truth behind the MARIO LANZA blow-up!

t here are those who say that life with Lanza—personal or professional—has never been peaceful, whether B.C. (before "Caruso") or since.

But in six turbulent weeks last August and September, the top box-office tenor of the movie industry chalked up a record of sound and fury which has never been matched in the memory of long-time reporters of the Hollywood scene.

In those six chaotic weeks, Mario did the following things:

1. He broke with his long-time personal manager and closest friend, Sam Weiler. Lawsuits may be in the offering as a result—possibly both Lanza vs. Weiler and Weiler vs. Lanza, so comment on the justness of Mario's allegations is improper. However, it's a matter of open knowledge that Weiler is the man who financed Mario's musical training, under-wrote the young singer and his wife for a period of years while Mario prepared for the concert stage. To music-worshipping Sam Weiler, Mario Lanza was more than a client. He was the voice—a responsibility almost sacred, a cause and a crusade.

2. Mario failed to report for work on "The Student Prince" at M-G-M, and was suspended.

3. He returned to the studio—and to the payroll—reported for wardrobe fittings, rehearsed his musical numbers, recorded a song with principals, chorus and the huge studio orchestra. Yet, unaccountably, while in the midst of this conscientious day's work, he was apparently able to make enemies of practically every person important to the production—with the exception of leading lady Ann Blyth.

4. The next day, he rehearsed and broadcast his radio show—his last before cancellation—exhibiting the same sort of surprising behavior which had alienated his co-workers at Metro.

5. He failed once more to show up for work on his picture. After three days of this, the studio cried, "Uncle," declared Mario in breach of contract, chopped him—and thousands of workers who would have contributed to and earned from "The Student Prince"—off the payrolls. On the production, to that date, a reported $700,000 had already been spent—about half of which was irretrievable with Mario out of the cast. After ominous warnings, M-G-M—on September 20th—brought suit against Mario (Continued on page 89)
BY MIRIAM ROGERS

The Jeffrey Hunters found the first year
the easiest. And they’re ready to face the many
Hollywood problems in the years ahead

THE DANGEROUS YEARS

Some can’t take it and some can’t leave it alone, but Babs and Jeff dote on it—garlic bread, that is, for dinner

- It was a great day when his studio announced that Jeffrey Hunter would play the lead in “Sailor of the King.” It was the chance of a lifetime, but somehow Jeff didn’t feel like cheering. The picture was to be made in England and September 5th had been set as the date of his departure. Film schedules have little respect for Stork schedules. Certainly, the baby would arrive before September, Jeff assured himself. Wouldn’t it? “Of course, it will,” Barbara kept reassuring him.

Suddenly it was Friday, August 29th. The clock had barely finished striking noon when Barbara felt the first pains. “This is it,” she told Jeff.

“Are you sure?” he asked anxiously.

“Very sure,” she grinned.


Barbara calmly adjourned to the bedroom, tossed one last item into her suitcase and closed the top. “Don’t lift it!” shouted Jeff, as she reached for the bag. “Here I’ve got it. Let’s go!”

Jeffrey doesn’t remember exactly how events went after that. Somehow he got Barbara to the hospital. Then he saw (Continued on page 94)
All's happiness with Mr. and Mrs. Jeffrey Hunter and new son, Chris!
There'll be a full house at Bill Holden's and Brenda Marshall's, with Bill's parents and the three Holden sprouts.

How they’ll spend Christmas morning

BY RUTH WATERBURY
On this magic day, Hollywood is Hometown, U. S. A.—and Santa is the reigning star.

June Allyson and Dick Powell are teaching little Pamela and her baby brother, Keith, the true meaning of Christmas.

Patty Kate, Kathryn Grayson's daughter, is the center of a vast group of fun-loving friends and family when the holiday bells peal.

The Dick Powells were on the stork's calling list last year, but this year they have a wonderful celebration planned for their baby son and daughter. Both June Allyson and Dick Powell always long for a white Christmas—and June has one all arranged. She has engaged a snow scene from her studio. And she's also arranged for a crèche—the Three Wise men, the stable with the animals, and the Christ Child all life-size. Through this, she and Dick feel their babies can learn the lovely Christmas story in all its radiance.

The Christmas tree goes up on Christmas Eve at the Powells', but the presents are not opened until the next morning. And smart little Junie has one trick that other mothers could adopt. Her babies get so many presents, many of them from (Continued on page 72)
seventh

Seven rhymes with heaven—which is where Jeanne Crain
heaven

by Fredda Dudley

has been living all those happy years with her Paul

- When Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman were married on December 31, 1945, the Hollywood anvil chorus went to work with a will. They said that Jeanne was an idealistic dreamer who had been over-sheltered by a devoted family and that she didn't have the faintest idea how to go about building a successful marriage. This was summed up in the statement, "That cloud-seven-beauty doesn't know what it's all about."

As for Paul, he was diagnosed as one hundred per cent charm lad and playboy with no intention whatsoever of settling down.

Said the wisenheimers, "It won't last a year, give or take a few weeks."

On December 31, 1952, Jeanne and Paul Brinkman will celebrate the seventh anniversary of one of the superlatively satisfactory marriages in the world. Why stop, geographically or romantically, in Hollywood for comparison?

During those seven years, Jeanne has starred in twelve pictures, and has borne four children. During her spare time she has nurse-maided a pet baby lion, helped to train a young falcon, supervised the building and enlarging of the Brinkman hilltop home, and has indulged her talent for painting.

During those seven years, Paul has established a fifty per cent interest in three sons and a daughter, and has established a hundred per cent interest in his own company, an engineering concern employing an engineering staff of four plus a crew of forty-five, and occupying (Continued on page 87)

Seven years and four children to the good, the Paul Brinkmans' happiness keeps snowballing. They're sure this is only the beginning.
CALL IT A DAY

To casual observers, Doris Day doesn't look like the type who would be a big box office star. She doesn’t feel like one, either. For Doris isn’t acting when she’s on screen—she’s being herself. And even the most cynical moviegoer reacts to her warm friendliness. Old friends gasp when they see her son Terry—he’s a small male version of the sunny, freckle-faced kid they remember so well. Maybe that’s why Marty went overboard for Terry the way he did for Doris. Take it from Mr. Melcher, they’re irresistible!
of happy Days to brighten up the pages of your pocket-size pinup book...

Marty’s idea of glamour — blue jeans and a sweater

Time off for a little billing and cooing on the side

She’s the tailored type, but for her bedroom, frills!

At the Melchers, coffee, like Doris, is always perking

Hi, neighbor! The Melchers are crazy about Dutch doors

Night out — and after dinner, to see “April in Paris”
To all appearances, it seemed no problem at all—this business of breaking into motion pictures. For young R. J. Wagner, it involved no more effort than that of dropping by a Beverly Hills restaurant where a fellow he knew played the piano. As it happened, agent Henry Willson, star-builder deluxe, was there and found himself neglecting his dinner to watch the Wagner facial expressions as Bob listened to the music. Through a mutual acquaintance, Henry was introduced. A day or so later, Bob and his father visited the Famous Artists' Agency to talk business with Mr. Willson. And not long after that, Bob was signed to a Twentieth Century-Fox contract.

Of course, a bit of luck is required—being in the right place at the right time, for instance. But it all comes easily, the wiseacres will tell you, when you have a past like Bob Wagner's—when you come from a well-to-do family and have the right contacts. And consequently, from the first day Bob walked into Twentieth's commissary dressed in levis, looking like Hollywood's answer to Huckleberry Finn, the wiseacres have turned on him a slightly suspicious eye. "What," they asked themselves, "is he trying to prove?"

In the successive weeks as his levi-ed person was seen on the lot every day, they kept asking, "Now why the eager beaver masquerade?"

There he was—a young, handsome boy who'd never suffered or starved for his art, and that in itself was a little unforgivable to those born with greasepaint in their veins. The more practical-minded found it incomprehensible that he would turn down a brilliant future in the steel business to try his hand at acting. And while a studio contract entitles any embryo actor to the standard equipment and attention on the lot, he has to earn that extra lick—the one that can mean the difference between supporting player and star. No grizzled grip or gaffer, long immune to the glamour of the trade, is to be influenced by a bankroll background, a princely physique, or a grey eye loaded with languishing appeal.

When Bob entered the acting profession, even his family and friends were prone to look on with a tolerance and amusement. William Wellman had given him his first role in "The Happy Years" with Dean Stockwell at M-G-M. It was a one-line part. Bob played a catcher in a ball game. He wore a funny suit with a high collar and sported a very stiff expression on his face. Nevertheless, an excited Bob Wagner and his mother attended the Westwood preview. Then, when his big close-up came on the screen, Bob discovered that two girls he had known all his life were sitting behind him in the theatre. "There's R.J.," they chortled, nearly rolling in the aisles.

They didn't add, "Well, what a lark!" But the meaning seemed to be there. And Bob had to face facts. He was going to have to (Continued on page 80)
HIS PAST?
Pine logs burning in a fireplace... Irish Robin Hood... charcoal broiled steaks and red wine... romance with a raincheck... a lighted window on a lonely street... casual invitation to adventure
A wind-swept beach . . . crullers and cider . . . rambler roses on an old farmhouse . . . ride on a Ferris wheel . . . spun sugar at a country fair . . . Glamazon in a one piece bathing suit
YOUR VERDICT ON INGRID
As far as you readers of Photoplay are concerned, Ingrid Bergman can come back home any time she wants to. Of the 10,293 of you who sent in your votes, four out of every five were in favor of the actress's return.

But whether you voted for or against her coming back to the United States to make pictures, very few of you registered a simple "Yes" or "No." You had definite opinions and you minced no words in expressing them.

Those of you who refused to put out the welcome mat were almost unanimous in your reason: you felt that Ingrid's abandonment (that was the word you used most often) of her daughter Pia was a serious offense—serious enough to make you ignore the question of her ability as an actress.

But those of you—the overwhelming majority—who would like to see her return felt that her private life was entirely her own affair, and that her behavior in no way prejudiced your admiration for her as a fine performer. Many of you expressed sincere sympathy for her, and despair that her love should have brought her so much unhappiness.

Voters who are under thirty-five were far more willing to forgive than those who have passed that crucial mid-way mark. The more mature readers possibly read into their opinions their own feelings as parents, and their judgment of themselves in the event of like circumstances.

The editors of Photoplay have passed your verdict on to Ingrid Bergman. Whether or not she will have the courage—or desire—to act on your decision remains to be seen. For the time being, she is resting in Italy—enjoying the pleasures of being a full-time mother to Robertino and the new twins—after having finished her most recent movie, "Europe 51." Will she choose to make her next picture on this side of the Atlantic? No one can be sure but Ingrid, herself, and her husband, Roberto Rossellini. But at least she knows how her American fans feel about the matter.

The Rossellinis, father and son—and the twins—are the most poignant reasons you gave for forgiving Ingrid

4 TO 1
IN HER FAVOR
IN THE FOOTSTEPS
OF THE STARS

You dance through the holidays, too, as glamorous as these three “Choose Your Star” winners!

star at your biggest Christmas party—looking as fascinating as Ursula Thiess in a holly-red net halter gown designed by Emma Domb. As breath-taking as this bright new star, the gown is traced all over in gold porcelain, in an exciting bowknot design. To make it swish and stand out, a lining of plain red net and another of shimmering taffeta double as slip and crinoline! For an extra touch of glamour, it has a matching stole. 10-18. Under $40. Trifari gold and rhinestone earrings. Ursula is starred in RKO’s forthcoming motion picture, “Monsoon”

dance the ever-popular fox trot in whirling, swirling chiffon, as new as the new year! Joan Taylor highlights her fragile charm in a Bon-Ray ballet-length formal with its own nylon net petticoat. In gay, Christmas-ball colors like Joan’s emerald green, it has a low chemise neckline back and front. 7-15. Under $40. Coro pearls. Capezio sandals. Joan will be seen next in Paramount’s new picture, “The Savage”
...IN STEP WITH THE STARS

TANGO!
Follow Joan Taylor's tango in separates by Koret! Double concertina skirt (washable, permanently pleated) under $13. Velvanyl blouse, under $6, cummerbund, under $3. 10-18. Coro jewelry

CHARLESTON!
In jazz-age mood, Joan looks hep in slim sheath by Jan Little for del Mar, of permanently pleated Sag-No-Mor wool jersey with snip-it hem. 10-18. About $35. Coro jewelry. Capezio sandals

Photos By Peter James Samerjan
PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS
CONTINUED—

JITTERBUG!
Barbara Ruick steps lively in skirt of brown nylon net and velveray with black taffeta underskirt, under $11, and a black velveteen bodkin, under $8. 7-15. Junior-ite. Coro jewelry. She’s in M-G-M’s “Above and Beyond”

WALTZ!
Look as dreamy as Barbara, as she waltzes in Startime net dress. In red, white or pastels. Pearl and rhinestone studded taffeta midriff, pleated bodice, net stole. 10-18. Under $30. Coro jewels
PHOTOPLAY STAR PATTERN

SEW EASY

Here's a dream of a dress for holidays and holi-dates, straight from Hollywood to you! It is an exact copy of a design June Haver wears in Twentieth's "The Girl Next Door." (See film strip above.) Every "girl next door" will adore it, it's so easy to sew and to wear, all day long and right on to Christmas parties. Take a tip from June: make it in the same fabric, Forstmann's Delphine, a soft luxurious wool-and-rabbit's hair in many lush colors. It's 54" wide, about $7 a yard, at stores everywhere. Size 14 takes 3½ yards (plus three-eighths yard of velveteen trim for collar and cuffs)—total, under $25. The pattern is No. 14, sizes 10-20.
UNDERSTUDIES
... for a star figure!

UNDERSTUDIES play important roles—in fashion as well as in Hollywood! Give yourself a star figure this Christmas: Understudy your lovely dance dresses with a strapless, long-line bra that gives gentle, firm support, and a crisp crinoline that puffs out your bouffant skirts! Above, Maidenform nylon taffeta and marquisette long-line bra that cinches the waist. About $5. 32-40 and 34-42, at fine stores everywhere. Make the quick-trick crinoline with three yards of nylon tulle, shirred to fit your waist, fastened with snaps. No hemming needed!

* STAR PATTERN continued—

Above: Sketches of June Haver dress, pattern No. 14, described on page 62.

Wondrous the change in you
IN A "TRIPLE FITTED" LIFE BRA

... Formfit's vital new measurement is the reason!

You look your loveliest and know it, in a Life Bra by Formfit! Your bustline is naturally rounded and high. Your clothes fit smoother. You feel fabulously comfy and free, too. So you're radiant with new poise, new confidence that dramatizes your charm! The reason is in the way a Life Bra fits you for degree of separation as well as size and cup. Only Life Bras by Formfit are "Triple Fitted" to (1) your bust size, (2) your cup size, (3) your separation—wide, medium or narrow! So regardless of previous bra disappointments, be "Triple Fitted" to perfection in a Life Bra. You'll know then why more women demand Formfit than any other make.

Life Bras from $1.25
THE FORMFIT COMPANY, CHICAGO, NEW YORK

FOR FIT, FOR COMFORT,
For a Sweetheart of a Figure
What's wrong with Judy

Photoplay's famous reporter hopes that with this story Judy and her mother will find each other again

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

• Maybe I shouldn't be writing this story. It's too poignant and perhaps too personal. But I sincerely believe that a little daylight on a sore subject might possibly bring two estranged people, who no doubt still love each other, to open their hearts to each other again. I mean Judy Garland and her mother. Maybe Judy's mother wouldn't want me to write this story. But it's worth a try, anyway.

The desire to put this on paper followed a casual remark I made a while ago to Judy's mother. "You must be so thrilled about Judy's expected baby," I said, forgetting for a moment the rift between the mother and her famous daughter. The sudden weeping shocked me into a realization of my tactlessness. But she composed herself quickly and told me that she hadn't talked to Judy in a long, long time.

During a conversation with Judy's mother in July—which I reported in my column—she vehemently denied a remark that a newspaperman had attributed to her just after Judy's marriage. "I never said Sid Luft was bad for Judy. I don't know him well. I first talked with him when Judy came to sing here. One night an article appeared in a local newspaper quoting me as having made unflattering remarks about Sid. I went down to the Philharmonic Auditorium where Judy was appearing to see whether she was disturbed by the story. I was told she was not. If Sid Luft will make Judy happy, that's all that matters."
If the mother and son-in-law have met since then, no reporter has managed to discover the fact. Perhaps they may see each other when Judy goes into the hospital for the delivery of the Lufts' child—if Judy sends for her mother then, as she did when little Liza was born.

No one seems to know what caused the break between Judy and her mother,—neither the mother herself, nor Judy's former husband, Vincente Minnelli, nor intimates at Metro, who had known both mother and daughter for fifteen years. But then Judy's was never the traditional "stage mother"; she always kept in the background.

Judy testified to this in an interview two years ago, stating, "My mother is a strong-minded woman, but she was never a 'stage mama.' During those vaudeville years, my sisters and I, while standing in countless wings waiting for our cues, used to hear other mothers threatening their children, saying things like 'You go on out there or I'll break your head,' and it made us kind of sick. Nobody ever talked to me like that or forced me in any way. I drove myself—but it was my own doing."

In those days, Judy's mother has told me, this was a sweet child, loving, generous, unselfish. For the apparent great change in Judy, her mother seemed inclined to blame herself, justly or unjustly, believing that life on the stage or in pictures, with all the publicity, is not a normal life for a child. Well, it's hard to know where the blame, if there is any blame, lies. And I wouldn't pinpoint it if I did know. All I'd like to do is bring them together again.

The difficulty possibly started during Judy's adolescence. Most fifteen-year-old girls believe their elders are plotting to stop them from having fun. I know I thought that when I was fifteen. But there was certainly no indication of a fierce feud when Judy asked me to her mother's house in Beverly Hills fifteen years (Continued on page 82)
Boning up for the audition, Jill André, Connie Mavis and Natalie Polak look over the lines they'll read. Right, Loretta Young congratulates happy winner, Nancie Brown.

Talent-wise, it was the battle of the century.

THE CHAMP—1952
But even the losers unanimously approved of the judges’ final choice.
The end of Maureen’s ten-year marriage was a time of decision for her.

She knows where she’s going!

Maureen O’Hara has given away her past—all the “bits and pieces”—she faces the future unafraid.

BY GLADYS HALL

- “Two great trucks stopped at my door,” said Maureen O’Hara. “The door of the house which has been my home for more than ten years and is now up for sale. Out of the house came my two brothers, Charlie and Jimmy, my secretary, butler, my daughter Bronwyn’s nurse, the gardener. They were staggering under boxes, crates and barrels which they dumped, like so much rubble, onto the trucks. The trucks then drove off—with my Past. I’d given it away. And watched it go, with a lump in my throat.

“I’m a saver,” Maureen explained, “a hoarder, a human squirrel. Like Mary Kate Danaher, the fiercely possessive girl I play in ‘The Quiet Man,’ my own things are part of me. I don’t feel whole without them.

“I never, on my own initiative, threw anything away in my life. I kept the first evening dress I ever owned. I had the second evening dress I ever owned, bought fourteen years ago and used for all those years.

“I had Bronwyn’s first tooth, wrapped in a piece of Kleenex and put away for safekeeping. I had her mug and spoon, her first shoes and bonnets, all of her baby clothes.

“I had every letter Mommie and Daddy and my three sisters and my two brothers and my uncles and my aunts ever wrote me, all labeled according to date, all neatly tied with ribbons. Time and again I’ve come as close as close to throwing away a letter, a theatre program, a card that came with flowers. Then (Continued on page 76)
Do women have to put up with these?

A skin that looks coarse?
Its color muddied?
A skin that looks harsh and rough?

A fascinating, immediate change can come over your face...

Free your skin. Dirt, old make-up stick in pore-openings. Fatigue, wind, dry air constantly rob skin of oil and moisture.

There is an exclusive formulation of skin-helping ingredients in Pond's Cold Cream. They work on your skin as a team—in inter-action. As you swirl on Pond's, you help both sides of your skin.

Outside, embedded dirt is cleansed from pore-openings immaculately. And, at the same time, your skin is given oil and moisture it needs to be soft and smooth.

Inside, the circulation is stimulated, helping the skin to repair itself and refine itself.

Feel a wonderful smoothness come to your skin. Each night give your face this special oil-and-moisture treatment—to replace the continual thieving of your skin's freshness and softness... to cleanse it rightly, deeply:

Soft-cleanse—swirl Pond's Cold Cream all over your face and throat generously. Tissue off well.

Soft-rinse quickly with more skin-helping Pond's Cold Cream. Tissue off lightly.

Now see the difference. As you use this famous cleansing cream every night, your face takes on a lovely, cared-for look.

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—mornings, too. (Remember, the constant loss of your skin's natural oil and moisture goes on every day.) As you use Pond's, you will delight in your lovelier skin.

Get a large jar of Pond's Cold Cream at your favorite face cream counter—today. Start using it this very night.

You can do something to change your skin
You can feel your skin responding
You owe it to yourself to bring out your beauty

The Marchioness of Milford Haven, who is the American wife of the great-great-grandson of Queen Victoria, says: "Pond's Cold Cream is my one essential cream. It leaves my skin glowing. I couldn't do without it."
THE PLANE IS READY, the aluminum silvery in the setting sun, the familiar three-finned tail of the Constellation high off the landing strip. Seconds later, the field is far below and behind. Your editor, Fred Sammis, is off on another inspection tour of movie-making. It's the same TWA plane that he has taken so often to Hollywood, the same port of departure, but the destination this time is London. Flying to London is as time-saving as flying cross-country—and more relaxing, what with cocktails before dinner, and champagne during! England is now a mecca for Hollywood talent. “Ivanhoe,” one of the year’s top hits, is the happy result of this transatlantic blending. Lunch at suburban Elstree (the hub of British movie-making) with Errol Flynn (at work on Warners’ “The Master of Ballantrae”) is a hilarious mixture of good English beer and the latest Hollywood jokes. Everywhere, throughout the brief trip, the rich interplay of two great cultures sharing and learning from each other is felt. The mutual understanding is consistent, in our differences (we like our beer cold; they like it warm) and in our dozens of similarities—the same respect for democracy, the same chuckles for comedians like Danny Kaye, Bob Hope, Jimmy Durante, whose personalities straddle the ocean and are at home—and welcome—on either side. A week’s editorial inspection is time enough to be convinced that the British are currently Hollywood’s greatest fans. Here, you find the excitement, the long lines at the box office, the record audiences at personal appearances that America knew some five years ago. So great is England’s interest in movies, that PHOTOPLAY now has a sister PHOTOPLAY published in London. Its pages carry a brilliant mixture of material taken from the American edition and of on-the-spot original photos and stories of England’s own acting favorites. PHOTOPLAY salutes the English movie-loving public for its appreciation of Hollywood films, the English moviemakers for the brilliant films they send us, and the English PHOTOPLAY for its bright coverage of the film world—both of Hollywood, USA, and of London, England.
Slim you are and trim you are and beautiful and so caressingly comfortable. You won’t believe it’s true when you first wear your deftly designed, dainty Nylon High Waist “Perma-lift” Girdle. Wear it high, wear it handsome, it’s lighter than any—more controlling than most—curves you and molds you, and holds you like a dream. Let your favorite corsetiere fit you today—you’ll love her for it. Only $12.50 in sparkling White. Wonderful, too, is this delightful new “Perma-lift” Bra. Styled with soft stretching lastex to fit you perfectly, and the famous Magic Insets to support you comfortably and lastingly, it’s the perfect companion to your new girdle—just $3.50.
How They'll Spend Christmas Morning

(Continued from page 47)

her and Dick's devoted public, but while she lets them handle the packages, she later hides half the toys. Then she brings them out to them one at a time, all during the year, which makes them much more appreciative when they visit the hospital Christmas afternoon, while their babies nap. This they've done every year since they were married.

These very calm, peaceful and quiet doings, she says, can't match up with the merry throng at Kathryn Grayson's house, which never numbers less than forty, including thirteen children, all of whom, with one exception, are closely related.

Virginia believes the day finds Katie's brother, Bud, arriving with his four youngsters. It is Bud who brings the Christmas tree. Then brother Mike appears with the turkeys. With him are his eight youngsters. Next on the scene are Katie's pretty sister, Frances Rayburn, who is married to Sidney Kirsten. They have three children, and Mamma, Papa and the kids are all known loaded down with wonderful things to eat at this family picnic, as well as presents for everyone. All the Kirsten relatives accompany them, and naturally, Katie and Frances' parents are there, and Katie's parents.

Uncle Bud and Uncle Mike, their wives and their in-laws are present, too, but Katie's ex-husband, Johnny Johnston isn't. However, his two children are, for Katie loves him and they her. The one unrelated child is the daughter of Katie's housekeeper and butler.

There is a real ceremony when the final glittering object is hung atop the green branches. There are tears of last-minute happiness shots as the presents are opened. There is a big, big dinner along about two-thirty in the afternoon and sleepy little heads begin to nod around five-thirty. Then, herb and Stryker grow-ups begin packing them off home.

Yes, Christmas is the most family day, almost without exception, that Hollywood ever known. Almost every family has its own way of doing things, just like Virginia Mayo's and Mike O'Sheas, it is even a solemn day.

Virginia and Mike are so deeply religious that their celebration is entirely on the religious side. Christmas at their house is church services, and they visit veterans' hospitals in the afternoon and evening. This, too, is true of Ann Blyth, and as this is written, she had Army permission to go Korea to be with her parents.

At the Esther Williams-Ben Gage household, they have always set up two tiny but dazzling Christmas trees at either end of the swimming pool. The little Gage boys get to go through the window and shake all the decorations. Which ever one beats Mama Esther Williams or Daddy Ben Gage to the trees (and the boys have never quite understood this) is sent to bed. This is their holiday parental competition on that one day of the year) gets a present. Then they reverse directions and scoot off for a present on the tree at the other end.

Mrs. Ronald Reagan, just as you might expect, holds open house for her entire neighborhood. Anybody can drop in, particularly boys in uniform and Girl Scouts and everybody does. There is casual food, soft drinks, and of course, the machines. One baby in the family, Debbie's brother's child, reigns over the general happiness.

Both Janie Powell and Elizabeth Taylor are inventing this Christmas, so their holidays will be a succession of surprises.

Last year, even though baby Jay was only six months old, Janie and Geary Stefflen bundled him up and took him off to a ski resort in the San Bernadino Mountains. They hiked up to a small camp, did all the cooking; Geary did all the washing up, and a healthy, happy laughing time the three days they were there. And they, they will have to stay home, close to the hospital, just in case the stork comes winging in ahead of time.

Mike McLean, on the other hand, is going to have a formal, very English type of Christmas—that is, unless she is in a delivery room. Beautiful Liz is wildly happy with Michael, and his influence on her is emphasizing the 'British' quality she has always possessed.

Instead of being a luscious madcap, Liz is now a dignified young matron, devotedly in love with her handsome young husband. She hopes to be able to attend church services with Michael this year, then come back to a very English dinner, with plum pudding burning in a holly wreath, as the lady of the house, if not the house. Actually they all meet together (with Steve's mother, who flies in from her home in Alaska) at Carmel, California, where Fay has a house—but it is Steve who has a house, and he is the one who makes the terrific presents and enjoys himself very much. Every other day of the year, Steve is very much the lone wolf.

Janet and Tony Curtis are utterly exasperated because—because they always spend Christmas eve with Jerry Lewis. Because of Tony's religion, they don't go overboard on Christmas, anything but the stocking stuffings. Actually it is Janet, Mr. and Mrs. Morrison, Janet's folks, and Mr. and Mrs. Schwartz, Tony's parents, and his kid brother over to dinner. In the afternoon, they go to visit the Le Roy Boys' Home, to which they pay yearly visits. Tony takes gifts along for every kid there. It's to his eternal credit that he hasn't forgotten his own poverty-stricken upbringing as a youngster in New York, even though he is a great success. He went home at Christmas to see the old neighborhood and his folks. Janet and Tony are in a big glow over being able to do some magic act, which they learned for "Houdini," for the kids.

But the kids are too excited to wait for Christmas really to arrive, so Bill and Brenda let them put up the Christmas tree a week ahead, all of them trimming it. Then they start waiting for Santa Claus.

It is the unique habit of the Holdens to have a "cookout" with the neighbors in the middle of the day on Christmas Eve, and to have the kids make the potato baskets for the table setting. Later, they sit down to a picnic, breakfast—and to say he goes to town is putting it mildly. Grandpa comes up with everything from steak and potatoes to ice cream in the shape of Santa Claus. The kids have to see how his mother, Bill Howard, and the two boys—true to Mamma's New Orleans upbringing—have duck with orange sauce and a strictly Creole menu for their big meal. 

The family from California plays London's Palladium this December, away back early in July. But far-sighted Betty insisted that, no matter how fabulously successful her engagement might be, she leave it up by December 20th at the latest. This was because Christmas in the Hutton household is such a ball. The Christmas tree goes up two weeks ahead of time, and Candy and Linda permitted to add five ornaments each a day. A week before the Big Day, Betty's parents arrive. Then her sister, her husband and brother-in-law, their couple of days before Christmas, Linsay's and Candy's own daddy, Ted Briskin, comes in from Chicago.

On Christmas Eve, Candy and Linda open the hospital Christmas for Daddy and Mommy, from Aunt Marion and Grandmother and Grandfather, as they all sit under the tree. These are the gorgeous presents, but their families have not been forgotten. But actually they can hardly wait for Christmas morning. Because then, every year, the little girls discover that Santa Claus has not only crept into their house, but has left a very generous sack of toys and presents. However, Christmas down, they discover wonderful special stockings of green and red velvet, with their names embroidered on them in gorgeous colored stones, hanging from the foot of their beds. And in these stockings are the fun things—the toys, the noisemakers, the ultra special dolls.

And because there are such special fun, there is one thing of the little girls do to enjoy them even more. They received three toys each to give away when they go to Sunday School with Mamma later in the morning. The Sunday School gives them presents, too. Anna had the case, maybe Santa has forgotten. Then they go visit a few of these youngsters and share their gifts with them.

Yes, it's a family day in Hollywood. The four little Lancasters have a wonderful custom. Their daddy, Burt, buys each one of them a tree, which is exactly each child's height. They are wonderful looking trees, but are bare of any decorations. You see, whether they are the height of Jimmy, the eldest, or Joanna, the baby, these trees are made of lollipops, and candy coating. Then they invite all the kids in the neighborhood over to their house.

But what of the childless and the unmarried of Hollywood on Christmas day, you ask? They come off better than do the married. Boys and girls, they are the most handsomest set, and they are most generous. They have the most compunctions, probably, to invite all their friends over. There is a great need for them that they can do.

They go visit the veterans in the hospitals. Oh, I don't mean only Bob Hope, who has never yet missed a Christmas and who, incidentally, got two days later in Washington, where she now lives. The locked wards, in case you don't know, are where the boys are who have lost all sense of reality. A girl can't tell when she's in there where a girl can't even hear her own name. She even hear her own name, but she
doesn't. She doesn't know there's any other world.

Liz goes into the locked wards—and so, incidentally, did Shirley Temple, every year when she was in Hollywood and she would have missed Christmas without the children of kids and his devoted Dolores, gives up the balance of the day to five or six hospital trips, or Ann Blyth, who can and does sing, or Carleton Carpenter, who goes treading around between beds, cracking jokes. I mean the dramatic actors and actresses—like Gary Cooper, who just goes around and listens to the lads' stories, and Jimmy Stewart, who is like a father to a whole set of kids.

And so, you see, there is a whole world to be visited, and each one of these gals is quite busy doing it.
For a more-fun way to wrap Christmas packages —
- Play post-office
- Plan a wrapping bee

When presents for the family start piling up in your clothes closet, chances are your study-buddies have the same problem! So ask the gang to come on over to your house, toting their packages and various types of paper. Supply the scissors, paste, ribbons; award prizes for the most original "jobs." Gift-wrapping a la gang is fun. Even at "calendar" time... if you're comfortable, with Kotex. This napkin's made to stay soft while you wear it; gives you chafe-free softness that holds its shape!

Are you in the know?

What gift bracelet should you choose?
- Wide
- Chunky
- Slim

Your best pal Pudge rates something special, you decide. Like that big, chunky bangle (so dashing!). But think... will it flatter her hands? If they're short, a broad, heavy bracelet will give her mitts a sawed-off look. Choose a style that's suited to Pudge. Same as on difficult days you choose your own special absorbency of Kotex: the one that's right for you. (Regular, Junior or Super.)

What tags to pack for a house party?
- Strictly sports
- Date duds only

You cram your suitcase with glamour stuff; only to find yourself freezing on a hayride! Learn what's planned beforehand, then pack appropriate duds. At certain times, however you're tagged, you'll be confident—for those flat pressed ends of Kotex banish revealing outlines. Your new Kotex belt adds extra comfort, too. It's made with soft-stretch elastic; non-twisting, non-curling!

Know the jinx in this jalopy?
- Casonova
- Four's a crowd
- Tootin' twosome

Happy New Year? Huh-uh. Here are the makings of a crash landing! (See all answers above.) The car's crowded: bad for careful driving. Raucous blasts add more distraction. And how can a highway Casanova keep his mind on the road? Avoid such hazards! Also, why risk problem day "accidents"—when extra-absorbent Kotex gives extra protection with a special safety center?

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.
Vera-Ellen had no thoughts of marriage. Then along came Dean Miller and her heart changed her mind.

The Lady's in Love!

BY EVE FORD

• “Goodbye again,” said Dean Miller. And with a grim expression on his face, he watched his girl climb aboard the plane.

Vera-Ellen was off on still another personal appearance tour. This time she would be away for a month. “It’s not good to be apart so much,” Dean kept thinking, and he wondered how Vera-Ellen might be feeling about the matter.

A few evenings later, he found out. A telephone call came through from Miami Beach. It was Vera-Ellen. “I was just sitting here in the room, watching the waves come in,” she said. “And I thought I’d call and tell you I miss you.”

It was the beginning of a long-distance courtship. Dean called Vera-Ellen in New Orleans. She called him from Washington. He called again in Boston. She phoned from New York. And then she went to Cincinnati. Making an appearance in her home town as a star of “Belle of New York,” was a memorable occasion. It was also her birthday. Standing in front of Norwood High, her Alma Mater, surrounded by the friendly crowd who had come to see her, provided one the happiest moments of her life. And she found herself still thinking of Dean—wishing so desperately that he were with her to share her happiness.

“I’ve never felt this way about anyone else,” she says. In Hollywood, Vera-Ellen never lacked for dates. She would get dressed up for a premiere and a big, glamorous evening with a handsome escort. They’d do the town in style and sometimes he’d toast her with champagne. But once at home, she’d tell her mother, “This just isn’t for me.”

On the other hand, she’d come back from a drive in the Valley with Dean and it was a different story. “We had such a good time,” she’d bubble. “We stopped at an orange juice stand. And then had dinner at the quaintest restaurant and drove down Laurel Canyon Boulevard and...” At this point, Vera-Ellen would stop and shake her head laughingly. It’s love. No way around it.

Although Vera-Ellen and Dean Miller have been dating for a year, their courtship has been so quiet that even in Hollywood, where every heartbeat is duly chronicled, reporters were caught off-guard. During the months, speculation continued, coupling her name with those of Rock Hudson, Ernie Byfield, Jr., and Henry Willson, but seldom with Dean. “I saw to that,” Dean says now. “I was unknown and I didn’t want anyone to associate our romance with publicity. If I got somewhere on the screen, I was determined it would have to be on my own—not by hanging onto a girl’s billing and being photographed in night clubs. So nobody knew about us. I don’t think anyone even at our own studio knew. I dated Vera-Ellen because I wanted to be with her—and that is all.”

Although they met in Hollywood, Vera-Ellen and Dean were born only twenty miles apart, on the outskirts of Cincinnati. Dean, the son of Dr. and Mrs. Clifford Stuhlmueller, played basketball at Hamilton High. Vera-Ellen, whose parents, Martin and Alma Rohe, had a music business, was a drum majorette at Norwood High. While in her teens, she went from dancing school to theatres, to clubs, to Broadway musicals and eventually to M-G-M.

It took Dean a war and longer. After Army and college days, he made a name for himself in the Midwest in radio and television. A little over a year ago, he decided to vacation in California. However, before his vacation ended, he was signed to a long-term contract at M-G-M.

No hearts throbbed, no bells rang when Vera-Ellen and Dean met in the studio commissary. They didn’t say much. Just “Hello” and “How are you?” and “How are things in Cincinnati?”

Once it was established that things in Cincinnati were all right, there seemed little else to say. “She’s cute,” Dean thought. “And she’s pretty. But she’s too quiet for me.”

“He’s nice,” thought Vera-Ellen, and thought no more about him.

The next time they met, both were attending a group discussion in the office of M-G-M’s dramatic coach. This time, Vera-Ellen had her hair in pigtails and was engaged in a very spirited debate. “She looked so fresh and natural,” Dean remembers. “Just like a girl from back home.”

Love at first date? “We’re too practical for that,” Dean grins. “But I thought, here’s a girl I’d like to see more of. She has all the qualities I’d hoped to find in a girl. My girl.”

They’ve had the same kind of “Cincinnati caution” regarding romance. “At first I moved slowly,” admits Vera-Ellen. “I’ve proven that. If I’d moved faster, I’d have been married long before now. Instead, I’d go with
Although Vera-Ellen and Dean Miller have been dating a year, their courtship was so quiet even Hollywood was nonplussed!

somebody two or three years—then we'd break it off.

"I wouldn't let people know me too well. I really walled myself in, although even I hadn't realized how much until I began going with Dean."

Occasionally, of course, being two stubborn Germans, they'd bicker. Upon these occasions, they would agree not to see one another for several weeks—and to go out with other people. So Dean would spend his time driving past Vera-Ellen's house and combing the Valley for a home for them. And Vera-Ellen stayed home, knitting a sweater for him.

"It was April 18th," she recalls, "when he first told me he loved me. We had spent the evening at home and he said it just as he was leaving. Almost as an after-thought."

Telling the story, she smiles. "On April 22nd, I told him the same. We were both in the business office at the studio when I told him. Which shows you we don't know where we are or who's around."

They expect to be married sometime after the first of the year. "We have some weighty problems, but we're working them out," they say.

Their house will be a homespun place in the Valley. Very conservative early American with lots of grass and trees.

"If my career should interfere, I'll give it up," says the girl who has a choice role of the year in "Call Me Madam." "Of course, having been in show business so long, I might have an occasional qualm. But then I would remind myself that marriage is for life. And if I couldn't, I'd want somebody else to remind me. And I suspect Dean would be just the one to do it!"

With Dean's triple-threat talents, his M-G-M contract, his experience in radio and television, Vera-Ellen has no fears for their future. "I like the feeling of depending on a husband to take care of me. If he ever should feel that he doesn't want motion pictures, I wouldn't be too unhappy. If he ever wants to go back to Ohio, that would be all right with me. I wouldn't leave Hollywood for anyone else. But if Dean . . ."

Wherever Dean Miller goes—cross her Cincinnati heart—Vera-Ellen will be there.  

THE END
She Knows Where She's Going!

(Continued from page 68)

I'd think better of it and decide, I'll throw it away next week. For me, next week never came.

"For a good ten years my family and friends have been begging me to give away, or throw away my old clothes. When they got nowhere, they carted armful of the 'old rags' up to the attic until one day my lady friend asked them behind my back, out of the house. At every opportunity they'd make off with a load or two which they either gave away or sold to second-hand shops.

"Of the stuff they sold, I snuck one thing back," Maureen relates with relish, "that is, I got it back. Just before I came to New York for the premiere of 'The Quiet Man,' I had a new blue outfit made and, to save me, I couldn't find a hat I liked to go with it. Remembering, then, a big blue straw cartwheel which I'd bought about seven years ago, I looked for it in vain. I was sent to a local second-hand shop. Whereupon down to the second-hand shop I went, and bought back my bonnet!"

But now, for Maureen, "next week" has come.

It came, no doubt, with the ending of her ten-year marriage concerning which, deeply hurt as she is, she will not speak one word. Not now or ever. Meantime, she has shied the baggage, if not the memory of her past. And she is walking slambang into the future.

The disposal of her "bits and pieces" (well, most of them!) was the first step forward. The For Sale sign on her house, lived the second. And this decision she made, without prompting or prodding by family and friends, for a good, far-seeing reason, "I've been looking for some time," Maureen said, "at the motion picture stars who have lived sensibly, wisely and modestly in Hollywood and are living comfortably now. I've also looked at the stars who spent all their money, lived high and rich. Many of these, too many, are working as extras today.

'There is nothing in life more forlorn than the big ex-star. There is nothing more forgotten. I feel so sorry for them. I'll stand there until my feet ache listening to them talk, as they all talk, using the same identical words about their 'day. Just recently, on the set of 'Against All Flags,' which I made with Errol Flynn, one of them told me, 'In my day, I wouldn't have done this scene as Flynn did it. In my day, we would have...'

'My heart begins to ache as they go on and on about their 'day' which, but for some face, it is their yesterday.'"

"Didn't you realize," I feel like saying, "that every day must end?"

"Then all at once it came over me. 'Do I really want to go on with security so that when my day ends, I won't be sad, or frightened that I'm forgotten?'"

"The answer, as of a year ago, was No."

"The answer, as of now, is Yes."

"I'm getting rid of my big house which requires a staff of cooks, butler, laundress, nurse, secretary, gardener and cleaning woman to maintain. I've been away the larger part of the past two years making pictures in England, in Ireland, in Australia, taking Bronwyn with me. And there the staff has sat in that empty house.

'I am looking now for a small house that has a dining room, living room, two bedrooms, one maid's room—that is all. A little house, our new home will be, where Bronwyn and I can turn the key and go, and with one maid enough..."

Maureen, the ex-star of housework, she explained, nor unfamiliar with "housemaid's knee."

"During the war, I used to do all the housework," she said, "the cooking, the laundry, the cleaning, did it all, made picture, too—and it didn't kill me, either! I had a system, a schedule: Immediately on rising at six o'clock, I'd do my bedroom and bath. I'd market on the way to the studio to prepare dinner, mostly fruit and salad, meat and cheese dishes, when I got home at night. Just before I went to bed I'd clean up the dining room and living room so they'd be in order the next day. On Sundays I did the extras, the silver, the dusting, the little things..."

Prompted, no doubt, by the vogue of Marilyn Monroe, there is a drive on for today's young star to come out of their kitchens and nurseries, quit swapping recipes, go back to swapping Romeos as did the fabulous glamour girls of old. Some may revert to the glamour standard but Maureen will not be among them. She has been called "A pre-Raphaelite beauty with an Amazonian body."

She has, for real, alabaster skin, that cascade of red hair, intense colored eyes, fine modeling of nose and mouth and is as unselfconscious, as little vain as a field flower. She doesn't even carry a mirror.

Maureen says, "When I went to Australia last year to make 'Kangaroo' I met a man, a technician, who had worked with me on 'The Quiet Man.' He looked at me quite startled and said 'You haven't changed in looks or in manner, since the last time I saw you more than ten years ago.' I loved it, until he added, 'How do you do it?'

"He had me there," Maureen laughs.

"I never go to beauty parlors. I have never had a facial in my life. Nor a manicure or pedicure for short time after Bronwyn was born. I cut my own nails and I wash my own hair. All I do keep healthy by trying to eat right. The American habit of sandwiches for lunch, for instance, is a bad habit. I eat fruit and mayonnaise. Fruit and salad, as I have said, and plenty of meat."

Jack of temperament that explodes into the public privity the early Swanson, for instance; the very current Shelley Winters—will also deter O'Hara from going the glamour gait.

I've never walked off a set; I've never had a temperamental fit in my life," Maureen says, "I think I co-operate too much.

"But I have a certain laziness by nature so that when everyone at the studio (though at times they have, too, have a right to be mad, a little voice inside of me says, 'Oh, nuts with it!')"

Furthermore—and this is purely fatal to the "femme fatale"—Maureen is a great reader. She loves round and round her heart. She says, "You hear so many girls say, 'I couldn't live with my mother and father again!' I am not one of them. I could live in an steamship, and raise a child, with my whole family again.

"The Quiet Man" was a joy to me because it was a family picture. We made it in Ireland, near enough to old home for me to be set with Mommie and Daddy. Then, too, my brothers Charles and James were in the picture with me. John Ford, who directed the picture, had as producer and scenarist and Barry Fitzgerald was in a nest of kindfolk and old cronies. It made things cozy."

Now that Charlie and Jimmie are in Hollywood, with bright film futures predicted for them, they are trying to persuade them to make their home with her. "For this, I would add two rooms," she smiles, "to the little house I hope to buy. The uncles coming in and out, was Foxy's and our family again."

"Bronwyn and I have talked about adopting a baby," Maureen says, "I've told her that if we do, we will go together to choose it."

"Meantime, the picture work is going well. 'The Quiet Man' has had what they call 'rave' reviews and I'm just curious, now, to see what's going to happen—will it sell like 'Man of a Thousand Words' picture? Someone asked me the other day if I had a double in any of the rugged, fistfight scenes I played with John Wayne in 'The Quiet Man'. I did not. And in the first picture, I saw a line, 'Forlorn Man of a Thousand Words', on my wrist when I slapped Wayne's face.

"The Irish, although they sink into the depths very easily are, basically, a happy people. Very few Irish people go to psychiatrists. Being Irish, whatever happens to them, they accept it. If something unbearable comes, they accept it as the will of God. If something marvellous, they accept it as a gift of God."

"Whatever happens, I will do likewise. Being human, I hope that what happens will be a gift of Will."

The End

"Suddenly it all became clear"

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"HIGH SCHOOL THRILL CHASERS"—the story of teen-age secret sororities is "must" reading—In December TRUE STORY Magazine out now.
Inside Stuff
(Continued from page 33)

$66,000 tax controversy with the Federal government... It's true so help us! A group of girls signing themselves "The Old Maid's Club" have adopted Tab Hunter as their "official husband"... Just when everyone sighed and said: "They look so-o-o happy since they've reconciled," Arlene Dahl quietly filed that divorce complaint against sexy Lexy... Love Evie Johnson's crack when a reporter asked had they quarreled and had Van walked out? "Yes, it's true," Mrs. J. dead-panned. "We had an argument, Van left home—and went to a double feature!"

It Would Be Nice: If Charlton Heston remembered people he's met many times before, or at least looked at them when he's introduced all over again... If uninformed radio commentators stopped referring to Lana Turner's boy friend as Fernando La-MOSS... If Glenn Ford subscribed to that old one about catching more flies with sugar... If newcomer Aldo Ray would sort pedal his opinions on the acting ability of stars who are long-established in the film firmament... If Debra Paget got kissed so all those publicity-seeking Hollywood hams could relax from trying to finagle dates with her... If there were more actors like Richard Widmark, who is always interesting and never disinterested.

Down Memory Lane: Ethel Merman's back after some fourteen years. Hollywood remembers when the star of "Call Me Madam" loved practical jokes and sent an undertaker to Cesar Romero's apartment to "pick up a body"... Joan Crawford, one-time Number One Charleston dancer, played a return engagement at her own party right in her own little theatre. Accommodating Joan heeded the pleas of her guests and really stayed 'em... Mr. and Mrs. Michael Wilding devote endless evenings in an M-G-M projection room watching movies that starred the fantastically beautiful Garbo... John Wayne's teen-age children patronize an "old movie" house on Fairfax Avenue, where they go to see their now-famous father in those quickie pictures he used to make on his lunch hour!

Hollywood Is Talking About: Hedy Lamarr's original gift of a specially-made "Oscar" for Mrs. Cecil B. De Mille on the famous couple's Golden Wedding Anniversary... Clark Gable's indifferent attitude toward Hollywood actors (Errol Flynn excepted) who register at his same hotel in London where he's making a picture with Gene Tierney... Olivia de Havilland reviving the ancient custom of movie stars giving gold gifts to set workers at the end of a picture... Jean Peters buying five thousand earth worms for her Beverly Hills garden, while other actresses energetically dig for sables.

Mario Lanza
"The more feminine a woman, the more fascinating she is to me."

Lana Turner
"A girl who has only sex appeal to offer won't keep a man very long."

Scott Brady
"All the people we have known become part of our lives in one way or another."

Mitzl Gaynor
"Always be yourself."

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CRIMSON PIRATE, THE—Warner, Technicolor: Lusty, tongue-in-cheek tale of pirates and rebel colonists on the old Spanish Main, with enchanting aerobatics by Burt Lancaster and Nick Cravat. Newcomer Eva Bartok plays heroine. (F) October


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 Rowena. (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

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 colleen (Maureen O'Hara). (F) September

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: 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

BRANDY FOR THE PARSON—Group 3: Engaging little British movie with James Donald and Jean Lodge as a vacationing couple induced by Kenneth More to help him smuggle brandy from France. It's an informal ramble across the English countryside. (F) November

CARIBBEAN—Paramount, Technicolor: Vigorous melodrama of revenge, wherein John Payne is drafted by Sir Cedric Hardwicke, a genial pirate, to undo the island despot who stole Hardwicke's daughter (Rhonda Fleming). (F) October

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 con-men. (F) November

LURE OF THE WILDERNESS—20th Century-Fox, Technicolor: Pleasant, unsophisticated tale of Jeff Hunter's adventures in an unexplored swamp, where he finds Walter Brennan, murder suspect. With Jean Peters, Constance Smith. (F) October

MERRY WIDOW, THE—M-G-M, Technicolor: Luxi and lovely romance in waltz-time, about a rich American widow whose cash is needed in a robbing mythical kingdom. Lana Turner's luscious, but Fernando Lamas steals the picture. (F) September

MIRACLE OF OUR LADY OF FATIMA, THE—Warners, WarnerColor: Gentle yet impassioned religious drama about the child to whom the Mala- non appeared on a remote Portuguese hillside, Susan Whitney's a lovely, unaffected heroine; Gil- Rolannd 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 dis- rupted when Mac confesses a past indiscretion. With Catherine MacLeod, Cecil Kellaway. (A) November

RING, THE—U. A.: Fresh, realistic story of a youth (Lalo Rios) who tries to escape the prejudice against Mexican-Americans by winning respect as a prizefighter. With Gerald Mohr as his manager, Rita Moreno as his girl. (F) November

ANNA—Lux: Old-fashioned romantic melodrama with Italian dialogue, English titles. Vulpacious Silvana Mangano, distraught by passion for the good Vittorio Cassoni and love for farmer Ralph Vellone, turns nursing sister. (A) October

BIG JIM MCLAIN—Warners: Vigorous action movie that shows John Wayne fighting to expose the red underground in Hawaii. James Arness as Wayne's sidekick and Nancy Olson as his sweet- heart are highly personable. (F) November

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

DEVIL MAKES THREE—THE—M-G-M: Shot on location, this story of an American officer involved with smugglers and neo-Nazis in postwar Germany is interesting mostly as a travelogue. Gene Kelly and Pier Angeli are teamed. (F) November

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

MONKEY BUSINESS—20th Century-Fox: Erratic flight of fancy with expert clowning by Cary Grant and Ginger Rogers, as a scientist and wife who play guinea pigs for a youth-restoring potion. Marilyn Monroe ups the laugh score. (F) November

MY MAN AND I—M-G-M: Winning fable of Americanism, with Ricardo Montalban as a migrant worker who has faith in human nature, the U. S. and the possibility of reforming "wino" Shelley Winters. Claire Trevor, Wendell Corey turn in fine performances. (A) November

ONE MINUTE TO ZERO—RKO: Spectacular saga of warfare in Korea, Robert Mitchum and Ann Blyth share the unwon love interest, as an Army officer and a dedicated UN worker. William Talman and Richard Egan score. (F) October

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

STRANGER IN BETWEEN, THE—Rank, U. I: Shirk chase story about a runaway child (wistful little Jon Whitely) and a seaman (Dirk Bogarde) who has murdered his wife's lover. English- made. (A) November


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

BONZO GOES TO COLLEGE—U. I: The talented chimps becomes a playmate for a prof's lonely only chil (Gigi Perreau); saves coach Edmund Gwenn's career by turning quarterback. An inno- cent, sentimental comedy. (F) November

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—androphoic touches that keep it from rivaling "Kon-Tiki." (F) November

UNTAMED FRONTIER—U. I, Technicolor: War in Texas between ranchers and homesteaders, with Scott Brady doing a good job as a debonair bad guy, Joseph Cotten as the good guy, Shelley Winters misfits as innocent heroine. (A) November

YANKEE BUCCANEER—U. I, Technicolor: Jeff Chandler and Scott Brady look handsome in bux- cancer costumes, as U. S. Navy officers whose ship is assigned to track down the Caribbean pirate fleet. Suzan Ball's also an eyeful in this over-talkative adventure yarn. (F) November
A Song

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Can He Live Down His Past?

(Continued from page 52) prove, not only to friends, but more importantly to technicians, producers, directors and fans, act ing was no summer inspiration. That wasn’t a Playboy, playing a game until the shine wore thin.

Becoming an actor was no sudden whim of old age. Once, one time he had prepared for the steel business fairly thoroughly. He made a detailed study of steel and its alloys in school. When he was eighteen, he spent a summer in the steel mills of East Lehigh, learning the whole process from ore to furnace. Later, he went to work for his father as a salesman for $200 a month, “and we were to divide the profits at year’s end.”

During the time he worked, he was a whiz at selling steel. But his heart wasn’t in it. His heart was inside the walls of the motion picture studios he passed daily driving to and from. Finally, he told his father, “This I’ve got to try. Will you back me for one year?”

Although he agreed, his father wasn’t entirely happy about the project. “He wanted me to stay in the steel business.” Bob remembers. “And besides, even Dad thought I might not be really serious.”

Bob, however, knew that he wanted something to happen for his son. That is when he talked to his friend, William Wellman. “The Kid’s interested,” he said. “What would you do with him?”

Wellman replied that he would give Bob a part in “The Happy Years.” It was a beginning. Contacts can open the right door—but without the right measurements for a man, you just stand on the way a hall of mirrors, going nowhere except eventually back outside again. Now, at Twentieth, Bob is out to show that he’s inside for keeps.

As people work with Bob, they begin to discover that his interest is no masquerade. His natural, friendly warmth helps weaken the psychological barriers and his honest enthusiasm has a habit of winning over all those so long accustomed to separating the synthetic from the sincere. They find him to be a little shy, almost naive and, instead of conceited, humbly appreciative of any praise given him. They find, as Dobie Reynolds says, “R.J. just never thinks he’s any good. You can try to keep talking him into believing it, but it never works. He’s so down-to-earth. That’s his great charm. With R.J. it’s no act, either.”

One by one, seasoned trouper have found themselves wanting to help him up the ladder on the long way ahead. He’s eager to be able to cut his teeth. He is grateful to be told. “Look, Kid . . . they say. And Bob looks and listens and learns.

You can’t buy the friend’s he’s made. Or the deed of friendship. Take the time Bob made with Bob in a play. “Let’s Make It Legal.” He had one particularly tough scene, one that required some forty-nine “takes.” He was supposed to mix martinis, quaff a glass full, say, “Here’s to Bette,” and finally stalk out of the room. It was a tight scene with four pages of script and a lot of business. It was rough trying to remember where to hit the mark and all the while Bette was wanting him to be “relaxed.” He didn’t know until later—when they were covering it. Doing the scene over and over, it came more and more natural. Then the forty-eighth “take” came and it still wasn’t best. “Want to do it again? What do you think?” the director asked.

Bob hesitated. “What the use? I’ll never be able to cut it,” he was thinking. Then, from the balcony, high overhead a hoarse voice bellowed down. “Come on now, gang! Let the Kid try it again,” it said. The Kid, touched and encouraged, tried again. And that was the scene you saw.

When Widmark later went to work in a play together, he again found help just when he needed it most. They were shooting on the deck of a destroyer escort—another tight set with no room to move about. Bob kept overlapping lines. Finally, he heard somebody yell, “Hold it!”

A gaffer had purposely blown a light. The small delay gave Bob a chance to gain his confidence.

Actors like Richard Widmark have gone out of their way to show him how to make a bit stand out on the screen. While they were making “The Halls of Montezuma,” Widmark noticed Wagner was getting lost in a scene that called for the Marines to advance under fire up a hill and jump into fox-holes. He was rushing it too much. “Look, Kid,” Widmark said, taking him aside and shuffling with him quietly. “When you’re with a bunch of guys the camera can lose you—easy. You can walk right through it and out. Slow down. Take your time. And this time, Kid—follow me . . . ”

Says Bob gratefully, “I was between him and the others. I was right behind him all the way, and with the cameras full on me. One of them yells at me. How can you lose with guys like these behind you?”

Helena Sorrell, studio drama coach, who’s worked with Bob since the first test he made that cinched his contract, and in some sixty other tests he’s made (often to help out other hopefuls, as well as give himself more confidence before the camera) says put that one right in my lap! How can you lose with guys like these behind you?”

Inevitably the long hours he’s spent on test stages are paying off for him. Particularly one test he made to help out a young starlet whose option was coming up very soon. When he found they were doing a light scene, knowing how important the test was for her future, he was hesitant. He began saying, as he usually begins and keeps saying right up until the cameras roll, “Do you really think I can do this one?”

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Later, when executives went to see the girl’s test, they were amazed by Bob Wagner’s performance. “We didn’t know he could play comedy,” they kept repeating one after the other. Three days later, he was announced for the romantic lead in “Stars and Stripes Forever.”

John Ford, while running a number of the tests, was in on Bob’s performance in one that he gave the him the part of the young private whose poignant love scenes with Marisa Pavan are now winning him more fans in “What Price Glory.”

Bob’s first real film (in a supporting role) was “The She-Devil.” He’s going after the business right. And he listens . . . Director Walter Lang is quick to say.

Actor producer Lamar Trotti and Lang told him, “There’s a real wonderful bit in ‘With a Song in My Heart’ that will do a lot for you—really get you started in the industry as an actor,” Bob didn’t count the film as a film a major photograph. He’s going after the business right. And he listens . . . Director Walter Lang is quick to say.

With movies on his mind that he took jobs caddying for Clark Gable, John Hodiak, Fred Astaire and others at the Bel Air Country Club. While going around, he asked them every question in the book. How did they do it? What would they advise “somebody” to do? He took care of his horses at the club. He even solicited management of the Bel Air’s golfing colony, hoping to meet someone who would help him. And, while working as an air plane salesman at Clover Field, he was always polite to stars’ places among them getting in a few hundred words. How did they get started? If “somebody” else wanted to—just say “somebody” else did—what would they advise? One day when he had poluted the name of Bette Davis, he didn’t think she still wouldn’t want to help him, but Bob wouldn’t accept it. Finally Donlevy handed him some money anyway, saying, “Here, take this and buy ‘somebody’ a book.”

“Somebody” is going places. “How lucky can anybody be?” he keeps saying over and over. “Having directors like Walter Lang, without doing anything, is like having an autograph from a legend; I’d heard of him all my life. And imagine me. And it’s so wonderful to have a big studio like Twentieth Century-Fox behind you, making things happen at the right time. I don’t need much. I don’t want a lot of money. I’m just a boy, too, and believe me, I appreciate it. It takes so much. It takes the whole works. So many people being nice to you, working with you, caring what happens to you. You can’t get there unless they’re all behind you.”

But the main reason he will get there is Bob Wagner the actor, whose “past” can be forgotten—the fut—forget it. Believe me. He realizes that he’s an actor with a present and with a future. The End
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(Continued from page 65)

ago, for tea, and for a reading of Judy's poems. They seemed as close and loving as any mother and daughter could be.

A few years later, I heard that Judy had bought her mother and family a house. Still later, Judy moved away from home, possibly feeling, as many young girls do, that she needed more freedom. For an extra motive, I look back to that so ill, and talk last summer, noted in my column, when Judy's mother said of her: "That's all she ever wanted, to be an actress. She never said, 'I want to be rich,' or 'loved,' only, 'I want to be famous.'"

The first time Judy grasped for something more in her own individual life, her mother obviously was still close to her. When Judy eloped with David Rose, her mother went with her to attend the ceremony, incurring the wrath of Judy's boss, Earl Williams.

It was Judy's mother for three months. And when Judy's marriage to Rose ended in divorce three years later, it was her mother who corroborated her evidence. Judy needed her then, and wanted her last comfort. Judy's wedding to her second husband, Vincente Minnelli, took place in her mother's home, so the picture was still serene.

But real trouble entered Judy's life with her serious illness following the birth of daughter Liza. Her father, Frank Gumm, had died soon after Judy signed at Metro, and the pain of his passing had been blunted in the excitement of the new and wonderful world of movies. But when Judy had to go back into the hospital after Liza's birth, her insomnia, from which she had always suffered, jumped out of control.

Then came the morning when Judy just couldn't report to work, while a patient studio waited and gave her chance as substitute before substituting Betty Hutton in "Annie Get Your Gun," which Judy wanted to make almost more than she wanted to live. After this, she made "Susan and God," one of the pictures she was plump, as nature means her to be; she was late and sick every other day, sending the film's cost skyrocketing. But wasn't she terrified earlier?

Another chance came with "Royal Wedding." I had lunch with Judy just before the picture was to start, and she was very excited, telling me about the wonderful dresses she was going to wear. But more sickness, more non-appearances followed, and the incredible happened. Metro let Judy go.

With nightmare suddenness, on the 21st of June, 1950, the world awakened to learn that the darling of the gods, the talented, charming Judy Garland, with everything to live for, had tried to commit suicide and had survived with her throat with a broken drinking glass.

Now, for the first time, rumors of differences between mother and daughter began to be heard. It was whispered that Judy's mother was at first refused admission to Judy's house by Judy's husband, Vincente Minnelli, and had to fight her way into Judy's bedroom. This story is true, but Judy just wanted to be in New York when she heard Judy was in trouble. She boarded the first Los Angeles-bound plane, and was met at the airport by Vincente Minnelli's car and chauffeur. It is true, she was so upset, she has to be kept by a side door, but only to avoid reporters.

"Judy told me she was upset, hysterical and disappointed over losing a movie part," she continues. "I told her everybody in the world feels like doing that at some time or other. She was embarrassed and surprised at the world-wide publicity and said, 'Oh, Mother, isn't that awful!'"

That incident, I'm convinced, proves her understanding and the devotion that have existed—and could again exist—between this mother and this daughter. Judy's mother has told me that she prayed day and night for possession of her daughter. She believed that God answered her prayers. And in fact, I've seen in the newspaper that every time anything happens to Judy, the press and photographers want statements and pictures for their papers.

Unlike Shirley Temple's mother, Margaret O'Brien's and Elizabeth Taylor's, Judy Garland's mother was not paid to sit on the set during her daughter's working days. The only thing they ever could do was attempt suicide to this day, every time anything happens to Judy, the press and photographers want statements and pictures of her mother.

Judy's mother now has a job as a clerk, getting up at seven in the morning, never home before six in the evening. Because of the glare of publicity turned upon her every day, she has always taken care of her mother financially and paid for insurance policies for her. And Judy has had reason to believe that her sister and her brother-in-law also were contributary to the support of her mother.

But it isn't my intention to rub either of the principals the wrong way in this sorry disagreement, merely to prove this or that. I have a hunch that my two together. For instance, I was quick to give Judy's mother an opinion from Roger Edens, an M-G-M producer whose friendship back even during Judy's Metro career. (He played for her at her personal appearances before she dreamed of movie stardom.) Edens believes that Luft has been good for Judy.

Judy's mother admitted she had already heard from other sources that Luft deserved credit for putting the fallen star back on her feet, to be able to make a comeback. But she seemed delighted to hear Edens' judgment, knowing him as a fine, very intelligent person. Nevertheless, with a mother's insight, she told me it really all comes to this: It's up to Judy; to do this or that. And if she won't think of others—something that will surely happen one day. Of course, I realize that this is true of all people whose nerves have gotten the better of them.

In the meantime, Judy's mother said to me, she is learning not to think about her daughter, because she somehow always bends in tears when she talks about Judy. "I have a saying that I can't think about the family itself, since, she assured me, she is not asking for sympathy. So tragic is any deep difference between mother and daughter that it seems to me to reserve sympathy. I can only hope that these two may be reunited. Not on the old basis, perhaps—in human relationships, there is never anything back—but on a new basis of strong friendship between two truly fine women.

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ADVERTISMENT PAGE 83
What’s Godfrey’s Christmas Like?

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magazine

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(Continued from page 39)

but a heel, to boot, and no pun intended.

When you’re hot copy, any wisp will serve to hang a rumor on. Granger’s an ardent fisherman, Jean is. If he took off to Los Cruces with Alabama on his stand-in, the presses clacked. For reasons good and sufficient to themselves, the Grangers decided on separate bedrooms. She wants her windows all but shut; he’s got a gale tearing through. He threshes about in slumber like a wounded whale; she curls up like a little dormouse and sleeps through earthquakes. Many wedded couples use separate bedrooms without stirring up a murmur. The Grangers followed suit, and up rose howls of doom.

Stewart—or Jimmy, his real name, used by all those close to him—has emerged from his earlier state of biting homeliness. With some detachment, he’ll point out not only what started the last rumor but what’s going to start the next. Maybe he’s decided it’s useless to defend his marriage against the rumors; maybe there’s little left to defend.

The latest rumor began when the children of his former marriage arrived in Hollywood for a long stay with him: the six-year-old, looks like an angel. Eight-year-old Jamie looks like his father, though his father says ruefully, “I wish I did look like that.” He’s mad about both of them. So is Jean, who grew to know them well in England.

It happened, however, that their arrival coincided with the end of her stint, a flattering one, at NBC’s new “Androcles and the Lion” and “The Murder.” She’d been planning a motor trip with her friend Valerie Douglas. What with work and lawsuits, Jean had had a pretty rough time. She needed to get off and be quiet for a little while. Jimmy couldn’t go with her. After “Prisoner of Zenda” he was to do “Salome.” He couldn’t leave the children so soon after they’d come, either. “I’ve known Jean for six years,” he explained. “We’ve been married a year and a half. Loving her dearly, I’ll still be able to live without her for ten days, and I have an idea a man’s gotta manage for himself. But unless I miss my guess, our newspaper friends will have us battling. And there’s a scoop for you.”

What annoys the Grangers most is the way people they’ve never laid eyes on are blithely to work dissecting their private lives, exploring emotions, thoughts, words that no outsider could possibly know.

They’re sitting in the outsize living room of the mansion they’re a few years from. Jimmy assures its walls. The facts are much simpler. Inexperienced in Hollywood home-buying, eager to carry his bridge across the threshold of some architectural paradise, Granger fell for the beautiful, story-faced house sprawled over a hillside. Its initial effect on Jean was all he could have hoped. “It’s magic,” she whispered. “It’s ours.”

But Ali Baba’s lamp didn’t come with the premises, and reality presently reared its prosaic head. At best, Jean’s no great shakes at running a house. This big one hit her buffeted. In addition to her love of peace and quiet, her dichotomy clear that the whole project was proving too costly and cumbersome. Granger freely admitted that he’d bitten off more than they could chew, and they set out in search of a more manageable dwelling.

When you read this, they’ll be in it. It crowns a hilltop, and its only magnificent feature is the view; skies everywhere, since the place is all windows; sea and city below; a backdrop of the distant Sierras, snow-capped in winter. “Not to mention the spectacle of Warner Brothers,” said Jean, “when Warner Brothers is on fire.” For the rest, it’s a modest, informal home, and even in the neighborhood, they can spot the home of their best friends, Liz and Mike Wilding.

Jean stroked the slivery head of the poodle in her lap. “I plan to install Mr. Granger as interior decorator. Of course, I’ll help. I’ll say, ‘Can’t I have a couple of pink things in here?’”

“And I’ll say No,” Jean escapes me. Besides, unlike certain Grangers who shall be nameless, I went to work at fourteen. I could only cook Sundays, and Mother refused to let the rest of the family suffer.”

Jean’s glinting eyes, and a sparkle in her kitchen that suggested she had a free hand. “I’d like to come to the kitchen and watch Dad?”

“Because you’re decorative. That’s your sole official job in a kitchen.”

“Who does the washing and clearing up?”

“Not you, by any implication?”

“Good. I just wanted that on the record.”

Granger holds a distinctive air, especially with his comrades in the empire. Jimmy’s an epicure. He knows all about good food. He knows what wine to order with what course. He’s fastidious about the pleasures of the table. Jean’s at the opposite pole. When he’s hungry, she eats something, never mind what. Jimmy feels she could do with a few culinary fundamentals, merely for the sake of not starving. But Jimmy told me that he doesn’t give a thin dime whether she learns to cook or not. He feels perfectly happy to be an audience of one. His actress, as between the career and domesticity, he says, the latter can go hang. It’s a theme for kidding. Cornered into a straight statement, he remarks, “She earns her little life. By some fluke, I can. To me it isn’t a chore, to her it is. Why should I saddle her with that boredom?”

Neither, he remarked, does he consider it a question of the consequence that his love is less orderly than she might be. It makes good justing material. This time, he started it. “She’s the untidiest girl in the world.”

“You’re not so hot yourself.”

“Also loses things.”

“I’m passive about it. They lose me.”

There was a pair of pearl and diamond earrings. She dropped one some place.

Trouble in Paradise
"Give me the other," I said, "for insurance purposes." "Can't find it," says she. "Must've got lonely and gone in search of its mate."

For the first time she put on a penitent face. "I lost the first thing poor dear Jimmy ever gave me."

This was a ring. Jean was eighteen. They weren't engaged, so it wouldn't be a diamond. When she lost it, she didn't go with the girl. Hunting in all directions, he unearthed a treasure—a beautiful old French ring that was perfect for her. "She lost it in two weeks."

"I had it long enough."

"And, with modest triumph, I still have the bracelet. That was my first big present."

She brought it out. On a narrow rope she hung a crystal that was once the scene Jimmy spelled out in diamonds. "He gave me this, thanking God that my name wasn't Esmeralda."

She turned it over to show the inscription, but something didn't go with the girl. While Granger talked to you, my darling, from Vici Versy.

To an oligarch of protests from the head of the house against such intimate revelations, Jean tranquilly paid no story. At fourteen he'd left Mr. Spencer from afar. Attending premières in England, she'd wave at this great big film star and he'd wave back. That her wave was anon, Grace had proof she didn't prevent her from being warmed. She was hardly less shy when he first declared his love. "I'm mad about you," he'd say, and while her eyes said it back, her bascket—blue jeans do not become them—went out. "Vici Versy," she'd murmur.

A reminiscent smile on her lips, she turned to her husband. "How can you possibly ever get along with me?"

"Looking at you now, dear, behaving yourself, I wonder.—"

The words may not sound very romantic, but any girl would have settled for the note in Granger's voice. Granger's not one to dish up the compliments. His tendernesses take more practical form. Like creeping downstairs to fix her breakfast, when her call's at the wrong hour. Or, his interest in all that concerns her adornment—an interest he values. His likes and dislikes are definite, and he's vocal about them. In cosmetics, he loathes anything that looks made-up look but sows on her going around without any. He delights in buying her perfume. From Italy, where he made "The Light Touch" with Pier Angeli, he brought back a huge heaping of scented assortments. She gloated over them. Next day she nipped into his room as usual and pinched his Knize Ten. "Why?" he demanded. "With all that stuff from Paris and Rome, give me one reason why?"

She dabbed the eau de cologne behind her ears. "So I can smell like you."

"On the other hand, you use it more frequently. And possibly with less cause. If I must be candid."

Her eyes strayed, as if by accident, to some pictures on the wall. Granger's an art lover. He's very nearly a great artist himself. Her hand passed long in front of these canvases by Lepine, coveting them fiercely but feeling he couldn't afford them. That evening Jean, who is late in her wedding lecture. She let him run down, then like a martyred lamb, produced the pictures. "I was out buying these for you."

Remorse still haunts him. "I groveled," he reported.

"You gave me hades," she reminded him sweetly, "for spending too much money."

Either way—or both—the pictures now decorate their walls. "Adding color," said he, "to our drab existence. This, of course, indicated slight color blindness. Under any conditions and even without the aura of stardom, these two would sparkle with their own spirit and vitality. Still, Granger insisted that they lead dull, ordinary lives, "same as everybody else." What he meant was that they eat, sleep and work so hard that, from their jobs that, come evening, they crave only peace and quiet. He listens to her troubles, she listens to his, they watch TV—feeling only slightly disloyal, but not disloyal enough to throw the set out—and go to bed. On Sunday they relax by having ten chums in.

Their circle includes the Mike Wildings, James Masons, Bert Allenbergs, Louis Cal-

bergs, and Deborah Kerr and Tom Bartley, Sidney Franklin, Mary Taylor, Sam Zim-
balist. Being fond of their tummies, they eat quite a lot and vow they won't talk about the industry. So they start on politics, and, to no one's amazement, hotly arguing the quality of X's last pic-
ture. Jimmy loves to argue. So does Sam Zimbalist. Their viewpoints run closely parallel, yet for the sake of mental exer-
cise, while Granger talks to you, my darling, from Vici Versy."

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NAME

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CITY

STATE

Rita Gam doesn’t say a word in “The Thief” but a New York furniture designer spoke volumes recently when he said that she was his idea of “good design!”
As a bride, Jeanne exasperated her spouse because she refused to admit now and then that she had never visited this particular mountain resort. She always gave the impression, by silence if by no other means, that she was no stranger to the arts of horseback riding, surf boarding, diving, distance swimming, even skiing. Especially skiing.

She regarded Paul as the epitome of sophistication and she couldn't bear to seem naive in his presence. The attitude produced some strange incidents, one of which occurred on Mt. Rose, near Reno.

Jeanne and Paul had gone north for the skiing, and the first morning of their stay they put on snow togs, ate a hearty breakfast and piled into their T-Bill lift along with a full quota of other guests.

The lift was a T-type, a tricky arrangement which requires a skier to rest his weight, at the hips, across the crossbar and to maintain that position with his weight balanced on his ski.

A T-lift operates best if the two people occupying each T are about the same weight, but a couple in love seldom bother with the mechanics of details. Beside which Jeanne refrained from admitting to Paul that she had never before ridden a T-lift and so didn't know that unless she kept her skis parallel and maintained constant balance with her partner, she would bounce both of them off, and that this loss of weight would upset everyone else on the lift.

And so.

Luckily, the upset happened quite near the summit, but even so there was enough herringbone to have started a garment factory by the time the last skier had finished the trip to the base. Jeanne was the least popular guest at the lodge.

She dropped down a few more notches in popular approval when she glanced down at her skis and saw that the steel tips were about an inch below the tip of her mountain and she squeaked to Paul, "I can't go down there. I can't, I've never been down a ski slope like this in my life!"

"Why didn't you tell me that before we came up?" demanded her spouse.

Jeanne couldn't have answered to save her life, but she did manage to avoid the usual last resort of the embarrassed bride: she said:

"Never mind," said one of the skiers who had been dumped. "You don't have to ski down. There's a back trail—very scenic—which leads to the shelter house and camp near the mountain. Why don't you walk down? We can meet you there for hot chocolate."

Loaded down with skis and ski poles, she set out on an alternately snow-drifted, wind-carved path cut between towering evergreens. Her boots grew heavier by the yard and her equipment began to wear grooves in her shoulders. When she walked in sunshine she thought she was going to trip and fall, and in shade, she thought she would freeze.

Three hours and seven miles later she limped up to the shelter house.

A little girl with skis who had disciplined a neophyte and were now ready to admit her to the order. The roaring fire was comforting and so were Paul's arms.

The following year, when Jeanne and Paul went to Sun Valley, Paul rode the ski lift to the top of Dollar Mountain and swooped down repeatedly, while his wife found a pleasant little hillock which offered excellent but limited observation.

That evening at dinner when Marty Arrouge (husband of Norma Shearer and a champion skier) asked Jeanne how she was getting along, she answered happily, "They gave me a "New York" on a course I think of as Two-Bill Hill."

"I have news for you," grunted Marty, "We call that rise in the landscape Monte Carlo."

A week later Jeanne confided to Paul, "At least I've learned in the landscape Monte Carlo."

"Besides, we had to visit a new seven-acre hillside and build a studio for Jeanne, Paul secured quotations from several bulldozer operators of the invasion that preparing the necessary flat area would cost nearly three hundred dollars.

"I could do it myself some Saturday morning," announced Paul, agast.

So with the initiative having through city streets and up the winding roads to the lot there, before the worshipful gaze of his three sons, Paul set to work.

Jeanne watched for a time, but finally had to admit that they needed the welfare of Jeanne. A few moments later Paul appeared at the door, quivering, his face ashen, his hair matted with soil. Jeanne had fouled one thread in an old tree stump and thought he was twice as lodged—as fate would have it—against a scrub oak tree. Except for this barrier, the tractor would have crashed to the bottom of the canyon, premises a sound theory.

As it was, it cost nearly a thousand dollars to hire a giant crane to rescue the tractor and bulldozer.

Jeanne and Paul spent their honeymoon at Furrat Creek Inn, one of the famous resorts in California's far-flung Mojave Desert. As they lounged around the pool one afternoon, Jeanne said to her new husband, "I don't think I could endure any more of the single life." Paul, the tram to the brim with love for you. There's no room for anything else."

Time passed and on Easter Day, April 6, 1949, Rock-Jutting Inn, during the months that followed, Jeanne was able to read all the books about babies and some works on child psychology, and tried to apply the sensible suggestions. When tried, and one time she was buffeted between Paul, her husband, and Paul, her son, when speaking to them, she said, "It's easy. My books insist that a child shouldn't talk baby talk to a child and I sort of feel that way."

So I call my husband 'Mommy's 'little sweetums' or some such foolish term, and I call our boy 'Paul.'"

To celebrate the birth of Paul, Jr., Jeanne gave her orchard plant which
was placed in an advantageous position among the seven acres of Brinkman property. The plant thrived. Currently Jeanne gets a kick out of acknowledging compliments when she hears orchids in state occasions, by saying, "Thank you, I'm proud of them. They come from our own backyard, you know."

Paul, a most active, and a highly responsible human being. Always an alert child, he has a knack for applying the things he has been taught. When he was at the grabby stage, Jeanne used to caution him, "Boy, Paul, that's fragile. That means it will break."

Not long ago Jeanne overheard him coaching his younger brother, Timmy, about proper treatment of baby sister, Jeanine, "You mustn't touch her, Timmy. She's fragile. That means she will break."

Paul and does correct the situation when he finds Jeanine in a sodden condition in her bed or playpen, and he is trying to teach her to talk. She responds to him with the usual infant goos, which he translates as highly dramatic narrative.

Paul is allowed to participate in his parents' discussion of family plans because he seems, Jeanne says, "like a college student to us. People who have teen-age children think of our Paul as a baby, but, to us, he's a young man. That's because he is the oldest of the four children, of course."

Paul, Jr., is, in appearance and personality, the image of his dad, even to his hair problem. He has an extremely thick mop and as a very small boy, went it a Dutch Bob. However, once he had passed the age of four, he decided that the style was unbecoming to a man, so he rebelled. "It has to be cut like Daddy's," was his ultimatum. Like Daddy's it was cut, and like Daddy's it revealed a cowlick.

Jeanne brushed, combed, and made a stocking sleeping cap for her son, but the results were negligible. Finally she said to Paul, "You've got to cut this through. You should give me some hints, or at least some encouragement. How long was it before your hair learned to behave?"

Paul considered and said, "It was in pretty good condition by the time I was thirty."

Young Paul has one additional problem: he is torn between deciding upon one of two careers—whether to become a bandit or a milkman.

One afternoon, Paul and his next oldest brother, Michael, were playing alternate gangs which shot-em-up and deliver-the-milk while Jeanine was entertaining as a caller. Thinking that the friend would be amused by a report of the boy's apprenticeship, Jeanine called Michael and asked him to tell the guest what he was going to be when he grew up.

Michael favored the caller with a straightforward smile and piped, "I am going to be an elephant."

This statement was the great difference between Paul, Jr., and Michael. Whereas Paul is practical in his approach to life, Michael—born January 21, 1949—is fanciful. He is inclined to stand before a window, one foot crossed over the other, and regard the view for long periods of time. Gentle in play, he simply walks away from Paul when that young gentleman grows too rambunctious.

Michael likes to assume the names of various animals and insists that his identity be respected by his mother. He told Jeanne, one day, "I'm a big black horse," and refused to come to luncheon when she called him any other thing.

"Michael isn't here. There is only a big black horse."

"In that case, will the big black horse kindly come to luncheon?" inquired his flexible parent.

This routine became so commonplace that when Michael finally came to the table one evening with the announcement that he was a big black horse, his parent, paraphrased one of the lines from Mary Chase's play "Harvey" by saying to the family group, "Well, what do you know! No one having dinner with us except people."

The Number Three son in the Brinkman family is Timothy, born August 2, 1950. Timmy's vocabulary was doubled by the birth of his little sister. Until she came along, his most used term was something best spelled "gunk-gunk" which was used to designate milk, water, soup, pureed vegetables and a dip in the swimming pool.

The first time he set eyes on Jeanine, he gasped, "Doll-doll!" and that has been his name for her ever since. Naturally, when the baby takes her bottle, Timmy envisions the situation as "Doll-doll gunk-gunk."

Jeanine, the fourth sprout, is the image of her mother and gives every promise of carrying on the Cran family tradition of grace and refinement. She was named after an incident which hints at the miraculous.

To mark their fifth anniversary, Paul gave Jeanne a gold religious medal honoring Our Lady of Guadalupe. Set in the medal (which Jeanne wears on a gold necklace) were five diamonds to mark five years of marriage, and three rubies to celebrate the birth of three sons.

When Jeanne and Paul were in New York in the autumn of 1951, they were guests of Cardinal Spellman at luncheon. Jeanne asked the Cardinal if he would bless the medal, which he agreed readily to do, adding, "Next year Paul will have to add an emerald to commemorate the birth of a daughter."

Even so, when Jeanne was assembling a layette for Baby Brinkman Number Four, she didn't buy the garment. She felt certain that she was to have another son, and her doctor agreed with her. When Miss Brinkman arrived on March 3, 1952, she was supplied with a pink Riding hood outfit by Gail Patrick. This was the little girl's first feminine possession.

The Brinkmansk have recorded their family history on sixteen-millimeter film. Now, with the ten thousand feet of movies which have been taken during the past seven years. As the lights were turned on, Jeanne said wondrously, "Remember when that first married? I said my heart was so filled with love for you, Paul, that there wasn't room for anyone else? I was wrong. Every time a new child has come along, there was more room. I must have an expanding heart."

This is probably the best possible summary of the first seven years of the Jeanne Cran-Paul Brinkman marriage. The Eso (Jeanne) was given "Twentieth's "O. Henry's Full House."

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YOU'VE HEARD RUMORS . . .

Now Photoplay gives you the facts about three of Hollywood's most talked-about marriages! In the January issue on sale December 10.
Mario Lanza

(Continued from page 43)

for $155,888. Mario, at the time, had no "comment," despite the fact that, conceivably, every cent that he earned after this—formal or informal—was covered.

6. Mario said, as he was "just relaxing" when reporters tried to get in touch with him to get his side of the story, that he went right on "relaxing" when his broadcast series was canceled.

7. Shortly before Metro's announcement of the suit, Mario turned up at the studio with his wife, Betty, who has always supported him valiantly. He allegedly stayed away from his home in order to avoid reporters. Thus, Betty was left alone with the sex problem with the lawyers and the just-plain curious as she could be.

8. He dropped out of sight for days, while reporters speculated about his whereabouts. One well-placed guess had him on the way to New York for a conference with the Big Boss of M-G-M, Nick Schenk. Actually, he had gone into semi-retirement at the San Fernando Valley ranch of his old and good friend John Carroll.

9. Then Mario quarreled with John Carroll, and at last report, had moved into his parents' home.

10. That his public inconsistencies can be recited and half of Hollywood still holds his fire is indicative of the wave of sympathy which has surged up for Mario.

11. The feeling of the people who suffer for him—rather than feel any ill toward him—was summed up in one short sentence by Ann Blyth when she was advised by phone that "The Student Prince"—in which, incidentally, she was to have appeared—was canceled. "Oh, that poor, poor boy!" she said. And she cried.

Again and again, pleasant stories—stories of Mario's charming personality—are being told. One that people are remembering fondly is the story of his appealing behavior at last year's Photoplay Gold Medal Awards dinner. Mario, one of the award winners, dined at a table that night that he would prefer not to sit up on-the-days with the other winners, but would rather, if there were no objections, sit in the background with his parents, with whom was a large, open, empty chair among people they didn't know, if asked to be with them.

Actually, Mario being Mario, every one of his talents and skills has been tried on six turbulent weeks of crisis can be reversed even before this story is in print. There is hopeful speculation, as we go to press, that the selection of his latest picture, "Because You're Mine," by the British Motion Picture Association for a London Royal Command performance may furnish the emotional fillip necessary to turn the tide. Traditionally, the leading players in the film selected appear before the Royal Family—and Mario speedily indicated his willingness to go to London.

With the exception of "That Midnight Kiss," his first film, every Mario Laniza picture has been shut down and threatened with cancellation at least once before the cyclonic tenor smacked a pipe of peace and got down to work. It is possible that "The Student Prince" will still be made, and with Laniza. It is even probable, if Mario will back down from his hold-out demand for "complete artistic supervision."  

M. Too is not giving "complete artistic supervision" to any actor, and certainly not to one so young, and, despite his meteoric success, so inexperienced as Mario. Waldo, his legal representative is too crowded with examples of stunts that he fought for, and got, "complete artistic supervision" and promptly fell on their well-protected faces.

Metro will hold out as long as Mario, and Metro will win—will pick its own directors, producers, writers, players, and musicians—or Metro won't play.

So Mario, if he makes "The Student Prince," will have to back down finally. Chances would be better for this—and it could happen—if Mario and Sam Welker kissed and made up.

Just before their break-up, Welker told this reporter: "Mario and I have never had an argument. We have disagreed, yes, but we have always been able to compromise. If we couldn't comoromise, then I conceded that Mario must be right. I'm not as great as he is." Welker will forgive and forget, if Mario will.

And Betty Lanza will forgive, if not forget, the rows that Lanza "seem out of the question for the Lanzas, in the first place, their religion forbids it. Also, Mario's parents would be crushed by such an eventuality. And, most importantly, Betty loves Mario. And he loves her and their children.

Beyond these facts, we can only speculate about the obvious and visible contradictions in his personality. We can make of him the hero of the most improbable story, remembering that this is a man who, as a buck private in the army, posted onto a Caruso record a new of his own making, "Mario Laniza, Tenor," with the orchestras of the Berkshire's Orchestra, and mailed it to officers scouting talent for an Air Force show.

But then we must remind ourselves that Hollywood is filled with people you wouldn't tag as heroes."

To Mario Lanza as a child, Caruso was a demigod of a greatness never to be aspired to by mere mortals. But Mario Lanza, as he was called, and was as Caruso, some critics even said he was greater than Caruso. Possibly Mario, in his hour of triumph, might have dreamed a bit too daringly. Perhaps, to this gifted and lucky young man, it might have appeared in a moment of over-confidence that he was another Caruso.

But, as so often happens when an ego appears to get out of hand, what looked like billowing self-esteem in Mario's case may have been counterpointed—even dominated—by something very close to fear. Secret, unspoken fear.

What if he wasn't good enough? What if he wasn't "ready," what if he should fail? One way not to fail is not to try. His irresponsibility now could be "temperament. But it could also be motivated by deepest fear—unadmitted, even to himself.

Whatever the wellspring of Mario's problem, it is to be hoped that somehow, and soon, he can find help, and—through the help—learn that he has a problem, and then the strength to face and to solve it. Otherwise, one of the greatest voices of our time, one of the most promising talents, may be lost to the world.
You Choose These Stars

Broadway in such hits as "Command Decision" and then worked in Hollywood as a counter-man at the small Cottage Café. He had no money—$5 a week and tips—and believed in -er and more stage fright doing that than anything I've ever done." Columbia's been taking full advantage of the versatility of this star talent, with the latter claim convictions. He enacts a lead role with Julie Harris in "Member of the Wedding," and that of a G.I. in "Eight Iron Men," and has the romantic lead in "Rainbow Round My Shoulder."

Luscious cover-girl, Elaine Stewart, daughter of a Montclair, New Jersey, policeman, says, "I was always dancing and singing and very small clothes. From the age of thirteen, she worked as an usherette in the hometown theatre—just a screen away from her dream—saw every movie every night, and worked on her school books until 2:00 A.M. after she got home. Out of school, she got a job as a Harry Conover model because, as she told him honestly, "I think it's the best way to get into motion pictures." His answer was "You know, that's just where I think you will get." Her lovely face appeared on all big national magazines, she was getting top pay, but finally she got her chance when she put her into Martin and Lewis' "Sailor Beware." Since M-G-M bought her contract, they've cast Elaine in seven films in less than a year—including a wonderful part in The Big Broadcast where she was the 'bad' girl who gets Kirk Douglas away from Lana Turner—and that's good. Bad girls hold an audience's interest—and remember that's the point. Now she's starring with James Whitmore, Ralph Meeker, Robert Horton and Sally Forrest, in M-G-M's "Code Two."

This year's "Choose Your Stars" was actually voted by consumers. It numbered winners like Germany's Ursula Thiess, who has the longest eyelashes in Hollywood, and who is so beautiful, a girl friend of hers puts it, "I wouldn't be caught dead with my hair bigger than that." She takes extreme care to walk two paces behind.

Fittingly enough Ursula, a former German model will be starred in the coveted role in RKO's "Size Twelve," as well as in "Monsoon." Which seems almost as unbelievable to Ursula Thiess—but not quite —as the time the RKO office first approached her. "I thought it a joke," she says, "and they took a shot and that's my claim to fame." Finally he appeared on

(Continued from page 37)

would go wrong—that soon they would be joining her here in America—is stopped by a little girl, a little girl, who apparently knows her very well...

"Aren't you Miss Thiess?" she asked. Yes, she was Ursula Thiess. "Well, we have chosen you," the girl informed her—"Miss Thiess, we always took care of you—we all voted for you."

As it dawned on Ursula Thiess what the little girl meant, she smiled her gratitude. "That's happened. When it was officially informed later, she said, "It is a wonderful fairy tale come true." These wonderful people, this wonderful America—of it. How to—"like a varnish..." They're all a little lost for words.

You're shining up a storm.

The locale is Tab Hunter, of the Marine physique and the soulful face, is slated to star in a big-budget western Columbia studies. He celebrated immediately by going out and buying himself a new horse. "I have a wonderful—" he says of the horse he named "Out on Bait." Adding, "Got a lot of ability too—I've seen him clear five feet."

Tab himself cleared high ground, after a period of recreation and then he zoomed to stardom in one picture.

All of it still seems a little unreal to Tab, dating from the night he was standing backstage at the Ice Capades talking with a girl he had just met. "Wow—"

As he felt like doing that first terrifying day on the test stage when Director Stuart Heisler instructed, "Now take her into your arms and kiss her!

"And when they'd performed the scene, Tab had looked up and smiled. "That was very nice."

She then assured him, "Don't worry. I'm good for newcomers."

To which Tab says now, "She sure was."

Lori Nelson's looks plus her dramatic ability make her a double-threat to her studio where, following ingenua leads such as that in "Ma and Pa Kettle at Waikiki," she's being carefully groomed for important dramatic roles. She will sing and dance as Donald O'Connor's co-star in "Nothing But the Blues." She has that look of soft and fluffy as a kitten... like her blue and yellow organza bedroom in her Encino home... belies her ability to shoot a 22-revolver "with both hands," as she says, while walking down the hall of her mother's house. "Vases," Lori laughs.

A sure-shot for continued stardom is Arthur Franz, who sniped his way to that stardom as the psychopathic in Columbia's "The Sniper." His success comes after years of ushering in theatres, working as a page boy—"I was a page boy at Radio City before Gregory Peck was a page boy. Right now that's that claim to fame." Finally he appeared on
parades Neff, who is now an American citizen, and who commutes back and forth between Hollywood and Europe for films. Following Twentieth Century-Fox's, "Snows of Kilimanjaro," Hildegarde has been in France starring in Julien Duvivier's "La Fete d'Henriette," and starring in "Illusionen," for Eric Pommer in Germany before returning to Hollywood and her next commitment.

From England, come painterly-faced Dawn Addams and Joan Rice Joan, who first came to the attention of British producers when she was working as a waitress and won a beauty contest among employees of the restaurant chain, skyrocketed to stardom as gay-spirited Maud Marian in Walt Disney's "The Story of Robin Hood." She's co-starring with Burt Lancaster portraying a half-caste native in Warner Brothers' "His Majesty O'Keefe."

Dawn Addams, daughter of a distinguished RAF flier, James Addams, had a girlish crush on Van Johnson, when she was attending Girls High School in New York. Today she finds herself romantically paired with Van as Priscilla to his John Alden in M-G-M's "Plymouth Adventure." Although she was signed by Metro in America, Dawn's first big role required that she return to her native England and co-star with Peter Lawford in her studio's "The Hour of the Beast."

Hungary's fabulous candidate, Zsa Zsa Gabor, with her champagne-colored hair and personality, her paprika-ed phrases, her personal bejeweled philosophy to the effect that she has engaged the services of the world's most expensive and gay-spirited servants surrounded protectively by mink are a "vorking girl's best friend" and that "every woman should have a mink to keep her warm"—has been eliminated. Zsa Zsa burst into motion pictures with her dazzling impact when she agreed to do a guest-shot on CBS' televised "Bachelors' Haven." She was an overnight sensation, with reputed stores bidding for her. She will next be seen in M-G-M's "Madmoiselle" and "Lili," and in Director John Huston's "Moulin Rouge."

Brooklyn-born Johnny Stewart, seventeen-year-old son of a circus performer, is a fine actor who left a string of credits in Broadway hits including "The King and I," to come to Hollywood for the part of a French peasant you've the heart as Bill Holden's pal in "Boots Malone." He followed that as an Italian boy in Columbia's "The Sabre and the Arrow" and was given his studio release recently when no forthcoming productions had roles for him. Back to the theatre again, his role in "Bermudine," which is in the try-out stage as we go to press, may give Johnny a return ticket to Hollywood. On the other hand, twenty-eight-year-old Bob Horton, M-G-M's magnetic redheaded brown-eyed charmer, was born in Los Angeles, had to over-ride the objections of his wealthy parents to act, and Bob went East to do his prepping for Hollywood. He studied with the Theatre Wing, and worked nights in a New York restaurant (ironically called "The Californian") as fry cook and cashier, finally got bit roles in television. His fine performance in the lead in a TV "Suspense" show inspired Warners to cast him without a test in "The Tanks Are Coming."

Now under contract to M-G-M, Bob Horton is really on his way, having just starred as Gilbert Roland's Indian son in "Apache," and currently starring as the only white member of a cast which co-stars Dorothy Dandridge in M-G-M's picture—plea for better racial relations, "See How They Run." His parents have long since forgiven him. "They even save my clippings," he grins.

Such problems work both ways. Burbank-born Barbara Ruick, M-G-M's silver-blond and brown-eyed singer-actress, who co-stars with Bob Horton in "Apache," began her career in New York too. "Because of Mommy," she says of her famous mother, actress Lurene Tuttle. "I did a bit in the 'B' picture "On the daughter of--I wanted to make my own name and on my own." Finally, down to her last five dollars in travelers' checks, Barbara saw a sign saying, "Open Audition—ABC Theatre—Must Sing and Dance." She really couldn't dance, but figuring that by then she had nothing to lose, she turned in. Out of eight hundred applicants, she would up one of the ten girls given a job in the chorus of the Chico Marx TV show. "But I felt the other girls hated me, that I held them back."

When Barbara visited her mother in California a year ago and guested on some television shows, an agent took her out to M-G-M, where she was signed to a seven-year-contract that goes up to $2,500 a week, if all options are exercised.

Certainly nobody knows better than does vivacious, red-headed Helene Stanley, last seen in a fine performance as Gregory Peck's first girl friend in "Smows of Kilimanjaro," that growing up on a movie sound stage and living next door to the screen are no insurance for stardom. As versatile and talented as any young actress in Hollywood, twenty-one-year-old Helene first portrayed the "good girl in "Our Gang" comedies; she played the piano in "The Starmakers," Bing Crosby; at Walt Disney's I did the choreography and animation for the body of 'Cinderella.' She's been under contract at U-I and M-G-M, and recently left Twentieth after two and one half years there. But never the right part. The part with her name on it. But by the time you read...
this, Helene Stanley will be starring in the TV series, "Career for Cathy"—which, after finishing the last of her TV series, may return her a star "over-night."

Which is what Paramount's handsome newcomer from television and musical comedy, Gene包裹, is next to be seen
starring in "War of the Worlds," and slated to star in the big remake of "Spaw of the North"—with his years of struggle
behind him—when he affirms that whoever declined success as young and talented has a ninety percent" girls had the percentage
die. It's the girls—the that's important," says Gene now.

"Talent can develop who you go along. In three years in television you can do seventy-three plays—I did—and break
down seventy-three different characterizations. But if you don't have the guts to stick it out all the way—nothing else would
matter. You're not going any place the way."

He believes he was under a slight advantage, in being born in Manhattan—"this was during the depression years,
and I was always living one day from my mother's fare to look for the jobs," says Gene. He added the happier
information that Paramount just picked up his option.

News Hollywood seventeen-year-old Rusty Tamblyn, signed by M-G-M after Doris Day ran a print of "Retreat,
Hull" and wanted Rusty for "The Making of a Marine." has a man's share of "in and out." Both talent and acting
had been noticed, acted, and tumbled his way into the spotlight ... and he ranks sixth in tumbbling in the whole nation.

A fact he was flush with Saturday night. I was always taking darts as a kid—you know, like jumping off the roof. I prac-
ticed tumbling ... diving into the ground. I nearly drove my mother nuts. Also, he used to sing—no since the night
my voice changed right in the middle of 'You Belong To My Heart.'"

While waiting for his big picture, Rusty's a very busy senior at North Hollywood High school, and on his plate too. "I'm the mascot of the girls' club. 'The Chanteclairs.' I'll never live that down. My dad is always asking me when I'm going to take up knitting. He just doesn't seem to understand.

Keith Andes is a dynamic blonde bari-
tone, who, following his hit in "Clash By Night" with Marilyn Monroe, is starred with Laurence Harvey, who is headed "Blackboard and the Pirates." Keith's happiness in being chosen a winner was
dimmis by the fact that he has learned that,
due to a mix-up, he didn't receive a great deal of money, nor an unanswerd, other than by standard post-
cards that studios send out. Keith is
genuinely disheartened. "These people, they're your friends. Without them—where would I be?" he asks, of her, that is if those weren't answered will only write to me again—I'll take extra special care of them."

Keith also got to RKO from such musical hits as "Kiss Me Kate," is the son of a well-to-do Philadelphia attorney.

"But my old man had the right idea about working. I carried newspapers when I was eight years old. I yelled a lot selling
them that my mother was always saying, 'Don't scream so much, Son. You might need to use your voice some day.' And
sure enough—I did."

This led him to his road to Hollywood, with preparedness over the pattern. From the Pasadena Playhouse came Paramount's
auburn-haired, snappy, brown-eyed and withoise-waisted Joann y Taylor, who was her seen
snaps at the 1952 Whitney Hayden in
"The Savage." Also from there—twentysix-year-old, clean-cut Michael Moore, the
son of a Yale French professor, who is
next slated for Paramount's "Adobe Walls"—and who, coincidentally, emoted earlier
and made his great Bowery début.

But theirs were different "roads" up to that point. Joan Taylor planned her Holly-
wood campaign from the eighth grade,
"Going in solo," she says. "I was seen through the ads, and decided I was going to the Pasadena Playhouse," she
says. She learned dancing from her sister, Mary Emma, who has a dance school in Chicago and who once
headed vaudeville as part of a sister act. And with shining dark eyes, Joan
listened to her—father—who'd worked as a dancer and a silent days—reminisce about when he "used to eat spaghetti with Rudolph Valentino."

On the other hand, Hollywood was al-
most an adventurous after-thought to Mi-
thel. For years he was worked by Paramount. He's portrayed handsome heavies in "Silver City" and "The Pony Express"—a fact which surprises him al-
much as it does his steen-son, eleven-year-old Jeffrey, who keeps saying amusedly, "Is that really you?"

After years of important experience on Broadway in such hits as "All My Sons" by Miller, "Joy of Life," as he was discovered by "The Secret Garden" TV show
by Producer Robert Wise and Director
Mark Robson. They signed him im-
madly without a test for the lead in "Million Dollar Mermaid." However, Fosotros continues to be one of television's brightest stars, and commutes
between that medium and motion pictures. A native New Yorker, he will next play the title role in "The Girl Sail," which will be filmed in New Zealand early next year.

John Forsythe, like all the others, would
be quick to tell you there's no way one experience is the surest elavator. And, as with one
voice, all twenty-two reaffirm that it
takes years to be a star over-night. It
takes a tough heart, and a dummy that can
put up with struggle—even after you hit the jackpot—as it did for Beverly Michaels, who, although she con-
tinued picking up a paycheck, didn't work for a thin salary, he says, "Until the day I was fired."

But for Beverly Michaels is sailing on silver-lined cloud seven today. She's just
signed a long-term contract with Universal International, where so many of our form-
er stars—big and small—today. The daughter of a New York bus driver, this tall, striking blonde with brown eyes, began as a hat check girl at Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe. But so was everyone. "You ought to be in the show," that soon she was. She studied draramas at Carnegie Hall, and did some modeling for Harry Conover. "I was skin and bones then, but that's the other world to laugh. Her goal was the legitimate theatre, but when she seemed she'd never make it, she didn't let her feet—nine inches away from her, and her height turned out to be all her ally in getting her first job. She read for a fea-
tured role in "East Side, West Side" at
M-G-M and says, "My height helped me get it. As it turned out, they wanted a girl big enough to murder Ava Gardner—and I was."

Success today, too, means being re-
sourced and well aware when oppor-

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tunity knocks—and keeping the door forever ajar. As witness M-G-M's good-looking black-haired boy with the laughing value eyes, in whose life the year's time has been featured in "Because You're Mine," with Mario Lanza, in "Everything I Have is Yours," with Marge and Gower Champion and Monica Lewis—"I loved that one—I got to sing—" in "Small Town Girl," with Jane Powell and Farley Granger, and he's now working in "Dream Wife" with Cary Grant . . . all of which began with his being in the right place at the right time.

Dean Miller, already successful in radio and television back East, was en route to California for a vacation when he met his present wife in the lounge of his plane. And then it began when he asked two strangers sitting near him for the time. His watch had stopped, he explained, and he came from Cincinnati and also hadn't his own. Two California-born "Yankees" flashed him twenty-five-year-old son of the vice-president of the Humble Oil and Refining Company in Houston, Texas. David, who was a struggling actor, cast in the lead role in "Barefoot in the Rockies," flew to California and arranged for their mutual friends, Claudette Colbert and Dick Clayton, to introduce them; he "jumped" on her nine-teenth birthday. But he understood that, as Lori puts it, this wouldn't mean they were "really engaged." He's her best beat; "but I'm too young for one man," she says now. Then there's her career. It means a lot to her, not going to be married for a long time.

Nor is seventeen-year-old Rusty Tamblyn immune from problems of the heart. At the moment, Rusty could use advice from Zsa Zsa Gabor. "I've liked girls since the age of nine," he explains. "And I like to listen to them talk. But I'm too busy listening to them tell their troubles, I don't have the time to help them. I'm the kind of a girl who'll listen to mine. I'm not going steady now—I'm dating the field. I'm not sure this can continue—I'm just trying it out."

In the process, Rusty's steady—Vera-Ellen. And marriage bells will be ringing for them before long. Barbara Ruick goes with Carleton Carpenter, Dawn Addams with Claude Dauphin (when that's geography, baby). But Rusty plans to cook a mean cabbage roll, "and I love hunting and fishing, and in a man—I like kindness." finds this—and more—in Bob Taylor.

That he's eager-to-contribute, active young citizens, as is Barbara Ruick, who traveled 22,000 miles in seventeen days last Christmas, singing for G.I.'s in far-flung outposts. And like Elaine Stewart, they have great faith in God.

There's a strong faith too, in "tomorrow"—which to each of them has a meaning all its own. For Beverly Michaels, it means a whole new faith in her future. And cute Joan Taylor's dark eyes shine with hope.

And Ursula Thiess dreams of setting down in America. "I cannot tell you what freedom means—like you have it here."

And you? You have a share in all of it, their dreams and destinies. The End

* * *

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The Dangerous Years

(Continued from page 45)
How Hollywood Has Changed Them

(Continued from page 41)

story was taken into the front office, and
the bosses decided to make use of Tony
and star him in “The Prince Who
Was a Thief.” After that, he was on his
way.

Lately he’s changed his tune. He de-
manded and got a still increase in salary
as well as better billing on his pictures
from the same studio. Tony had the brass
over a barrel; they knew his drawing
power at the box office.

In the old days, Tony was so anxious
to please that he practically lived at the
studio. Being somewhat naive, he was the
butt of many practical jokes. He’s
looked back firmly and kicked out of his
assumptions people and mimicking Cary
Grant. He even fooled me once.

In the early days, I invited him and
Janet Leigh to a party at my house. Tony
had his hair cut short and he was not
what you’d call a suit. He kept saying,”Feel the material, Hedda. Look at the hand stitching.” I told him
he was not the hand sewing. He
began, “He was the wrong kind of tie. Oh, gee whiz,” he
wheezed. “Why, I’ve glanced at the room. I’ve glanced at the room, went over to
Clifton Webb, took off his tie, and put it
around Tony’s neck. You would have thought he’d won the Santa Anna Handi-
cap and I had decorated him with a horse-
shoe of orchids from the way he beamed.

But every time I’ve seen him lately, he’s
looked like a picture on a magazine cover.

I asked him if he was feeling better with
the change. She’s a level-headed,
hard-working girl. I think Tony really
fell in love with her after their marriage.
During the courtship, he and she both took
up take-it-or-leave-it attitude toward Janet.
As her husband, he followed her all the
way to Florida and stayed with her while
she was making a picture. The two kids
are planning on doing a picture of their
lot and introduced her to Mickey
Rooney, then a kingpin with Leo the
Lion. As they left the soundstage, the
studio man said, “No, you two girls met
in a small flat and doing most of their
housework. Now they’ve moved into
an ultra-sophisticated apartment deco-
rated by that master, Mitch Leisen. Pro-
fessionally, they’re just as healthy as.

Ava Gardner has changed outwardly
more than any star I’ve known. When
she came fresh from North Carolina
and was put under contract at Metro, a
glamorous girl and a dynamo. She lived
in the lot and introduced her to Mickey
Rooney, then a kingpin with Leo the
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astounds Marta with her practicality. When they went to Burbank to get their marriage license, so Doris asked Marta to drive her back home so she could get a bite, too. "Imagine anyone being hungry at a time like this," she says. But it was never the old Vic again. "I feel that I'm four years behind in life," he explained to me. "When I started the night-club circuit again, I found the spots were inhabited by a whole new crowd. So I decided to stay at home." The dashing Vic then got married and acquired a stepson. Until a couple of months ago he still lived in the same small house he occupied in his bachelor days; and he's only slightly interested in seeing his name in print. He works steadily in pictures, investing his money in television and electrical appliance shops, and spends most of his spare time on the golf course.

He's even developed a sense of humor toward a profession that once meant his whole life. When the Los Angeles Country Club refused him admission because he was an actor, he said, "I'll show the members all my pictures and critical notices, which should amply prove that I'm not." Elizabeth Taylor's mother, ambitious for her daughter to have a screen career, brought her to my house for advice when she was very small. Liz was far more interested in a chipmunk she'd brought with her than she was in either me or becoming a star. She's always been crazy about animals; so she was a natural for "National Velvet." I had regarded her as a child until I was dining in the Metro commissary one day. Liz entered and suddenly I noticed every male eye in the place following her. With a shock, I realized that Liz was growing into womanhood.

However, I wasn't prepared for the romances that followed, culminating in the fairy-tale marriage to Nicky Hilton. After their split-up, I went to see Liz; and if I ever saw a perfect picture of what Hollywood could do to a girl, it was then. There she sat, barefooted and wearing a beautiful lace negligee, with a look of stunned bewilderment on her face.

"All my life," she said, "I've been riding on a pink cloud. Because I was a movie star everybody told me I was great when I wasn't. I was the little princess for whom everybody pitied me. I don't know how to assume responsibility." I advised her to take things easy. "I can't," she said. "I've got to keep working. I need the money. You have no idea how much I've spent on hospitals, doctors, and nurses." I remembered her of a block of stock Nicky had given her when love was in bloom. She appeared surprised and said, "I don't know whether I've got that stock. I'll have to ask somebody about it."

That's an item that the average person wouldn't forget; but Liz had been going her carefree way, thinking the pink-cloud ride would remain until her Hollywood steady mate escort was Stanley Donen. I believe that, in her confusion and despair, she would eventually have married him if Metro hadn't sent her to England to make stock. I'll have to ask somebody about it. I'm sure I've got some lost stock somewhere. Liz won't be alone because she's expecting a baby. But I still wonder if she's learned to handle all the responsibility heaped upon her.

Liz was a woman who had all too rare quality among actors—humility. He was married, had two children, and lived modestly. His first film role was "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers," and it was one of the few pictures that Donen ever directed. The studio got his marriage should hit the rocks, Liz won't be alone because she's expecting a baby. But I still wonder if she's learned to handle all the responsibility heaped upon her. Liz was a woman who had all too rare quality among actors—humility. He was married, had two children, and lived modestly. His first film role was "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers," and it was one of the few pictures that Donen ever directed. The studio got his marriage should hit the rocks, Liz won't be alone because she's expecting a baby. But I still wonder if she's learned to handle all the responsibility heaped upon her. Liz was a woman who had all too rare quality among actors—humility. He was married, had two children, and lived modestly. 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