HOLLYWOOD'S FAVORITE

Liz's Baby

MICHAEL HOWARD WILDING

HE INSIDE STORY OF HOLLYWOOD'S FEUD WITH MARILYN MONROE

20¢
Prell Shampoo actually leaves hair more radiant than any leading cream or soap shampoo—comparison tests prove it! Your hair simply sparkles after Prell, it looks younger . . . lovelier . . . more "radiantly alive"! And so much softer and silkier—yet with plenty of "body." You'll be thrilled using Prell, too—its beautiful emerald-clear form is much more exciting than liquids or creams. Prell is so economical—no waste—no spill, and it's so handy at home or when traveling. Try Prell Shampoo today—you'll want to use it always!
The Clarkes had been married eight years. So had the Deanes. But, of late, Jim Clarke seemed to deliberately forget their anniversary. But not Joe Deane . . . he always remembered. Naturally, Ethel Clarke was hurt. She would have been shocked to learn what lay behind her husband's indifference. It's a matter* that no woman can afford to be careless about.

Listerine Antiseptic stops *halitosis (bad breath) instantly and keeps it stopped usually for hours on end. This superior deodorant effect is due to Listerine's germ-killing action.

No chlorophyll kills odor bacteria like this . . . instantly

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Clinically proved four times better than tooth paste

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PHOToplay
JULY, 1953 • FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

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JULY, 1953 • VOL. 44, NO. 1

PHOTOPHAY IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY by Macfadden Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y. EXECUTIVE, ADVERTISING AND EDITORIAL OFFICES at 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Editorial branch office, 205 South Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif. Harold A. War, President; Irving S. Maiminger, President; Fred R. Summitt, and S. N. Himelfarb, Vice Presidents; Neyer Iwinskin, Secretary and Treasurer. Advertising offices also in Chicago and San Francisco. SUBSCRIPTION RATES: $2.00 per year, U. S. and Possessions, Canada $2.50 per year, $4.00 per year all CHANGE OF ADDRESS, n weeks’ notice essential. When possible, please furnish stamp-addressed address from a recent issue. Address change must be made only if you have your own address, as well as your new address. Write to Photoplay, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Change of address must be received at least six weeks before date of issue. We cannot be responsible for undelivered copies. It is advisable to keep a duplicate copy for your records. Only material accompanied by stamped, self-addressed return envelope or return postage will be returned.

FOREIGN Editions handled through Macfadden Publications International Corp., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Irving S. Maiminger, President; Rennel Lucey, Vice President. FOREIGN REPRINTS: English: A. W. Sound, Foreign Manager, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y., under the Act of March 8, 1917, and the Second Class postage law. A. G. O., Dept. Ont., Ontario, Canada. Copyright 1953 by Macfadden Publications Inc. All rights reserved under International Copyright Conventions. No part of this publication may be reproduced without written permission from Photoplay, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y., under International Copyright Conventions. No part of this publication may be reproduced without written permission from Photoply, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y., under the Act of March 8, 1917, and the Second Class postage law. A. G. O., Dept. Ont., Ontario, Canada. Copyright 1953 by Macfadden Publications Inc. All rights reserved under International Copyright Conventions. No part of this publication may be reproduced without written permission from Macfadden Publications Inc.
THE PRINCESS AND HER LOVER

For his kisses, this fiery young beauty braved scandal! He was so strong, so handsome—but so unattainable because he belonged to another! From the pages of a best-selling novel, M-G-M brings another spectacular entertainment to the screen—a new and wonderful Technicolor production by the studio that gave you "Quo Vadis" and "Ivanhoe".

M-G-M presents

YOUNG BESS
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

The fateful romance flamed amid intrigue and danger in the lusty era of King Henry VIII.

starring JEAN STEWART DEBORAH CHARLES
SIMMONS • GRANGER • KERR • LAUGHTON

with KAY GUY KATHLEEN CECIL LEO G.
WALSH • ROLFE • BYRON • KELLAWAY • CARROLL

Screen Play by JAN LUSTIG and ARTHUR WIMPERIS
Based on the Novel by MARGARET IRWIN
Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY • Produced by SIDNEY FRANKLIN • An M-G-M Picture
is it romance or business with Joan Crawford and Jennings Lang? He was once the target of Walter Wanger's gunfire, and Joan, who recently was seen everywhere with David Miller, has been seeing a lot of Lang. Lang works for the Music Corporation of America and handles some television contracts for Joan. But the hop crowd whispers that they spend too much time together—dawdling over lunch at the Vine Street cafe for it to be only business. Could it be that the personable actors' agent is partial to the name Joan? Remember it was Joan Bennett, estranged wife of Walter Wanger, who once, as a client, took up much of Lang's time.

Do Hollywood stars find romantic Paris and the Riviera more conducive to love and marriage than the warm suns of California? Certainly our stars are finding out that a movie actress' or actor's life is more private in European countries than at home. Foreign reporters are not so persistent as the ladies and gents of the press in the United States. That's probably why Lana Turner and Lex Barker decided to take themselves across the ocean for a few weeks' vacation. And there are hints, too, of an October wedding in Europe for Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas. But Mona Freeman will not be able to go to Europe while Bing Crosby is there, for she has begun work on a new picture.

Back from France to make a movie in Hollywood with Paulette Goddard for Columbia, Jean Pierre Aumont moved into the Louis Jourdan's spare room, then promptly called Barbara Stanwyck. On their first date together since his
The way you demanded them... in a picture that was made for them—the way they were made for each other!

Their real love spills over on the screen!

TONY CURTIS & JANET LEIGH

...as the great Houdini, master escape artist! ...as the girl whose love was his real magic!

Houdini

Color by TECHNICOLOR

with TORIN THATCHER - Produced by GEORGE PAL
Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL - Screenplay by PHILIP YORDAN
Based on a book by Harold Kellock - 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 leaves your hair soft as a cloud, bright as sunshine, fresh-smelling as a spring breeze. And it's so easy to care for!

CAN'T DRY YOUR HAIR LIKE HARSH LIQUIDS
CAN'T DULL YOUR HAIR LIKE SOAPS OR CREAMS

White Rain
Fabulous New Lotion Shampoo by Toni

hollywood whispers
Continued

return. Barbara showed off a beautiful pair of earrings which Pierre had brought her from Paris! Hollywood is watching this romance hopefully!

Pierre's back from Paris

He’s fair-skinned, blue-eyed and blond. He acts, sings and speaks with a slight accent. Yvonne De Carlo may have discovered Carlos Thompson in South America, but his eyes met Piper Laurie’s across a crowded room in Hollywood. Now Piper and Carlos are seen everywhere together. This summer, after Piper completes her PA in South Africa, she and Carlos will no doubt be seen in Paris, Rome and London together, since Carlos will fly to the continent and wait for Piper’s arrival.

That feud between Bob Hope and Jerry Lewis, which some thought was just for laughs, has more animosity than comedy to it. It seems when Hope and Lewis were both on a TV show the unpleasantness began. All the stars present had to be crowded into the program. Hope stayed on too long, leaving little time for Jerry. Tempers flared, words were exchanged—and a feud began.

While Scott Brady tries to forget Dorothy Malone, blonde and beautiful Anita Eckborg (Miss Sweden of 1951) makes forgetting a very pleasant task.

The rumor has more animosity than comedy
YOU'LL HEAR THEM AS NEVER BEFORE!
"ONE ALONE"
"THE RIFF SONG"
"THE DESERT SONG"
"ROMANCE"
and all its immortal melodies!

EL KHOBAR
The wild-riding desert lover and his willing captive!

PRESENTED BY
WARNER BROS.

AND STARRING
KATHRYN GRAYSON • GORDON MACRAE • STEVE COCHRAN
RAYMOND MASSEY • DICK WESSON • ALLYN MCLERIE

DIRECTED BY BRUCE HUMBERSTONE

SCREEN PLAY BY ROLAND KIBBEE • RUDI FEHR

PRODUCED BY

BASED UPON A PLAY BY LAWRENCE SCHWAB, OTTO HARBACH, OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2ND, SIGMUND ROMBERG AND FRANK MANDEL
MUSICAL NUMBERS STAGED & DIRECTED BY LEROY PRINZ • MUSICAL DIRECTION BY RAY HEINDBORF
A real gala event was the preem of "Lili." Besides bringing forth a lot of famous faces, it was one that must always remain a bright spot in Leslie Caron's memory. That night, Leslie found out that she had become a star! Along with all the giant streetlights, radio broadcasts in the lobby, etc., Leslie played "hostess" to such as Greer Garson, Katie Grayson, Howard Keel, Elizabeth Taylor, a walking dream in strapless, floor-length white organdy, the skirt tiers and tiers of crisp stuff; the Bill Holdens, Bobby Van, and Elaine Stewart.

Beautiful Elaine is getting around these days, and doing the unexpected. Recently she went on location with the company filming "Take the High Ground." She was the only girl with the troupe and there was an Army camp nearby. So, the Stewart Miss put on a one-girl fashion parade for the boys one afternoon, modeling everything from bathing suits to suits!

And it's about time I got around to a few fashion notes! One of the most delightful aspects of Hollywood is the outdoor living that most film stars who live in houses rather than apartments, avail themselves of. With or without swimming pools, the glamour gusses usually have a good-sized "plot of ground." And they dress up—or rather just dress for the outside as much as they do for indoor entertaining.

Judy Garland loves to loll around in a peony-red linen with a strapless bodice and flaring skirt, with matching red linen sandals. When it gets cool, a little matching bolero keeps the shivers from the shoulders. Blonde Eleanor Parker and her husband like to give outdoor buffet suppers in their patio and in the garden, seating guests at individual tables for four. Tables are usually decorated with blooms from their own garden. And the Parker pale beauty on such occasions is usually set off with her favorite black linen dresses, trimmed with bright flowers in yarn embroidery. In the summertime, even a tiny backyard will do for outdoor entertaining—in the movie-star manner. All it takes is imagination in fixing up a table or two.

Speaking of decorations, I honestly can't remember a more lavish or lovely dinner-dance ever given in this town, than the one tossed by Jane Greer and Ed Lasker in the "Crown Room" at Romanoffs. There were about 200 guests—the girl half, gorgeously gowned—and all gasping at the fabulous flowers and ingenious decor. The big room, so familiar to all, was hardly recognizable. In the "Bon Voyage" scheme, small flags of all nations hung from the ceilings; each table featured flowers set amid landscapes, like miniature stage settings, each of a different land! Having fun till four a.m. and dancing to Freddie Karger's music, were Joan Caulfield and Frank Ross, the Dore Scharys, Joan Fontaine, Rocky Cooper with Rock Hudson, Audrey Totter and Leo Fred, Gloria Graham, Dorothy McGuire, the Bob Mitchums, Pete Lawford—to name a few!

The "Bon Voyage" party reminds me that Hollywood fashion designers have a special name for many actresses who are spending so much time traveling these days—whether for pleasure or picture making. They call them "The Suit-Case Trade." We all know that nylon above all things, packs uncraschably like a dream. But there are plenty of styles for vacation travel that take up little room and don't "wilt" when you unpack 'em. Among these are knitted dresses, suits, skirts—even gowns. They can be made with anything from light yarn to "silver threads among the gold" or gleaming narrow silk ribbons.

Odds and Ends: Jeanne Crain, the longest holder-outer in the matter of cutting long tresses, finally sheared 'em to the shortest poodle in town! . . . Janet Leigh, who always wears huge, bouffant-skirted evening gowns, hangs on to them for dear life. She says, "Almost every time I dance, I lose at least one petticoat!" . . . Hedy Lamarr, who's been doing so for years, still strolls Beverly Hills clad in what seems to be her "uniform"—peasant skirt, peasant blouse, moccasins and a scarf over her head.
There are three Breck Shampoos for three different hair conditions. It is important that you use a shampoo made for your individual hair condition. There are three Breck Shampoos. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. The next time you buy a shampoo, select the Breck Shampoo for your hair condition. A Breck Shampoo cleans thoroughly, leaving your hair soft, fragrant and lustrous.

The Three Breck Shampoos are available at Beauty Shops, Drug Stores, Department Stores, and wherever cosmetics are sold.
NEW BEACH FASHION

Sensational

Genuine

Hand Painted

U.S. Howland

HAIR DRY SWIM CAPS

FLORENCE CHADWICK
World’s Greatest
Woman Swimmer says:
"I know from experience,
U. S. Howland Swim Caps
really keep my hair dry."

U. S. Howlands have everything. High fashion! Two-tone hand-painted
designs, beautiful two-tone rose appliques, and new solid colors to
enhance every smart beach ensemble. Perfect fit—small, medium,
large and special children’s sizes. Available at fine stores wherever
bathing accessories are sold.

ALL STYLES IN FASHION-COORDINATED COLORS

FLOTATION CAPS

PLAIN ROSE
PLAIN DAFFODIL
ROSEBUD AND LEAF APPLIQUE
BLACK AND RED HAND-PAINTED DAFFODIL
CHILDREN’S BALLERINA

PRODUCT OF UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
SOAP BOX:
Here is a list of the ten men and women I think have the most sex appeal . . . Top man: Robert Wagner. Top woman: Marilyn Monroe. . . .

I saw “High Noon” starring Gary Cooper the other night and enjoyed it tremendously. It is no wonder he received the PHOTOPLAY Award and the Academy Award for his portrayal of Kane. He made a person feel as though he were really there actually witnessing the whole thing . . .

A few days ago I saw an old picture with Marilyn Monroe . . . “Ladies of the Chorus.” I thought it was super. Why? Because Marilyn didn’t put on in her walking, talking or singing. If she had just stayed the way she was in that picture, she’d be perfect.

I was just wondering if anyone else has noticed the resemblance between Leslie Caron and Joan Elan, now in “Girls of Pleasure Island.” Or that of Rita Hayworth and Mary Castle, now in “The Lawless Breed.” May I add that stars may look alike but your magazine can never be matched.

Mrs. George R. Willis
Traverse City, Michigan

I’ve just read . . . that they’re thinking of making a musical of “Gone With the Wind.” I hoped that the people in Hollywood had better sense. To make a musical out of so wonderful . . . a movie would be disastrous. That beautiful story was not meant to be degraded . . .

In case you don’t have an issue of the copy in question handy, we will give you the names of the ladies, who, according to us, are more than any man could dream of just being the escort of for one night: Joan Crawford, Jane Wyman, Hedy Lamarr, Barbara Stanwyck, Pat Neal and Ginger Rogers (even though she has since married and is no longer lonely) . . .

Don Roberts, Paul Morrow, Victor Campeau, Willard Smith, Norman Mulready, James Parnally

I was quite surprised to read in your PHOTOPLAY Annual listing . . . the name of Richard Arlen! As an old admirer of his, I’m grateful to you for considering him important enough. After twenty-five years . . . on the screen, he appears to be as handsome and trim-looking as any of the present imports from Broadway and college playhouses . . .

Mrs. H. K. Bauder
Newark, New Jersey

Since everyone has enjoyed “The Prisoner of Zenda,” why doesn’t M-G-M make its exciting sequel, “Rupert of Hentzau”?

Kirk Higgins
Phoenix, Arizona

. . . I go to Dana Jr. High School and am in Journalism. Every year our paper has an ideal facutly made up of movie stars . . . Enclosed is a copy . . . I hope you will enjoy reading our paper . . . Your magazine is my favorite.

Principal, Red Skelton; Girls’ Dean, Tony Curtis; Boys’ Dean, Marilyn Monroe; English, Farley Granger; Drama, Eleanor Parker; Girls’ Gym, Burt Lancaster; Boys’ Gym, Debbie Reynolds; Spanish, Ricardo Montalban; Latin, Jeff Hunter; French, Louis Jourdan; Math, John Derek; Science, Elizabeth Taylor; Social Studies, Robert Wagner.

Boys’ Glee, Tony Martin, Julius La Rosa; Girls’ Glee, Jane Powell, Mitzi Gaynor; Home-making, Tyrone Power; Shops, Jane Russell; Journalism, Janet Leigh; Band and Orchestra, Betty Grable; Typing, Tab Hunter; Counselors, Cornelia Wilde, Susan Hayward, John Wayne; Dancing, Marge and Gower Champion; Librarian, Ava Gardner; Custodians, Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis; Stage crew, Dale Robert- son, Scott Brady; Cooks, Bud Abbott, Lou Costello . . .

CASTING:


An Illinois Steady Reader
Poria, Illinois


Shirley Johnson
Paris, Texas

. . . Richard Allan and Jeff Hunter look alike. They should play . . . twin brothers.

Mary Schmidt
Redwood City, California

(Continued on page 13)
"How do you love a Goddess," he asked?
And her lips gave him the answer as
Pygmy Drums echoed the chant of the
Bakuba...telling the jungle the White
Hunter had won the titian-haired

WHITE
WITCH
DOCTOR

STARRING
SUSAN
HAYWARD

with WALTER SLEZAK

ROBERT MITCHUM

TECHNICOLOR

Produced by OTTO LANG Directed by HENRY HATHAWAY Screen Play by IVAN GOFF and BEN ROBERTS

20th CENTURY-FOX
“I sincerely believe this is the greatest hair-beauty discovery since the permanent wave”

Helene Curtis
THE FOREMOST NAME IN HAIR BEAUTY

New invisible Spray Net keeps any hair-do softly in place all day long

Here’s the hair-beauty discovery you’ve wished for a thousand times. A way to keep hair softly and perfectly in place—without greasiness or artificial “lacquered look.” Simply press the button. The magic mist of Helene Curtis Spray Net keeps your hair the way you set it—naturally . . . invisibly . . . all day long! Won’t harm hair—brushes out instantly. Easier to apply than lipstick. Contains super-atomized lanolin. The perfect answer to wispy, straying hair! Get Spray Net in the pastel green container today.

Helene Curtis spray.net

Regular Size $1.25
New 11 oz. Economy Size $2
(Over 3 times as much)

At all Drug Stores, Cosmetic Counters and Beauty Salons

Readers Inc...

(Continued from page 11)

... “Slant of the Wild Wind” would make an ideal movie with Dale Robertson as Captain Redd, Liz Taylor as Martha, Debra Paget as Willow and Michael Rennie as Geoffrey.

Sherry
Modesto, California

... “The Covered Wagon” would make a good technicolor Western, with Jimmy Stewart as Will Bannion and Susan Hayward as Molly.

... on the radio ... heard Tex Ritter sing “The Prison Song”... a story about prison life with him singing the song in the background (as in “High Noon”) would make a fine picture ... and someone like Humphrey Bogart as the main character ...

Jean Beers
Carlisle, Pennsylvania

I just saw the Howard Keel short called “Through the Years” where he encourages people to contribute to the polio drive ... I think it’s wonderful stars volunteer for worthy causes, Howard Keel’s my favorite.

What I want to know is why doesn’t M-G-M put him in more big technicolor musicals? ... He has such a beautiful voice ... Why don’t they buy “Carousel” or “Oklahoma” for him? ...

Mrs. Norma Lauer
Granite, Oklahoma

We have seen John Wayne in “Big Jim McLain.” We think he is wonderful! Why not co-star Susan Hayward with him? They would be an ideal team. To us they are tops.

Pat Blankenship, Nadine Jones
Lexington, Tennessee

... Why don’t they make a movie of the book, “A Man Called Peter”? There are two people who can do the story justice. Only Gregory Peck can portray the part of Peter, the young Scottish minister who captivates everyone ... Sweet Ann Blyth would be perfect as the young lady whose charm and religious nature capture Peter’s heart ...

Charlotte Martin
Sayre, Oklahoma

QUESTION BOX:

Could you please tell me how many pictures Stewart Granger has starred in?
Marcia Lefavour
Marblehead, Massachusetts

His American films have been “King Solomon’s Mines,” “Soldiers Three,” “The Light Touch,” “The Wild North” and “Scaramouche.” For 1953, “Salome” and “Young Bess”—Ed.

... When was the movie “Jane Eyre” made and who played in it?
Janet Garrison
Fort Wayne, Indiana

“Jane Eyre” was released in 1944. Orson Welles and Joan Fontaine starred—Ed.

I have just seen “African Treasure” with
(Continued on page 14)
Johnny Sheffield. Can you tell me if he used to play as Boy in the old Tarzan pictures?  
Audrey G.  
Trenton, New Jersey  

Yes, he did.—Ed.  

Would you please give me some information on Raymond Burr? He is one of my favorite actors and yet I know so little about him...  
Juanita Klotter  
Columbus, Ohio  

He was born in Westminster, B.C. Has brown hair, blue eyes, weighs 190 lbs., is 6' 9/4" and is unmarried. You can write him c/o Columbia Pictures.—Ed.  

Did Janet Leigh have a part in "Plymouth Adventure?"... Did she play Van Johnson's girfriend?  
Jean Mansfield  
Detroit, Michigan  

No. That was newcomer Dawn Addams.—Ed.  

Would you please give me some information on the guy who flew the helicopter in "Battle Circus,"... think his name was William Campbell... he did a wonderful job of acting...  
Barbara S.  
Marion, Indiana  

He was born in Newark, N. J. Black hair, hazel eyes, 170 lbs., 6'. Not married as yet.—Ed.  

...saw Anthony Quinn... recently in "Seminole."... how can I get a picture of him? How old is he and is he married?...  
Sylvia Stewart  
St. Augustine, Florida  

You can write him c/o Universal-International. He is thirty-eight, married, the father of four children, and a recent Oscar winner.—Ed.  

In Readers Inc. (May) a woman asked if the... music from "Ruby Gentry" was available on records. You told her that the music was written for the film and not recorded commercially... sorry to say you have made a mistake. The music is available on Mercury... and the title is "Ruby."  
Maryann Guglielma  
Philadelphia, Penna.  

We're sorry too, but the record was released after we had gone to press.—Ed.  

...would it be possible to feature any of the darling clothes Debbie Reynolds wore in her recent movie, "I Love Melvin"?...  
A Reader  
Madison, Wisconsin  

It's a policy of Photoplay Star Fashions to show only clothes that are available to readers in stores throughout the country. Since the clothes worn by Debbie in "I Love Melvin" have not been manufactured for sale, we can't feature them. However, in this issue of Photoplay (page 60), Debbie models equally adoralbe outfits that everyone can buy.—Ed.
Like this “Angelic” hairdo? Note the little angel wings that sweep back from her brow. With Bobbi, a natural wave is yours right from the start.

A real compliment collector—the “‘Sun Sprite’” hairdo! Bobbi pin-curl permanent is just right for all casual styles. Gives waves where you want them.

“Holiday” hairdo for career girls. Imagine a wave as natural-looking as a temporary pin-curl, but without nightly settings. It’s yours when you use Bobbi.

See how the ends curl gently under for this “Miss Coquette” style? With Bobbi you can easily get curls and waves like these—without help.

Swing to casual hair styles demands new kind of home permanent

Tight, bunchy curls from ordinary home permanents won’t do.
Now here’s the happy answer…Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent! The only permanent that waves so softly…so permanently…so easily.

At last you can get the casual hair styles you want in a permanent…as easily as putting your hair in pin-curls. No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed even for beginners. Just pin-curl your hair the way you always do. Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. Rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out—and that’s all. Immediately your hair has the modish beauty, the body, the casually lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And with Bobbi, your hair stays that way—week after week after week! Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion—if you can make a simple pin-curl—you’ll love Bobbi.

Everything you need! New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. $1.50 plus tax

Easy! Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. No separate neutralizer, no curlers, no resetting.
IT HAPPENS EVERY THURSDAY

Running a small-town newspaper may be the dream of many a big-city reporter, but the actuality can be full of headaches for both the editor and his wife. That’s what John Forsythe and Loretta Young discover in this cheery homespun tale, based on the experiences of a real couple. Arriving with son Harvey Grant in the California town that’s to be their new home, the newspaper-owners find they’ve bought a dying journal. The ancient, temperamental printing press always breaks down on publication day. A contest raises circulation, but also involves the innocent couple in a local scandal. A rain-making experiment sponsored by the editor nearly gets him run out of town. Loretta’s at her most appealing, and Forsythe shows a highly attractive personality. Among the village characters who draw plenty of chuckles are Frank McHugh, Edgar Buchanan and Jane Darwell.

Verdict: Likable comedy of small-town life (Family)

THE GIRL NEXT DOOR

June Haver’s last movie turns out to be an endearing goodbye gesture. The story is pleasantly simple, and it’s told with ease and imagination. June plays a successful singer who buys a house in the New York suburbs and falls in love with her neighbor. This is Dan Dailey, as a cartoonist who is doing an off-handed job of raising his motherless son, the sturdy and forthright Billy Gray. Billy’s relationship with his dad has been very close, and he resents June as a threat to his Eve-less paradise. While this situation’s being unscrambled, there’s a secondary romance between Dennis Day, as June’s beamish, penny-pinching manager, and Cara Williams, a vivacious red-headed newcomer. Lively songs and dances advance the story, though cutting a couple would have speeded the pace. In a refreshing touch, Billy’s thoughts are translated into sprightly animated cartoons.

Verdict: Friendly, unassuming musical romance (Family)

REMAINS TO BE SEEN

A burlesque murder mystery with a few dashes of rhythm and a mob of wacky characters provides an agreeable vehicle for June Allyson and Van Johnson. June’s a breezy type, a vocalist who enjoys a gypsy life with an obscure dance band. The murder of a blackguard uncle of hers in New York makes her an unwilling heiress and candidate as next victim. Van’s an apartment-house manager, eager yet hashful, secretly addicted to hot traps-playing. Louis Calhern, as a suave lawyer, Angela Lansbury, as a sly ad-venturess, and John Beal, as a doctor whose services are often needed, pop in and out of the proceedings. June seems pleased with her fling at sexy singing, and Van, while reverting to his early film personality, does it without getting unduly coy. Filmed with no great ingenuity, this version of the Broadway hit still has fun with sliding panels and macabre gags.

Verdict: Knockabout farce-with-thrills (Family)
TITANIC

20th Century-Fox

The great luxury liner that sank on its maiden cruise in 1912 becomes the setting for a drama of considerable sweep and power. The trip has a gala atmosphere, but you're suddenly reminded every so often that the ship has a fatal appointment with an iceberg, and this knowledge gives urgency to the situations of the leading characters: the wrecked marriage of Clifton Webb and Barbara Stanwyck; the shy young romance of Bob Wagner and Audrey Dalton; Richard Basehart's unhappy surrender to alcoholism. Webb's a stand-out as the frivolous-minded snob who has a violent collision with reality. Brian Aherne also does an excellent job as the captain. When the grinding climax finally comes, it fully justifies all the build-up. Deftly blending fact and fiction, these scenes are spectacular and poignant, calculated to touch the heart of the toughest movie-goer.

Verdict: Taut, skillful dramatization of history (Adult)

SCARED STIFF

Wallis, Paramount

A comic chiller is a natural choice for Martin and Lewis, and the boys take enthusiastic advantage of it. Based on "The Ghost Breakers," venerable play once made into a Bob Hope movie, the story adds many preliminary frills before getting around to the horror stuff. Dean and Jerry have reasons of their own for fleeing New York. So off they go on a cruise ship with Elizabeth Scott, who's inherited a small Caribbean island. Parties unknown wish to discourage her from taking possession, but Dean and Jerry are her champions. Target of most of the clutching hands and menacing zombies in the finale, Jerry also has such lighter chores as impersonating Carmen Miranda, who then does a number of her own. As always, Dean handles the ballad department. Looking at her best in later scenes, Liz goes along with the gags like a good sport.

Verdict: Grisly foolishness, often really funny (Family)

AMBUSH AT TOMAHAWK GAP

Columbia, Technicolor

Every so often a "High Noon" comes along to show what heights a Western can reach, but betweentimes Hollywood produces a steady supply of good, workmanlike horse operas—like John Derek's new film. He's one of a group of desperadoes just out of jail and set on a mysterious mission. The others: old-timer Ray Teal, ruffianly David Brian, and John Hodiak, an innocent bystander framed on the robbery charge that sent all four to prison. After a bit of unnecessary confusion is cleared up, it develops that the gang is off to collect the loot, hidden by a confederate—who made a getaway, but later died. Then the movie settles down to a carnival of greed and unleashed tempers, treasure-hunting and Indian-fighting in a ghost town. With a rakish beard to subdue his good looks, Derek's a tough hero, opposite Maria Elena Marques, as a non-English-speaking Navajo maiden.

Verdict: Lively, colorful, gory Western (Family)

More reviews on next page
Beautiful Swimpooof Lips WITHOUT LIPSTICK

And These Newly Luscious Colors Can't Smear Anything—or Anyone

Bid 'good-by' to lipstick and see your lips more beautiful than ever before. See them decked in romance-hued liquid color that really can't smear. Obviously this miracle couldn't be produced by lipstick made of grease, and it isn't. A Liquid does it ... Liquid Lipitone contains no grease—no wax, no paste. Just pure, vibrant color. Now you can make up your lips before you go out—and no matter what you do—or whether it be in sunlight or in moonlight—they will stay divinely red until long after you are home again.

MARRY ELLEN KAY featured in "Harness Bull" on RKO production

MOVIES continued

PICKUP ON SOUTH STREET
(20th Century-Fox)

A clever if not too plausible story, shrewdly handled and smoothly acted, focuses on a pickpocket who accidentally acquires some stolen microfilm. As this picareseque hero, Richard Widmark engages in warm smoothing and tough bargaining with Jean Peters, who unwittingly serves as courier for a communist spy ring.

Dick's a willing victim of Jean's wiles

Her Red ex-lover, Richard Kiley, makes a formidable menace, but Murvyn Vye, as the police captain on the case, is convincingly equal to all the skulduggery. Playing a professional stool-pigeon with an encyclopedic knowledge of underworld personnel, Thelma Ritter's a delight.

Verdict: Rough, rowdy crook-spy yarn, consistently entertaining (Adult)

I BELIEVE IN YOU
(Rank, U-C.)

Juvenile delinquents and probation officers are familiar characters in our films. so it's interesting to see how the British treat this subject. Cecil Parker is completely winning as a stuffy gent retired from the colonial service and inspired to a new career by a chance encounter with a pathetic wayward girl. On his new job he has the wise counsel of an experienced probation officer, Celia Johnson. Among her charges is the girl he'd met (Joan Collins, a youthful and lovely brunette). His own chief problem is a boy (Harry Fowler) who has family worries. The two youngsters fall in love, but their past associations lead to trouble. It's a tender, convincing movie, with many strong minor roles to give it added substance.

Verdict: Deeply understanding study of delinquency and its cure (Adult)

HOUSE OF WAX
(WARNER: 3-D WARNERCOLOR)

Three-dimensional movies show rapid technical progress in this horror story, set in turn-of-the-century New York, Injuries in a fire turn Vincent Price, a gentle sculptor, into a maniac monster who sets up a gruesome waxworks museum, using human corpses as foundations for his figures. Pert, blonde Carolyn Jones is an early victim, and her friend Phyllis Kirk suspects her fate. Paul Picerni makes a likable hero, but Frank Lovejoy gets scant opportunity as the detective who stops the madman. Actors, however, are subordinate to the camera wizards.

Verdict: Standard chiller made impressively by depth (Family)

MAN IN THE DARK
(COLUMBIA, 3-D)

In a very slight switch on the old amnesia theme, master crook Edmund O'Brien undergoes a brain operation to make him an honest man, wiping out his memory (only partially, it develops). So he doesn't remember where he put the haul from his last big robbery. Ex-associates led by Ted de Corsia won't believe him, though girl-friend Audrey Totter is finally convinced. While the movie goes through the usual 3-D stunts of poking or throwing objects or people at the audience, it includes one brilliant shot (of a roller-coaster's framework) to suggest what 3-D can do once its childhood is over.

Verdict: Unpretentious little crook picture with some novelty value (Family)

THE 5,000 FINGERS OF DR. T.
(COLUMBIA, TECHNicol)

Here's an unbridled fantasy, the nightmare of a small boy who dreams that his hated piano teacher holds him captive in a weird castle, doomed to practice twenty-four hours a day. Tommy Rettig's a shade too sweet for the role of the rebel youngster. Mary Healy looks appealing as his mother, in his dream hypnotized into playing accomplice to the tyrannical Dr. T. (portrayed grandly by Hans Conried) For the right note of practical-minded contrast, there's Peter Lind Hayes as a plumber, the boy's pal. Fantasy fans may find amusement in the crazy sets, the whimsical songs and the lunatic gags. But the direction and the photography are too slow and pedestrian for the idea.

Verdict: Wildly imaginative but clumsily executed dream-movie (Family)

THE GLASS WALL
(COLUMBIA)

Vittorio Gassman gets his most sympathetic role as a D. P., a concentration-camp graduate who seeks haven in the U. S. To enter legally, he must find a former paratrooper whose life he once saved. Now a jazz musician, this man can testify to his identity. Vittorio jumps ship to find him and the movie takes on the familiar chase pattern. As a wistful, jobless girl who befriends him, Gloria Grahame helps to provide half the romance. The other half is supplied rather colorlessly by Jerry Paris, as the musician, and Ann Robinson as his ambitious fiancée.

Verdict: Unremarkable suspense story with a New York tour thrown in (Family)

(More reviews on page 30)

Send Coupon for generous Trial Sizes

PRINCESS PAT, Dept. 1107
2709 S. Wells St., Chicago 16, Ill.
Send Trial Sizes of the shades I checked below.
I enclose 25c for each shade.
Mail it at once. I'll send you trial sizes of all shades you order. Each bottle is at least 2-week supply.
Expect to be thrilled. You WILL be.

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Send Trial Sizes of the shades I checked below.
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Mail it at once. I'll send you trial sizes of all shades you order. Each bottle is at least 2-week supply.
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Send Trial Sizes of the shades I checked below.
I enclose 25c for each shade.
Mail it at once. I'll send you trial sizes of all shades you order. Each bottle is at least 2-week supply.
Expect to be thrilled. You WILL be.
Now...for the First time, a Home Permanent brings you "Instant Neutralizing!"

Amazing
New Neutralizer
acts Instantly!
No waiting!
No clock watching!

And New Lilt with exclusive Wave Conditioner gives you a wave far softer...far more natural than any other home permanent!

NOW...Better than ever! An entirely different BRAND NEW Lilt

Only Lilt's new "Instant Neutralizing" gives you all these important advantages:
- A new formula makes the neutralizer act instantly!
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- A wonderful wave conditioner beautifies your hair...makes it softer, more glamorous!
- Beauty experts say you can actually feel the difference!

Yes, you can feel the extra softness, in hair that's neutralized this wonderful new Lilt way!

No test curls needed, either! Yet new Lilt gives the loveliest, most natural, easiest-to-manage wave...even on the very first day. The best, long-lasting wave too!

Everything you've been wanting in ease and speed...plus extra glamour for your hair!

HERE'S PROCTER & GAMBLE'S GUARANTEE
©1953, The Procter & Gamble Co.
"I know Playtex babies are better actors...and so safe to hold, too!"

Says Jan Sterling
star of Paramount's "Vanquished"
Color by Technicolor.
Shown as a baby—and today.

PLAYTEX babies are happier babies...neater, sweeter, cleaner, cooler

Only Playtex Panties

Give your baby this sheer comfort...this complete waterproof protection

Whether your little darling toddles or crawls, PLAYTEX Panties promise him protected comfort. Made of lightweight, creamy latex, they're as soft as a kitten's ear. PLAYTEX Panties stretch all over to give all-over comfort...as no ordinary panties do; for there are no stitches, or seams to mar their smoothness. On and off in seconds, they rinse fresh in a wink...pat dry with a towel. Accurately sized by baby's weight. Let PLAYTEX Panties keep your baby "Socially Acceptable"* always. Get several pairs today!

Featured at your favorite Department Store and wherever Baby Needs are sold.

More babies wear PLAYTEX than any other baby pants!

PLAYTEX

PLAYTEX TRANSPARENT PANTIES $99

PLAYTEX SNAP-ON PANTIES $1.19

NOW AVAILABLE IN SUPER SIZE,
TO PLAYTEX PULL-ON PANTIES 79¢

(PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER OUTSIDE U.S.)

FAST COMPANY
(M-G-M)

An affable race-track comedy gives Howard Keel another non-singing role, that of a trainer who deliberately keeps a horse from winning races because he wants to buy the nag at a bargain price. As its guileless (at first) owner, Polly Bergen shows increasing charm and skill as a comedienne, interpreting a slapstick love affair with gusto. Nina Foch has a familiar assignment as her heiress rival, and Marjorie Main's among the Runyonesque track habitues.

Verdict: Gay, neatly plotted comedy of the horsey crowd

NEVER LET ME GO
(M-G-M)

Clark Gable's back in form during most of this romantic melodrama, playing an American newsman with a Russian bride. Sequences showing his courtship of ballerina Gene Tierney are a little slow and arch, but villainy soon gets the action going. The Soviets expel him from the country, yet refuse to release his wife. Mean-

Clark and Gene honeymoon at the seashore

time, he's met an Englishman who's in the same situation. In this role, Richard Haydn drops his usual eccentric clowning to create a sympathetic figure. The two lonely husbands join forces, enlist the help of an experienced seaman (England's invaluable Bernard Miles), and set sail in a small fishing boat to spirit their wives out of Russia.

Verdict: Erratic but adventure-filled story of love vs. Red tyranny

JAMAICA RUN
(PARAMOUNT, TECHNICOLOR)

With Ray Milland as a cynical skipper involved in strange doings at a West Indian plantation, this melodrama gets off to an adventurous start, but winds up taking itself too seriously. Arlene Dahl's luscious beauty to behold, playing a hard-working landowner with an alcoholic brother and mother (Wendell Corey, Carroll McCormas), Laura Elliot and Michael Moore are a brother and sister induced by Patric Knowles to claim Arlene's plantation.

Verdict: Lurid murder mystery

(MORE REVIEWS ON PAGE 22)
Live with Dry Skin and love it!

by Rosemary Hall
BEAUTY AUTHORITY

If your complexion is dry, you know its problems — the flakiness, the 'grainy' look it gives make-up, and the little dry lines that age your whole appearance. But do you know how lovely dry skin can be — if...?

Your dry skin, with proper care, can be much more delicate-looking, much freer from blackheads, enlarged pores and unattractive shininess than other skin types. And by proper care I mean a cream you can use effectively in as little as 5 minutes a day — Woodbury Dry Skin Cream!

The whole secret of Woodbury Dry Skin Cream lies in a penetrating ingredient called Penaten. All dry skin creams contain softening ingredients, of course, but most of them simply 'grease' the surface. The Penaten in Woodbury Dry Skin Cream, on the other hand, really carries the lanolin and four other rich softening ingredients deep into the important corneum layer of your skin.

Five-minute routine does the trick

With your fingertips, smooth extra rich Woodbury Dry Skin Cream into your skin. Leave it on for 5 minutes ... tissue off ... and see in your mirror a fresher, more youthful look than you ever dreamed possible. Penaten helps the oils penetrate so quickly that 5 minutes is ample — but you must do it regularly every day! Start tonight and see the lovely difference tomorrow.

You can get a generous introductory jar for only 25¢ and the big boudoir size Woodbury Dry Skin Cream is only 97¢, plus tax.

Woodbury Face Creams...
for beauty that's more than skin deep

Woodbury
BEAUTY
Cold Cream

25¢ to 97¢ plus tax

Kathryn Grayson replies to a reporter

Dear Miss James,

Thanks for your wonderful review of my new Warner Bros. picture, "So This is Love", in Technicolor, (the Grace Moore story).

As for my beauty care, it's Woodbury Cold Cream made with Penaten — to help the fine oils penetrate deeply. It cleanses and softens deeper than any cream I've ever used. Woodbury leaves skin so radiant it gives you that poise that makes beauty more than skin deep.

I'm sure you'll give Woodbury "resounding applause", too.

Sincerely,

Kathryn Grayson
RAIDERS OF THE SEVEN SEAS
(U. A., TECHNICOLOR)
Picturesquely red-bearded, John Payne portrays a noble-hearted privateer captain, who has the good fortune to oppose the most danderheaded set of villains to decorate any recent movie. Gerald Mohr's their leader, an elegant Spaniard whose fiancée (Donna Reed) Payne captures and holds for ransom. Land and sea battles around Cuba provide plenty of bloodshed.
Verdict: Routine swashbuckler (Family)

THE DESERT SONG
(WARNERS, TECHNICOLOR)
If you've been longing for a real old-fashioned operetta, this is it. Gordon MacRae and Kathryn Grayson both play it straight. Gordon's the bookish, sedate young man who leads a double life, going competently by Dick Wesson. But the music's the thing, of course, and all the well-known melodies—"One Alone," "The Desert Song," "The Riff Song"—get generous productions.
Verdict: Romance happily removed from reality, with nice music (Family)

PONY EXPRESS
(PARAMOUNT, TECHNICOLOR)
After fifty years of making Westerns, Hollywood should be able to do better than this. Charlton Heston, as Buffalo Bill, and Forrest Tucker, as Wild Bill Hickok, team up to help the first pony express get through. They must outwit a faction that wants to keep California cut off from the rest of the nation and even rouses the Indians in an attempt to stop the riders. On the side, aristocratic Rhonda Fleming and tomboy Jan Sterling are rivals for Charlton's love.
Verdict: Weakly handled Western that should have been surefire (Family)

THE VANQUISHED
(PARAMOUNT, TECHNICOLOR)
In the South of Reconstruction days, blueblood John Payne returns to find a ruthless civil administrator (Lyle Bettger) oppressing the gentlefolk of his home town. So Payne becomes his assistant in order to get evidence against him. In this snobbish story, high-born people like Payne and his sweetheart (Coley Gray) are all high-minded; the low-born Bettger and his gaudy girl-friend (Jan Sterling) are low-lifes.
Verdict: Unconvincing melodrama, set in a legendary South (Family)

WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITES?

In color I want to see:  
ACTOR:  
ACTRESS:  

I want to read stories about:  

The features I like best in this issue of Photoplay are:  

NAME:  
ADDRESS:  
AGE:  

Send in your votes for the stars you want to see in Photoplay

Send this ballot to Readers' Poll Editor, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, N. Y. 17, N. Y.
"Do your stockings tell lies about your legs?"

asks LESLIE CARON

- "The movie camera proves that shiny stockings often make legs look unshapely," says Leslie Caron. "That's why, in Hollywood, we insist on misty-dull nylons—to keep us Leg-O-Genic at all times."
- On the screen and off, M-G-M stars, like Leslie Caron, wear Bur-Mil Cameo nylons with exclusive Face Powder Finish. For Cameo's Face Powder Finish assures their legs of the permanently soft, misty dullness that glamour demands.

And Sheer 60 Gauge Bur-Mil Cameo nylons give up to 40% longer wear by actual test, too!

Here's why, on the screen and off, Leslie Caron wears Bur-Mil Cameo nylons exclusively. "When ordinary stockings pick up reflections from Kleig lights—our legs frequently look unshapely, and that's fatal," says Miss Caron, star of M-G-M's

Lili

A PRODUCT OF BURLINGTON MILLS... WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCER OF FASHION FABRICS

BUR-O-MIL, CAMEO, FACE POWDER AND LEG-O-GENIC ARE TRADEMARKS

BURMIL MILLS CORPORATION

BUR-O-MIL CAMEO STOCKINGS WITH EXCLUSIVE

FACE POWDER FINISH

Styles from $1.25 to $1.95
I admit that ever since Jane Powell became involved in amours, I look at her differently. Before this, I regarded her as plain Jane, sweet and pure... Malenkov looks like a movie extra... My favorite celluloid singer, female category, is Rosemary Clooney. No gimmers, which is the nicest kind of singing... When I'm talking to Jane Russell, I always feel she's standing closer to me than I am to her... Hollywood is a place where Betty Grable can be pushed around while shopping for groceries in a Beverly Hills supermarket... I wish Marlene Dietrich would stop baby sitting and make a movie.

Richard Burton came here equipped. He told me: "I'm the best actor my age that I know of."... I'd wager this column that with proper coaching Lilli St. Cyr could be a movie star... Most female comics (J. Davis, E. Arden, M. Raye, to mention a few) have the aggressiveness of a male when being funny. Wonder why?... I never believed Alan Ladd could act until I saw him in "Shane"... Mike Curtiz, twisted it this way: "A verbal contract isn't worth the paper it isn't written on."

Whenever I read that a movie star is going to Broadway to do a play, I can hear an option drop... It's my opinion that the headwaiters at Romanoff's and Chasen's don't like most of the people they have to give the biggest smiles to... Best drunk bit I ever saw in a picture: Mickey Rooney in "National Velvet"... Burt Lancaster has the biggest muscles and the most determination of any movie actor... Wonder if Piper Laurie ever sent that Oscar to the writers of "The Lavender Hill Mob."

My idea of a great accomplishment would be to take a flat-chested actress and, without deception, make her a popular movie queen... When a bore he was trying to avoid, phoned Groucho Marx and asked him what he was doing for dinner, Groucho replied, "Digesting it."... I don't care what size screen, what gimmers, what gadgets the studios use, I insist the story is the important thing... It always was and it still is in this year of 1953-D... John Wayne fascinates me! He says he can't act, but darned if it doesn't come out acting up there... Must tell Terry Moore her sex appeal is showing.

(Continued on page 26)
More than a Girdle... better than a Corset!

New! ... a magical non-roll top, plus tummy-flattening latex "finger" panels that echo the firm support of your own body muscles, slim you the way Nature intended! Magic-Controller acts like a firming, breathing second skin.

See how it firms and flattens your tummy. Hidden "finger" panels and non-roll top firmly assist your body muscles, control you in Nature's own way!

Look: how magic "fingers" lift and mold your figure. They're invisible—like the waist-slimming non-roll top that stays up without a stay.

Feel the fabric lining inside, new textured latex surface outside. New Playtex Magic-Controller washes in seconds—and you can almost watch it dry!

Amazing New Playtex Magic-Controller!

With new non-roll top and hidden power panels, it slims and supports you as Nature intended!

Here is natural figure control! Natural control that works with your body, not against it... resilient, firm control that revitalizes your proportions, your posture, your pride!

Simply hold Magic-Controller up to the light and see the hidden latex "finger" panels that firm you without a bone, stay, seam or stitch. Playtex slims, supports, never distorts!

Magic-Controller is all one piece of fabric lined latex. Every inch reflects firm control. It does more for you than any girdle. and frees you forever from restricting, constricting corsets.

Dramatic proof of its power to "fashion" your figure naturally, comes when you wear it under slender new styles. You'll think you've lost a full size... no matter what your size!

Playtex Magic-Controller with 4 sturdily reinforced adjustable garters.

Look for Playtex Magic-Controller in this newest SLIM Playtex tube. At department stores, specialty shops everywhere, $7.95 Extra-large size, $8.95 Fabric Lined PLAYTEX GIRDLES from $4.95 FAMOUS PLAYTEX GIRDLES from $3.50 Playtex... known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube.
most make-ups shout 
"Made up!"
Magic Touch whispers 
"Natural Beauty"

With Magic Touch, a new, wondrously beautiful complexion becomes "your very own"... so natural-looking, so flawless-appearing, with each little imperfection hidden, yet never a trace of that "made up look."

1. So easy to put on—
Such magic blending!
Rub your finger-tips lightly over creamy Magic Touch. Then with gentle strokes, smooth it on face and throat, beginning with forehead. Replenish the cream on fingertips as needed. No clumsy sponge or puff, no liquid to drip or bottle to leak, no powder to spill.

2. So soft on your skin—
So pleasant to use!
Blends like magic, without streaking. (Smoothing with finger-tips gives perfect color-depth control—longer smoothing lessens color.) Your skin will feel so velvety soft—look so naturally youthful, fresh and clear. Magic Touch is new. Don't confuse with other cream or stick make-ups.

3. Flawless beauty—
Natural-looking loveliness!
Look in your mirror! Your complexion is flawless, alluring. For a dewy, fresh look, use Magic Touch without powder. Powder over lightly for a long-lasting, smooth mar-finish. (Magic Touch is never oily or greasy looking—even without powder—and always looks natural.)

That's Hollywood

For You CONTINUED

I don't know any actress who's as calm as Ann Blyth. When asked if she had a temper, she replied with cool logic, "Doesn't everyone?"... Worth watching: Marlon Brando watching Marlon Brando in a movie... At a recent party, Anita (Miss Sweden) Eckborg wore a low-cut dress with a solid gold pin closing up half the plunge. On the pin, she had a little tag reading: Courtesy of the Johnston office.

I'd like to see Elizabeth Taylor diapering her baby in the wee hours of the morning... Gotta agree with Susan Hayward, who says, "Women dress for men. Make no mistake about it, a girl's clothes are her outward man-hunting equipment." Susie sleeps in the raw... In a movie, any time a character actor sits on a park bench, he is a philosopher... Hollywood is also a divorced father borrowing his young son on a Saturday afternoon to take him to a baseball game... Gene Tierney's protruding teeth give her a sexy look.

I like to listen to Lauren Bacall's lingo... Rock Hudson is the only movie actor who actually lives in a glass house. The only room with four real walls is the bathroom... My vote for one of the best hunks of Americana ever put on the screen is the Paul Douglas-Linda Darnell episode in "A Letter to Three Wives"... I heard Joe Pasternak give this advice to a newcomer: "Everything comes to him who hustles—if he waits long enough.”

I'm tired of reading that Marilyn Monroe doesn't wear anything under her dress. For the record, the Monroe often wears a black bra and pink panties... By the way, since all the 3-D fever, a Valley drive-in has been advertising: "Last chance to see Monroe flat."... Since everything is 3-D around Hollywood these days, I'll sign off in an appreciable fashion this time: But don't get me wrong, I love HollywoodDDD!

Sidney wishes they'd stop criticizing Marilyn
A Western movie at U-I was rewritten before the cameras rolled and Steve McNally commented, "It's better since they rewrote it."

"You don't rewrite a Western," quipped Hugh Marlowe. "You reload it."

A Hollywood couple, after living apart for several years, finally got together again. One Hollywood cynic yawned at the news, "I knew it couldn't last."

It's Thelma Ritter's observation: "No matter how well a woman carries her years, she's bound to drop a few sooner or later."

Reaction cards were issued to the audience at a recent preview of a new film inviting "frank criticism" of the movie. One fan wrote: "You people get paid to make pictures and if you don't know what's wrong with it, I won't tell you."

Errol Flynn to a newspaper man: "I don't worry about money so long as I can reconcile my net income with my gross habits."

Gracie Allen to a friend: "My husband will never show interest in another woman. He's too fine, too decent—too old."

Ed Wynn, about to leave on a weekend hunting trip, looked at himself in the mirror and muttered to his wife, "You know, it's a good thing I'm not in season!"

Mickey Rooney wrote a screenplay, "The Gravy Train," but explained to a pal: "It's a comedy with a racetrack background, not a story of all the alimony I've paid to my ex-wives."

Janet Leigh, wife of Tony Curtis, received this fan letter: "Please send me your photograph. Also your husband."

Fernando Lamas asked Jack Carson, "How many languages do you speak?"

Carson flipped back, "English, the one you don't."

Jack Benny, after seeing a bad movie: "Only salvation for this film is to have the seats made into berths."

A movie fan visited a psychiatrist and said: "Doc, I'm worried. I have the entire ceiling and all the walls of my bedroom covered with Marilyn Monroe calendars."

"That doesn't prove there's anything wrong with you," said the Doc.

"But there must be," insisted the patient. "I sleep on my stomach."
Feel Good All Over... stay flower-fresh... dainty for hours!

Cashmere Bouquet Talcum Powder

Now... feel silky-smooth from head to toe!
Cashmere Bouquet Talcum Powder dusts you with daintiness... after the bath, when changing clothes, upon arising! You'll feel refreshed, relaxed, deliciously feminine! And you'll love the lingering fragrance!

Look your loveliest with Cashmere Bouquet

* Hand Lotion
* Face Powder
* All-Purpose Cream
* Lipstick

With the fragrance men love!

Only 29¢ and 43¢

DANCING DO'S AND DON'TS

From MARGE and

Says She:

Do wear fresh, flower-scented cologne or a light perfume that won't go stale during the evening.

Do wear a hair-do that will not collapse from twirling or the heat.

Do be polite when you refuse an invitation to dance. A few gracious phrases will save an embarrassing situation.

Do excuse yourself at least twice during the evening to freshen up. But don't remain in the powder room for hours gabbing with the girls.

Do wear low-heeled shoes if you're taller than your escort.

Do switch partners occasionally during the evening.

Don't wear slinky, skin-tight dresses or skirts. Take a tip from professionals who always wear full skirts. They know that the flowing of the dress is part of the dance.

Don't overload with bulky jewelry. Or wear costume jewelry that leaves tarnish marks on neck and wrists while dancing in a warm room.

Don't lead—not ever! Let the man decide which direction you're going.

Don't wear a brim hat that will get in the way, an angora sweater that will leave fuzz on your escort's jacket, or a fragile dress you're going to worry about all evening.

Don't wear gloves. A man likes to feel fingers not fabric when he holds you.

Don't spoil the mood by chattering to your partner, or shouting across the room to friends.

Don't wear new shoes, or high heels if you're not accustomed to them.
GOWER CHAMPION

Says He:

Do stay in the center of the floor if you insist on creeping or shuffling. People who like to dance need the room around the edges.

Do dance with your hostess at least once during the evening.

Do take the trouble to learn how to dance.

Do sit out at least three dances in an evening. Dancing is a relaxation not a marathon.

Do try to look cheerful even if your date is yawn-bait.

Do check your dancing posture. Never dance so you and your partner look like a pair of parentheses.

Don't be one of those bores who grabs the mike and sings along with the orchestra. The gang back at your table may think you're a riot, but the rest of the room doesn't.

Don't abandon your partner in the middle of the floor after the music stops. A gentleman returns his dancing partner to her party.

Don't be a dance-floor show-off. Trick steps are fun at informal parties, but leave exhibition dancing to the professionals.

Don't do your necking on the dance floor. Go out in the moonlight where it's nicer.

Don't hum off-key (or on) in your partner's ear.

Don't dance slowly to fast tunes. If you don't know the rhythm or don't feel it, get off the floor.

Don’t flirt with other girls over your partner’s shoulder.

Outdoors or Indoors

IT’S ALWAYS FUN TO SHOP AT STANLEY HOSTESS PARTIES

ON THE LAWN: Especially delightful when the weather’s balmy are STANLEY “outdoor” shopping Parties. At one of these increasingly-popular Lawn Parties, Mrs. H. S. Covington, Westridge Road, Greensboro, N. C., was the gracious hostess. Here an artist illustrates her attractive home.

IN THE KITCHEN: Informal as “housework” clothes, STANLEY “come-as-you-are” morning kitchen Parties provide a quick and pleasant way to shop for STANLEY Products.

IN THE LIVING ROOM: Your living room becomes especially hospitable when you invite friends to enjoy its comfort while they shop at your STANLEY Hostess Party.

Outdoors or indoors—morning, afternoon, or evening—you'll find STANLEY Parties are always lots of fun. You just invite in your STANLEY Dealer and this friendly Dealer demonstrates, under actual use conditions, STANLEY'S many value-leading, QUALITY PLUS Products. Products both to save you time and work in most every housekeeping task and to improve the family's personal grooming. Small wonder that 12,000 of these famous STANLEY Parties now take place every single day.

(Copright Stanley Home Products, Inc., 1953)
Thrilling Beauty News for users of Liquid Shampoos!

LUSTRE-CREME is the favorite beauty shampoo of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood stars... and you'll love it in its new Lotion Form, too!

Betty Grable
starring in
"THE FARMER TAKES A WIFE"
A 20th Century-Fox Production
Color by Technicolor

BETTY GRABLE says, "Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo." When America's most glamorous women use Lustre-Creme Shampoo, shouldn't it be your choice above all others, too?

Now! Lustre-Creme Shampoo also in New Lotion Form!

NEVER BEFORE—a liquid shampoo like this! Lustre-Creme Shampoo in new Lotion Form is much more than just another shampoo that pours. It's a new, creamy lotion, a fragrant, satiny, easier-to-use lotion, that brings Lustre-Creme glamour to your hair with every heavenly shampoo!

VOTED "BEST" IN DRAMATIC USE-TESTS! Lustre-Creme Shampoo in new Lotion Form was tested against 4 leading liquid and lotion shampoos... all unlabeled. And 3 out of every 5 women preferred Lustre-Creme in new Lotion Form over each competing shampoo tested—for these important reasons:

* Lather foams more quickly!
* Easier to rinse away!
* Cleans hair and scalp better!
* Leaves hair more shining!
* Does not dry or dull the hair!
* Leaves hair easier to manage!
* Hair has better fragrance!
* More economical to use!

Prove it to Yourself...
Lustre-Creme in new Lotion Form is the best liquid shampoo yet!

Yes! Now take your choice:

Famous Cream Form or new Lotion Form

Pour it on—or cream it on! In Cream Form, Lustre-Creme is America's favorite cream shampoo. And all its beauty-bringing qualities are in the new Lotion Form. Whichever form you prefer, lanolin-blessed Lustre-Creme leaves your hair shining-clean, eager to wave, never dull or dry.
MARRIAGE AT THE CROSSROADS

• For as long as they've been married—ever since November 5, 1949—Jane Powell and Geary Steffen have stood together, their marriage clear and strong as a beacon light in a town where marriages are more often than not apt to suggest stormy, turbulent seas.

So when word of a rift between them was heard, even shockproof Hollywood was shocked. "This," cried the cynics, "just simply can't be!" "This," shouted the dreamers, "is a very bad joke that somebody has dreamed up." And Jane and Geary, themselves, said only that, yes, there was a little trouble, but that they were sure with time and patience they could work things out.

Rumor has it that Geary's jealousy has been at the bottom of their difficulties. And people who worked with Jane and Gene Nelson during the shooting of "Three Sailors and a Girl" say that this (continued on page 80)

BY

EVE FORD

To Hollywood, Jane and Geary have always been the town's model couple
Chuckle of the Month: When Mickey Rooney's telephone rang recently and he answered it, Bob Hope was on the other end. Cracked the comedian, "Is this the Irish Toulouse-Lautrec?" ... His long legs encased in green silk tights, Howard Keel, testing for "Kiss Me Kate," turned to Kathryn Grayson and quietly said, "Now I know how Marilyn Monroe would feel if she had to wear—steel armor!" ... According to Victor Mature who plays Demetrius in "The Robe": "This is the fifth role for which my hair has to be curly. I'm beginning to look like a tall Shirley Temple!"

War Bride: The warm and tender heart of Leslie Caron was doubly saddened when her Geordie Hormel...
was activated into the Coast Guard Reserve. He'll see active duty for the next two years—so a columnist chose this time to announce the little French girl was contemplating divorce. She would get it, the story went, when her husband returned. The truth is, Leslie moved out of their apartment, and, along with her pets, moved in with the senior Hormels to wait for the man she loves.

**Hasta la Vista:** Before they left on a tour of South American theatres, Debbie Reynolds, Carleton Carpenter and Pier Angeli took daily Spanish lessons from Ricardo Montalban . . . Rock Hudson finally got that badly-needed, three-month vacation, his first in five years. "At last," he quipped, "I'll get to finish 'Gone With the Wind'" . . . Doris Day and Marty Melcher celebrated their second wedding anniversary on the train that took them to New York and all the new shows. Then they headed for Massachusetts. There, for the first time, an excited Doris met equally excited in-laws.

**Switcheroos:** Everyone expected Marilyn Monroe and Betty Grable to get along like a pair of panthers when they worked together. So—they became so friendly, Marilyn bought presents for Betty to take home to the kiddies . . . For seven long weary weeks, Jane Wyman played nineteen-year-old Richard Beymer's care-worn mother in "So Big." The day the picture finished, Janie threw a party and won (Continued on page 82)
The sun was shining in Tarpon Springs, Florida, and the cast and crew of "Twelve Mile Reef" were at work. In front of the cameras Bob Wagner, portraying a youthful sponge diver, went through the scene in which he brought Terry Moore home to his family and announced, "This is the girl I've married."

Bob had no sooner finished the speech than a small voice was heard from the sidelines. "Gee!" said the enthusiastic young girl. "Are you and Terry really married?" Bob assured the girl that he and Terry were not man and wife. Although no one realized it at the time, this was the first of a series of statements on the subject. For despite the perfect Florida weather a storm broke that afternoon when newspaper headlines throughout the country read: TERRY MOORE AND BOB WAGNER TO WED.

The storm was man-made; they're still looking for the man who made it. The story originated in Chicago, where one of the wire services picked up a news release. It concerned the fact that Terry's divorce from Glenn Davis would become final the following day. The story also stated quite truthfully that Terry was on location in Florida for "Twelve Mile Reef" and that she and leading man Bob Wagner, who had dated her in Hollywood, were continuing to be seen together in Tarpon Springs, Florida. And then the story wandered into the unlimited realm of imagination: Terry and Bob were expected to marry within a week.

Now this was big news to everyone, including the couple most concerned. The tale wasn't entirely unbelievable to those who have learned to expect the unexpected from Hollywood personalities. In print the story appeared impressive and official. In addition a great many matchmakers reasoned that Terry and Bob would make an ideal pair. And of course everyone was well aware that one of Florida's most popular properties is a moon that encourages matrimony.

Said a close friend of Bob and his family: "I've known R. J. since he was a kid. I know how serious he is about his career. And I'm sure he has always been sincere when he said he didn't intend to marry until he was about thirty years old."

But another intimate was less skeptical: "You never know what to expect from him. Sometimes he's laughing, clowning, looking as if he never had a serious thought in his life. And then again he is intense, absorbed. He is certainly unpredictable."

That Monday night there was no rest for the weary in Tarpon Springs. There were calls from Hollywood friends and from newspaper people. Denials were being issued from Tarpon Springs as late as 2:00 A.M. on Tuesday morning. "No, there are absolutely no wedding plans," was the answer to all queries. "Terry's divorce is final today. She and Bob have dated and they're seeing a lot of each other. They are issuing no statements."

Also issuing no statements were the girls in Hollywood whom Bob had been dating: Debbie Reynolds, Susan Zanuck, Debra Paget, Lori Nelson. There was silence, too, from Terry's large group of admirers: Nicky Hilton, Laurence Harvey, Greg Bautzer, golf pro Al Bessellink. Only ex-husband Glenn Davis took any significant action. He quietly married Texan Ellen Slack.

But the nation's reporters were still wondering. "Okay," said one. "So there are no wedding plans yet. But something must be happening. And if this isn't love. . . ." (Continued on page 73)
Red hair, they say, goes with temper and temperament. What happens to the girl who's dyeing—to be a carrot-top?

BY FLORABEL MUIR

There's a patter chorus to that solid heartbreak song, "St. Louis Blues," that winds up something like this: "But a red-headed woman is the woman that does the harm."

The warning is as old as history. Redheads seem to have a mysterious built-in something that makes men reel—while other women recoil. In Hollywood the redhead holds a special place in the scheme of things. When she hoves into sight, directors duck and producers squirm—and all over America theatre owners get ready for long lines at the boxoffice.

Redheads make headlines—take Arlene Dahl or Maureen O'Hara as examples. And they make conversation. Susan Hayward, for instance, never backs away from a controversial subject. Scarlet-topped Piper Laurie may seem sweet and demure, but she knows every instant just what she's doing—ask those who've crossed her!

What's most remarkable in these tempestuous bundles of talent and temper is that the qualities they have in common seem to exist whether the girls were born with

(Continued on page 71)
Overnight hits are nothing new, but even Hollywood wasn’t prepared for that Clooney personality punch.

- When Paramount previewed “The Stars Are Singing” in Maysville, Kentucky, the town staged a welcome fit for a homecoming hero. All the citizens turned out to cheer their Rosemary Clooney, along with more than ten thousand people from neighboring towns.

It was a big day for Rosie, with a busy itinerary squeezed into a few hours. The parade down the main street was ready to start when she discovered no one had picked up her Grandmother Guilfoyle. So the parade waited while a police car rushed to the Guilfoyle house. In the back seat Rosemary, star of the day, huddled on the floor so no one could see her. Arrived at the house, she flew up the steps and pulled open the front door.

Grandmother Guilfoyle regarded her in amazement. “Oh, my goodness! Is the parade outside?”

“No. Come on, put on your bonnet—we’re going to take you into town.”

Mrs. Guilfoyle peered out the front window. “In a police car? My goodness, I’ve never ridden with the cops before.”

Rosemary’s barrel-house laugh roared through the house. “Come on,” she said, and put her grandmother’s little hat with the bunch (Continued on page 84)

Gayer than Swingtime

BY

JANE WILKIE

Hits of “The Stars Are Singing,” Lauritz Melchior, Maria Alberghetti and Rosie, test own voices with “tone bowls”

Rosemary, guesting with Jim Stewart, Gordon MacRae on the Crosby radio show, will be with Bing in “White Christmas”
• The whole world loves romancers, the saying goes, and it goes doubly when the romancers are a pair as dazzlingly handsome as Lana Turner and Lex Barker.

A few months ago Lana's dates with Lex were very hush-hush. Then he began to visit her on the set of "Latin Lovers" and to wait for her outside the M-G-M studios to drive her home each day. Having finished his own "Tarzan and the She Devil" and "Thunder Over the Plains," Lex arranged his day to suit Lana's schedule. Soon he was turning up wherever Lana
went: first in Hollywood; then in Aspen, Colorado; next in Palm Springs. And finally there he was—surprise—on Lana’s plane as she took off for Paris!

From the look of things, it’s all right with Lana if Lex keeps right on appearing wherever she may be. Certainly these exclusive *Photoplay* pictures—taken during their holiday together in Palm Springs—show more clearly than all the talk about town that the feeling between Lana and Lex—however that feeling may be defined—is obviously strictly mutual!

"Will Lana and Lex wed?" That’s the question

... they’ve eyes only for each other, whether

... they’re sunning, playing tennis or dancing
Eve discovered the secret—and
a lot of clever girls ever since have
made good use of her formula

For years, Hollywood has been awaiting a Marilyn Monroe: the essence of sex, a personality so exciting that column after column of free publicity, photo after photo would be devoted to recording her latest sayings and doings. And when Marilyn finally, definitely arrived, what happened? At first, hats were thrown gleefully in the air, and then, in a sudden reversal, all the town's heavy artillery was hauled out to assail her with a walloping barrage of criticism.

The battle really began with the Photoplay Gold Medal Awards dinner. Wearing a gold lamé dress of such intimate design that it had to be sewed on her, Marilyn walked up to receive her award—walked in the uninhibited manner that is uniquely Monroe. And the attack started, with Joan Crawford playing general. “Like a burlesque show,” said the dignified and distinguished-looking Miss Crawford. “Those of us in the industry just shuddered. Apparently Miss Monroe is making the mistake of believing her publicity.”

Others in the motion-picture business joined the assault. Writers and publicists agreed with Joan. The movie business, they said, should have outgrown such shenanigans.

The next day, worried Twentieth Century-Fox executives took an informal poll by phone to find whether their prize property had indeed endangered her boxoffice value. Her walk

Hollywood vs. Marilyn Monroe

By Hildegarde Johnson

CONTINUED

had aroused laughter. Was that good? Was that bad? Uncertain which way to jump, the executives decided to play it safe, and Marilyn made her next important public appearance wearing a comparatively modest dress-with-jacket outfit that subdued her outstanding characteristics.

"Sex," Joan had said, "plays a tremendously important part in every person's life. People are interested in it, intrigued with it. But they don't like to see it flaunted in their faces... They don't like to see it exploited..."
all, sex was certainly not her invention

They don't? Let's see whether Hollywood was justified in the sudden caution that put Marilyn under wraps. Remember (as Joan and Hollywood didn't) another young actress who once smashed into movies with tactics quite as reckless. This was a voluptuous beauty given to dancing the Charleston on table-tops in her movies—and to ardently living her role in her private life. Cast as a flaming flapper on the screen, she later admitted, "I did feel that I was that type of girl. Consciously or (Continued on page 98)
Sought after and on top of the world, moody Steve Cochran is still a

LOVELY
LOCHINVAR

BY HYATT DOWNING
Two's Company

Start of a perfect day—a tour of the UN building in New York
It's love, love, love—
and Fernando Lamas—that
has Arlene Dahl looking
like a dream walking

BY KATHERINE KINGSLEY

- Arlene has been variously described as the “beautiful Dahl,” the “practical Dahl,” “the efficient Dahl” and the “incomparable Dahl.” But no one—by the wildest stretch of the imagination—would ever have thought of dubbing her as either sentimental or flighty.

Not, that is, before she began to be one-half of the inseparable Dahl-Lamas duo! But since Fernando, the tempestuous Latin lover, took over, Arlene has been a surprisingly new person.

She deftly juggles several careers—movies, lingerie manufacturing, writing a column—and, in the past, she has made sure that her every statement to the press would be sure to advance one—or preferably all—of them. Now, she won’t even talk to the press—about anything—unless Fernando is in on the interview.

She won’t pose for a picture that doesn’t include the light of her life, and she makes no plans—either social or business—that exclude Lamas.

And those who know her best state quite firmly that she has never looked more beautiful, been more scintillatingly witty or so downright happy in her life before.

Fernando Lamas, as everybody around Hollywood knows, is one of the most sought-after males to hit the town in a long, long time. There’s a magic something in his personality that starts the ladies setting their very best new caps the minute their eyes fall on him.

And, as always, with men who are as much in demand as he is, there’s an easy-come, easy-go manner—a debonair Casanova attitude—that drives the ladies wild.

Fernando Lamas is a man who’s used to calling the turn. He wants what he wants when he wants it and not one minute later. That's why this town was so surprised when Fernando went along to New York with Arlene this spring, when she had to be there on business. It remembered—very vividly—his adamant refusal to go either to Mexico or to Las Vegas with Lana Turner when their romance was at its height.

Now no one thinks of Fernando Lamas as the docile type. No one believes for a moment that he would have taken the trip across country just to please Arlene—or just to see the lights of Broadway—if he hadn’t wanted to go.

And the fact that he did go has made the movie world feel there may be something to all those marriage rumors that have been making the rounds.

At this moment, neither Arlene nor Fernando is making any statements on the subject. They just keep on looking into each other’s eyes, keep on dancing together, keep on giving the town cause to do some of the busiest speculating it’s done for some years.

Those who remember that their romance burst (Continued on page 89)
Look
What's
Happening
To
Farley!

By
Beverly Linet

Those dates with Dawn Addams are only the beginning—of a new and different Granger story

- It began the night of Hollywood's gala opening of "Call Me Madam." Farley Granger was invited. Although his R.S.V.P. said he would come, no one really expected him.

But at 8:30 P.M. sharp, a blue Buick convertible drew to a halt before the Ritz Theatre in Beverly Hills, and Farley stepped out with Dawn Addams. Immediately flashbulbs popped; columnists took
notes—all certain that this was a rare opportunity to catch Farley on the town.

But they were mistaken. At the next big premiere, "Lili," Farley was very much in evidence again. And again, Dawn Addams was on his arm. Later that evening, at Leslie Caron's big post-premiere party, Farley and Dawn were among the merriest of all the merry-makers on hand.

This started a barrage of questions flying in all directions: What’s come over Farley? Is it a new romance? Or is he just having a brief fling in the spotlight before returning to his tight circle of intellectual friends, his books and his records?

The truth is that Farley Granger has burned his bridges behind him and is looking ahead to a rewarding future.  (Continued on page 78)
Date with son Terry: It's not always as quiet as this one!

Date with friend Charlotte Greenwood. Chatting in the sun.

Date with her dressing table — for scene in "Calamity Jane".

Date with husband Marty — and the best date of all.

• Ask anyone lucky enough to grab a few minutes with Doris Day and you'll learn it's like getting a new charge out of life. Especially on her own ground! The atmosphere's so relaxed you wonder if you're at the wrong house — no star's home could be like this! You may find Marty Melcher having his umpteenth cup of coffee in the kitchen while wife Dodo is busy rehearsing the next day's scene in another room. Or maybe Dodo is in the backyard, giving son Terry a workout at volleyball. Or just sitting on the lawn, chatting cosily over cakes and coffee with a friend — her freckles getting browner by the minute. And, sharing in the happiness around her, you'll know why these are the dates that matter to Dodo, who makes movies for a living, but makes her home a place where two fellows — Marty and Terry — are really living!

Photos by Stern
They christened their first
Victoria Elizabeth in 1944

The sharp buzz of the telephone, like a giant bee, slashed through the stillness of the polished mahogany-paneled library. The pair of glamorous legs which has become an international institution swung gracefully over the side of the fiery red chair. Clak-clak-clak sang the high heels on a pair of trim red 4B’s.

Plopping herself down on the ottoman, Betty picked up the receiver and said “Hello” in her little girl’s voice.

“Is this the Grable residence?”

Slam-bang went the receiver.

In a few moments the performance was repeated—all except the slam-bang.

“What, by any chance, mean the James’ residence?” asked Betty, with more than a hint of asperity in her voice.

This is the kind of thing that helps explain why Mr. and Mrs. Harry James’ relatives and friends searched Hollywood’s gift shops for a tin memento to commemorate the James’ tenth anniversary on July 5, 1953.

For in this elegant English-style country house there is no Betty Grable—merely Betty James. “I know it has to be Betty Grable on the marquees, but otherwise it’s Mrs. Harry James,” is how Betty puts it. “I’m old-fashioned enough to believe that a married woman shouldn’t keep her single name in private life. I just squirm when anyone introduces me as Miss Grable in Harry’s presence. And it makes him uncomfortable, too.”

The world’s most popular blonde and the world’s Number One swing trumpeter have chalked up ten years of happy marriage, despite the fact that any marriage counselor, back on that stifling, desert-hot wedding night in Las Vegas ten years ago, would have counted their chances slim. Hollywood’s wisenheimers, even without scientific training, predicted a quick bust-up. For these two popular public idols seemed made to break every marriage rule in the book.

A good marriage, say the pundits, is most likely when both husband and wife have lived normal lives in solid, steady homes with two parents present. Harry James, son of roving circus performers, was born in that metaphorical trunk. His father was a circus band leader, his mother, an aerialist who swung from a trapeze until one month before her son was born, then rejoined the (Continued on page 90)
MRS. JAMES!

Jessica and Vicki both share their parents' enthusiasm for ranch life.
Photograph by Ornitz. Jeff is in "The Great Sioux Uprising"...

Covered wagons on Sunset and Vine . . . the deep tones of a cello . . . two hearts carved on a redwood tree . . . portrait etched in bronze . . . an eagle in full flight . . . untamed frontiers
Community dancing on a city block . . . apple strudel and Rhine wine . . . Ali Baba in a leather windbreaker . . . a ride on a rocket ship . . . romance in the bleachers.

Photograph by Smith and Fink. Tony's in "Houdini" and "Forbidden".
Cupid knew what he was doing when he matched these dolls and their daddies

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

THEY'RE NEVER TOO YOUNG OR TOO OLD

- Bernard Shaw said that youth is wasted on the young. It may be. But in Hollywood it's certainly appreciated by the old. Any time is kissing time—and as the old song puts it, love has no rhyme nor reason till man has reached his prime. To prove it, there are dozens of successful marriages in Hollywood in which the man is from fifteen to thirty years older than the bride who was young enough to blush when she said "I do." Take the case of Liz Taylor: She married Michael Wilding in such a rush it looked as if she were running away from something. She certainly was fleeing from someone—and I do mean Nicky Hilton. They were two lost kids who never found each other. But Mike, old enough to be his wife's father—if he had married young—has the beautiful brunette adoring him twenty-four hours a day.

Mrs. Mike used to live for night clubs. Now she lives for Mr. Mike and little Mike. And it isn't all one-sided. When a friend (Continued on page 87)
Marriage to her "older man" has given Liz her first real contentment.

So far, it's so-o-o-o good for Joan Caulfield and Frank Ross.

Virginia Mayo's sure there couldn't be a husband more perfect than her Mike O'Shea.

Unfazed by gossip, the Stewart Grangers stay happily together.

All fashion photos by Dan Wynn
Double-feature fashions (quick-change for small change!)

make your summer just as much fun as a circus!

Doll-like Debbie, as lively as a circus herself, glides through the air with the greatest of ease in the Foursome, package-wardrobe by Koret of California, a scene-stealer any time of day or night. 10-18, about $25, including matching patent belt. Scramble-print pique in red or black on white for skirt and shorts, and in the reverse for blouse and camisole.

TURN THE PAGE FOR
MORE FUN FASHIONS
**Quick-Change Artists**

Continued

**Bright new star Maggie McNamara (see her in U-A’s “The Moon is Blue”)** loves fun and sun too, put both in clever red and white striped terry coat-dress for street or beach. Teena Paige, 7-15, under $15; gives it city airs with Kayser gloves. At beach, uncovers surprise: gingham boy shirt 'n' shorts (left), Smartee, 10-16, under $3 each

**Just to prove** fashion is more fun than it is spinach (and just as sensible!) Maggie shows town-or-tan versatility of Loomtogs’ two-piece, 10-16, 9-15. Gay as her mood on swing, a grown-up green cotton romper suit, under $6. Green, white Polynesian-print skirt gives city look. Under $8. Lujean bag. Ray-Ban sunglasses. All jewelry, Bergere
Dream come true! Fast as a movie switches scenes you can look as dreamy as Maggie does (above) and change like magic into precious play outfit (right). Take your cue! Wear her Petti separates: a ruffled white Everglaze cotton blouse, on or off shoulder, under $5; ruffly, flower-printed skirt, under $9; real and rugged Levi shorts, under $3. All, 9-15. Polka-dotted cotton scarf, Buchner. Straw box bag by Jana.
Quick-Change Artists

Continued

Phyllis Kirk, light-hearted and lovely as any circus ballerina, says fashion should be fun—and stunning! Proving a point, she does an excited whirl (left) in dressed-up version of McArthur black, white woven-check gingham weekender, 10-18, under $18, which comes with its own black patent belt. Jauntie hat, Jana bag, Kayser gloves. Dropping trim, town-look with the skirt, she poses above in fun-and-sun version, a one-piece playsuit with black pique shorts. Neckline's convertible, and suit fastens snugly with jet shoe buttons to below waist. Bergere chalk earrings. She's in Warners' "The City Is Dark"

Dark-eyed Phyllis (right and below) is right on top of the world in a foursome by Juniorite that's all things to any girl's summer! In Sea-Blue denim, trimmed with chalky white ric-rac, 9-15. Phyllis loves slim-jim, tapered pedal pushers, buttoned at calf, under $4; the wide-swinging skirt, under $6; denim-trimmed white T-shirt, under $2; and that last touch, a smart little denim cloche, about $1.59. Kayser nylonent gloves. Red calf ankle strap sandals by Velvet Step. Lujean bag
Phyllis pleads, "Tell them, please, that I don't really talk to horses!"

But that champagne personality fizzes when she gets into a lively Helen Harper outfit, to greet a carousel nag and swing on a circus rope. Her charcoal denim separates, dotted with white flocking. Pedal pushers, with cotton knit insert at calf for snug fit, under $4; white cotton T-blouse trimmed with denim, under $2; gored skirt, under $5; knit-trimmed box jacket, under $4. 10-16.
ELAINE STEWART
Auburn hair, brown eyes, 118 pounds, 5'6 1/2". Bust 34", waist 23", hips 34"
Born: Montclair, New Jersey, 5/31/30
Pictures: "The Bad and the Beautiful," "Take the High Ground"

TOM MORTON
Brown hair, brown eyes, 170 pounds, 5'11"
Born: New York, New York
Pictures: "The Stars Are Singing," "Main Street to Broadway"

ELAINE STEWART, if she lives up to her billing as the "Girl with 3-D," says the dimension she'll be proudest of is Depth. M-G-M's fast-rising, long-stemmed beauty is a thinker, of all things, and doesn't consider the habit one she necessarily ought to break.

"That's why you usually see me around town with good Joes instead of good looks. The men I date don't see anything comical about my having wanted to be a surgeon if all these wonderful things hadn't happened to me in Hollywood. When I mention the serious novel I have outlined, they don't fall over laughing. In short, they aren't phonies and they don't insult my intelligence with that tired old line of what do I need brains for. They're interested—so they're interesting."
TOM MORTON does one thing badly—and that is resting. The only reason he doesn't rest better is that he's too busy forging a many-faceted career for Tom Morton, using all his varied talents.

In his first picture, "Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie," Tom was seen as a dancer; in the current "The Stars Are Singing," he adds his vocal charms, as well. And in M-G-M's soon-to-be released "Main Street to Broadway," his most important picture to date, Tommy plays his first straight dramatic role.

A boy from the sidewalks of New York, Tom says California is great. A boy who broke into show business on Broadway, he loves Hollywood and everything about picture business. A boy who likes girls. What type? Tommy's eyes light up and a grin stresses the off-beat appeal of his face. "I'd love to date girls like Rita Hayworth and Marilyn Monroe, just to hear the other guys say, 'Hey, get a load of that Morton! Does he rate? They're really movie queens, glamorous the way kids think all movie stars are."

Morton didn't start out as a ball of fire in the Hollywood hearts-and-flowers department, however. When he was signed to an option contract at Twentieth, the first girl on the lot he asked for a date was Debra Paget, whose views on that subject were presumably known to everyone in the world except Tom Morton.

He does date Debbie Reynolds. ("But I'm not the kind of guy (Continued on page 96)
When a girl has a new home to furnish there's no end to her dreams. Ann Blyth, who loves to cook—especially muffins, pies and brownies—was in seventh heaven choosing gleaming kitchenware. But the almost Mrs. McNulty really soared when she found the big fat chair that was just right for her Dr. Jim, and the furniture that would stand up to a beating from sturdy little feet. For in all her dream shopping, Ann planned for the time she and Jim would have that large family they both want.
Debra Paget asks some of your favorite males to help answer the questions you send her by mail

Lately Debra Paget’s fan mail has been filled with reports of the problems of young people; they feel that some of the younger crowd she knows around Hollywood may have had similar difficulties, so Debra decided to collect a panel of nice Joe’s and ask them to try and solve a few of the dilemmas.

Debra’s panelists are Bob Arthur, Richard Allan, Touch Conners, Craig Hill, Robert Horton and Dewey Martin.

Set down here is the transcript of their meeting over a cold coke and under a hot spotlight on Stage Seven at Twentieth. Debra hopes their (Continued on page 93)
Red Peppers

(Continued from page 37)

their fiery manes, or somewhere along the way, dunked their tresses in a vermilion-colored rinse.

A blonde tints, and she moves right into the torrid zone in the boy-meets-girl world. A brunette dyes, and she goes glamorous and amorous and gets the urge to set everything around her on fire.

Certainly Wanda Hendrix has changed since she became a redhead. In the days when she was married to Andy Murray, she was self-effacing, demure and seldom had a word to say. Now she's pert, talkative, unpredictable and acts as if she were ready to take a chance on anything.

Rita Hayworth did a complete personality switch when she bleached her ebony tresses and then had them dyed red for the picture, "Strawberry Blonde." It seems more than coincidence that it was just at that time that Rita first started to be squired about by the eccentric Orson Welles. Up until then, she had been definitely on the retiring side. She always reached out for a steady hand to guide her in both her career and her love life. Then suddenly, she was making up her own mind—about everything. And she's never looked back—never once behaved in any way to recall the quiet, reticent girl she used to be.

Rhonda Fleming has changed some spots, too. She never learned to flirt outrageously until her hair turned a real red. There were always reddish tints among the brown, but it was when she decided to do away with the brown completely that things really started to buzz.

Susan Hayward is a natural redhead, and her red-headed personality comes natural too. In the old days, before she was under contract to Twentieth, Susie was constantly on suspension. If she wasn't turning down a role, she was arguing with her bosses. Or she was doing them both at the same time. It didn't take Hollywood long to learn the proper respect for both her temper and her temperament.

Her closest friends will tell you that it's impossible ever to know just exactly what's on her mind. She's likely to do anything at any moment, and when her eyes start to flash—watch out! To be around her, the story goes, is like putting a touch of cayenne pepper on a ham sandwich.

The only person who can possibly keep Susan in tow is her husband, Jess Barker. His system? Let her have her own way—or let her think so!

Just the same, Jess takes no chances with Susan's peppery temperament. Recently, when a national magazine asked Jess to write an article on "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," he declined with a quiet, "Over my red-headed wife's dead body!"

Arlene Dahl used to be a sweet little blonde. Lovely to look at, but not at all exciting. Men gazed at her and thought about a boy. Her two kid sisters were filled with a great desire to keep her from all harm. Now, with her curl's glinting coppery against the California sun, the guys take one look and forget they ever had a mother—let alone a kid sister.

When she was still married to Lex Barker, he made the mistake of calling her a "small-town hick." Arlene's red temper flared. She got herself a divorce—brightened her hair by several shades—and wound up with Fernando Lamas, who seems to have no complaints at all. She's apparently enough of a big-town girl for a big-town boy like him.

Piper Laurie is another red-headed gal who's voltage keeps stepping up bit by bit. When she first began to brighten her hair—on studio orders—she was a cute little

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kitten. But gradually, as the red's being getting redder and redder, she's been turning into a dangerous tiger cub.

It wasn't so long ago that her dates were almost exclusively with Leonard Goldstein—old enough to be her father, and protective as a man can be. Then came the switch. And Piper—no longer meek little Piper—astounded the town by snatching one of its most appealing newcomers, Carlos Thompson. And snatching him, if you please, right out of the arms of the dynamic brunette, Yvonne DeCarlo.

Maureen O'Hara never really tested the magnetic lure of her natural red hair until she went to Mexico. Those Latinos set up such a clamor about her titian tresses that, for the first time, she began to realize the true value of her feminine wares.

Perhaps her marriage to Will Price was heading for the rocks anyway. But her trek south of the border—and her new awareness of herself—wound it up.

Deborah Kerr, another natural redhead, has always allowed her British reserve to conceal her fiery nature. If she had been a native of any other country, she probably would have skyrocketed across the Hollywood scene like a jet plane. Recently, she's been allowing her real self to peek through a little, and the movie industry is beginning—at last—to sit up and take notice. She's been given the chance to play a torrid role in "From Here to Eternity," and a chance for her natural red-headed magnetism to show through!

As Deborah views it, "I'm finally being allowed to take off that tiara Hollywood placed on my head. I'm even posing for photos in some very scanty attire. And it's all in the script!"

As far as Jeanne Crain's public is concerned, Jeannie's not the gal she used to be before she dyed her hair. But the evidence, so far, is that the public is letting its imagination run away with itself—in this one case.

Her husband, Paul Brinkman, who, perhaps, knows her better than anyone else in the world, says she's not one whit different from the chestnut-haired girl he married.

"Sure, Jeanne's a redhead now," he says, "but not in disposition! We've been married more years than I dare say, but I've never found out how to get her away. She had her hair dyed for her role in 'Vicki,' but the change hasn't made her temperamental. I don't know what other red-headed gals are like, but Jeanne wouldn't get excited if I told her I was flying to Mars tomorrow. No matter what color her hair was, she'd still be as calm as a kitten sleeping in the sun."

But Helen Bore (pronounced Boray) of the Westmore Beauty School, who has dyed the hair of practically everybody who's anybody in the movie industry, says that Paul Brinkman is deluding himself.

"Jeanne will change," are her words. "I've dyed enough hair around Hollywood to know it always makes a difference. People do change their personalities when they change their hair color. Maybe it's because they think they're expected to."

Or maybe—and this seems more likely—maybe they dye their hair to make it match their personalities.

So it isn't any wonder that synthetic as well as real redheads stimulate the minds and the imaginations of everyone they come in contact with. And this reaction—presto!—turns even a gal who once seemed to be almost mousy into a red pepper!

(Rhonda Fleming is in "Those Sisters from Seattle"; Susan Hayward's in "The President's Lady"; Arlene Dahl's next is "Sangaree"; Piper Laurie is in "The Golden Blade").
When asked for explanations, he elaborated. "First of all, there are financial reasons. Say a guy and a girl fall in love. He has good ideas, goes after her and marries and struggles along. If they're in love, maybe it's great. But I don't think I'm the sort who would settle for that. I want a nice house ... a couple of cars ... money in the bank. Nothing else.

And I don't have that kind of money yet."

"While the lights of the room were on, with the ring of the telephone and off again with the click of the receiver. "After eleven o'clock I just have to talk in my sleep," she admitted. In the afternoon editions, the majority of Terry's conversations had been confined to long distance. She and her mother, who was with her on location, had talked to her father in Los Angeles that she didn't believe what she'd seen in the papers. He sat thumbing through a handful of telegram in a stumped sort of way. The well-wishers who hadn't called Tarpon Springs had called Western Union. "Congratulations!" read the thoughtful messages. "Sure you'll both be very happy!" Finally, he filed the wires on the floor."

"The light in the room began to be a mystery that could stand solving. It might be the moon. It might be the young man in the room. It might be the young woman. It might be something learned at the beginning of his career. Before his movie break came along, he was dating a girl named Sue. They'd gone together for several years. Then Bob went into pictures and farther east. They were still going to be a success and one of the initial requirements, he found, was the ability to report to the set clear-eyed and wide awake. Sue didn't take them there. She kept drifting away and finding it hard to come back to the group.

"He'd try to explain why he was leaving a party that showed great promise of going on independent. He'd walk through a scene with his eyes closed the following morning. When the scene played the theatres, there'd be no message flashed on the screen asking the audience to bear with them. Nor would he learn late the night before—being a regular guy. "You can regular guy yourself right out of the business was R. J.'s attitude."

"The light in the room, as it was well understood by the girls he's dated since he signed with Twentieth. The list—a lengthy one—includes such lovelies as Babs Darrow, Melinda Markey, Susan Zanetti, Debbie Reynolds. And now, Terry Moore."

When Bob and Terry learned that they were assigned to "Twelve Mile Reef," they decided to get acquainted, and teamed up for the Academy Award festivities. Terry was a loser in the Oscar sweepstakes, but in Bob's book she was one of the best sports ever nominated.

"You're not my type, ahead," he told her.

"And work," she said. "Hard work."

"You're a girl after my own heart," he said. "Let's get married."

"So they went to a party. In that time those two got together," said their pals.

These were the friends who sent a few hundred words worth of congratulations to Tarpon Springs. "I don't see anything so important about their getting married," said one of them. "It's a lot common. They're both in the picture business. They love it. And they're serious about their work."

"And so they can't spend twenty-four hours a day on a set. Bob's the kind of fellow who likes to drop by a girl's house on the spur of the moment and say 'Come on, let's drive out to the beach.'"

"Terry's the kind of girl who'll grab a bathing suit and say, 'Okay, let's go.'"

"The kid's a great one for sports . . . goes in for tennis . . . but I don't recall mention a few. Terry plays a fine game of golf. She's competition for anybody on a tennis court. And when she puts on skis she doesn't just stand there. The girl can even ski on a water wheel.

"Terry steers clear of the bright-light circuit, for the most part. She likes good music and conversation. Bob hardly goes out at all. She might enjoy it more, unless the floor show is something special."

"They've had the same kind of normal life. Happy family backgrounds. Neither's been near a studio school. They spent their early days as Army Seabees and, generally, some of their best friends are picture people. But they're not at a loss with folks outside the industry."

"They're both twenty-three. They're both eligible. And as for me," the friend concluded, "I was one of the first to wire every best wish I could think of."

While Hollywood accepted the denials of marriage which were being issued from Florida, Hollywood waited to see what would happen. A location site is often pictured as the next best thing to a desert trip. But Tarpon Springs is crowded with friendly citizens who manned the movie company the keys to their city. With the other members of the cast, Terry and Bob appeared to be in no hurry to help the calendar drive. They went to club meetings, sorority teas, local parties.

One night they drove into Tabor City to have a private dinner for themselves. The company was met with considerable enthusiasm. They met a young married couple named Betty and Glenn Rogers, who joined them after dinner. Betty and Glenn wanted to know all about Hollywood. But Terry and Bob were asking the questions. They wanted to know about Betty and Glenn. As they were ready to leave, Bob glanced at the doorway. Apparently an entire dinner party had been assembled for late snack. However, no one was eating. They were standing en masse at the door. Bob and Terry said hello and everyone grabbed menus. And suddenly there was an auto- graph session.

Afterwards they proceeded to Tampa where they were scheduled to make an appearance at a dance held in the Armony. The emcee introduced Terry and Terry, who introduced Bob. "I'd like you to meet one of Hollywood's finest young actors," he said. "And he also sings and dances."

"Thanks, friend," said Bob, who, except for his scenes in "Titanic" (usually cut) confines his singing to the shower and his dancing to well-packed dance floors.

Bob then talked about the location in Tarpon Springs, and "see you later," he said. "Be my guests."

Once back in the car, he glanced at Terry and sighed. "Alone at last."

"Hmmm," said Terry. "But we won't be alone for the whole time. Maybe you realize you invited five thousand people?"

"You can sing and dance for them," he said happily.

Bob and Terry were seen dancing together the following week . . . at a Tarpon Springs high school dance. Whirling in a buckle on the crowded floor, they looked as if they thought they were alone. They were serious, then, like the lady reporter said, there was Key West, Nassau and the moon. And after that, back to California. And no one's heard been to sneeze at the California moon. Not even an ardent Florida fan.

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Lonely Lochinvar

(Continued from page 46)

When he does get into a restless mood, he prowls from room to room, reciting a passage from "Richard III"—imagining himself playing it as well as, or better, than John Barrymore did. Or he cooks up his favorite dish, spaghetti and meat balls, which he can make on an overheated flatiron in an emergency—a talent left over from precocious stage days. Now and then he sings in a rather rich baritone voice.

For all his ability to get along well by himself, however, he's lonely and even all ends a tough poker game—with men only—and plays, as he does everything else, to win.

Six feet tall in his socks, built like a wedge with wide shoulders, slim waist and the easy carriage of a boxer, he looks considerably younger than his thirty-six years. He dressess negligently but with considerable taste when he's away from Yoakum Drive, but at home he prefers to be informal in jeans or slacks and open-necked shirts.

Cochran's casual manner toward himself and life is, no doubt, a hangover from the days when he tried almost everything to ensure an elusive dollar. He was, from time to time, a ranch hand, a fireman, a shipyard worker, railroad laborer and just plain hobo.

"I learned in jungle camps and working on a section crew that no one is very important," he says. "You meet some rare philosophers around a campfire on a railroad right-of-way. If you thought that you were good there was always some grizzled veteran to take the conceit out of you. But I found gentleness and consideration among those tough-whiskered vagrants more often than I have since put myself a few rungs higher up the ladder we call success. And most of all, I learned never to take myself, or life, too seriously."

If you ask him why he decided to become an insurance salesman, he'll give the trouble story goes, "in Eureka, California, the town where I was born. My father was a lumberman, an easy-going man with an itching foot. He sized everything up, one day, and he'd like to take a look at Denver, Colorado. So he loaded the family—mother, my sister Vina and me—and into an old Model T Ford and we started out on a roundabout journey. On the Wyoming prairies we got caught in a blizzard—and ended up in Laramie. Dad liked the place, got a job on the U. P. Railroad and Vina and I started school.

Serving during high school in Laramie that I got bitten by the acting bug. I'd broken training rules on the basketball team and they threw me out. I simply had to do something. I went in for dramatization, but guess I fell in love with the sound of my own voice. Anyway, I never did get over it."

During summer vacations Steve worked as a general hand on a ranch. He got repair dollars a day with room, board and rolling tobacco thrown in. "I wanted to save thirty dollars," he recalls, "the price of a pair of hand-tooled, high-heeled boots, but by the time I propped up that ninth one I didn't need 'em. My legs were as tough as any leather."

He finally decided, though, that staying on top of spooky broncs and playing nursemaid to a bunch of steers didn't do me very well, either in money or future prospects. And it did seem that a little more education wouldn't do any harm. That fall he matriculated at the University of Wyoming, handicapped by a still-enduring broken arm (the result of misjudging a pony that sunshined when it should have crowhopped) and a colossal lack of all kinds of useful information. At the end of the year, with spring turning the sagebrush around Laramie to soft grays and greens, rested a new year. He pooled his resources with another stage-struck boy, a dancer, and they headed for Detroit, Michigan, where Steve had heard there was a little theatre that welcomed new talent.

But the little theatre manager was cool to their offers to put the enterprise on its feet. He said something vague about experience and turned away. They wangled several interviews but all ended the same way. The boys had sworn they were going to "act or starve" and it looked as though the choice was about to be made for them. They had a solemn council on ways and means, and after concluding that they were the only sane people in Detroit, they decided to separate and divide their capital. Steve's share was seventy-five cents and with that in his pocket, he hopped a slow freight train for Flint; there he had heard, fortunes were being made in the sale of patent medicines.

"But that dream blew up," Steve said. "I sold bunkers to people—only a few hundred dollars each."

With his engaging boyish smile, he found it easy to persuade housewives to listen to his sales talk. "I told them that I couldn't keep his prospect's attention on vacuum cleaners. Motherly women pried him with questions and often wound up asking him to stay for dinner. These invitations were, to say the least, for his appalling lack of orders. Sometimes,

A woman's honesty about her personal affairs is like a needle—more intriguing if it is not overly revealing."

ERROL FLYNN

After a meal was over, the woman's husband would have Steve go over his sales talk again, criticizing and offering suggestions. "But they never, never bought any cleaners," Steve said.

Once the middle-aged man opened the door and listened attentively. The young salesman's spirits rose. Here, at last, he told himself, was an order. At last, when he was out of breath, the man began asking searching technical questions about the construction of Steve's cleaner, questions that couldn't be bluff or evaded. When Steve could no longer dream up answers, he began making unfavorable comparisons between machines and the one he was selling. His prospect then led him down into the basement and showed him a whole roomful of cleaners. He turned out to be a professional repair man: "Don't ever knock the other fellow's product, son," he said, "and learn all there is to know about your own."

"Of course I didn't make a sale," Steve says today, "standing talking about vacuum cleaners and asking them if they've had any.

His vacuum cleaner career ended when the sales organization decided it had been advancing Steve expense money long enough without any orders in return.

So he decided all over again that he was simply a natural-born actor and it would be a shame to deprive the stage of his gifts any longer. Once more he laid siege to casting offices. The directors, unfortunately, continued to stare at him as if he had just
Eddie returned a smile.

"You know how kids are," Steve muses. "We were both dedicated to the thee-tuh and, of course, 'kindred souls.' I suppose we fell in love. Anyway, we got married."

"She's in Carmel now, with our ten-year-old daughter, Sandra. Our marriage didn't last very long. How could it? Young dreams fade out and harsh reality intrudes. Marriage isn't kid business."

As to future marriage plans, Steve says, "No I don't think I shall ever marry again. I've got what the psycho-couch boys call a mental block. Oh, it's not an absolute decision. If the time ever comes when I feel that the whole thing must be untangled, I'll do it. Of course, I'm not satisfied with my life. Let's just say that I'm content with my present marital status.

"Most people think that 'now' is 'forever,'" he philosophizes. "It isn't. Life moves on, conditions change, the thoughts that once were long, long thoughts in the heads of youngsters change. Ideals and beliefs shift and wear a different face and there isn't any way of stopping the change. I'm always impatient with writers who glorify youth. Kids don't have a very happy time. They're vulnerable and everything that hits them hurts."

Soon after his marriage, Steve went to Carmel and started a barter theatre, but it seemed doomed to failure from the beginning. When the enterprise collapsed, he joined forces with Denny and Hazel Waterous who were then staging a Shakespeare-war gloriety youth. Kids don't have a very happy time. They're vulnerable and everything that hits them hurts.

After that he shuttled between San Francisco and Hollywood, vainly attempting to associate himself with some producing company with a financial future. But nothing materialized. Finally, he went East for a season in stock with the Greenwood, playing in the open-air Forest Theatre in Carmel. Steve was cast in "Twelfth Night" and "Macbeth."

Next, he took a job firing a steam engine in a sand pit near Del Monte. Then, with callouses on his hands as thick as the sole of a boot, he returned to Hollywood for one last try. Again, he was universally ignored.

At his point and for the umpteenth time he was determined to leave the theatre as flat as it had left him. But he took one last cool look at what he had to offer first.

And he was convinced—all opinions to the contrary—that what he had to offer was worth having. He decided to give acting one more chance. With the munificent sum of six dollars in his pocket, he rode the rods to New York. There the unbelievable happened! He landed a lead in "Without Love," which was to go on the road after closing on Broadway, with Katharine Hepburn and Elliott Nugent. Soon producers appeared bearing contracts. Samuel Goldwyn took an option on his services.

Playing the lead in the play, he finally arrived in Los Angeles where Goldwyn exercised his option. He was in the movies, at last. He appeared in "Wonder Man" and was Danny Kaye's ring opponent in "The Kid from Brooklyn." Next, he was featured in Goldwyn's "The Best Years of Our Lives," and went on to play the leads in such pictures as "Fire Over Hephaestus," "The Damned Don't Cry," "Storm Warning" and many others. He himself is as pleased as with "She's Back on Broadway," and with "The Desert Song," both of which he made under contract to Warner, as with anything he's ever done.

And he's just finished a loan-out assignment for Universal-International, which is a radical departure from his previous roles. It is called "Back to God's Country" and Steve is enthusiastic about it.

You wonder, as he talks about it, if Steve Cochran has ever found his own country.

One would guess that he hasn't. Men like Steve rarely express the strong, tough emotions knocking about in their own hearts. And yet, to such men, the future always beckons. For Steve, tomorrow is another day.
Look What’s Happening to Farley!

(Continued from page 51)

He has given up his lone-wolf existence, is dating socially, and an indication that he’s having a wonderful time. He has buried the hatchet with Sam Goldwyn.

He is again cooperative with the press, to the extreme of giving eleven interviews within a three-week period.

Why has Farley burned those bridges? There are several reasons. Take this business of dating and girls.

When Farley and Shelley Winters went together, they had a great deal in common, understood one another and were comfortable in each other’s company.

Once Shelley was hired, if she wasn’t dating Farley for publicity reasons. And she replied, “If I dated for publicity, I’d go out with Lassie.”

When Shelley married Vittorio Gassman, Farley and Shell were all back in the room. publicity and their interest in him as a person is superficial at best.

Even if Farley didn’t resent being a foil to a date, there would be little about such a girl to attract him. For Farley has his own definite ideas as to what constitutes an alluring woman.

First of all he’s not the flashy type who poses for pinups on a bear-skin with two much make-up on her face and too little of everything elsewhere.

“What’s exciting about this type of girl?” Farley asked for myself, I’d be embarrassed. If I weren’t embarrassed, I’d be bored. I’ve never seen it fail, when girls haven’t much on below the neck, they have very little on above it.

Farley talks from experience.

One night he was invited to a big party at a friend’s house. In the midst of changing his eyes fell upon a gorgeous-looking girl across the table.

She was poured into a low-cut, tight-fitting dress. Farley called over the host for an introduction.

All those “some enchanted evening” stories are bound by unwritten law to have a happy ending.

“But,” says Farley, “I should have stayed across that crowded room.

“From a distance the girl had an air of excitement about her. After five minutes with her, I began wondering whatever caught my interest. It was as if someone had once told her and shows every indication to prove it. Therefore, her every calculated gesture defeated itself. A smart girl should do what comes naturally.

“Why is this,” Farley is quick to point out, “intelligence and sex appeal go together. Wise girls know you can’t turn sex on or off like a water tap or buy it for the price of a strandless gowm. There’s room to sex appeal that meets the eye. It doesn’t vanish with the first grey hair or wrinkle.

“Take Garbo,” Farley says. “In my opinion she was the queen of sex appeal. Yet in her private life her slacks, bulky caps, and floppy hats were a trade mark. I can’t recall her ever posing for publicity pictures in a bathing suit. She didn’t have to. Her air of mystery radiated sex. As people were dazzled over Farley’s attraction to Shelley during the two years they dated. But to Farley, Shelley had a tremendous amount of appeal.

It was stimulated by her zest for life, vitality and great spirit of fun. These ingredients, Farley feels, are the essence of sex appeal. It’s an attitude that comes from within, he states.

Dawn Addams, the girl responsible for Farley’s return to the spotlight, has this.

Raised in the English countryside and educated in London, Dawn, at twenty-two, has enough of the traditional British reserve to give her a quality of mystery; she has intelligence far above her years and an appreciation of literature, the arts and theatre which equals Farley’s.

Although Dawn and Farley began dating this past winter, they first met three years ago. Dawn was nineteen at the time they exchanged only a few idle words.

When Farley and Shelley were vacationing in Europe, Dawn was in London making “The Hour of Thirteen.” By this time, Farley had accepted the part of a real buddy. So along with a British actor Dawn was dating, they made a merry foursome, Dawn and her beau showing the sights, Farley and Shelley absorbing every bit of them.

From London, Farley hopped over to Paris for a few days and Shelley went on to Rome, where as everyone knows she met and fell in love with Vittorio.

Wherever the Hollywood Shelly showed up, Shelley determined to play matchmaker.

“Why don’t you take Dawn out?” she’d insist time and again to Farley.

“Uh huh. go do it,” Farley would mumble. Absorbed, however, with career problems and other matters, he never did anything about it.

But Shelley is not a girl to be side-tracked. She has in mind set.

A few days before little Vittoria was born, Dawn had a baby shower in Shelley’s honor. Vittoria was in Rome, and Shelley, in no condition to drive alone late at night, asked Farley to take her back and take her home.

When Farley arrived at Dawn’s house the other guests had gone. The three started talking, and after a couple hours sped by. “Can we continue this sometimes?” Farley asked Dawn.

“I love to, Dawn replied.

Shelley just beamed and a bridge came tumbling down.

Farley’s dates with Dawn haven’t been confined to parties and parties. Often they go to quiet little places for dinner.

“Sometimes they visit Shelley or see a movie. Other times their get-togethers can hardly be classified as dates at all.

Dawn might be spending an evening at home when the doorbell rings. It’s Farley.

“Care to have a cup of coffee?” he’ll ask.

“Have some on the stove. Come on in.”

Dawn’s apartment is so charming and bohemian one would think it was on the left bank in Paris or a chateau in California. This is the atmosphere in which Farley feels most comfortable. They’ll have their coffee and talk till the cows come home. There’s no stopping Farley when he gets going on a subject—whether it concerns the state of the world or a new book.

Always, Farley is gracious and stimulating. He’s quick to debate a point right down the line. He’s agile, mind and ready wit and knows how to make the most of both when telling a story.

No one appreciates this more than Dawn—either in a private conversation at her home or a public appearance at a party. One night at Cy Howard’s they talked till 6:00 A.M.

Farley doesn’t have to worry about the possibility of Dawn using their relationship for publicity purposes ever.

During the three years Dawn has been in Hollywood she has made no effort to get into the publicity bandwagon. When she
was at Metro she was chastised for her refusal to pose for cheese-cake or go along with a trumped-up "romance." Through-out the filming of her most recent film, "The Moon Is Blue," the publicity department of U.A. found Dawn a most cooperative actress and a not-so-cooperative headline hunter.

A few weeks ago she finally consented to pose for a magazine picture-story about a day in the life of a young actress. At five she asked the photographer to excuse her so she could dress for a date. She didn't mention her date was Farley Granger.

"You have a date? Wonderful!" explained the photographer. "That's just what I need to complete the layout."

"I'm sorry," said Dawn, "but I won't ask my date to pose."

The photographer was insistent.

Reluctantly Dawn called Farley. "I'd love to do it," Farley volunteered. Aware of Dawn's apologetic attitude, he added, "Now stop worrying your little head about it."

The photographer got an unexpected bonanza. But Dawn didn't stop worrying her little head about it and still considers it the most embarrassing experience she's had since dating Farley.

Dawn and Farley are quick to assure everyone that theirs is not a romance. Both readily admit, however, that they enjoy each other's company tremendously. This dashingly intellectual young man and that vibrant serious-minded girl complement each other beautifully.

Another bridge Farley is putting to the torch stretches between his former nomadic existence and his future as a man of property. It's an established fact that Farley has moved from apartment to apartment with lightning speed.

"No sooner," his friends say, "do you think Farley is happily settled in West Hollywood, than you learn he's living in a secluded beach house in Malibu. So you drive out to Malibu and discover he's situated somewhere in the Hollywood Hills."

Farley has always admitted that he changes his address more often than the average guy, but he has insisted that these moves were for practical reasons rather than because of any discontent or restlessness on his part.

"Why should I continue to pay high rent on an apartment I'm not occupying when I go out of town?" he'd argue. "It's easier and less expensive to store my things and find a new place when I return."

Lately these arguments have failed to ring true, even to himself. In spite of his never-diminishing desire to travel, Farley has now realized that a fellow has to have roots. He needs a place to hang his hat. Someplace that would be so nice to come home to, whether it's after a day at the studio or a year around the world. Such a place, to Farley, would have to be his own—right from roof to foundation.

He originally planned to build a house. But after becoming involved with blueprints, building costs, construction problems and city ordinances he decided he'd better off if he bought one already built. So whenever possible, Farley hops into his car and Investigates every "For Sale" sign from Sunset Strip to Pacific Palisades.

This is pretty rough going on his automobile, to say nothing of its driver, but when he sees his dream house, he'll know it. The house may be modern, rustic or old English. It could be located in Westwood, Bel Air or Brentwood. But it exists somewhere, and somehow Farley is sure to find it. When he does, he'll know he's home.

Career-wise, Farley once again is home. The most difficult bridge of all to burn is now a heap of smoldering ashes. Behind him lies his feud with the Goldwyn Studios. This feud began four years ago when Farley told Sam Goldwyn he was tired of the moody-youth roles he was playing. When he took a suspension and went off to Europe, bad feelings flared up all around. He went back on salary when he returned but the peace was not permanent.

Goldwyn was furious with Farley when he refused to work at Universal-International in "The Golden Blade." For three months Farley remained on suspension, forfeiting a salary of several thousand dollars a week. But it is indicative of the change in Farley to note that this time he didn't go running off to Europe. He remained in Hollywood and worked out the difficulties sensibly.

Now Farley is to be given more opportunities to display his versatile talents as an actor. He in turn agreed to make appearances with "Hans Christian Andersen." And since Mr. Goldwyn has nothing on his immediate schedule suitable for Farley, a loanout to M-G-M is brewing.

Farley is particularly happy about his two recent M-G-M pictures, "Small Town Girl" and "The Story of Three Loves." He thinks they have charming stories and offer great entertainment values.

Farley enjoys doing comedy; he doesn't however, want to be typed. He will be completely content when he gets the opportunity to play the field in acting.

"Of course," he grins, "before I plan on anything I better find out how Granger comes on in 3-D."

There's one more bridge left for Farley to burn. It lies between his bachelor days and a future with someone he loves. Farley will burn that bridge when he comes to it. For just around the corner, there may be someone waiting to help him strike the match.
Zonite

How a wife can hold on to married happiness (Continued from page 31)

jealousy may not be entirely unfounded.
The facts in the case are these: Jane
was to work at Warners on loanout from
M-G-M only a few short weeks after
the birth of her second baby, Suzanne Ilene.
In her new picture, "Three Sailors and a
Girl," she was working for the first time
with Gene Nelson. Shortly after the
completion of the movie, Jane and her hus-
band Geary shocked Hollywood with the
admission that everything was not well
with their marriage, but they were trying
to work out their problems. Last week
Jane and Geary appeared together in
Hollywood, and when Geary embarked on
a new business venture—selling small Eng-
lish cars, in addition to his regular in-
surance business—Jane was the first to
make known that she had not been in the
company. But only ten days later, as Jane
was leaving Hollywood for night-club en-
gagements in Toronto and Las Vegas, she
admitted that on her return in six weeks
she would most likely file for divorce
from Geary.

There are, however, other facts bearing
on the case which are vitally important
to it. In the meantime, Gene Nelson and
his wife Miriam had separated and Miriam
had gone to New York. Gene was booked
for night-club engagements in Toronto and
Las Vegas—and it seemed more than co-
incidental that Gene would be in each city
at the same time Jane was there.

When Jane and Gene started work to-
together, insiders say, it was one of those
things that wasn't planned or expected: the
singer and the dancer simply discovered
that they liked each other very much.

Trouble had been brewing in the Gene
Nelson household for some time. Although
they made public appearances together
they were having obvious disagreements
on which they refused to make any state-
ment. After Gene's wife, Miriam, went to
New York—still issuing no statement other
than that she was visiting her sick father
there—Gene was often seen in a threesome
with Jane and her husband Geary.

It was, perhaps, only a coincidence that
therefore when Jane and Geary were seen
arguing in public, Gene was usually in the
background. At that time, however, Jane
and Geary denied that they were having
any serious trouble; particularly that Gene
might be connected with it. "We never in-
vented Gene out after his wife left him,"
Geary said. "He wasn't too happy." And
Hollywood insiders, wanting to believe that
everything was all right with Jane and
Geary, asked no further questions.

But there were those rumors that Jane
and Gene were spending an astonishing
amount of time rehearsing a couple of very
tedious dance routines for their picture.

Miriam Nelson, making no statement as

to the cause of the trouble in her own
household, declared that any chance for a
reconciliation seemed remote. She retained
a lawyer, saying that she had not yet de-
cided whether to ask for a divorce or for
a legal separation. And when Gene tried
to call her in New York she was unavail-
able.

Jane and Geary were vacationing at the
Racquet Club in Palm Springs one week-
end when the first hint of open trouble
came. When Jane returned to Hollywood,
she told columnists that she and her hus-
band had argued, but that maybe they
could "iron everything out"—which is one
way of saying in Hollywood that they
might come to a real reconciliation, before
it was too late. Two evenings later they ap-
ppeared together at a cocktail party, before
most people even realized they had sepa-
rated. Even those who knew of the rift were
loath to admit that another "perfect mar-
rriage" had come to an end.

This marriage of Jane and Geary, with their years together,
and their two lovely children, really stood
for something solid in the eyes of most of
Hollywood.

Thus it was that Jane's statement that
she expected to file for divorce came as a
shocking disappointment to movietown. But
her arthritis, if anything, had owed to
her wealth and beauty, after all; her woes
outweighed everything else, and as Jane
left for her own night-club engagements
which would keep her away from move-
town for six weeks, she said that on her
return she would probably file for divorce
from her young husband. Even before she
issued her statement insiders were specu-
lat ing that she might file for divorce in
Las Vegas. This Jane denied. She admitted,
too, that there was a remote possibility of
making up with Geary; if her feelings had
changed by the time she came back, Jane
said, she and Geary would attempt to
patch up their marriage.

Geary has issued no recent statement, but
there is no doubt that he has tried des-
perately to save his marriage, that he
would like to give it another try. At first
he had planned to accompany Jane on her
trip to Toronto and Las Vegas, but these
plans changed with Jane's announcement
that she might file for divorce.

How the marriage breakdown will affect
the careers of both Jane and Gene is still
a question. Gene is now free from his War-
er Brothers contract and has had night-
club offers and offers from other movie
studios in Hollywood.

As for Jane, the problem is somewhat
different. Although she has been married
four years and is the mother of two chil-
dren, she has faced difficulty in finding
suitable roles. Her last notable screen, Move-
goes, like Hollywood, have always pointed
with pride to her marriage as one of the most
solid in Hollywood. She has often been
cited as an outstanding example of a hap-
py young marriage—and most of Holly-
wood still hopes that somehow she and
Geary will again find their way together,
for the sake of the children as well as for
their own happiness.

The End

Marriage at the Crossroads

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**INSIDE STUFF**

(Continued from page 33)

a jitterbug contest dancing with her “son” . . . . It used to be Terry Moore and Nicky Hilton. Now it’s Terry and Bob Wagner: Nicky Hilton and Nora Haymes.

**Thoughts in Passing:** History has a way of repeating itself in filmmintown. Twenty-six years ago an unknown, Lucille Le Sueur, walked through the M-G-M studio gates for the first time. This month, as Joan Crawford, she returns to the same studio, scene of her first triumphs, to star in “Torch Song” . . . . The perplexing behavior of Gloria Grahame who evidently has been hurt by life and can’t quite overcome her defensive attitude. Since winning an Academy Award, however, she does deserve an E for effort in trying to be cooperative . . . . The aura of loneliness surrounding Anne Baxter since parting from John Hodiak. Anne left Hollywood to spend some months in Europe, where she will star in “Carnival.” Her co-star will be lonely Steve Cochran.

**Family Style:** While Jimmy Stewart devotes every spare second to boosting the cancer drive fund, his Gloria teaches a Beverly Hills Sunday school class . . . Esther Williams and Ben Gage hope their third baby will be a girl, because, they kiddingly crack, “We could use another waitress in our Trails Restaurant!” . . . John Derek and his Patti expect their second child this fall . . . And Virginia Mayo and Mike O’Shea are starry-eyed over the impending arrival of their first . . . Good friends, the Ray Millands and the Randy Scotts, never go near night clubs. They prefer to invest a set sum each month in United States Savings Bonds for their children . . . The William Holdens opened the summer season with a general invitation to the neighborhood kiddies to use their swimming pool. They made only one stipulation: the mothers must take turns at pool sitting!

**Literary Lights:** Hollywood has been bitten by the writing bug with some of its products already on the national best-seller lists. Dale Evans Rogers’ book about her and Roy’s daughter, “Angel unaware,” is the poignant story of their love for a daughter doomed to die. Alyce Canfield, and Mervyn LeRoy one of our town’s best directors, teamed up to write an aptly titled top seller, “It Takes More Than Talent.” Lionel Barrymore is on the bookstalls with a novel, “Mr. Cantownie: A Moral Tale,” and sister Ethel is finishing her memoirs for publication.

**Short Change:** Since she became engaged to Dr. James McNulty, Ann Blyth is a new woman. Too serious and sometimes too humorless, she now laughs, talks and even tells jokes at parties . . . Once upon a time Van Johnson didn’t want his wife to work. When Ann Sothern needed Evie for a role in her television series, not only did Van give his consent, he went one better and bribed a bunch of kids to wait outside the studio and ask Mrs. J. for her autograph! . . . Joan Evans looks so natural these days, some people don’t recognize her. For the first time since she was fourteen and starting in pictures, her hair is back to beautiful black again.

**Oops:** Cal caught up with lovely Anne Francis recently and congratulated her on her first wedding anniversary. We took to talking about winning awards. Had Annie ever come close to winning one? “Very close,” she laughed. “At the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal Award dinner, I stood in back of Joan Crawford. Just as I stooped to pick up my glove, Miss Crawford swung around with her framed certificate and let me have it. That’s how close I came!” . . . Joan Rice, the leading lady in “His Majesty O’Keefe,” lost her vaccination certificate. To enter the U. S. from their Fiji Islands location, she had to show immigration officials her vaccination scar—on her hip!

**Famous First Words:** Apropos of the time Zsa Zsa Gabor refused to broadcast with George Sanders and kid their marriage, she says: “I wasn’t an actress then, so I didn’t understand what was expected of me!” . . . Says June Allyson who practically patrolled the aisles the night Hollywood saw “Split Second” at the Academy Award Theatre: “Dick Powell was still wasn’t well enough to attend the preview. It’s his first directorial job, he was anxious, I substituted for him. Now I know how he felt waiting for me outside the delivery room in the hospital!”

**Predictions:** That Bette Davis and Gary Merrill will become the most successful husband and wife team in pictures, when they find that “right” script they want to produce together . . . That John Forsythe will zoom to stardom. M-G-M and U-I now share this stage actor’s contract, and Dar- ryl Zanuck tried twice to borrow him . . . That the tremendous trouping of Alexis Smith in “Split Second” (it’s the talk of Hollywood) will at long last give her the recognition that’s been due her . . . That Gene Autry, despite those reports, will not forsake movies. He’ll be around in a 3-D picture in the near future . . . That no matter what the gossips try to cook up, Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis will hold on to their marriage. Their trip East with the Jerry Lewises is one more proof—for those who need proof handed to them.
MIKE AND HIS MOTHER

Photoplay's youngest cover boy, Mike Wilding Jr., doesn't know he's a sixty-thousand-dollar baby! That's what M-G-M figures it cost Liz in time off from films. But to Mom and Pop, he's a million-dollar baby!

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(Continued from page 38)

of violets at the front squarely on top of the gray blouse.

Riding back, Rosie stayed hidden under her coat until they reached the bridge which took them into the main part of town, and her grandmother kept patting her head under the coat and saying, "You poor child. You poor child."

Aside from worrying about Rosemary's health, Mrs. Guilfoyle is happy as a clam about her granddaughter's success. A week or so after this, the newspaper Rosie called her up from New York.

"You remember that big picture of you the had hanging over the bank?" said the old lady.

Rosie remembered—had been at least eight feet square.

"Well," said Grandmother Guilfoyle, "They gave it to me."

"What in the world are you going to do with it?"

And back in Maysville, Mrs. Guilfoyle's face took on a patient expression. "Why, hang it in your bedroom, of course!"

Rosemary can't wait to see that one wall almost completely covered by her face. This is partly because of her love for her grandmother, partly because of Rosie's delightful sense of humor, and partly, it must be supposed, because she is a ham.

Rosemary Cloney is one of those rare phenomena in show business, the unknown who with one performance bursts into the bright light of a world. Here is a woman with a remarkable rendition of "Come-on-a My House" brought a fortune rolling into the coffers of Columbia Records. It also put Cloney on the map of modern-day thrushes. With her warm but coldly, "mysteriously," fans of popular music began to snap up everything Rosemary had ever recorded. This included her records for children; young mothers across the country noted with satisfaction that for the pint-sized trade, Cloney can switch her voice to a quality that suggests mother love, Alice in Wonderland and the 4-H Club. People came to the two Canal Street conclusions that Rosie is the most versatile singer of our day.

Among those so impressed were the executives of Paramount Studios, who tested Rosemary and put her into a half-hearted play, "Rose," by John Capp. The result of this film which was being planned in a lukewarm manner. The daily rushes brought a revelation. The Cloney girl was not only a born nightingale—she had a personality that bounded off the screen. So thrilled conferences were held, the script was changed to give the public much more of Rosie, and the picture was built into a top-budget number designed to make the whole world Cloney-conscious.

The name Rosemary Cloney has a distinctive flavor of its own, perhaps because the name Cloney is, despite its Irish origin, the name of one in United States. When the clan resided in France centuries ago the name was undoubtedly spelled as Cluny, then when the men decided to shift to Ireland it was changed to the Irish spelling of Cloney. It is a pixie-ish sounding name which coincides with Rosemary's own bright quality.

When Rosemary was a kid back in Maysville, and her sister Betty and brother Nicky soon ceased to be bothered by the fact that their name conveniently rhymed with such uncompromising adjectives as difficult, but Betty says that Rosie feels highly complimentary that cartoonist Al Capp has seen fit to weave one of his delightful satires around a character named Rosie Cooney, and she jokingly remarks that the one fine thing about a name like Rosemary Cloney is that it takes up so much space on a marquee there is no room for competition.

Where Rosemary herself is concerned, there is no room for competition. She treats every song she sings as lovingly as though it were her own creation and projects a warmth that draws audiences to her. There is something about her that inevitably reminds people of other actresses. Some say she has the Carole Lombard face. Another claims she has the attitude, yet strong, square-jawed personality of Ann Sothern. Of course, others remark that the heart put into her singing reminds them of Judy Garland. In the final analysis, Cloney is herself. Her hard work, her honesty, her sense of fairness—all are a result of her inherent personality and her environment.

Rosemary was the eldest of three children, all of whom began singing before they learned how to make mud pies. It was an inclination that was to lead all of them into show business where all of them were destined to succeed.

When their parents separated, Grandfather Cloney made an immediate bid to take Rosie and Betty into his house. A dominant man who had practiced law and then been elected Mayor of Maysville, he doted on his first grandchild and had insisted from the moment of her birth that she must some day be a lawyer. In his home, the two small girls lived a fairy-tale life in a fairy-tale fashion. There were down quilts in the bedroom, shiny bicycles in the garage, and a maid in the kitchen to distribute fancy cookies. They were decked in ruffles and didn't care a crape in the world.

Rosemary was nine when her Grandmother Cloney died, and after that she and Betty moved in with their Grandfather Cloney, a large, comfortable man who had borne nine children and become a widow when the youngest was three. She had taken Nicky at the time of the divorce, and her two youngest children were her parents. But Cloney Guilfoyle had no illusions about life. It was difficult and sometimes very sad, and she gave her new charges a great deal of hardship and love. Her household afforded none of the luxuries the Cloney sisters had recently known, yet they took to the fuller life immediately, shedding their furibows and going barefootly to that September Saturday house. There was a big one and the kids pitched in to help, soon learning that work gives life a greater meaning. Rosemary has never forgotten it and is still today one of the hardest working people in the entertainment world.

The sisters began their professional careers when Rosemary was seventeen and Betty was fifteen. Rosemary was called to sing practically anything at practically any hour for Cincinnati's radio station WLW. This went on for more than a year before band-leader Tony Pastor hit Cincinnati looking for a new vocalist. He heard the Cloney sisters and was so impressed that he ended up with two singers instead of one.

Because they were minors earning money they were wards of the state, and Uncle George didn't know what to do. So six years Rosie's senior, got the job of chaperone, George was a likeable young man immediately accepted by the boys in the band, but when he took over the duties so he leaned like an oger over their lives. Uncle George approved of very few liberties for young ladies, and his censorship stretched so far that his young cousin...
were not even permitted to talk alone to band members. The only thing that ever got past him was Rosie's romance with a guitar player.

She was nineteen then, and the band was playing the Palladium in Hollywood. Rosie and her guitar player managed a few fast words alone when they were backstage, and pretty soon began sending each other notes behind Uncle George's back. Through these billets doux they decided they were in love and would get married, and it was arranged that they should meet after the show and find a minister who was still awake.

That night Uncle George accompanied Rosie to their boarding house on Vine Street and said goodnight at the foot of the stairs. Rosie hiked up three flights, entered the room she shared with Betty and began packing a small bag.

"What," said Betty, rolling over in bed, "do you think you're doing?"

"Sh-h-h," said Rosie, pointing a finger at the floor, under which was Uncle George's room. "He'll hear you! I'm going to get married."

"Married!" Betty sat bolt upright.

Rosie shoved a pillow in her sister's face. "For heaven's sake, be quiet! He'll find out!"

"You bet he'll find out," said Betty. Although only sixteen, Betty was an astute young lady, at that moment much more so than her older sister. Rosemary had recently made her first recording and critics said she held much promise, so Betty felt only horror at the thought that Rosie could give up a budding career for a two-room flat and a daily fare of macaroni and cheese. Betty flounced out of bed and ran down the stairs in her bare feet to pound on Uncle George's door. Apprised of the elopement plan, Uncle George spent the night sitting just outside her door.

The next day, under the haggard eyes of Uncle George, the bewildered guitarist met Rosie backstage at the Palladium. "What happened to you?" he said. "I waited half the night."

Rosie grimaced and jerked her head toward Uncle George and a triumphant Betty. "She told him—the crowd.

It has turned out, and no one knows it better than Rosemary, that everything happened for the best. Barely six years have passed. Yet in that time she has earned for herself one of the most promising careers, friends by the hundreds, fans by the thousands, and a fabulous income.

Along with this life in the higher echelons, she is also the proud owner of an Aleutian mink coat, a plush garment which Rosie candidly tosses over her arm in all but the hottest of weather.

Its purchase was not made in an effort to impress others—Rosemary Clooney is not that kind of a person. It was simply because all her life she had had a passion for furs and at last could satisfy her yearning. In preparation for the lucky day she spent years gawking at the furs that whooshed by her. She wasn't afraid to stare nor to let dangle over the back of her chair what she hoped was a casually placed hand when there was a mink approaching. Fortified with such fur lore she set out to buy her own mink, accompanied by her manager Joe Shribman, who must give his permission for Rose's large expenditures. Joe knows that mink is not for paupers, but he was unprepared for Rose's determination to acquire a collection from the Aleutians. Faye Emerson owned the only other Aleutian mink in New York that year, and Rosemary had drooled too often at the sight of it not to try for one of her own. She slipped into one and Joe whistled his appreciation.

"It's lovely, Rosie," he said. "Walk over that way so I can get a better look at it." It was indeed a thing of beauty, thought Shribman. Then he asked the price.

"Seven thousand dollars," said the clerk.

He gulped twice, and Rosie still swears that his eyes bulged slightly.

"Is it warm?" he asked.

In all probability none of this would have been possible had not Betty Clooney squealed to Uncle George Guilfoyle on that night long ago, and today Rosemary feels only gratitude for the interference. George is now deeply imbedded in show business himself, having become manager for Betty, who records for the Coral label.

The professional parting of the sisters was a painful one, and yet another example of Betty's consideration for Rosemary. For three years they had crossed and criss-crossed the United States with the Tony Pastor band, doing one-night stands in cities they had never seen and hamlets they'd never heard of. It was a rough and tumble existence out of battered suitcases. Rosie, who takes off her shoes at the slightest opportunity, left a trail of lost shoes from Seattle to Miami Beach. By that time, band managers Joe Shribman and Charlie Trotta were so enchanted with Rosemary's voice that they had become her personal managers, and in 1949 they arranged a contract with Columbia Records.

Although Rosemary continued to travel with the Pastor orchestra, packing her clothes in the same suitcases with those of her sister, she knew the day was not far off when she would have to make the break. Recording artists must take advantage of the local fever that springs up over their latest songs and hit the night clubs in those particular areas. Betty knew it, too, and one night in Elkhart, Indiana, she announced to Rosemary, 'I'm

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She is beginning to wish, however, that she could settle down, that she could keep her breadth fresh in a house rather than in her purse. Currently she keeps an apartment in New York and rents a house in Beverly Hills. But Rosemary is too much of a small-town girl to feel at home in a rented house. She wants a place of her own and is shopping for one now that a movie contract will enable her to stay in one place for a few weeks at a time.

There is always the possibility, of course, that she will one day settle into a home as Mrs. X, but what the X might stand for is anybody's guess. About two years ago she was dating comedian Dave Garro-

penning down either sister would be difficult even for the FBI. In their world of high pressure and hoopla they must be ready to fly to far-off cities at the drop of a contract, and the pace of their work-

During the days of traveling with the band, Rosemary felt an occasional pang that she had not gone to college. She never sang at hundreds of college proms, and watched with envy from the rostrum as boys and girls of her own age forgot their studies to dance dreamily to her own warbling. She has since concluded that her education has been valuable in its own way.

She has learned about life and about people, which is more than comes of most college educations, but nevertheless she continues to be an avid reader. She reads constantly, anything and everything from the brighter parts of history to the dull messages printed on cereal boxes. If print is in front of Rosemary's eyes, she'll read it. It's the only relaxation that can be enjoyed in ten minutes or one minute, and Cloney has paid a fortune to airlines because she insists on carrying a suitcase of half-finished books.

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They're Never Too Young To Be Old

I remember shortly after the marriage, Bogey came home and heard her bawling the pants off the grocer. He pretended to be shocked and told her she had no right to talk to anyone like that. "What was it all about?" he wanted to know. "The man had the nerve," said Bacall, "to say he'd close our account because we weren't buying enough with him." This made Mr. B. mad, naturally, and after consigning the grocer to the hottest place, he inquired, "One way, the way how much did we spend last month?" "I only charged a head of lettuce last month," said his wife defiantly. He made her write him a letter of apology. She was in awe of Bogey then. I don't think she'd write that letter now.

Bogart is another husband who hates to spend money unless he absolutely has to. But his young wife got him to buy Hedy Lamarr's hilltop snuggery for $100,000, and after last year's flood marooned them, she used witchery or hypnosis to make him come across with $200,000 for their present Holmby Hills palace next door to the Alan Laddys. Betty, incidentally, has always been shocked by a free and easy approach to marriage. "I can't understand it," she once told me. "If I marry, it's for keeps."

David Selznick can give Jennifer Jones a good twenty-five years, and he used to give her-you know—what in the early days of making pictures was an all-male, one-woman man, but Jennifer has never been able or willing to cope with more than one at a time. So when David flirted with girls at parties, she flossed out and went home before he could say, "I'm sorry."

This running-away tactic served her as well as it did Mr. Granger. When she flew to Switzerland, David O.'s plane was right on her tail. And that's how it's been since. He adores her so much he's a nuisance, sending dozens of memos to the producers of her pictures, and guarding her bride from the press as if she were the Hope diamond or something.

Selznick has been accused of coming between Jennifer and the late Robert Walker. No one can break a good marriage. But David was someone she could turn to when poor Walter was unable to cope with her growing success. David was a rock, albeit a crude leaning post—and about as subtle as a Mack truck when it comes to money. But the marriage looks good from this distance.

Mike O'Shea is forty-seven. Wife Virginia Mayo is twenty-six. But if you know of a bigger success than this marriage, I don't tell me. I don't know any other wife who'd pay, cheerfully or morosely, $25,000 of her own money to her husband's former wife. Sure the judge made her, but some marriages might have cracked under the strain. This mating was made in Hollywood, but it looks like heaven. And more like heaven than ever, now that there's a young O'Shea on the way.

Haven't heard too much from Joan Caulfield since she married Frank Ross, at least fifteen years her senior. Frank used to be married to Jean Arthur, and I imagine he's much nearer fifty than forty. He and Joan live very well in a big house on a high hill in Beverly; they are neighbors of the Edgar Bergens, who, by the way, is some twenty-odd years older than his wife. Joan is now starring in television, Frank will have completed "The Robe" in CinemaScope, by the time you read this and the Sun is Shining.

Cary Grant wasn't happy with the wives who were near his own age. But Betsy Drake, twenty years his junior, is getting along all right. Apparently she can do no wrong. She was clever before she hooked
the guy—careful to give no hint of the impending nuptials, because that's how a lot of girls dump him. He was firy and always too embarrassed to talk. But she had a wonderful sense of humor, and when a magazine writer wanted a story omitting the reply to Y and No. When he pressed for elaborate details, she stopped him with, "How much does your magazine sell for?" 'Fifteen cents," he told her. "For fifteen cents," he hesitated, "I can't think your readers are entitled to come into Cary's and my bedroom."

They recently took a trip half way around the world, and prepared for it by betting the suggestion by attending every lecture and travelogue in town dealing with faraway places. She has never cared for night clubs, which younger wives sometimes get the slippers and/or go to bed. She doesn't like dressing up, although pre-marriage Cary dated some of the best-dressed females in town. And how she did it, no one knows, it duited. But, as she Cary spent every minute scraping the stuff themselves—with or without guests around.

It was when she took over his ill-fated radio series based on the "Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House," the marriage stood firm while the network rocked. All they need to be a million per cent happy, is a baby. And maybe they'll adopt some kids if heaven doesn't bless them with their own.

So far, so successful. But of course the May-December love songs sometimes hit a sour note. Olivia de Havilland and elderly Marcus Goodrich, for instance. Olivia was a character in search of a father. She didn't see much of her own dad—he married a Japanese girl following his divorce from her mother. And he always went for older men, including Jack Whitney and John Huston; she was so in love with the fascinating Mr. Huston. And she fell like a ton of bricks for him. He was a greater disciplinarian than the papa in: "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

The story goes that Goodrich even wanted Livvy to be billed as Mrs. Marcus Goodrich in "Romeo and Juliet," which would have surprised Shakespeare, but not anyone who knew de Havilland's husband. Another story has it that when a letter was delivered to the house addressed in her name and was sent unopened with the message that only Mrs. M. Goodrich lived there. It's a fact that when friends of his fifth wife called, they had to pass through to reach her.

There was also the story that Marcus was holding forth at tea one afternoon and when the phone rang and she jumped to answer, he screamed, "Don't you know you don't talk to me that way? I'm talking?" Hard to believe all the stories, but with so much gossip there must have been some truth. My heart really broke for Olivia. She's a bride who will make good in the love department. Hope she has better luck next time.

Often in an unhappy marriage, the young wife has more courage to break it up after the fact. That's what happened with Olivia. And the same for Linda Darnell, who pursued Pev Marley when she was fifteen until she chased him into the wedding circle. But their adopted daughter wasn't very old before Linda decided she'd been chasing a dream that hadn't come true.

Piper Laurie is twenty-one. Len Gold-}

There are two kinds of women. Careless ones who lose their, gloves and careful ones who lose only one glove.

TONY CURTIS

Then there's Bing Crosby and Mona Freeman. Bing is in Europe; Mona was getting ready to go there when a picture built its imperative head and the studio nixed the trip. Mona beffed for years that no one would take her seriously as a grown-up girl, even though she's a dear daughter. If she marries Bing, who is twice her age, she'll have no more problems on this count. Or even if she doesn't marry him. It's a romance all right. But whether the durable type, only time will tell.

Then there's the other side: older wives, younger husbands. After Ginger Rogers married Jacques, a cat meowed, "Glamour actresses now have to watch their girlish figures."

But I'll match Ginger's physique against any twenty-year-old chick's... Brenda Marshall is older than Bill Holden but this is probably the most successful marriage in town... Eleanora Powell can give Glenn Ford a few years, but they're doing fine now... Bette Davis is quite a bit older than Gary Merrill, but she's never going to lose her admirers."

"Bette Davis is quite a bit older than Gary Merrill, but she's never going to lose her admirers."

(Liz Taylor will be in "Elephant Walk," June Allyson in "Remains to Be Seen." Lauren Bacall casts "In How to Marry a Millionaire," and Virginia Mayo's next is "Arizona Outpost.")
Two's Company

(Continued from page 49)

into bud when they first worked together
in Paramount's "Sangaree," and really
blossomed as they finished shooting in
Warner's "Diamond Queen," can't help
wondering if this is their last romance with
love when they go their separate ways career-
wise—even if only temporarily. While
Fernando was plunging into work on "Lost
Treasures of the Amazon" opposite Fernando
Fleming, Arlene was holding out—refusing
to be cast with any other leading man.

Arlene sums it all up in one simple sen-
tence: "Working with Fernando is more stimu-
lation than working with anyone else.
As far as the lady is concerned, the
gentleman, it seems, can do no wrong.
She adores his sense of humor, doesn't
mind how much he teases her (and he teases
er a lot) and seems enchanted with his
fiery bursts of temperment.

And from Fernando's point of view, Ar-
lene is a good-luck charm. She made his first
crude screen test with him when he arrived at M-G-M some two years ago. And it was
as a direct result of this test that he was
given his first Hollywood assignment—in
The Law and the Lady.

"The same way you fell," Arlene admits,
while they were making that test together.
She found Fernando "terribly exciting.
And he was by no means unaware of the
lovely Arlene Wornall's charms and promising
future. She was just as interested in him
for a date almost at once. Interested as
she was, Arlene carried his invitation with,
"But aren't you married?"

"Separated, was Fernando's reply. "Sorry,
but I feel that way just enough."

And that was for the time being.

Not long afterward, Arlene married
Lerx Barker, a state of affairs on which
Fernando seemed then neither inclined
nor qualified to comment.

He has however—since he and Arlene
have been a steady duo—expressed
rather rather colorfully on the subject. He
once said, "All the jokes beginning with 'Shes
been losing her time.'" When it was pointed
out she had been married to Lex Barker,
Fernando quickly countered, "That's just
what I mean. Losing her time."

But they "happily ever after" will be completely
and legally over in October when Arlene's
divorce from Lex becomes final.

And October, to Fernando and Arlene, is
a special month; one of the things they
look at. For it will mark a full year since
they first began their steady dating.

In October, 1932, Arlene was spending
a weekend in Palm Springs, alone except
for her maid, when a couple of hours after
they left, she wandered into a movie and saw
Fernando in "The Merry Widow." Com-
pletely enchanted by his performance, she
took down and saved every single thing the
actor said. She cut out the pictures of the
actor, stuffed them into a portfolio and
showed them to Lex Barker.

"Oh, he's just a lovely fellow. And I
just knew we'd get along," she said.

And perhaps she was right. In the
next few months they were always
there. First the picture business and later
the actual marriage.
Nice Going, Mrs. James

(Continued from page 54)

act when he was thirteen days old. At five he was a circus performer and at fourteen he had left home to travel with bands. He was a tenor soloist and a tap dancer in kiddy reviews in St. Louis before he was old enough to enter grade school, became a chorus girl in Hollywood at the ripe age of twelve.

Neither knew the established security of normal childhood home life. Betty's parents, Con and Lillian Grable, were separated for eight years and finally divorced. The daughter of an ambitious mama, docile Betty knew and respected the country chums, picnics and parties. Harry, a renowned trumpeter with his own band, was the darling of hordes of bobby-soxers. He worked hard and in his spare time he played equally hard.

According to such experts as Dr. Paul Popenoe, marriage counselor, Harry and Betty's marriage was a highly successful one. The lanky jive artist with the Texas drawl married Louise Tobin, a Benny Goodman vocalist, when he was nineteen, family was disturbed; though separated, when Betty met him.

Betty was just sixteen when she told her mother she wanted to marry a saxophone player in Teco Rio's band. Mrs. Grable sincerely surmised that opposition was futile. "Open your mouth," she wrote her husband, "and they'll close tomorrow." Instead she asked Betty not to marry until she was twenty-one. Betty proceeded.

And kept the promise almost to the day, though by then she had switched bridegrooms. A month before her twenty-first birthday she married Jackie Coogan, who as "The Kid" had earned some $1.25 million. Betty was in heaven, thrilled over the huge engagement ring and the church wedding for which she became a "Catholic".

A day before the wedding Jackie's mother phoned, "If you think you're marrying a millionaire you're mistaken; he hasn't a dime." This grim warning bothered Betty for a week; not one week, but two weeks, and the money was the last thing. Betty stood with Coogan through the sordid lawsuit with his mother which proved that his money was gone. But the marriage of the playboy and the pinup queen came apart at the seams.

A divorcee at twenty-two, the platinum blonde with the candy-box complexion really began playing the glamour circuit. Following her terrific success on Broadway in "DuBarry Was a Lady," stage door Johnnies clattered her path. She adopted the American Beauty roses, the champagne, the plushy night clubs.

She was in Hollywood, her first romances—with Victor Mature, Artie Shaw, Ty Power, Desi Arnaz, Lee Bowman, socialite Alexis Thompson, Jack Oakie, an agent, Vic Orsatti. Bob Stack, John Payne—were photographed and when they were over it was just as it had been. It was all fun. But when she met the much older George Raft she really fell in love. That romance lasted for some two and a half years, finally came to an end when Raft's wife, who said there was no future for us, Betty summed it up at the time: "And I won't get over him today, or tomorrow or next week."

But she did. The year was 1943 and she spent much of her time getting over Raft by entertaining at the Hollywood Canteen. Harry James played often for the boys and Betty soon found herself attracted to the tall, lean, quiet guy with cornflower blue eyes. But when her heart was no longer youthful infatuation, Betty was twenty-six and Harry twenty-seven, and both knew instinctively that this was "it." Harry left for New York. She visited him there soon after, parrying reporters' questions. Betty, a saxophone soloist with George Raft. Nor did she tell them that Harry had asked her to marry him.

Four days before their scheduled wedding Harry was in New York and Betty was in Hollywood. They played the hours to learn whether his first wife had really obtained her Mexican divorce.

It was a hectic wedding in a neon-lit garish setting, far from family and friends. The ceremony was held in a hospital room.

Then we bundled our huge wedding cake into the car and drove back to Hollywood—our honeymoon merely a dawn-til-dusk ride on the back seat of a limousine.

Gossip columnists, in theatre parlance, predicted a short run for the marriage. They hastened to point out that the nation's Number One Pinup girl had returned to marriage, only to be married to a man who was being divorced by his first wife. Still, Betty and Harry James ignored all these speculations as common as the grass we stepped on. Harry and Betty secret ace up their sleeves—the abiding love they felt for each other. Later they added the strongest link in a good marriage—children. From the beginning they ad- jured to publicity and neither of the most precious shared hours—and all through the years continued to reveal with great pride July 5th from their calendar. They will admit one problem, however. Anniversary gifts puzzle them.

"There probably isn't another wife in town who would rather have a horse for an anniversary present than a mink coat," grins Betty, "but all the time I've been married, I've wanted a horse. But I'm that character. The most wonderful present Harry ever gave me was what you might call a three-in-one affair: a sweet-faced mare and a little colt, one. And the most romantic was one Harry gave me last Valentine's day. He used to bundle me in a horse blanket while carrying me on his shoulders. And the strangest present was one Harry gave me last Valentine's day. He constantly reminded me of how nervous and excited I get when one of our entries for a race is an old time favorite. So that point for carrying and taking me on my carrying a handkerchief because I noticed it to pieces. Even the studio knows I won't be able to sing the next day, because I report with a foghorn baritone. We used to have put together. It's a nervous horses shot of Vitamin B-12, he bought me a bottle and tied red ribbons and a heart on it. Hasn't helped at all. I still blow my top all the time."

Is there one place she does, however, for at home Betty is a calm, contented wife and mother. And it's around two lovely auburn-haired girls—Vicki, nine, and Jess- lea, five—that the serenity of her new life re- sole. From the beginning of her marriage Betty decided that the only way to keep her two careers on an even keel was by rigidly restricting each to its proper place.

"When we were in a quiet town, and the only event of the evening was a country dance, we'd dress up and go to the dance. If you didn't dance, minor crises turned up after the other. The maid called—but she
only did that once—and asked me to rush right home to settle the problem. Imagine! What did she think I have here at the studio but problems?"

The studio problems Betty handles easily. Two dozen years of dancing and singing in some forty motion pictures have made her a perfectionist. At the same time, they've given her no false sense of her real potential as an actress. When she heard that Preston Sturges had declared she could be a great comedienne if she'd forget her legs, she said simply, "Nuts. It's my legs that made me." Asked to explain what Grable has that has earned her studio more than fifty million dollars and given her one of the largest salaries paid any star at any studio, she flips, "I'm just a gal that truck drivers like." And though she has been three times listed by the Treasury Department as the highest-paid woman in town, she never told a reporter, "Excuse me, please, while I go act. If you can call it that."

At the studio she devotes every bit of her fantastic energy to making the best pictures she knows how. But her firm "no" can be heard across the set when she's asked to hold still for publicity which will cut into her free time with her family—although she has a healthy respect for the fans who have brought her stardom. But she's been all through the rough-and-tumble days when gag publicity was vital. And she just isn't having any more.

Naturally this makes her off-stage life, from a news standpoint, as unexciting as if she were living in Nellie's Apron, Arkansas. And that's how she wants it—though the right spots of trouble may weep. The moment Betty enters her beige Cadillac at 6:30 p.m., she turns off her studio glamour, like a faucet.

"I don't know how some actresses can work day after day and have themselves a ball all night after they have children to bring up," says Betty. "I don't know how they can go traipsing all over the globe and leave their children to be brought up by maids. I've never been to Europe or Mexico or Hawaii...not even to Sun Valley. Harry and I feel that traveling and sight-seeing can wait until the girls are older and we can all go together. Meanwhile I may be a spectator at the races—but never a spectator mother."

This is easy to verify. It's Betty in bathing suit who climbs into the shower to personally suds the soft baby curls of her daughters; who shops for all their clothes; drives them to parties, to dancing classes, to the pedestrian for checkups. It's Betty who never misses dinner with Vicki and Jessica and tells them their favorite fairy tales. ("And woe is me if I leave out so much as a comma.")

And had you been on the set of "How to Marry a Millionaire"—Betty's latest picture—you'd have seen still another side of Betty, wife and mother. She had just finished a scene in which her gorgeously filled blue dress had elicited wolf whistles from the crew. And then she trotted over.

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to a wall telephone. Standing on tip toe
to reach the mouthpiece she read from a long
list, "Two pounds of butter, three pounds
of green peas—and are you sure they're
nice and fresh? ... I'd like some lamb
chops, but the cook said the last ones you
sent weren't spring lamb. . . ."

Even if she's making a picture in De-
(268)ember (which means six full days of work
a week), you'll still see her trotting around to the shops that stay open late,
buying Christmas gifts for the children and her
relatives.

A certain director's wife has definite
knowledge of this. The maid came back
from day off to announce breathlessly:
"Guess who I saw at Sears-Roebuck in
Westwood buying kitchen curtains? Betty
Grable!"

A few years ago Betty and Harry moved
into their third house, although it is the first
they've furnished. A twelve-room
English-style brick house, shaded by huge
eucalyptus trees and boasting two acres of
lawns. The house, in the old Doheny
estate, is a quarter of a century old. "At first
sight it didn't appeal. But then it looked
like a Boris Karloff set, dark and
gloomy with five of the seven fireplaces
boarded up. But it was beautifully built,
the rooms large, and the price right."

Then proceeded to choose the girl with
lots of red (Betty's favorite color), forest
green and sunny yellow to set off the beau-
tifully paneled walls, and to install all their
horse trophies. The little girls share a huge
bedroom paved in black and white plaid,
filled with white furniture and two gaily
canopied blue and white beds.

Betty will tell you that "Harry doesn't
toot his horn at home—the only trumpet
has been made into a practice
my dances or study my scripts. We
shut out that part of our lives when we
close our front door. The other evening
Harry brought home one of our
friends. All through dinner he told
me how really super it was, filled with
unusual musical effects. I could hardly
wait to hear it. We rushed into the den
and put it on. But the record wouldn't work. Then we ran around try-
ing the three or four others we have
around. None of them played. Finally we
tramped up to the children's room and
played it on that Mickey Mouse
carousel player! It sounded horrible—tinny and out
of tune. Both of us burst out laughing.
'Fine show-business people,' said Harry.
The cobbler with the unloved shoes.

The 14-inch television is, though, is
kept in good repair. For Betty, alone a good
part of the time at night, sits herself down,
after she's kissed the girls goodnight, to
watch every gory murder mystery she can
find. If her mother asks why, she says
"Mother, please keep your bedroom door
open tonight. I'm afraid that ghosts may
forget the program's over."

Though their house has a huge living
room which would comfortably hold fifty
party guests and a dining room with three
mahogany tables which fit together to make
a huge buffet table, the couple never
terminate. So Betty is beginning to think
they might like a smaller house,
contemporary, but not too coldly modern. "A
large room with dining, den and living
areas all together, that's what I'd like. Where
we could put the television set, shuffle-
board, Harry's pool table, the children's
doll house and their spinet. It might give
an interior decorator the whim-whams, but I
don't care."

Betty's eyes grow dreamy as, in her
mind's eye, she sees that house taking
shape. Then her eyes grow puzzled. "I
can just see myself moving into it. I can
hear the roar of the moths. Why wouldn't
they explain to me why, when moving time rolls
around, Harry always manages to be on
the road with the band. I've heard the
same thing from other wives. Maybe we
ought to write to Dorothy Dix's advice
column. I've moved three times—and al-
ways by myself. Maybe I ought to ask that
husband of mine if he's psychic."

Harry isn't, it's probably because he
knows how efficient Betty is. If there is
anything she can do for herself, she does it,
for she hates to be waited on. She's always
a perfectionist—hates disorder or messi-
ness; keeps counters, trays, straightening pictures and doesn't wait for
spring cleaning to tidy closets.

All the same, she's not really domestic
and maintains that cooking is something
she just "can't get with." If the cook is
out she will gather her brood and dine
out—that way she knows they'll get all
their vitamins. Still she loves to
and has a wrestler's appetite. Her favorites are
simple foods—hamburgers and hot dogs—
followed by a rich, gooey dessert. Yet her
measurements have scarcely changed in
three years. She are still unchallenged as
the world's finest. She doesn't need to
diet: the hours of dancing burn off any fat
accumulated by her three hearty meals and
two between-meal snacks.

So it is that this earthy gal (whose
humor is sometimes unprintable) likes
men better than women and has only one
close friend woman, Betty Ritz, wife of
Harry Ritz. Both of them have the same
(268)ine interests: horses and horse racing, bowl-
ing, baseball, football, the fights, pork
and gin funny. At cards, she's a hard
player. She is one of the 1,000-
people who have won more than
100,000. Betty still sees him as a
wobbling-legged little colt, hardly able
to stumble around. Just talking about him
makes her red.

But she laughs when she remembers a
racing incident that happened when Vicki
was three. The little girl overheard Betty
making arrangements on the phone to att-
end the races.

"Please, Mommy, take me," begged Vicki.

"No, dear, races are not for little girls.
When you're older I'll take you."

Upon Betty's return, Vicki met her at the
doorway big smile, saying she was usually
happy face. "Mommy, I listened to the
radio and heard the man say, 'This race
is for three-year-olds.'"

With its interest focused on home life,
the Morning News has written a new
quarterpage which is, from the standpoint, truly
dull one. Yet the rumor mongers have been
busy. And whenever Betty has gone to Ciro's or the Mocambo
to catch her favorites, John E. Lewis or
Harry Ritz, the News has had its
smack. The columns have hinted that the Grable-James
marriage was on shaky legs. Betty hated
to give these rumors the importance
of denial. Yet, there is an effect on
her. For in distant towns, she has
from time to time to begged her studio to set
tings right. "I was out with my best
friends, Betty and Harry Ritz," she
explained or was your friend at the Club Deau-
ville the other night?"

During the past ten years Hollywood
has had to admit their fears for the James
marriage have been groundless. And the
 principals figure that their marriage
can't last any longer—no longer, that is, than a lifetime!
(Continued from page 70)

Debra’s Answer Men

conversation is of some help to those who have written to her.

To begin with what appears to be the Number One sleep-disturber of our times, here’s a letter from a girl in Philadelphia:

Dear Debra: I am sixteen and a junior in high; my fellow is seventeen and a senior. Bob figures that he is going to be drafted soon, so he has been goofing off at school. He’s going to have to make up several subjects so, instead of graduating in June, he won’t make it until next February. He thinks that he might as well enlist now and have it over. I think he should finish school and perhaps go on to college, waiting until his draft board calls. What do you think?

Debra: Dewey Martin, you broke out of school without graduating, didn’t you? So what do you say?

Dewey Martin: I didn’t graduate, but I did finish my high-school work while I was in service. I got impatient because I’d been hoping for an appointment to the Naval Academy, and I’d been working hard to prepare myself. Then my sponsor died before the appointment came through, and I flaked out. Things seemed in a hopeless mess, so I signed up with the Navy, went to flight school and wound up flying fighter planes in the Pacific.

I think this problem of joining or waiting to be drafted is an individual thing. But I don’t think a fellow gets into service in what matters. As things exist in the world today, everybody able-bodied man is going to serve his stretch in uniform; so he might as well make up his mind to be the best damned sailor, soldier, marine or coastguardman in his outfit.

Richard Allan: I agree with you, Dewey, and I think a guy should take along—his sense of humor.

I got the greetings, put in for the Air Corps and got my basic training in the East coast, then was shipped 3,000 miles across country to the Portland, Oregon airbase. Our detachment lined up on the landing strip. Boy, were we filled with stuff. I signed up for a blue uniform! And then a top sergeant said, “You have been consigned to the Quartermaster’s Laundry Battalion.”

Well, I fought the cleanest war on record; washed officers’ drawers from North Africa to Italy. But the laundry business left me time to study. I took singing lessons from a French vocal teacher who couldn’t talk English, so I had to learn to talk French. While I was in Italy, I studied with the Director of Music at the University of Pisa. If I’d just been a civilian, I’d never have had those breaks.

I imagine that this high-school senior is goofing off because he thinks he is going to have to mark time during service, and that he’ll just be wasting his life. That’s a foolish belief.

Craig Hill: I think almost every guy goes around in circles for awhile, trying to find out what he really likes. Look at me. I was in the Navy a year and then I got an appointment to Annapolis because I thought I wanted to make the Navy a career. After my first year at the Naval Academy I decided brass buttons weren’t for me. I knew what I really wanted was to be an actor.

I think this girl’s boy friend should want to be drafted. But I think he should find out what the various services offer so that he can make good use of his time when he does go in.

Touch Connors: I was drafted, but if I had to do it over again I think I’d enlist. You see, I’m darned grate-

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boys to tell something about the most popular girl in school when you were students.

Richard Allan: My answer is off-beat . . . our bible of '41 wasn't the usual one. First of all, she was taller than the average girl in school and she wore braces on her teeth. She had broad hips and she wasn't the best dancer in the world by a long shot. But she was one of those lucky people who love every moment of life. No matter what she was doing, she got a kick out of it. She had a good word to say for everyone; I never heard her say a catty sentence. She was active in school—did a lot of different things like working on decorating committees, writing for the school paper, singing in the glee club. You know: the kind of girl who puts the world on roller skates. The only pretty thing about her was a head of thick, blonde hair, but she had more dates than any other girl in our class.

Dewey: Personally, I think the importance of "popularity" has been exaggerated. Actually, it isn't possible for anyone to be as popular as some movies make people seem.

I think the average girl wants to be popular with a small group, wants to be friendly with a much larger group, wants to be the special interest of one guy. She can manage this, if she'll choose her friends because she has something in common with them. A girl will be unhappy if she tries to choose her friends for their prestige instead of their compatibility.

Bob: My recipe for popularity is like that old recipe for dodo stew. First catch a dodo. The most popular girl in our school lived in Hawaii when she was fourteen and she had learned the hula. She used to dance for all our assemblies and you couldn't get her on the telephone for two weeks after each performance.

Touch Connors: Maybe you'll think my suggestion is far-fetched, but I believe a girl should learn to cook. It never hurts a girl's standing with her gang if she can say, "Come over to the house after the game and I'll build some waffles and hot chocolate." I think she should be able to do this while her mother and father are reading the evening paper in the other room, and I think she should organize a K.P. detail to clean up after the snack.

This shows that someday she is going to make some man a darned good wife.

Robert Horton: I think Touch has hinted at one of the most important factors of popularity: real popularity is: respect. Lots of girls think that they can be popular by being easy.

The only popularity worth having is that combined with admiration, not with secret shame.

Craig Hill: I like Touch's suggestion that a girl be a real girl. After all, a fellow usually picks up the check on dates that eventually he's going to be a solvent citizen. A girl ought to show, once in awhile, that she's in training to become a household manager.

Another thing: lots of girls seem to think that the only way they can prove they're having a good time is by getting loud. This is like pouring on a whole bottle of perfume. With sound and fragrance, a little goes a long way.

Dewey: Have you been great? Thanks a lot. Anybody want to come up to my house for waffles and coffee?


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ELAINE STEWART

ridiculous, because Marilyn and I couldn’t be more different, we are opposite types physically, we have different philosophies about life. I’ve said before, and I’ll say again that to me sex appeal is an inner quality. If a girl has it, she can be bundled up to her ears and still have it.

Elaine, born in Montclair, New Jersey, is the daughter of a retired police officer. It was her father who told her to set her sights on a goal and work for it once she was sure what she wanted—and after her first appearance on stage in a grade-school pageant, Elaine knew she wanted to become an actress. During her high-school days she ushered in a local movie house, watching every scene on the screen in an effort to learn everything she could. After high school she found modeling the road to her goal of being an actress. After being cover girl for True Story magazine for the entire year of 1952, she came to Hollywood under contract to M-G-M. Her bit role in “The Bad and the Beautiful” was one of the most talked-about things in the film. She’s followed the latest parade of the Bel-Elays in “Young Bess,” and in “Take the High Ground” she has the only feminine role.

“Will my life be in ten years if everything goes according to plan? Well, there have been plans, exactly for all the wonderful things that are happening. First there was a dream, and then I realized that dreams can’t come true by themselves, so here I am living a little. Mostly, I’ve been very lucky.”

“In ten years I’d like to be married and have a family—I don’t care how many children, but I want a girl first. I’d like to be living in the house I’ve already designed. It’s crazy. Expensive, too. For one thing, it’s going to have a den of fieldstone and that white wood with the worm holes in it. And the living room, which is enormous, is going to have deep mirrors—well, for all the wonderful things that are happening. First there was a dream, and then I realized that dreams can’t come true by themselves, so here I am living a little. Mostly, I’ve been very lucky.”

Yours is not a career plan, I’m afraid. I think you can tell we’re in a hurry, and this is a good place to talk about the future.

“Do you have twenty-four hours a day for it? In fact, I wish I could. If there’s nothing doing on my home lot, maybe one of the others. ‘What do you want to do?’ I said, I just might give me a kick if I ever dated a top movie queen, but when I can afford to marry, Loni is the kind of girl I’ll be looking for.”

At the moment Tom’s only attachment is to his career. He is completely honest about what he wants from life, and his candor is refreshing in an industry where coyness or the blase attitude prevail. “I want to be a star,” he says, and intensity burns in his dark, deep-set eyes. “From the time I was a little kid in the wrong part of Manhattan, that’s been it for me. I taught myself to dance, even then, because I could raise myself a notch or two with it. Nobody taught me to sing. I added that because you stand a better chance on Broadway if you can sing and dance. I’ve learned everything I could from every source I can. I want to be the man—satisfied until I know every job in my trade.”

“I’m willing to work twenty-four hours a day for it. In fact, I wish I could. If there’s nothing doing on my home lot, maybe one of the others. ‘What do you want to do?’ I said, I just might give me a kick if I ever dated a top movie queen, but when I can afford to marry, Loni is the kind of girl I’ll be looking for.”

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Energy, furious and electric, crackles through the words and gestures of Tommy—who’s gotta get goin’, gotta keep movin’.

While he is in production, Tom’s life centers a phase of relative calm because he is then doing the one thing he prefers over all others in the world. It is, contrarily, while he is “between pictures” that Mr. Morton is in a spin of frenetic activity—practising his dancing, doing choreography for a new show, rehearsing a new song and, exhausting the new crop, he records his own arrangements of old hits.

One of his many dreams is a projected Playhouse in Los Angeles; he hopes to produce plays here one day. With every check (and a new seven-year contract with Paramount suggests that they’ll be coming in regularly), his agent also receives a poem—written by Tommy Morton, who really wants to concentrate on that particular art in the future. “All this time on my hands drove me nuts,” he says, so he picked up brushes and oils and began to paint. It was pointed out to him that the studio couldn’t very well put him into a picture when they didn’t have a story. “I know,” said Tommy. “I know they don’t—but I could write one.”

TOM MORTON

who can use a woman as a steppingstone. I’ve got to make it on my own or not at all. I’d love to be with Debbie because she’s fun, not because it’s good for my career to be seen with a star.”

Another favorite Morton date is Lori. “What do you think a girl looks like?” I asked. “I think she’s beautiful, but not necessarily the first woman in the world, because she’s young, and I want to be able to grow old with her. I want a girl with whom I can share my life.”

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Hollywood vs. Marlene

(Continued from page 45)

unconsciously, I dressed, talked and behaved just as such a girl would.

According to her own description, this young woman became known as "the new young town crowd" in Hollywood. Her beauty was many; so were the daring quotes she offered to an eager press: "The wedding ring. The dress thing. I'll take the shirts be able to avoid. I think one thing that makes for health in American girls is the small quantity of clothing.

This was almost twenty-five years before Marlene made her first turn in public in such an independent from lingerie. Though it isn't recorded that Marilyn's predecessor posed for any calendarings, she was willing to face the camera clad only in a tasteful arrangement of the remainder of her native German. Columnist Sidney Skolsky reported that she had in the privacy of her home a full-length portrait of herself wearing a long string of pearls.

If the attack on Marilyn Monroe is justified, this earlier "hey-hey girl" with an "oo-la-la body" should have had a short career, alienating people with her flaunting of trills, while Marlene just killed Crawford. And people—from studio crews to millions of fans—fell in love with her, warm, outright vitality. In manner, clothes and, shall we say? She has been recognized as an actress; she has won an Oscar. But that was her start, the basis of her fan following.

Even then, her specialty wasn't a new trend. Talking had been Marlene's only into a quick fade-out? Not exactly. That was more than twenty years ago, but Grandma Dietrich can still steal the show without having to embarrass herself.

Simultaneous with Dietrich's rise was the appearance of a thoroughly American star. Jean Harlow's role in "Hell's Angels" was rather brief, though she later became an axis for defense. Nothing like her debut was extremely awkward. But these minor matters were generally overlooked. Soon the whole country was talking about the scene in which Jean, already World War I nurse, declared her love to the hero, "Would you excuse me while I slip into something more comfortable?"

The line aroused the same sort of response as Marilyn's preambulations in "Niagara" (and at the Photoplay dinner): laughter that included a large amount of hearty appreciation. The publicity boys were quick to capitalize on Jean's success by touting the "hussinessly sexiest" new comer with such devices as a line of Harlow lingerie. She was sent on personal-appearance tours, usually going onstage in her father's words, "that's the way they'd come to see. Within two months after the release of her first picture she was listed seventeenth in a poll choosing the one hundred best-known people in the country and kept her place in the public eye as "The Platinum Blonde" and "The Blonde Bombshell."

There was criticism, of course. When Jean starred in "Metropolitan," one fan wrote: "Just plain common. This new red-headed hottie girl is nothing but another carbon copy of Clara Bow. A British fan defended her against the "on screen..." and said that England would be happy to welcome Jean.

Naturally, America did want her, wholeheartedly. Not all movie-goers made the statement that Jean was "too fast" or "too man-eating roles she played. Upon the suicide of her husband, Paul Bern, she might have been threatened with the same sort of scandal that pursued Clara Bow. But sympathy was even stronger for Jean.

Far from being harmed by her early publicity, Jean's career was at its height...
when it was ended by her tragically early death. Say her name in Hollywood now, and there's an outrush of affection for a girl who remains very much alive in the memories of her friends and co-workers.

Publicity that even now also gave Lana Turner her start. About all she had to do in "They Won't Forget" was walk. She was seen in a front or profile view rather than from the rear, since she happened to be wearing a dress that gave, as it were, a tap, sumptuously proportioned brunette who might suit the feminine lead in "The Outlaw."

As "The Sweater Girl" she became famous posing for countless photos that emphasized her well-equipped chest. She was compared in looks to the late Anita Loos, author of "Gentlemen Prefer Blonds" and therefore an authority on feminine appeal, stated that Lana, too, had "It." Later, Lana was named "Miss Sex Appeal of LI.

Obligingly, she provided more publicity with her offscreen activities. Was she the most-dated girl in Hollywood? "I get around," Lana said. Columnists scolded her for her excesses, but when they ordered her to behave herself, decided she was over-expleted. But the exploitation paid off. In the sixteen years since her "Sweater Girl" era, Lana has remained a top star, largely because her fans, stewing over the reporters' interest even during interludes of retirement. Within the past year, she has won applause for straight acting ability in "The Bad and the Beautiful.

Ann Sheridan had a similar send-off. She'd done nothing notable on the screen when, with suitable pomp, she was named "The Oomph Girl." The Earl of Warwick, on the panel of judges, chose this title, gave this definition: "Oomph is the feminine desirability which can be observed with appreciation but cannot be discussed with respectability.

In less than a year, "The Oomph Girl" had zoomed from thirty-fourth to third place on Warners' fan-mail list, still with no important film work to her credit. But she'd turned out plenty of sultry portraits. With hair curling down a shoulder, lots of leg visible and statements like: Men are wonderful things—I like men very much. In numbers.

Eventually, there came a day when Annie, grandly dressed up, took the build-up that went with it. But it had established her; it had identified her; and it carried her though until she had proved her other qualifications for stardom.

Betty Grable, on the other hand, has never been known to knock the tactics originally used to sell her to the public. Ask her whether it was that strong sexy build-up that put her in the top of the glamour-girl (and boxoffice) heap, and you'll get a straight answer: Of course! What else? Remember back in the Civil War, or whenever it was, when Frank Powolny took Betty's picture in the curvy little three-piece suit with high collar, and sent it to the front? From that day on, the name of Betty Grable became household, and young girls everywhere dreamed of having a little figure like hers. And Grable, for her part, didn't mind seeing "Gams" Grable politely turned into Mrs. Harry.

Another pinup queen of World War II, having acquired considerable dignity since then, might not be so eager to remember her start. As a newcomer, Rita Hayworth posed gaily in (and had out of) a $25,000 pearl dress and a series of leotard-style garments; she was photographed sitting on a bed, wearing a filmy black nightgown; and was soon dubbed "America's Goddess of Love." If this campaign wrecked Rita's career, many a young newcomer would be delighted to have a similar wrecking job done on her own.

The most startling campaign of recent years (until Marilyn came along) was devoted to a beauty discovered by Howard Hughes, who had also introduced Jean Harlow. Photographer Tom Kelley and his wife, Nol, scouted with some photos of a tall, sumptuously proportioned brunette who might suit the feminine lead in "The Outlaw." (By remarkable coincidence, it was Kelly who shot a group of famous calendar poses some years later.)

The brunette, Jane Russell, promptly chosen to star in "The Outlaw," remained in the headlines for an amazing number of years on the strength of her public appeal alone. And it was plenty strong. It had to be. On its first release in 1941, "The Outlaw" collided with severe censor trouble; it didn't go into general release (in a much-wanted reissue) until 1949. In the interim, Jane Russell's name became a synonym for the most conspicuous portion of her anatomy. And her movie's advertising, with its "more secure in yourself, more sure of your movie itself."

In San Francisco, the police chief announced he'd received letters from parents, school officials and church organizations protesting a billboard that showed Jane Russell's famous figure. His response was a fusillade of replies that defended the line that the ad was "a piece of merchandise and not even a suggestion at that." But the "fans" to a man were not coming to see Jane Russell in a high-necked dress.

Well, it can't be said that Jane's publicity has changed much. As recent a film as "His Kind of Woman" was accompanied by very little publicity that might be too much for the sensitive British authorities. At their command, reaching the level of Jane's bodice six inches, and the Mitchum-Russell team, originally described as "The Hottest Combination Ever," became in Britain "The Greatest Combination Ever."

Yet Jane continues to be starred in highly successful pictures. Her domestic life, rather soft-pedaled at first, has been widely recognized in its true guise, unaffected by her publicity. But Mrs. Bob Waterfield, mother of two adopted children, a genuinely religious woman, still has a battle every day to hold her together with Marilyn, strictly for the purpose of advertising "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," which teams the rival sex-appeal queens.

Let's hope that Jane, off the record, found time during shooting to read Marilyn about the real long-range effects of an all-out-sex publicity campaign. If not, perhaps Betty Grable, who co-stars with Marilyn in "How to Make a Millionaire," has something to learn.

From Joan to Jane, the record is pretty impressive. After all, what attribute first draws attention to any woman, on or off the screen? Just as Joan once did, Marilyn displays her legs frankly, never-sly. It's foolish to try founding either a marriage or a movie career on sex attraction alone. But that's a conventional beginning, always successful if a girl can follow it up by more profound qualities that win the permanent affections of her guy or her fans. The End.
BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see PHOTOPLAY for months indicated. For this month's full reviews, see page 16

A—Adults    F—Family

ALL ASHORE—Columbia, Technicolor: Pleasant, tuneful tale of three sailors' shore leave. Mickey Rooney, Dick Haymes, Ray McDonald. (F) April

BATTLE CIRCUS—M-G-M: The Korean war is soft-pedaled; the engaging romance of Bogart and nurse June Allyson is played up. (A) May

BLUE GARDENIA, THE—Warners: Unsurprising mystery. Anne Baxter's a murderer suspect; Richard Conte. Ann Sothern save her. (A) June

BRIGHT ROAD—M-G-M: Gentle story of a "problem" boy (Philip Hepburn) and an understanding teacher (Dorothy Dandridge). (F) June

BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOON—Warners, Technicolor: Slow but amiable tune-film of love and family problems after World War I. Doris Day, Gordon MacRae, Billy Gray. (F) June

CALL ME MADAM—20th Century-Fox, Technicolor: Magnificent musical, Ethel Merman's terrific as a lady ambassador; George Sanders, Vera Ellen, Donald O'Connor charm you. (F) June

CINERAMA—Cinemascope Productions, color: No story, but plenty of excitement. Amazing new technique using a huge curved screen is now showing in New York, Detroit, Los Angeles. (F) January


CONFIDENTIALLY CONNIE—M-G-M: Gay little comedy, Fred Van Johnson and wife Leigh Coupe with living costs (especially meat); rancher Louis Calhern intercedes. (F) April

COUNT THE HOURS—RKO: Acceptable suspense yarn. Held for murder, John Craven's cleared by wife Teresa Wright, lawyer Mac Carey. (F) June

CRASH OF SILENCE—see review for STORY OF MANDY, THE.

CRY OF THE HUNTED—M-G-M: Mild action tale, Barry Sullivan as pursuer, Vittorio Gassman as fugitive are both sympathetic. (F) June

DESERT LEGION—U-I, Technicolor: Innocent thriller. Ladd's in the Foreign Legion; Arlene Dahl's a Shangri-La princess. (F) June


DESTINATION Gobi—20th Century-Fox, Technicolor: Rippling adventure yarn, rich in humor, good acting, fine scenery. Widmark leads a Yank weather unit in wartime Mongolia. (F) June


GIRLS OF PLEASURE ISLAND, THE—Paramount, Technicolor: Marines find the girls in a disappointing comedy. With Leo Genn. (F) June

GUNSMOKE—U-I, Technicolor: Fast, witty Western, starring Audie Murphy as a gun-slinger tricked into respectability by Paul Kelly. Dashes of sex: Susan Cabot, Mary Castle. (F) May

I CONFESS—Warners: Absorbing but shakily plotted thriller about a young priest involved in a murder. Fine acting by Montgomery Clift, Anne Baxter, Karl Malden. (A) May

I LOVE MELVIN—M-G-M, Technicolor: Airy, youthful tune-film with lovable co-stars. Donald O'Connor makes a cover girl of Debbie Reynolds, movie-struck chorine. (F) April

LAW AND ORDER—U-I, Technicolor: Ambitious Western. Marshal Ronald Reagan comes out of retirement to lick Preston Foster. (F) June

LILLI—M-G-M, Technicolor: Delicate, charming romance-with-music. Leslie Caron's a delight as a sly waif who works for the dour puppetmaster (Mel Ferrer) of a French carnival. (F) May

LONE HAND—U-I, Technicolor: Neat, likable open-spaces melodrama. Little Jimmy Hunt thinks Pop Joel McGea has turned bandit. (F) June

MA AND PA KETTLE ON VACATION—U-I: Funny, good-natured hokum gets the Kilbride-Main team tangled with a Paris spy ring. (F) May

MAN ON A TIGHTROPE—20th Century-Fox: Stylish, picturesque, suspenseful tale of a small circus' escape from red Czechoslovakia. Top portrayals by Fredric March, Gloria Grahame. (A) June

MEMBER OF THE WEDDING, THE—Kramer, Columbia: Shapeless but often touching story of a troubled adolescent (Julie Harris), with magnificent acting by Ethel Waters. (A) April

MOULIN ROUGE—U. A., Technicolor: Subtle color and rich Parisian atmosphere overshadow José Ferrer's portrayal of Toulouse-Lautrec, the tragic, deformed painter. (A) March

OFF LIMITS—Paramount: Bob Hope and a meek new Mickey Rooney join the MP's to provide a lot of laughs, a few slack spots. (F) May

PETER PAN—Disney, RKO: Technicolor: Enchanting cartoon feature based on the beloved Barrie fantasy of eternal childhood. Peter, Wendy, Tinker Bell, Captain Hook come alive to the tune of many sprightly songs. (F) February

PRESIDENT'S LADY, THE—20th Century-Fox: Susan Hayward and Clarkson Heston as Rachel and Andrew Jackson in the exciting, highly emotional story of a famous marriage. (F) June

SALOME—Columbia, Technicolor: Lavish, well made, superficial Biblical epic. Rita Hayworth and Stewart Granger look handsome; Charles Laughton, Judith Anderson show their skill. (A) June

SEMINOLE—U-I, Technicolor: Satisfactory action yarn of Indian warfare in the swamps, with Rod House, Anthony Quinn. (F) May

SHE'S BACK ON BROADWAY—Warners, Technicolor: Slight but bright backstage tale. Trying a comeback, has-been movie star Virginia Mayo lends ex-lover Steve Cochran. (F) April

SMALL TOWN GIRL—M-G-M, Technicolor: Jane Powell's the girl; Farley Granger, the spoiled big-city kid in a listless musical with pleasant song and dances. (F) May

SOMBRERO—M-G-M, Technicolor: Romance in Mexico, with a muddied story, brillaint settings. Ricardo Montalban tops a star-rich cast. (A) June

SPLIT SECOND—RKO: Tense action story. Escaped convict Steve McNally captures Keith Andes and Jane Sterling as an Alist-lamin. (F) June

STARS ARE SINGING, THE—Paramount, Technicolor: Warm, charmingly informal musical with Rosemary Clooney as a singer who helps refugee-singer Anna Maria Alberghetti. (F) April

STORY OF MANDY, THE—Rank, U-I: The education of a deaf child (Mandy Miller) is deep affecting; the marital problem of Mom, Phyllis Calvert, less so. British-made. (F) May


SYSTEM, THE—Warners: Sentimentalized racy busting story with no punch. Frank Lovejoy's a implausible gambling boss. (A) May

TAXI—20th Century-Fox: Amusing though flimsy plotted. Dan Dailey, obliging New York hack helps just-off-the-boat colleeen Constance Smith in search for missing husband. (F) April

TONIGHT WE SING—20th Century-Fox, Technicolor: Classical numbers outweigh the slim story of impresario David Wayne and wife Anne Baxter. Elio Pinza's impressive. (F) May

TROUBLE ALONG THE WAY—Warners: Desentimental comedy—"Going My Way" with hard ball, John Wayne and Charles Coburn. (F) June

WAR OF THE WORLDS, THE—Paramount, Technicolor: A Martian invasion with stunning special effects, negligible human angle. (F) June
New! For a sun-kissed complexion—
"Golden Angel"! A heavenly new shade of today's most popular make-up—Angel Face by Pond's. Angel Face goes on with a puff and stays—much longer, much smoother than powder! Because Angel Face is powder and foundation in-one! The easiest, most flattering make-up ever! And Angel Face can't spill!

The Angel Face "Mirror Case"
Tuck this ivory-and-golden beauty into your handbag, your beach bag, your week-end case! Complete with mirror, puff, and Angel Face—the only make-up you need for summer-long glamour! Only $1.59, 59c.*

The coolest, most natural summertime make-up! Angel Face is never drying, never shiny. Even on the hottest days, it keeps your complexion looking velvety-soft and cool! Choose from 7 heavenly shades—two specially toned for suntan—Bronze Angel for a deep, rich tan . . . and new, soft-glowing Golden Angel for a luscious "golden look"!

Also in the sweet blue-and-gold boxes, 89c, 59c.*

*plus tax
Why not wear stars tonight? All it takes is one quick shampoo—and your hair will be winking with these starry highlights, silky soft, silky smooth. The sight of it, the feel of it will put you in seventh heaven!

**New magic formula ... milder than castile!**

There's silkening magic in Drene's new lightning-quick lather! No other lather is so thick, yet so quick—even in hardest water!

*Magic ... this new lightning-quick lather ... because it flashes up like lightning, because it rinses out like lightning, because it's milder than castile! Magic! because this new formula leaves your hair bright as silk, smooth as silk, soft as silk. And so obedient.*

Just try this luxurious new Drene with its lightning-quick lather ... its new and fresh fragrance. You have an exciting experience coming!
New! a shampoo that Silkens your hair!

I love it, I love it—how my hair shines. So-o-o silky to touch, so silky bright. One shampoo with the new Drene—that's every last thing I did to make it so silky.

New magic formula... milder than castile!
There's silkening magic in Drene's new lightning-quick lather! No other lather is so thick, yet so quick—even in hardest water!

Magic... this new lightning-quick lather... because it flashes up like lightning, because it rinses out like lightning, because it's milder than castile! Magic! because this new formula leaves your hair bright as silk, smooth as silk, soft as silk. And so wonderfully obedient.

Just see how this luxurious new Drene silken your hair! You have an exciting experience coming!

New Lightning Lather— a magic new formula that silken your hair... Milder than castile—so mild you could use Drene every day!

This is a New Drene!

A PRODUCT OF PROCTER & GAMBLE
Important—especially if you can’t brush after every meal!

New Ipana® Destroys Decay and Bad-Breath Bacteria

... and scientists proved that regular after-meal brushing with new Ipana reduces mouth bacteria—including bacteria that cause decay and bad breath—by an average of 84%.

Even one brushing can stop bad breath all day!*

Every brushing fights tooth decay!

Dentists say it's best to brush your teeth after every meal...and we agree. But when this is inconvenient, you can still get wonderful results with new white Ipana.

For instance, when you use Ipana in the morning, you don't have to worry about your breath for up to 9 hours...even after eating or smoking. Tests by an independent laboratory proved it.

What's more, every brushing with new Ipana fights tooth decay. It removes bacteria that form the acids that eat into your teeth and cause cavities. So to fight tooth decay effectively, use new Ipana regularly—after meals when you can.

And here's how to take care of your gums before gum troubles start. Brushing your teeth with new Ipana from gum margins toward biting edges helps remove irritants that can lead to gum troubles.

With all these benefits, Ipana now has a new, more refreshing flavor. Thousands of families who tried new Ipana liked it 2 to 1 for taste.

We're sure you and your children will like it, too. Why not try a tube of new, white Ipana today? Look for the yellow-and-red striped carton.

Clean sweet breath—even after eating

*In tests, new Ipana stopped most cases of unpleasant mouth odor for even 9 hours after brushing. People tested smoked freely and ate anything they pleased except foods like onions and garlic, which cause odors from the stomach.
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AUGUST, 1953

PHOTOPLAY IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY by McFadden Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y.
EXECUTIVE, ADVERTISING AND EDITORIAL OFFICES: 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Editorial Branch, Office, 2484 Wilkens Ave., Baltimore 18, Md. Entered as second class matter at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as Second Class Mail at Ottawa, Ont., Canada. Copyright, 1953 by McFadden Publications, Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced without the written permission of the publisher. Registered as Second Class Mail, May 10, 1946, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as Second Class Mail, K. & T. Dept., Ottawa, Ont., Canada. Printed in U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company.

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GET ABOARD

The Band Wagon

COLOR BY

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"Dancing In The Dark"
"I Love Louisa"
"New Sun In The Sky"
"By Myself"

and MORE songs!

"Louisiana Hayride"
"I Guess I'll Have To Change My Plan"
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most romantic, most lyrical musical ever . . .
with the best of the Dietz-Schwartz songs!
Exciting entertainment in the tradition of
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Oscar Levant • Nanette Fabray • Jack Buchanan

James Mitchell • Betty Comden and Adolph Green

Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz

Directed by Vincente Minnelli • Produced by Arthur Freed • An M-G-M Picture
Laughing Stock...

BY

ERSKINE JOHNSON

(See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel" on your local TV station)

A movie producer was asked why he never dates the girl who stars in most of his pictures. "Her?" said the producer. "Why, she's only my wife."

Jack Benny was asked to pose for a photograph with Marie Wilson. The shutter clicked but the lenser protested: "Aw, Jack, you dropped your eyes. You looked down."

"Where else are you supposed to look when you're with Marie Wilson?" deadpanned Benny.

Someone asked Tommy Noonan how he enjoyed himself working with Marilyn Monroe and Jane Russell in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

"Well," quipped Tommy, "I beat up my wife the other night—something I've never done before."

Hollywood hep-cats are claiming Theodore Roosevelt was the biggest hep-cat in history: "He was the guy who dug the Panama Canal, wasn't he?"

Irene Ryan to a night-club heckler: "He thinks a smart spot is a soup speck on a fifteen-dollar tie."

Ed Wynn says that trying to keep a secret in Hollywood is like trying to smuggle dawn past a rooster.

Overheard at the Brown Derby: "Book covers are so sexy these days that it's better to curl up with a good book cover than with a book."

A wolfish Hollywood bachelor approached a movie starlet with, "Pardon me, but I'm writing a telephone directory. May I have your number?"

Sign on a Hollywood restaurant: "Pies like mother used to make before she took up bridge and cigarettes."

(Continued on page 6)
An exciting new girl is coming into GREGORY PECK’s life...
...and yours...she is AUDREY HEPBURN in William Wyler’s production of ROMAN HOLIDAY with EDDIE ALBERT.

A princess-on-the-town! And when the town’s Romantic Rome...and the season is Spring...there’s no limit to the gay times — and tender love affair — you can share with them.

Produced & Directed by WILLIAM WYLER • Screenplay by IAN McLELLAN HUNTER & JOHN DIGHTON
Story by Ian McLellan Hunter • A PARAMOUNT PICTURE
The villains were giving Bill Williams a rough time on his Kit Carson TV show as he and his family watched the telefilm at home. Finally his five-year-old daughter, Jody, screamed: "They're hurting my Daddy."

"But I'm right here, honey," Bill assured her.

"Get out of here, Daddy," came back Jody. "You're spoiling the show."

Two movie dolls fell into each other's arms in the powder room at a party.

"Dahling, you look sensational," said one. "I've never seen your circles so light before."

At a birthday dinner for Adolph Zukor, Bob Hope introduced Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis with: "Dean and Jerry bring a lot of happiness to a lot of people. Not me, but people. They have one quality that annoys me—talent."

Shoe repair sign on Vine Street: "Harbor For Lost Soles."
Out of the West's Indian country of 1869...and right to you!
The dazzling color, the grandeur, the dauntless courage,
as close as if you were there...through the miracle of
They Don't Make 'Em Any Bigger or Better!

JANE RUSSELL * MARILYN MONROE

in HOWARD HAWKS'

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes

20th Century-Fox's Musical With Everything PLUS!

Tres chic! Tres terrifique!
The Broadway bonanza about those "two little girls from Little Rock" who set out to conquer the world from New York to Gay Paree is the screen's No. 1 musical extravaganza!

co-starring

CHARLES COBURN

with ELLIOTT REID • TOMMY NOONAN
GEORGE WINSLOW • MARCEL DALIO
TAYLOR HOLMES • NORMA VARDEN
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DIRECTED BY

SCREEN PLAY BY

BASED ON THE MUSICAL COMEDY BY

Music and Lyrics by JULE STYNE and LEO ROBIN • Presented on the Stage by HERMAN LEVIT and OLIVER SMITH
Hollywood Party Line

BY

EDITH GWYNN

Well, we’d just better start this month’s party doings by telling you that when it comes to preemms and such, a lil ol’ town called Las Vegas is as much a part of Hollywood from time to time, as Hollywood and Vine! To prove it, three out of the four most exciting cafe debuts—all star studded, took place in Las Vegas, Nevada.

Joan Crawford, Dan Dailey, the Ricardo Montalbans, Nanette Fabray, the Gordon MacRae’s, David Wayne were a few who trekked to the Las Vegas Flamingo when Marge and Gower Champion made their deelightful dancing bow—and Marge wore fourteen gorgeous gowns during their engagement. One was a lovely ballet-length, white net dress, bodice and skirt of the tiniest pleats; a draped apron of the same net embroidered in black covered the voluminous skirt. Tiny black velvet shoulder straps and narrow strips of velvet at the waist were added touches.

If I tried, I couldn’t exaggerate the whopping success scored by Van Johnson with his cafe debut. Critics and public alike raved and raved and jammed The Sands Hotel. Among those who flew up for the Johnson jamboree were Janie Wyman and Fred Karger, June Allyson and Dick Powell, Pete Lawford, the Edgar Bergens, Keenan Wynn, Judy Garland and Sid Luft. June Allyson was so thrilled over Van’s smash, she bustled out crying at ringside!

Back in Los Angeles, a real gala was the “opening night” of that so-attractive pair, Anne Jeffreys and Bob Sterling at the Cocosnut Grove. Anne’s gowns, the night I caught the act, were out-of-this-world beautiful and that gal has the shape to wear ’em, too! Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas, Mona Freeman with Vic Damone, the Mickey Rooney’s, Dan Dailey with Gwen O’Connor, Ginger Rogers and Jacques Bergerac, Vera-Ellen with Henry Willson, Byron Palmer and Joan Weldon, Alexis Smith again with estranged mate Craig Siens, and the Danny Kayes were just a few of the applauders.

Vera-Ellen flitted across the dance-floor in flowing chiffon trimmed with narrow bands of fine black lace; Mona Freeman was a walkin’ dream in deep rose starched organza, calf-length skirt out to there, tight bodice with wee puffed sleeves, a narrow sash of rose and red grosgrain ribbon at the waistline. And lots of pearl jewelry.

Most of the guys and dolls at the Grove opening had come from the big preem of Cinerama in Hollywood. And that was really something! Our town was the third in the U. S. to get this treat and Hollywood Boulevard looked like “the old days”—with specially built bleachers beside the Warner Theatre and millions of colored bubbles spewing forth from fifteen bubble machines. And, of course, lots of searchlights—plus radio and TV interviews with stars entering the lobby. I must say all the gals at this gala looked glamorous.

Enjoying the big doings at the Cinerama premiere were the Jeff Chandlers, Kathryn Grayson. Faith Domergue, Irene Dunne, Jane Greer (stunning in white organdy, splashed with navy blue embroidery—her coat, a balloon-sleeved, floor-length navy taffeta), the Ronald Reagans (Nancy in flaming red lace), Jeanne Crain in green, with the lowest-cut bodice in town and a modest jacket to cover it all; beaming bride-to-be Ann Blyth sitting next to Jeanne, a contrast in demureness. I thought Dawn Addams looked particularly well in a lovely vague pink, full-skirted, floor-length evening gown, its color such a compliment to her red hair. But what was Dawn trying to prove a night later wearing white lace evening pants to Ciro’s?

I gave a party too—a most informal one—a few nights before Van and Evie Johnson leaped to Las Vegas, and Frank Sinatra took off for Europe to see Ava and sing his way through Italy. Sinatra, whose film career is zooming again, had Tony Martin, Cyd Charisse, the Johnsons, songwriter Frank Loesser, Joan Caulfield and Frank Rose, and all the others, in stitches for hours. Some of the guests called the next day to say they had no idea F. S. could be so darned funny! Susie Hayward, just back from Italy and points thereabouts, told me that she didn’t buy any clothes in Europe but she did splurge seventy dollars for a pair of handmade shoes in Rome!
LET'S GO TO

LET'S DO IT AGAIN
COLUMBIA, TECHNICOLOR

Here's an exuberant romantic comedy that can't help going musical now and then. Primarily, it's a show-case for three engaging personalities. Jane Wyman's easily tops, as a former singer whose marriage cracks up because of jealousy. A skilled farceur even before he proved his dramatic talent, Ray Milland plays her husband, a somewhat eccentric composer. In the two months before their divorce decree is to become final, Aldo Ray gets into the act, as an eager but not too naive young Alaskan millionaire. Tow-headed and blue-eyed, in Technicolor he's more appealing than ever before. Tom Helmore's an assistant Other Man; Valerie Bettis and Karin Booth, a couple of Other Women. But the high-jinks center on Jean and Ray, obviously still in love. The scene in which she wrecks his new romance is a climax of hilarity.

Verdict: Giddy farce in elegant settings (Adult)

THE MOON IS BLUE
U. S.

The stage success reaches the screen almost unchanged; if anything, its wit is sharper and its personality values brighter. Newcomer Maggie McNamara, a sweet little trick from the stage and the modeling field, is the outspoken heroine, a good girl given to parading her status. Thus armored, she doesn't mind striking up an acquaintance with William Holden, an architect she meets atop the Empire State Building. Their plans for a quiet dinner at his home are added by three visitors: Dawn Addams, his vixen ex-girlfriend; David Niven, her dad, a gentle philanderer; Tom Tully, Maggie's dad, a righteously furious cop. Holden and Niven give Maggie expert competition in the comedy department. Crisp lines, unusually frank by movie standards, have gotten the picture into censorship trouble, but actually it's all in favor of virtue.

Verdict: Sly, delicious bit of frolicery (Adult)

YOUNG BESS
M-G-M, TECHNICOLOR

Back in the robust Tudor age of England, Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger portray two lovers thwarted by circumstance. Soft-faced Jean is oddly cast as the fiery princess who is to become Queen Elizabeth I, but she tackles the role with commendable spirit. From babyhood to girlhood, young Bess is involved in dangerous court intrigues. Daughter of Henry VIII (Charles Laughton—who else?), she finds her fortunes altered by his successive marriages, fliply related. But the core of the film is her passion for an older man (Granger), a nobleman who has long been in love with a woman near his own age (charming Deborah Kerr). Though Granger, overcome by all his furred and silken finery, too often takes to posing, the acting in general is good. Kay Walsh, Cecil Kellaway, Guy Rolte and even little Rex Thompson give conviction to the highfalutin historical-drama line.

Verdict: Stately romance of a colorful era (Adult)
THE CRUEL SEA

The epic events of the best-selling novel are necessarily telescoped in this splendid British movie, but all its adventurous spirit and human warmth come through in strength. Its plot is familiar business for a war picture: how a miscellaneous group of men, many of them green, becomes a fighting unit as crew of a small convoy escort. And Jack Hawkins, as their captain, covers well-explored ground: the responsibilities and sorrows of leadership. But his work is firm, true, scene by scene more revealing. Similarly, you come to know his men gradually, as they learn to know each other. There are three love stories, notably that of Donald Sinden, as one of Hawkins’ young lieutenants. These are related logically to the action, providing hinted motives for survival or death when the ship is torpedoed and the crew set adrift on the winter sea.

Verdict: Stirring, touching saga of men at war (Family)

HOUDINI

The youthful comeliness of Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh, teamed for the first time on the screen, is the chief asset of an engaging showbusiness story. Inspired by the career and married life of the late Harry Houdini, magician and escape artist, it’s as rambling as most movie biographies, but it finds amusing and affecting moments along the way. The pair’s courtship is on the comic side; on his first appearance, Tony is fearsomely gotten up as a carnival “wild man.” As a newlywed, he tries vainly to earn a living at humdrum trades, but the lure of magic is too much for him. With Janet loyally at his side, he invents one dangerous stunt after another, becoming world-famous. It’s strictly a Leigh-Curtis film; only outstanding minor players are Angela Clarke, as Tony’s mother, and Torin Thatcher, as his devoted assistant.

Verdict: Colorful tale of a fabulous trickster (Family)

ALL I DESIRE

Like many earlier Barbara Stanwyck vehicles, this is a conventional “woman’s picture.” Smoothly produced and shrewdly acted, it begins with a small-time vaudevillian’s return to the family she deserted ten years before. Barbara has come back only to see her daughter in a school play, but old emotions revive. The reactions of her family are varied, each reasonable. The school-principal husband (Richard Carlson) is bitter. The older daughter (Marcia Henderson), who has been running the household, is resentful. The stagestruck younger daughter (Lori Nelson) worships her supposedly famous mother. The son (Billy Gray), too young to remember Barbara, greets her matter-of-factly. But the motives assigned to Barbara and to Lyle Bettger, as her one-time lover, are blurred. Wisely, the period-flavor plot is set in 1910.

Verdict: Slick drama of a broken marriage (Adult)

More reviews on next page
I dreamed
I went on a tiger hunt in my

maidensform bra

I’m the daring young lady from Niger,
Who smiles as she goes hunting tiger;
My figure is svelte,
The best on the veld . . .
Or anywhere else, says the tiger!
The dream of a bra: Maidenform’s Maidenette®
in acetate satin and lace; broadcloth
and lace; or nylon taffeta
with nylon marquisette . . . from 1.50
There is a maidenform
for every type of figure.*
Send for free style booklet.
Maidenform, N. Y. 16

TAKE ME TO TOWN
(10-4, TECHNICOLOR)

Like the red-headed adventuress of the
old West portrayed by Ann Sheridan, this
music-trimmed fable is good-natured, free
and easy of manner and golden of heart.
Ann’s an entertainer who’s been keeping
bad company, though herself no lawbreak-
er. On the lam, she reaches a small town
in logging country. While cavorting in the
local dance hall, she’s spotted by three
motherless small boys, all anxious to save
their stalwart dad (Sterling Hayden) from
being snared by a prim widow. To these
urchins, Ann seems an admirable motherly
type; and, still eluding the law, she
moves into Hayden’s remote cabin to play
housekeeper and baby-sitter. The commu-
ity’s reaction and Ann’s stratagems provide
steady amusement.
Verdict: Breezy, sentimental comedy with
a few lively songs
(Family)

DANGEROUS WHEN WET
(M-G-M, TECHNICOLOR)

Lighter, gayer, less weighted by specta-
cle than the average Esther Williams movie,
her latest keeps her in a swimsuit for a
satisfying amount of footage. She’s joined
in one pool interlude by Fernando Lamas
(in real life a former swim champ). Lamas
plays a French champagne salesman whose
blandishments lure Esther to break train-
ing for her splash across the English Chan-
nel. With sisters Barbara Whiting and
Donna Corcoran, Es has been raised in
super-athletic style by parents William
Demarest and Charlotte Greenwood. Prom-
oter Jack Carson persuades the whole
family to try the Channel swim, though
only Es eventually qualifies. The first third
of the picture has a bouncing pace and
rhythm; the rest plods a little.
Verdict: Pleasant, tuneful blend of rom-
ance and water sport
(Family)

STALAG 17
(PARAMOUNT)

Comedy set in a prison camp might seem
doubtful taste, but this rather literal
adaptation of the stage hit keeps to a
proper balance. Its heroes are American
airmen held captive in Germany in World
War II. William Holden’s flexible acting
Bobbi is perfect for this casual "Ingenue" hair style, for Bobbi is the permanent designed to give soft, natural-looking curls. Easy. No help needed.

Only Bobbi is designed to give the natural-looking wave necessary for the casual charm of this "Cotillion." And you get your wave where you want it.

What a casual, easy livin' look this "Minx" hairdo has... thanks to Bobbi! Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents always give you soft, carefree curls like these.

Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the easy, natural look of the curls in this new "Capri" style. No "nightly settings."

NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS ON THIS PAGE!

These hairdos were made with Bobbi ... the special home permanent for casual hair styles

Yes, Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is designed to give you lovelier, softer curls ... the kind you need for today's casual hairdos. Never the tight, fussy curls you get with ordinary home or beauty shop permanents. Immediately after you use Bobbi your hair has the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And your hair stays that way — your wave lasts week after week.

Bobbi's so easy to use, too. You just put your hair in pin curls. Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. Rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out — and that's all. No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed even for beginners.

Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion — if you can make a simple pin curl — you'll love Bobbi.

Everything you need! New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. $1.50 plus tax.

Easy! Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. No separate neutralizer, no curlers, no resetting.
Make your hair obey the new soft way

No oily after-film...just soft shimmering beauty

Now...try the only hairdressing that makes hair obey the new soft way...With miracle Curtisol—so amazingly light, so penetrating it never leaves oily "after-film"! Just a touch "sparkles" hair, prevents dryness and split ends, frizziness after a permanent. Gives you "easy-do" hair instantly. Even after shampoo! No wonder women prefer Suave 7 to 1.

End dry hair worries with miracle Curtisol—Only Suave has it.

Special Offer!

HELENE CURTIS
Suave

get 29¢ size bottle
HELENE CURTIS SHAMPOO

FREE OF EXTRA COST!
HELENE CURTIS SHAMPOO

Both for only 50¢

Your choice of these two tremendously popular luxury shampoos

Helene Curtis MILKY SHAMPOO
Works miracles for dry hair. So lanolin-rich it leaves hair soft as sable, wondrously radiant—twinkling with exciting new highlights. And so well behaved.

Helene Curtis—SHAMPOO PLUS EGG
The only shampoo made with homogenized fresh, whole egg! Brings out that "vital" look. Conditions even problem hair! Leaves it manageable, silky.

MOVIES continued

style keeps his character dominant. He's the big operator, with a corner on the camp black market. So he's a prime suspect when the Americans realize there's a spy in their midst, responsible for the death of two escaping prisoners. This part of the story is no laughing matter, and it's treated seriously.

The clowning is done mostly by Harvey Lembeck and Robert Strauss, deliberately keeping up their own and their friends' spirits. As a bumbling German guard, Sig Ruman's a figure of fun, but Otto Preminger makes the camp commander a realistic menace. Handsome Peter Graves stands out among the PW's.

Verdict: Comic, suspenseful, disjointed study of GI's in captivity (Family)

THE JUGGLER
(KRAMER, COLUMBIA)

A troupe headed by Kirk Douglas went to Israel to film this story of the new nation, and the backgrounds are its chief point of interest. Kirk gives an earnest performance in the title role, though the character has too many angles. Mentally unbalanced since his wife and children were killed in a Nazi concentration camp, he lives in a dream of the days when he was a famous vaudeville star. He can't believe he's found a true refuge in Israel; when he strikes a policeman whom he takes for a Nazi, he becomes a fugitive. On a community farm, he finds peace, sanity and romance. As the farm girl, Milly Vitale looks lovely, but a shade theatrical. Indeed, all the farmers seem more like summer campers than the rugged pioneers they really are.

Verdict: Absorbing but slightly formless story of a DP in Israel (Family)

SANGAREE
(PARAMOUNT, 3-D, TECHNISCOPE)

Arlene Dahl's titian charm and Fernando Lamas' Latin swagger are both enhanced by the third dimension. Except for a couple of brief outdoor scenes, the 3-D process creates an excellent illusion of depth throughout this adventure yarn set in 18th Century Georgia. The film's overloaded with plot, however, leaping from the rivalry between Arlene and Fernando over the management of her family's plantation to the designs her sister-in-law (Patricia Medina) has on Lamas. The threat of a plague is mentioned from time to time, and there's also much to-do over the identity of a pirate who's making off with cargoes of cotton.

Verdict: Blousy venture in costumed romance and intrigue (Family)

COLUMN SOUTH
(UG, TECHNISCOPE)

With the Civil War in the offing, Audie Murphy tries to forestall an Indian uprising and upholds the Union cause at an Army base in the Southwest. Robert Ster-
Two bright girls on vacation. Tess was the one who men ignored . . . Martha the one they adored. So, all Tess got was a tan, but Martha came home with a man . . . and a ring on her finger! Moral: If you want to be popular don't tolerate that insidious thing* one moment. Listerine Antiseptic not only stops *halitosis (bad breath) instantly . . . it usually keeps it stopped for hours on end. This superior deodorant effect is due to Listerine's ability to kill germs.

No chlorophyll kills odor bacteria like this . . . instantly
Isn't it just common sense then to trust to Listerine Antiseptic when you want to be extra-careful not to offend? You see, germs are by far the most common cause of halitosis. Because they start the fermentation of proteins that are always present in your mouth. In fact, research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer depending upon the degree to which you reduce germs in your mouth. Listerine instantly kills these germs by millions, including the bacteria that cause fermentation. Brushing your teeth doesn't give you any such antiseptic protection. Chlorophyll or chewing gums do not kill germs. Listerine does.

Clinically proved four times better than tooth paste
No wonder that in recent clinical tests Listerine Antiseptic averaged four times better in reducing breath odors than the two leading tooth pastes, as well as the three leading chlorophyll products, it was tested against.

So, if you want really effective protection against halitosis, no matter what else you may use, use an antiseptic . . . Listerine Antiseptic. Kill those odor bacteria with Listerine. Rinse with it night and morning, and before any date where you want to be at your best.

Remember: "Even your best friend won't tell you!"

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC . . . the most widely used antiseptic in the world
Use new **White Rain** shampoo tonight—tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!

![Ad for White Rain Shampoo](image)

It's like washing your hair in softest rain water! This new gentle lotion shampoo leaves your hair soft as a cloud, bright as sunshine, fresh-smelling as a spring breeze. And it's so easy to care for!

**CAN'T DRY YOUR HAIR LIKE HARSH LIQUIDS**
**CAN'T DULL YOUR HAIR LIKE SOAPS OR CREAMS**

**White Rain**

**Fabulous New**
**Lotion Shampoo by Toni**

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**MOVIES continued**

ling represents the sincere followers of the Confederacy, but Ray Collins is a general playing his own game and deceiving both sides. Subordinate as girls usually are in action films, Joan Evans accents her character's sulkiness.

**Verdict: Brisk, fast-moving, but undistinguished Western**

(Family)

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**THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS**

(WARNERS)

Even fantasy should have a certain degree of consistency, missing in this wild thriller about a prehistoric monster on the loose. The giant reptile has been dormant in a polar deep freeze for millions of years, when an atom-bomb test on Arctic ice sets it free. Scientist Paul Christian sees the monster, but his story only brings him a stay in a psycho ward. Not until the beast, wallowing southward, has created havoc on the Atlantic coast, does Paul succeed in convincing authorities that it exists. He gets help from professor Cecil Kellaway and the prof's pretty assistant, Paula Raymond. The climax finds the monster assaulting lower Manhattan.

**Verdict: Occasionally spectacular, but generally shaky in design**

(Family)

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**FRANCIS COVERS THE BIG TOWN**

(1-1)

Donald O'Connor and his slick, all-wise pal (with the satiric voice of Chill Wills) still have a winning quality as a team, but the gag about the talking mule is wearing thin this late in the series. Except for the presence of Francis, the plot is just a slightly burlesqued version of the crusading-reporter theme. By gossiping with cops' and peddlers' horses, Francis helps turn the blundering Donald into an ace newswoman, always ready with a scoop. The mule has more trouble straightening out the boy's love life, since Donald prefers a sophisticated columnist (Nancy Guild) to the naive little girl next door (Yvette Dugay). All's well after Donald breaks up the crime ring.

**Verdict: Enough laughs, though wrong from a tired formula**

(Family)

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**THE GREAT SIOUX UPRISING**

(1-1, TECHNOCOLOR)

Indian troubles and the Civil War as it affected the West get a couple of switches here. Usually sympathetic to the South, Hollywood now gives the other side a break. And Jeff Chandler does not play an Indian. Wounded in action as a Union Army doctor, he settles down to serve as a vet in Wyoming. (The troupe actually stationed at Pendleton, Oregon.) But he finds no peace. Faith Domergue has been trying to persuade the Sioux to sell their ponies for the Union cavalry. Lyle Bettger, strictly out for the cash the Army offers, simply steals a herd, thereby arousing the Indians' ire.

**Verdict: Routine Western**

(Family)
Why Dial Soap protects your complexion. even under make-up

Dial clears your complexion by removing blemish-spreading bacteria that other soaps leave on your skin

No matter how lavishly or how sparingly you normally use cosmetics, when you wash beforehand with Dial soap, the fresh clearness of your skin is continuously protected underneath your make-up.

For this mild, gentle face soap does a wonderful thing. It washes away trouble-causing bacteria that other soaps (even the finest) leave on your skin. Dial does this because it contains AT-7 (Hexachlorophene). It clears the skin of unseen bacteria that so often aggravate and spread surface blemishes.

Works in a new way!

Until Dial came along, there was no way of removing these bacteria safely and effectively. These pictures, taken through a microscope, are proof. No. 1 shows thousands of bacteria left on the skin after washing with ordinary soap. (So when you put on make-up, they are free to cause trouble underneath.) No. 2 shows how daily washing with Dial removes up to 95% of these blemish-spreading bacteria.

And Dial is so mild!

When you first try this beauty-refreshing soap, you'd never guess it could give you such benefits. It's delicately scented. Dial's mild, creamy lather removes dirt and make-up so gently and completely it helps overcome clogged pores and blackheads.

Skin doctors recommend Dial for adolescent complexions. And with Dial your skin will become cleaner and clearer than any other type of soap can get it. Why not let mild, fragrant Dial soap protect your complexion—even under make-up?

Also available in Canada

P.S. For cleaner, more beautiful hair, try New DIAL SHAMPOO in the handy, unbreakable squeeze bottle.

DIAL DAVE GARROWAY—NBC, Weekdays
You can go swimming wearing Tampax*. Even when the bathing suit's wet and clinging, internally-worn Tampax is the kind of monthly sanitary protection that doesn't reveal its presence. Doctor-invented Tampax is made of compressed, long-fibered cotton in throwaway applicators. It's so easy to insert that the user's hands need never even touch it. And it's just as easy to dispose of—a boon when you're away from home.

You can sit on the beach wearing Tampax. What if you don't want to go in? There's nothing to betray it's one of those days—no belts, no pins, no odor. In fact Tampax is so comfortable the wearer doesn't even feel it once it's in place. Worn by millions of women, Tampax is really a "must" to help you get every ounce of enjoyment out of Summer.

Buy Tampax this month. At any drug or notion counter. In your choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, or Junior. Month's supply goes in purse; Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.


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SOAP BOX:

Will someone please tell me what was so wonderful about "The Bad and the Beautiful"? According to the critics, it was a wonderful motion picture. I saw it and I was bitterly disappointed. It was: 1) too long; 2) very confusing; 3) artificial, and 4) the ending was unbelievable. As far as I'm concerned, this picture is bad and there is nothing beautiful about it. (Except Miss Lana Turner and Miss Gloria Grahame.)...

A Very Disappointed Movie Fan
Harrison, New York

OPEN LETTER TO JUNE HAVER:

... I am a seventeen-year-old high-school girl who has been interested in dramatics for a good many years. Although I love the theatre, I must admit that some of its ways aren't the best. Of all the dramatic personalities of our time, I had always considered you among the few who did not "go Hollywood." You were a good actress... and that's all I ever hope to be. But besides being an actress, you were an influence, a good influence... your fans and friends admire your courage in taking this great step to serve God...

Rose Marie Schweiger San Diego, California

The new King of Hollywood has been found at last. Since Clark Gable has reached the age when he should abdicate, I pick Charlton Heston as his successor. When that wonderful hunk of man walks into a scene, the screen fairly sizzles... such male magnetism... out of this world in "Ruby Gentry," but in "The President's Lady," he was sensational... not only has rugged good looks, a marvelous voice and personality... also a very good actor...

Mrs. Roger Meador
Conway, Arkansas

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CHARLTON HESTON: NEW FILMSTAR KING?

After seeing "Prince of Pirates," I'd like to voice my opinion... I do not think John Derek is convincing as a swashbuckling pirate... looks too young to be leading a bunch of men. I'm just one of those who would rather see him playing an ordinary guy in an ordinary situation.

Lucille Zingerman
Hollis, New York

We want to write a letter in favor of Marilyn Monroe... we had the pleasure of meeting her on the set of "How to Marry a Millionaire" and we think she is one of the sweetest persons we've ever met... if people met her personally, they would change their opinions.

Judy Reynolds, Michael Thompson
Glendale, California

OPEN LETTER TO LESLIE CARON:

... I don't know where you got the idea you aren't too nice looking (as told in the June issue of PHOTOPLAY). I recall a picture of you in PHOTOPLAY Star Fashions (April issue). I think you looked quite attractive... Your... hair also appeared to be lived nice and neatly, Leslie Caron. I think you are pretty and I know you must have a very nice personality.

Kitty Harper
Bridgeport, Connecticut

... sure, Leslie Caron's pretty?

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CASTING:

If any studio ever remakes "Gone With the Wind" (which we hope they do), we think that Glenn Ford would make a wonderful Rhett Butler with Susan Hayward as Scarlett O'Hara. Also, Alan Ladd as Ashley and Ann Blyth as Melanie.

Bette Randall, Arleta Frank
Little Neck, New York

When are my favorite stars, Montgomery Clift and Jean Simmons, going to co-star in

(Continued on page 20)
Now... for the First time, a Home Permanent brings you

Amazing New Neutralizer acts Instantly!
No waiting!
No clock watching!

And New Lilt with exclusive Wave Conditioner gives you a wave far softer ... far more natural than any other home permanent!

NOW... Better than ever! An entirely different BRAND NEW Lilt

Only Lilt's new "Instant Neutralizing" gives you all these important advantages:
A new formula makes the neutralizer act instantly!
A new method makes neutralizing much easier, faster.
A wonderful wave conditioner beautifies your hair... makes it softer, more glamorous!
Beauty experts say you can actually feel the difference!

Yes, you can feel the extra softness, in hair that's neutralized this wonderful new Lilt way!
No test curls needed, either! Yet new Lilt gives the loveliest, most natural, easiest-to-manage wave ... even on the very first day. The best, long-lasting wave too!
Everything you've been wanting in ease and speed ... plus extra glamour for your hair!

HERE'S PROCTER & GAMBLE'S GUARANTEE
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Readers Inc...

a movie? I'm sure all their fans would look to a movie in which they were the young lovers.

Katharine Elvira
Buenos Aires, Argentina

I would like to see Jane Powell and Stewart Granger in a movie together ... Judy Jackson
Vancouver, British Columbia

In your May Photoplay someone suggested starring Dale Robertson and Susan Hayward in "The Sheik." I agree that she would be perfect ... but he is not the type at all. Fernando Lamas is the only man who could really bring the Sheik to life. What a man! ... Sherry Stephen
Jacksonville, Florida

I believe that an outstanding movie could be made from Thams Williamson's novel about Rome under Nero, "The Gladiator," with Jeff Chandler as Faljen, the gladiator, Jean Peters as Lydia, the Christian girl, and Orson Welles as Nero.

Arthur Stockman
Longmont, Colorado

Why in the world hasn't someone thought of starring Virginia Mayo and Zsa Zsa Gabor in a musical? They look so much like sisters ... just imagine a sister dancing team ... in a Broadway musical. I think that it would be a hit just as "Back on Broadway" was ...

Hilda Powell
Nashville, Tennessee

We have just read the book "Seventeenth Summer" and we thought it would be a great success as a movie ... the leading roles should be played by Debbie Reynolds and Bob Arthur ... Suzie and Chris Gove
South Paris, Maine

Being a fan of Howard Keel's, I've often wondered why they don't cast him and Esther Williams again. They were wonderful in "Pagan Love Song" ... wish they wouldn't dress him in period costumes and put him in colonial pictures. A mustache and satin vest don't become him at all.

Gloria Hoke
Wichita, Kansas

I just read "East Side General," the story of a New York hospital and I think the part of Dr. Andrew Gray fits Charlton Heston like a glove.
Ellen J. Waller
Columbia, Pennsylvania

I read that "The Silver Chalice" is to be made into a movie and the proposed stars are James Mason, Susan Hayward and Jean Simmons. The feminine leads are ideal, but I don't think James Mason would be a good choice for Basil ... not because he is incapable of doing the role well, but because he wouldn't seem logical ... as a Greek ... how about another fine actor, Louis Jourdan? ...
Ruth Harford
Baltimore, Maryland

I think Ethel Merman in "Call Me Madam" is just wonderful! What talent! I wish Hollywood would co-star her with Bing Crosby in a musical ...
Natalie Binford
Seattle, Washington

Should Ginnie and Zsa Zsa play a sister team?

QUESTION BOX:
Why aren't there more Science Fiction movies? They are the best ... yet.
Kathryn Swank
Crawfordsville, Indiana

There are. You will soon see "War of the Worlds," "It Came From Outer Space" and "The Magnetic Monster." — Ed.

... What is Fernando Lamas' real name? ...
Alyce A. Barone
New Haven, Connecticut

Fernando Lamas. Surprised? — Ed.

Could you please give me the address of Realart Studios? They are the makers of "Breakdown" ...
B. S. B.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Their address is 1968 S. Vermont Avenue, Los Angeles, California. — Ed.

I would like to know whether or not that was Zsa Zsa Gabor who sang the theme song "Moulin Rouge" in the picture of the same name? ...
Barbara Cribetta
San Francisco, California

The voice belonged to Muriel Smith who also had a featured role in the film as Aicha, a can-can dancer. — Ed.

Will you please tell me if Van Johnson has ever been married before, and to whom? ...
Phyllis Kaye
Chicago, Illinois

Married Eve Wynn in 1947. This is his first marriage. — Ed.

Could you please tell me if Kathryn Grayson has a husband? If so, why do we not hear anything about him?
Betsy King
Merced, California

She was divorced from Johnny Johnston in 1951. She is not married at the present time. — Ed.
There's a trace of the exotic in Ruth Roman's dark-eyed beauty... in the exciting glow of her skin. She enhances its loveliness every day with the very gentlest of care.

"My beauty care really makes skin smoother!"

says Ruth Roman

And that's what you'll say... when you try Ruth's daily Lux Soap facials. They're a sure way to softer, fresher skin!

Who could give you better beauty advice than this glamorous star... whose own complexion is so creamy, so radiantly fresh! Ruth says, "Try my daily Lux facials. They're a perfect way to make skin sparkle... look its very smoothest!"

Yes, daily Lux Soap care treats your skin to a vital beauty benefit—wonderful toning action! It's this gentle stimulation that helps your skin to new softness... that fresh, luminous look.

And Ruth tells you, "You'll delight in the mildness of Lux as you cream in the rich lather. Then you just rinse warm, splash cold... and right away your skin is lovelier!"

Why don't you try Hollywood's favorite Lux Toilet Soap today! See how soon you win compliments on your smoother, fresher skin!

"Steak's on!" Ruth's barbecue recipe is a secret... but not her beauty care. "How could it be?" she asks. "Everyone knows—in Hollywood, we use Lux for smoother skin!"

"What a difference Lux facials make!" Ruth tells you. "And they work so quickly!" Yes, your skin will be softer, fresher, with just one cake of Lux!

9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap for complexion care... for a bath-time treat! Gentle Lux care is guaranteed by Lever Brothers Company to make a beautiful improvement in any normal skin, or your money refunded.
Glorify Your Hair
3 Wonderful ways with
Nestle COLOR

1 GLAMOROUS COLOR-HIGHLIGHTS glorify your hair when you use Nestle COLORINE. COLORINE is a "must" after each and every shampoo and whenever your hair looks dull and drab. It adds glorious color-highlights and exciting sheen... makes hair so easy to comb and manage. Choose from 10 beautiful shades that rinse in—shampoo out. 6 rinses 25¢, 14 rinses 50¢.

Nestle COLORINE

2 RICHER COLOR TINTS beautify your hair when you use Nestle COLORINT. For COLORINT enhances your natural hair color—adds exciting new color—blends in streaked, bleached, dyed or graying hair. It's more than a rinse but not a permanent dye! Enriched with Processed Lanolin to leave hair shining soft. Take your choice of 10 glamorous shades. 6 capsules 29¢, 12 capsules 50¢.

Nestle COLORINT

3 LIGHTER, BRIGHTER COLOR... as much or as little as you wish in ONE application... with Nestle LITE. Why fuss and rum with repeated applications when Nestle LITE makes your hair up to 10 shades lighter at ONCE! Lightens blonde hair, brightens brown hair, accentuates red tones in brunette hair, adds golden streaks. Contains no ammonia... enriched with Processed Lanolin to leave hair soft, silky, natural-looking. $1.50. Retouch size 79¢.

Nestle LITE HAIR LIGHTENER

Ask your beautician for Professional Applications of Nestle Hair Color

Readers Inc...

A friend and I were discussing Jean Harlow the other day... and her last picture. I said that Robert Taylor was her co-star in "Saratoga," and my friend thinks it was Clark Gable. Would you please set us straight in this matter?...

Maxine Gorman
Columbia, Ohio

Clark Gable was her co-star.—Ed.

My brother and I had an argument over who the girl was who played in "Duel in the Sun." He said it was Jennifer Jones, and I said it wasn't. Who is right?
Joyce Davis
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Brother's right. It was Jennifer.—Ed.

... have seen "The Man Behind the Gun"... My! but that actor who played Captain Roy Giles is too good to ignore. Who is he?...
Anne, Sylvia, Connie, Mary and Babs
Buffalo, New York

That was Philip Carey, currently under contract to Warner Brothers.—Ed.

When Susan Hayward and her husband went to Europe, why did they go separate planes? The June photoplay story said it was to protect their boys.

Mrs. Wm. A. Love
Yorktown, Indiana

This is not an unusual practice. Parents who consider travel somewhat dangerous separate on journeys so an accident will not rob children of both parents.—Ed.

Could you tell me if Jeff and Tab Hunter are related? If so, how?
Micky Shorr
Brooklyn, New York

Jeff and Tab are in no way related.—Ed.

Would you please tell me how old Scott Brady is... is he married?
Lorraine Erickson
Unionville, Connecticut

He's twenty-eight and still single.—Ed.

I have just seen "Anna" and would like to know if American actors dubbed in the voices. Also, who played Anna's sister? They really looked like sisters... Jo Ramorino
San Francisco, California

Yes, American actors dubbed the voices. Silvana Mangano's younger sister, Patrizia, portrayed her sister in the film.—Ed.

My sister and I had a little argument on how long it takes to make an average movie.

I say from two months to a year. How long does it take...?
Larry Schack
Montrose, Michigan

The time varies considerably from film to film, but a general average is about three months. Some spectacles, however, have taken as long as two years, and, at the other extreme, "quickies" are sometimes turned out in a matter of days.—Ed.

Would you please let me know if Zsa Zsa Gabor is Nicky Hilton's real mother...
Alice M. Walsh
New York, New York

No. She was his stepmother when she was married to his father, Conrad Hilton, the famous hotel owner.—Ed.

Please inform me as to where I can reach Jack Palance...
Jean Greshko
Hazleton, Pennsylvania

You can write to him care of RKO Studios, 7800 Gower Street, Hollywood, California. And you can see him now in Paramount's "Shane."—Ed.

I would like to know Esther Williams' real name and her home address.
Darlene Peterson
Selma, California

She was born Esther Jean Williams, is now Mrs. Ben Gage. Unfortunately we cannot give home addresses, but you can reach her through M-G-M, 1026 West Washington Boulevard, Hollywood, California.—Ed.

... in one of my old photoplays it said under one of Vera-Ellen's pictures that she was in "I Love Melvin." In the same book it mentioned Debbie Reynolds in "I Love Melvin." I have seen the picture and didn't see Vera-Ellen in it... Why?
Shirley Wombles
Syracuse, New York

Vera-Ellen was originally announced for the picture, then withdrawn. Probably for the role in "Call Me Madam."—Ed.

Vera-Ellen: otherwise engaged

I have just seen Warner Brothers' "The House of Wax." I thought it was a very realistic and interesting picture. My father saw it with me. He said he thought it was made very much like a movie shown some years ago called "The Wax Museum." Is it the same picture as the one he saw recently?
Barbara Cohn
Indianapolis, Indiana

Your father is right. "The House of Wax" is a remake of a film, called "The Mystery of the Wax museum," which Warner's made about a decade ago.—Ed.
Now! A Panty Brief that does more than most girdles!

Wear it under shorts, slacks, swimsuits... all revealing summer clothes... you'll think you've lost a full size, no matter what your size!

Hidden "finger" panels are molded in to flatten your tummy, smooth and support your figure in Nature's own way. Boneless non-roll tapers and belittles your waistline, stays up without a stay. See the lovely textured latex outside... feel the cloud-soft fabric inside.

New Playtex® Magic-Controller Panty Brief!

Boneless non-roll top and hidden "finger" panels make a difference you can measure—no matter what your size!

Magic-Controller Panty Brief is all latex, fabric lined, one piece and wonderful. It's invisible under your sleakest slacks, washes in seconds, and you can almost watch it dry!

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Playtex... known everywhere as the girdle in the SUM tube.

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TOGETHER AGAIN
BY MIRIAM ROGERS

It was late the night of May 13 when visitors to the Los Angeles airport saw a volatile blonde, bubbling over with happiness, shouting, “Where is the man who looks like the father of my child?”

For Shelley Winters, The Big Moment had come. At long last her husband Vittorio was coming home to her and to their tiny daughter Vittoria Gina, whom he had never seen.

Vittorio’s return—he was in Italy when his daughter was born—had been many times delayed. At first he had planned on flying home to be there at the birth of the baby. The journey was postponed twice thereafter (Continued on page 99)
Everyone adores Angel Face for its soft-tinted, velvety flattery.

More women use Angel Face than any other make-up — 9 reasons why:

1. **Powder and Foundation in one!**
2. **Easy—smoothes on with its own puff!**
3. **No wet sponge!**
4. **No greasy fingers!**
5. **No spilly powder!**
6. **More natural than heavy make-up:**
   - Smoother, more clinging than powder!
7. **Never drying—never greasy!**
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In the blue-and-gold box
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The **ANGEL FACE "MIRROR CASE"**—
With mirror, puff and your choice of 7 heavenly Angel Face shades. A darling for your handbag at only $1.
"My too stirring" "The shampoos: first have, for Wales, Creme ended Thrilling might "They'll four* Glamour-made-easy! "shines" hardest with loose Creme hair stars! JULIA Lustre-Creme 4 dry soft Natural dandruff. When America's most glamorous women—beauties like Julia Adams—use Lustre-Creme Shampoo, shouldn't it be your choice above all others, too? For the Most Beautiful Hair in the World 4 out of 5 Top Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Glamour-made-easy! Even in hardest water, Lustre-Creme "shines" as it cleans; leaves hair soft and fragrant, free of loose dandruff. And Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with Natural Lanolin. It does not dry or dull your hair!

Makes hair eager to curl! Now you can "do things" with your hair—right after you wash it! Lustre-Creme Shampoo helps make hair a delight to manage; tames flyaway locks to the lightest brush touch, brings out glorious sheen.

Fabulous Lustre-Creme costs no more than other shampoos—27¢ to $2 in jars or tubes.

Thrilling news for users of liquid shampoos: Lustre-Creme also comes in new Lotion Form, too—30¢ to $1.00.

"WHY DO PEOPLE IN HOLLYWOOD call you swell-headed?" I asked Richard Burton, Britain's newest and best bet for movie stardom in the United States. "Ever since you hit town to team with Olivia de Havilland in 'My Cousin Rachel,' the talk about you has all been in the same key—'The guy's a good actor—but what a big head!'"

"I really don't know why it is," Dick said, "unless it's just that I have an unfortunate manner. Ever since I first entered the theatre, people have said I'm arrogant and big-headed. Actually, I'm just a simple miner's boy from Pontrhydyfen (pronounced Pontree-deven), Wales, with a touch of torment in the back of my head."

A fine-looking head, I might add—and a smile to warm your heart. His hair, ordinarily slightly wavy, has been curled like a lamb's for his role as Marcellus in "The Robe." He explained: "They'll straighten it for the next picture to make me look male!"

And again that warm smile.

We were standing on the sidelines of "The Robe" set at Twentieth watching Jay Robinson, as Caligula, and Jean Simmons, as Diana, go through their paces before a throng of extras, and I noticed Dick's bright-eyed interest in the scene and his unrestrained admiration as it ended with a stirring speech by Caligula. He joined in the applause. "That young fellow Robinson is really good," he said. "What an actor!"

Our boy Burton, who gets $3,000 a week for his make-believe at Twentieth, was completing plans to go back to England's Old Vic Theatre after "The Robe" was finished. He was getting set to work for $145 a week for six months. "This will all go to the British Treasury," he explained. "I'm getting very little out of it. In order to put $15,000 a year in the bank in England you have to earn $210,000. I get more just in expenses here than I ever got in salary.
interview

BY
MIKE CONNOLLY

over there. That's why my wife, Sybil, and I haven't any children—can't afford them!” He winked.

“After the Old Vic, then what?”

“I'll do a picture for Alex Korda about a pilot whose face is hideously burned in the Battle of Britain. I'll be playing half of it with my own pockmarked face and the other half with scars, courtesy of the make-up man. After that I hope to come back to Hollywood for another picture. I don't want American movie-goers to get a chance to forget me.”

But, I asked myself, how could the fans forget a good-looking young guy like Dick Burton who takes continual potshots at himself—like this one:

“Emlyn Williams (noted playwright and actor who has been touring in a one-man show of Dickens readings), my theatrical Godfather, said to me last week: ‘Don’t forget that I found you underneath a slag heap in Merthyr Tydville in Wales and my sole reason for coming to Hollywood is to get you back under it!’”

How can you call a guy like that swell-headed?
There are three Breck Shampoos for three different hair conditions. A Breck Shampoo will help bring out the soft, natural beauty of your hair. There are three Breck Shampoos. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. Next time you buy a shampoo, choose the correct Breck Shampoo for your hair condition. A Breck Shampoo cleans thoroughly, leaving your hair soft, fragrant and shining.

The Three Breck Shampoos are available at Beauty Shops, Drug Stores, Department Stores, and wherever cosmetics are sold.
Scoop!

The Blonde and Her Beau

- All Hollywood has remarked on the fact that Marilyn Monroe comes to parties and premieres alone. But in these exclusive pictures Photoplay brings you the rest of the story... it's Marilyn's man, Joe DiMaggio, who takes her home! So secret have these late dates been that gossips said the romance was all over. But when Marilyn, dressed to the teeth, appears at a gala event, you can find Joe, clad in sport shirt, in a parking lot waiting for his girl—as who wouldn't?
INSIDE STUFF

News About Twos: Filmtown has very little hope for a happy outcome on the Jane Powell-Geary Steffen marriage. Jane seems determined to have herself a freedom fling . . . The walls separating Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis from their neighbors are thin, which is why those “not getting along” rumors are circulating. But insiders are wary of divorce predictions . . . Mitzi Gaynor would like to make a picture with Donald O’Connor, who will learn that she “cares” when he reads it here! . . . Mona Freeman has been advised to circulate more with eligible Hollywood
Girls don't need glasses to see Ricardo “Latin Lovers” Montalban is a hunk of man.

When the Jerry Lewises left for Europe, Tony and Janet went as far as New York to wave goodbye.

Two D-voted people enjoy a holiday in the sun. Dale Robertson, above with wife Jackie, makes his 3-D debut with Virginia Mayo in “Arizona Outpost.”

Gents. It seems there were repercussions from that printed announcement (which Mona didn’t make) that she was following Bing Crosby to Europe.

Mother’s Daze: Anyone who knows Shelley Winters, also knows she takes everything in a b ee g way. So as far as Shel is concerned, no one has had a baby as fabulous, brilliant, beautiful and adorable as Miss Vittoria Gina Gassman. Bouncing from table to table in the U-I commissary, as she showed a few dozen snapshots of her baby to everyone, proud Mama exclaimed: “Aren’t they absolutely sensational—and they’re not even retouched!”

Last Laugh: Cal hates to be smug, but, Oh what protests when he announced in Photoplay that June Allyson and Jeanne Crain would ask “out” from their studios. That was several months ago. Now the lovely ladies just took a walk—right out the front gate! It’s no secret that June feels M-G-M is no longer the lot she loved when she signed there ten years ago. Jeanne was at Twentieth ten years, too, and both were new discoveries when they started.

Down Romance Lane: Before he left for Europe to make “King Arthur and the Round Table,” Robert Taylor ordered sweetheart roses to be delivered to Ursula Thiess every Thursday. You guessed it! They met on a Thursday . . . Over one exciting weekend, Tab Hunter got himself a date with Joanne Gilbert and his first brand new convertible, which (Continued on page 80)
All those feud rumors got lost when the story took a romantic turn.

This R. J. Wagner . . .

HE'S MY KIND OF GUY

BY TERRY MOORE

I didn't mean to eavesdrop. I didn't have to move a muscle to catch the conversation. Bob Wagner and I were being talked about . . . and only a few inches behind my back. “Of course, they’re friends now,” said the columnist who was sitting a table away. “But wait until they work together in ‘Twelve Mile Reef.’ My dear, those two will be at each other’s throats.”

There was a slight pause for weapon identification. “With knives,” she said. And then she went on with her theorizing.

This situation, she reasoned, would be based on professional jealousy, since Bob and I are two of the most career-conscious people in Hollywood. And, according to a Hollywood theory, when it comes right down to a contest in the business of getting the best camera angles, nothing is supposed to interfere. Least of all, friendship.

At first I was indignant. Then I had a good laugh. I thought about how, if Bob had been along, he’d have handed me a butter knife and said, “Be my guest.” (Continued on page 96)
I used to kid myself, used to “dream.” I seldom “did.” Now I know what I missed in my teens.

BE HAPPY,

BY DORIS DAY
The reason I dare to cry out, "Stop kidding yourself, girls" to every teenager is that I know what I'm talking about.

When I was in my teens, I had to learn the hard way how to get on speaking terms with personal happiness.

The teens can be such a miserable experience. Mine often were. I know from the letters that so many of you write me that they are a bad time for altogether too many of you.

So let me tell you, that doesn't have to be. If you will just get wise to what is your own personal self, you'll have the world on a string.

You can be happy as Christmas 365 days a year if you will just get your thinking in the right channel. And remember that nobody—but nobody—makes you a droop but you.

It's all a matter of not kidding yourself. It's all a matter of using that space between your eyebrows and your latest hair-do. It hasn't a thing in the world to do with money, either with the possession of it or the lack of it.

It's all you, you, you. As the song says, you are the one. So why not do it now? Not tomorrow, or the next week—but now!

I used to kid myself, just as much as you probably do, when I was in my teens. I used to dream. I seldom "did." I used to have elaborate daydreams about the rich, handsome man I'd marry, the big house I'd live in, the jewels I'd have.

Fantastic enough, I achieved that. For instance, the other evening, my husband Marty came home and gave me a present. It was a diamond in a most unusual setting. A shadowbox of gold had been put around the stone to make it glitter even more brilliantly than it would have naturally.

Now it wasn't our anniversary or anything. Marty and I don't believe in setting any one day apart for celebration, because we try to make every day a cause for celebration. So as I opened the box and saw the lovely presents, my thoughts wandered back to my teens.

At that time I would have wanted the ring for the ring itself. Now I was happy with it because of the love it expressed. My husband had completely surprised me with it because since I've been married my plain gold band was all I wanted. In my happiness, the ring, itself, didn't matter. If Marty had brought me a rose, I would have been just as pleased with it. And this, I think, proves a point: when we don't keep wanting "things" but learn to appreciate the spiritual values we have, the good things are added unto us when we least expect them.

You think that you have to be beautiful to be happy? That's crazy! Millions of men spend millions of dollars yearly, trying to cure baldness; so the last election saw two men with shining domes attracting all the voters in America. Or, to keep this purely feminine, a middle-aged plain woman with a mole on the side of her face, took Edward VIII (Continued on page 87)

YOU'RE LUCKY!
THE TRUTH ABOUT JANE POWELL'S MARRIAGE

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

Of all the nice things about Jane Powell, one of the nicest was always the fact that you could count on her. She was predictable. Janie could be depended upon as a solid family girl. And in a town where families fall apart almost as often as hair styles change, that kind of dependability was comforting.

So you can understand Hollywood's confusion when Janie suddenly changed her behavior pattern.

The trouble is, Jane wants to have her marriage cake and eat it too. She has found plain bread and butter is a little dull, so now she wants to sow some wild oats. Forgive the mixed metaphors, but I'm just as confused as you must 'have been when little Janie announced to the world, through her studio spokesman, that she was tiffing with her husband, Geary Steffen, and that she wasn't sure whether or not their marriage would survive the spats.

And if you think we observers were bewildered, it was nothing compared to the confusion of the principals in the case. They were parrying, on the one hand, a calm, steady home and family against exciting romance and off-beat adulation on the other.

If you include Gene and Miriam Nelson, you might say that there were four principals involved—or seven, if the three little innocent bystanders are counted. And the entire mix-up—from beginning to end—was highlighted by a series of contradictory statements.

"Geary will be too busy with his work to stay with me when I go to Las Vegas for PA appearances," Jane told (Continued on page 91)
ROCK HUDSON

A young Rhett Butler... Dagwood sandwiches at a debutante's dance... adventure on a tramp steamer... thunder storms, followed by clear blue skies... motorboats racing at dawn... hometown Lochinvar
VIRGINIA MAYO

Venus at the rodeo... angel cake with pink frosting... Angora kittens playing on a patchwork quilt... long-stemmed roses and baby's breath... portrait in pastels... Sunbonnet Sue in black lace tights
Piper Laurie read the note through for the fourth time and discovered that her hands were still shaking.

She simply couldn't believe it. And yet—there it was. A small neat note in the small neat handwriting that she had adored for nine years, way back to when she was only twelve and in the seventh grade at school.

She certainly never needed to read the note again. She had memorized it, at first glance. But her eyes couldn't keep away from it. There was the romantic miracle. Her heart thudding, she read it over again.
If Piper Laurie hadn't revealed a school-girl crush, if he hadn't seen his name in Photoplay—this amazing sequel to a magazine story would never have happened

BY RUTH WATERBURY

AND RICK

"Dear Piper," the note started...

"A few days ago, a friend called my attention to an article in the Photoplay magazine which mentioned a "Rick." I hope I am not being too presumptuous but I can't help but feel that the 'Rick' you spoke of is me.

"Naturally I am flattered that you even remember me, for I assure you, I have not forgotten you, nor could I fail to recognize you, as the article indicated.

"However, being neighbors doesn't always afford people the opportunity of knowing (Continued on page 89)
He's never too busy for his daughter, Donna... Nor to listen to his record collection...
He was a backstage baby. Acting is in his blood. And not even heartbreak and despair could keep Donald O’Connor from the career to which he was born.

• At twenty-seven, Donald O’Connor has made four comebacks in showbusiness. He speaks of the fact with a tinge of wonder that he could have been so fortunate. Yet the great majority of entertainers are lucky if they have made, at twenty-seven, the first step on the ladder to success.

   It is part of Donald’s charm that he minimizes, both to others and to himself, the peak he has reached. His sporadic appearances on television’s Comedy Hour in the last two years have built him from one of the lesser lights in the world of showbusiness to one of the top five entertainers in America today. The talent has been with Donald all his life, but not until the advent of television did he have an opportunity to display to so many people the fact that he can sing, dance, clown—and think—with the best of them. His fan mail has soared— to phenomenal quantities, and some have said that the young Mr. O’Connor’s performances are second only to the “I Love Lucy” show in the hearts of the nation.

   Donald himself says, “I’m just starting to go places.” This statement doesn’t stem from any urge for power and glory; rather it indicates that he himself doesn’t realize he is at the top.

   Like all comedians, he is expected to be a funny man in his personal as well as his professional life, and it comes as a pleasant surprise to people meeting him for the first time to find that Donald is actually rather shy, a modest young man who seems uncomfortable in the glare of the public spotlight. His conversation (Continued on page 94)
When I went into the Army, she was just my kid sister. But the
day she came up to camp I realized that through the years . . .

...I NEVER
She loves to help my wife take care of our little daughter, Gail

And she's still not too much the star to toss a baseball with me

Potato Peeler Reynolds.” That all came about shortly after my arrival at Camp Roberts.
I was the lowliest of the lows—a buck private. I’m sure that no one there was familiar with the name of buck private Bill Reynolds, excepting maybe those millions of potatoes I peeled.

Certainly the guys on the base didn’t know me from Adam. I could’a died and the only person who’d have missed me would’a been the K.P. Sergeant.

Then one day Frannie came up to the camp to entertain. She knocked off a terrific routine with Keenan Wynn and some other great Hollywood personalities. Natch, I was one of the first to see her and talk to her after the show. We talked about home and stuff—I told her how great I thought the show was and how much we appreciated everything she and her gang were doing. The whole camp was packed around us, echoing the same sentiments.

‘Course when the gang saw Debbie Reynolds talking to buck private Bill Reynolds they put two and two together and got twenty-two. I could have been a major after that for all the Misters I got tacked onto my monicker. Yes, sir, from the whole gang after that it was Mister Buck Private Bill Reynolds. My stock really soared!

As for the potatoes, they didn’t get a chance to see Debbie’s show so it didn’t make any difference to them at all. The tons of spuds were still waiting for me when I got back.

But that camp show set me to thinking. I’d been running off all these years about how useless kid sisters were. Then suddenly here was my kid sister doing me so much good! I’ll admit, I felt kind of sheepish. ‘Specially when I realized Frannie had been going all out for the Service guys for so long.

Yes, sir, it really straightened out my thinking re kid sisters. Frannie wasn’t the only one in the family who’d changed. So had I!

What guy at some time or another hasn’t wished he could trade his kid sister for something useful?

Like a bike, when he’s still a kid himself; or (Continued on page 81)
Tab Hunter traded in his horse for an apartment, set the place on fire the day he moved in! But that was only the beginning . . .

Bachelor On His Own

BY BEVERLY LINET
Like a lot of other guys in their early twenties, Tab Hunter feels that being independent is just about the greatest thing there is. But—great or not—he knows that the first break from the comforts of home is not quite as easy as rolling off a log.

If you've lived all your life with one woman—your mom—and come to depend on her to have everything in its place, the first time you try to take over for yourself, things are apt to get a little muddled. Nobody's surer of that these days than Tab.

Ever since he started to settle into his own apartment—and it's been a kind of slow, piece-by-piece arrangement—he's learned all the definitions there are for confusion and chaos. But that doesn't mean he isn't loving every second of it.

He and his mother had been talking about his getting out on his own for a long time. But Tab didn't get around to doing anything about it until one day, by chance, he heard of a place in West Hollywood that might be right for him. It took him all of a half hour to know that this was his castle. He rented it on the spot—and he's been gradually turning it into a home ever since.

The apartment has all the basic ingredients. It's a miniature house off the main street, and a little walk runs from a small flight of steps to the entrance. A small flagstone porch overhung with creeping ivy vines shades the front door and gives the place a feeling of coolness and quiet, and the big main room has a fireplace.

It was that fireplace that sold Tab right from the start. He'll never forget the first day he lit it.

When Pat Crowley, the young Paramount actress who lives around the corner, came to compare apartments Tab decided this was the moment to show off his pride and joy.

He broke up an orange crate and quickly set up the pieces on the gas jet. Then he turned the lever neatly and set a match to it with a flourish.

"I like fireplaces," Tab said to Pat. "They're cheery and give a place a warm feeling."

The flames began leaping up the flue, spread out over the firebrick and on up the wall.

"Not that warm!" shouted Pat. Tab struggled with the gas jet. It just wouldn't turn.

"Throw some water on it," Pat instructed.

"I can't," Tab shouted back. "The gas will spread all over the house. Then we'll really be in trouble."

Tab threw a hammer lock on the lever but the flame still leaped up almost to the ceiling. Tab could see the landlord's temper going up in smoke.

Finally the first large volume of gas burned itself out, but not until Tab was almost as bright red as the fire glare from (Continued on page 76)
Together, the excited six-year-old in the sailor suit and his dark-eyed immigrant mother were climbing the Statue of Liberty. This was the Lady his grandfather talked about. The Lady he showed him from their apartment in Flatbush. The Lady of Liberty....

Together they circled and circled. Up the stairs as high as the Lady's waist. They were too dizzy to go on. But young Ira and his mother wanted to go on higher. They tried again, and slowly, step by step, they made it to the top.

"I went all the way," young Ira told his grandfather proudly, when they got home. "Clear to the top of her head." She was no statue to him. She was real and living—the Lady of Liberty. She was the reason his grandfather had brought Ira's mother and the rest of his brood from Vilna, Russia, to this new Promised Land. The reason, he told them, that he, Ira Grossell, could be whatever he wanted to be when he grew up. And climb as far and as high as he would.

Today Jeff Chandler's still climbing. He's making history, one way or another, in (Continued on page 83)
been for her, Jeff Chandler wouldn’t be where he is today
The time has come, again, for you readers of Photoplay to shine as the star-makers of Hollywood. All of Hollywood is aware, by now, that you are the best of all talent scouts when it comes to picking the most outstanding from the newest and freshest talent in motion pictures. In past years you have proved the value of your judgment time and again, year after year. Last year, for instance, your top choices were Tab Hunter and Lori Nelson. You'd seen Tab in only one movie role, but he's proved you right in the year since. He has made three other pictures, and insiders are betting on him to be a bright star for many seasons to come. As for Lori, she's doing all right, too, playing with Barbara Stanwyck in "All I Desire" and with Tony Curtis in "All American." Your other winners have done more than all right: Elaine Stewart is the honey of the M-G-M lot, just as Keith Andes is at RKO. You read of Zsa Zsa Gabor all the time now; and others like Dawn Addams, John Forsythe, Joan Rice, Talent, ambition, appeal—all these newcomers are qualified, but will they make the grade? Vote and help your favorites
Robert Horton and Arthur Franz are high in fan and studio favor. Your winners of previous years are shining bright, too: stars like Tony Curtis, Bob Wagner, Pier Angeli, Mitzi Gaynor, Charlton Heston, Howard Keel, Jeffrey Hunter, the Champions—you star-pickers know what you’re doing! Oddly enough, you have picked the males better than the girls—though this latter could mean, as in the case of Pier Angeli, for example—that the men have been better handled by the studio casting departments. But out of the approximate eighty names per year we have presented to you for the past five years, you have called the turn right more than sixty per cent of the time.

This year of 1953, however, is different. Different because Hollywood itself is different, waiting for the test of the various 3-D vs. Cinerama vs. Cinemascope vs. Warnerscope. To say nothing of the inroads made by TV. So uncertain is movieland of just what will emerge in the immediate future that no plans for productions are very definite.

As an example of this, a girl at Twentieth Century-Fox was chosen, almost by accident, to play a scene with David Wayne in a Cinemascope demonstration. Her name is Charlotte Austin, and she came through very prettily. Charlotte is talented, young, with immense theatrical background, her dad being Gene Austin, whom your mother will remember as warbling “My Blue Heaven.” But right now Twentieth Century-Fox is agog over Charlotte, just because they did see her in Cinemascope. But, suppose they had used some other girl in this demonstration? Wouldn’t they have been equally excited about her? Or would they?

Because there is no telling what may be happening even six months from now, the studio contract lists have been cut to the vanishing point.

This year, rounding up every young eager-beaver who seems to have any future opportunity, Photoplay could still find only fifty-one. Or to put it another way, where last year M-G-M had ten promising newcomers on its contract list, this year, it has only three. Quite a drop—and this is typical of all studios.

It means, therefore, that this year more talent is free-lancing than ever before. This may also mean that a spectacular personality, à la Marilyn Monroe, may blaze into importance, with no one aware of such a performer five minutes before fame.

For these reasons, this year we are putting the names, not in studio groups, but alphabetically. In Photoplay’s opinion almost any fellow or girl on this list has a better-than-average chance to reach stardom. But you tell us the specific ones—as you have so wonderfully for five years now.

Richard Allan: Current picture, “Niagara.” Dark and handsome, a singer, a dancer, a good actor. Richard is under Twentieth Century-Fox contract. His versatility—remember his dance for Ava Gardner in “Snows of Kilimanjaro”—has kept him on the Twentieth payroll for nearly five years now. Yet the very fact that he hasn’t clicked terrifically in that time may argue against him.

James Anderson: Current picture, “Ruby Gentry.” He’s free-lance, but his sensitive, brooding face, his fine, if not too tall, figure, and his outstanding acting ability make him worth watching.

Charlotte Austin: Current picture, “Farmer Takes a Wife,” then “How to Marry a Millionaire.” To the information given on her a couple of paragraphs back should be added the word that she’s amber-eyed, chestnut-haired, has the talent to be equally good in musicals or dramas, and is a vibrant nineteen.

John Baer: Freelance. Current picture, “Mississippi Gambler.” Red-haired, tall, thin, he stood out with charm in a completely unsympathetic role. Young, sharply sensitive, the right casting in
stronger roles could turn him into a hit. **Peter Baldwin:** Current pictures, "Stalag 17" and "Houdini." Was under Paramount contract when he appeared in "Girls of Pleasure Island," but is now freelancing. Five feet eleven, distinctive looking, a Stanford U. athlete, his outstanding intelligence may help him win the battle of Hollywood.

**Dorothy Bromiley:** Current and debut picture, "The Girls of Pleasure Island." Cute, brown-eyed and brown-haired, she was so pert as the sixteen-year-old in her first film that Paramount picked up an option on her. Now busily engaged in trying to get over her British accent.

**Mary Castle:** Current picture, "Lawless Breed." Blonde with a fine figure, she suffered at Columbia under being tagged "a second Hayworth" and being made up to look like Rita. At U-I last year she also got lost, somewhere between Piper Laurie and Lori Nelson.

**Touch Conners:** Current picture, "Sky Commando." A tall, dark and handsome guy, he might make the grade. Happily married, intelligent, his handicap may be that he looks a shade too much like the other tall, dark and handsoms. But
he made a tremendous hit in "Sudden Fear" with Joan Crawford.

**Chuck Connors:** Current pictures, "South Sea Woman" and "Trouble Along the Way." He is one of Warners' four new people under contract. Tallest of the current crop (6'5"), he was the amiable, lanky first baseman of a ball team when discovered, still has the same type of lazy, muscular charm. Married, thirty-two, blond, blue-eyed—a good actor.

**Kathleen Crowley:** Current picture, "The Farmer Takes a Wife." This little but athletic "Miss New Jersey" of bathing-beauty fame, belongs to Twee-
Everybody east of Los Angeles thinks that a movie actor slides through life on a platinum chute. They think he is handed sleek Cadillacs and beautiful blondes—and that the cars never have anything wrong with them and the blondes are never temperamental.

Movie fans seem convinced that their hero moves with the grace of a tiger, and, above all, that he never makes a mistake.

Not me. Wherever I go, my jinx goes right along with me, hand in hand. When I'm appearing at a theatre, my main trouble is getting off the stage. Another trouble I have on stage is that I'm not endowed with the talent to sing or dance or entertain in any way. So I just talk, and pray for a heckler. Because a heckler would give me something else to say. Everybody in show business has hecklers. But not me. My audiences just sit there and wait politely for me to say something amusing, something to take home to the folks.

And it's worse because I know what people think. Everybody assumes a movie star leads a charmed existence. Maybe some actors really do. But not me. I have my own particular brand of bumbling. Me, I have a terrible time.

I never seem to do the right thing. Once when I was on tour I was set for an interview with a bunch of girls who edited their high-school papers. When I walked into the room I saw about eighty of them sitting very formally around the edges of the room. They looked uncomfortable, and I decided to put them at ease by being informal myself. I strode across the room in what I fondly hoped was a Crosby fashion, grabbed a chair and tossed it in back of me—and sat down squarely on the floor. There was a resounding thump which did decidedly more to put the girls at their ease than it did me.

Even in my own town I have trouble. It used to be when I noticed people smiling at me on the streets I'd smile back. I figured they recognized me, not necessarily as a movie actor, but as someone they'd seen somewhere. It got so I was smiling away at everybody. Pretty soon assorted girls were throwing me looks that killed. So I've stopped smiling at strangers, and now people are tagging me a swell-headed snob.

And there are other problems. For instance, we keep a horse and two burros. They always behaved beautifully until the day when visiting friends asked to see our stable. I brought the horse outside the fence and turned around to close the gate. He had always stood there waiting for me. But this day he had to go chasing off over hill and dale. Our friends thought it was pretty comical to watch me chase the horse all over the valley. When I finally caught him and put him back, the minute I opened the gate the two burros bolted and headed in different directions. They had never done it before and haven't done it since.

I said the burros never made an escape via the gate, but that doesn't mean they don't try to get out. I spent days building that fence and an hour after I'd finished, both donkeys got down on their knees and slid under it. The same thing happened with the fence I put up for the dogs. I worked all day at it and when it was finished I went up to the house to call my wife Pati to come see my handiwork. I was pretty smug about it, too. Until we were standing inside the (Continued on page 97)
First Star for Fall... You in Janet Leigh's exciting jersey-and-taffeta dress, designed by Jay Morely, Jr., for her new Universal film, "Walking My Baby Back Home." It's yours for the making with our brand-new pattern, a 3-in-1, now-into-fall fashion! Janet wears the original in the "now" version: sleeveless with organdy collar, cuffs. For "into-fall," make it with three-quarter sleeves; for dress-up, remove dickey! Order PHOTOPLAY's Advance Star Pattern #6509, 35c, by coupon on page 63 or through local dealers. For back views, sizes, yardage, see page 63.
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photos by Dan Wynn

TURN PAGE FOR MORE FASHIONS
LEAVING SET for dinner date, Diana just changes tops. Black wool jersey, Blouemakers, 32-38 under $6

NOW SHOOTING:

FIRST FALL FASHIONS continued


SCENE CHANGE: Diana in same Jonathan Logan skirt, pin-stripe Blouemakers shirt. 32-38, under $6

DIANA'S GRACIOUS in suit-dress of Herbert Meyer cotton tweed. Wyner jersey bodice. Maxine Bentley for Youthguild. 7-15, under $30
GRACE KELLY of M-G-M's "Mogambo" is trim in David Crystal suit, Burlington rayon tweed, 10-18, under $30

GAY WOOL PLAID belted skirt, scarf, 10-15, under $17; Heller jersey top, 32-38, under $8, Nawrocki of Leyton

CAMERA-STOPPER: Grace in Majestic surplice-top suit of Burlington ribbed cotton-rayon ottoman. 10-18, about $18. Her hats, Madcaps. Shallmar gloves
EVELYN KEYES, fresh from Paris trip, is in love with her Paris-inspired outfit—and its low American price! On set while shooting U.A.'s "Crosstown," she wears Teen-Timers three-piece with moulded middy line, huge French sleeves. Slim skirt, jumper middy in Latex washable, miracle-blend tweed; blouse, white cotton. 10-18, under $12

DOING AN ANNIE OAKLEY on stage for another U.A. film, "Shoot First," Evelyn wears smart fall first, a two-piece dress with tuck-in top, white pique dickey, red velveteen belt. By Junior House, in Deer- ing Milliken wool-rayon tweed, 9-15, about $25. Taylor bracelet-watch
NOW SHOOTING:

FIRST FALL FASHIONS

continued

WHAT A BEAUTIFUL VIEW! La Keyes in new Tournament Blazer, white with red design (under $17) over a beige turtleneck sweater (under $5), matching skirt (under $11). All, Jane Irwill in Botany wools. Misses sizes. Castlecliff jewelry

You can buy these Photoplay Star Fashions in stores listed on page 73)
DEEP IN THE HEART OF HOLLYWOOD
In his ranch home in the San Fernando Valley, Audie Murphy is staking his claim to the happiness he's earned.

By Helen Gould

Los Angeles' International Airport was fogbound. The plane Pam Murphy had come to meet was an hour and a half late. But for small Terry Michael Murphy it was very late. Ten o'clock was way past his bed time; he had gone to sleep in his mother's arms. And there they both were waiting for Daddy.

Finally, Daddy—Audie Murphy—came bounding off the airliner to envelop them both in a big bear hug. Young Terry, aroused a bit in the transfer to his father's arms, opened one eye to scan the situation and went peacefully back to sleep. Later, driving home, Terry made a movement, as if something had occurred to him in dreamland. This time he opened both eyes wide and reached over from Pam's lap, easy like, to touch Audie on the shoulder. It was as if he said, "Are you really back, Daddy?" And having reassured himself Terry went back to sleep.

Audie drove to San Fernando Valley and left the hustle and bustle to turn into a side street. It's a street of good houses, set invitingly back from the sidewalk. Shaded with walnut trees, it's a street where kids ride bikes after school; with maybe an occasional pooch investigating what goes on at the neighbors'. You could easily imagine those neighbors borrowing that traditional cup of sugar from each other. But they wouldn't be sending the maid for it. This street is one where people do their own chores.

Now the street was sleeping in the relaxed, clear night. But the inviting porch light that Pam had left on glowed on the (Continued on page 78)
PHOTOPLAY
SNEAK PREVIEWS...

A PICTURE

The Martin and Lewis Home Film
Version of "Come Back, Little Sheba"
• There were times when PHOTOPLAY’s photographer, Sterling Smith, wondered if he hadn’t wandered into a madhouse! But though the goings-on are whacky, Martin and Lewis and their friends put a lot of serious thought into their homemade satires on current Hollywood films. Their latest—a parody of “Come Back, Little Sheba”—kept cast and crew working nights and Sundays for six weeks, cost $2,500 to produce. Jerry and his friends operate their moviemaking under the name Garron Productions—after Jerry’s two sons, Gary and Ronnie. Members of the club—all close friends—pay monthly dues to defray “entertainment” costs. And there’s plenty of off-the-set entertainment!

Shirley Booth and Burt Lancaster, stars of the original “Sheba,” were invited to watch Dean and Jerry’s wife, Patti, caricature their performances at the premiere in Jerry’s home. Finale to the fun was the presentation of awards

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE
PHOTOPLAY
SNEAK
PREVIEWS...

A PICTURE
YOU'LL NEVER SEE!

CONTINUED

—called "Patricks"—to everyone who worked on
the film. After which the picture was shelved—
along with the other satires. And Martin and Lewis
and their gang began looking—for another sub-
ject for their home-brewed movie "madness."
Frank Sinatra gets a fine break in "From Here to Eternity" and so does Ava Gardner in "Mogambo." Their marriage has a better chance of working out with them both in a good mood. All movie actors and actresses are happy when their careers are going along smoothly. Frank's picture work was dragging for awhile and so were his spirits. Hence plenty of arguments with his wife—and everybody else with whom he came in contact. Maybe my prediction that they'll part before this year is out will not come true. Since I like them both, I hope so.

Seems as if every time Gail Russell and Guy Madison get set for a reconciliation he has to leave town to go fishing. That's what happened again recently. He acts as if he wants to wait awhile and so does she.

Bets are that Jane Withers and Bill Moss will get back together before it is too late. He sent her a diamond-studded ring for her birthday.

The Dan Dailey-Gwen O'Connor romance began shortly after Gwen and her talented young husband Donald decided to call it a day. Friends wondered if she were attracted to Dailey because he is a sort of older version of her estranged husband. Dailey's theatrical bag of tricks is just about the same as Donald's. They both dance and sing. Dan is intensely interested in riding horses which he raises on his ranch in San Fernando Valley and he has been teaching Gwen to ride. This romance may be worth watching.

Gregory Peck's openly dating Hilda-garde Neff around the various spots in Europe while his wife Greta stays in Hollywood alone and keeps mum.

Dick Haymes is dating Rita Hayworth while his wife Nora talks with her attorney. Nora told friends Dick's financial troubles caused him to be so short-tempered nobody could live with him. He's up to his neck in debt to Uncle Sam. Nora has her income-tax troubles, too, dating from the days when she was Mrs. Errol Flynn. Uncle Sam recently clapped a lien on her for taxes Errol didn't pay. She is trying to get Errol to pay up for what he owes her for the support of their two children.

Are you in the know?

To start school with a bang—

☐ Be a hide-beater ☐ Gong up ☐ Try soloing

Don't let those homin t blue set in! Have you a special talent, hobby? Gang up with kindred souls who share it. Help with the school paper, or posters for the fall prom. Or, hop on the bandwagon (who knows—you might be a Rosemary, junior grade!). And don't let calendar cares nag you. With Kotex, you can beat off "outline" blues, for those flat pressed ends don't show — so, your public will never know!

Are these autographs likely to go —

☐ To her head ☐ Round her waist

A walking album — your scrapbook belt (new fun fashion)! Make-believe leather with vinyl plastic "window"; it holds your heroes' autographs, snapshots — whatever suits your fancy. And here's something for your memory book:

What's on a smart job-holder's mind?

☐ The future ☐ The clock ☐ New material

Your heart's set on a big-time career? Better keep your mind on the future instead of each visiting freeman. Show the boss you're dependable, Promotion-worthy. What's more, come "those days", don't count on heaven alone to protect the working gal. Choose Kotex! That safety center gives extra protection — and you get lasting comfort, for this softer Kotex holds its shape!

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

Which of these "steadies" does most for you?

☐ Romeo & Juliet ☐ Kotex and Kotex Belts ☐ Moon 'n June

Made for each other — that's Kotex and Kotex sanitary belts — and made to keep you comfortable. Of strong, soft-stretch elastic . . . they're designed to prevent curling, cutting, or twisting. So light weight you'll hardly know you're wearing one. And Kotex belts take kindly to dunkings; stay flat even after countless washings. Why not buy two . . . for a change!
tieth Century-Fox. Five feet two, redheaded, unwed, she's had summer stock, radio and TV experience. Experience plus beauty should do the trick for her.

**Pat Crowley:** Under contract to Paramount. Pat gets her first starring role with Ginger Rogers in “Forever Female.” You’ve seen her on TV in “A Date With Judy.” Unmarried, 5’4” tall, weighing 109 pounds, she has hazel eyes and dark brown hair. Paramount is really behind Pat, and she'll be in “Money from Home” with Martin and Lewis and in “Red Garters” with Rosemary Clooney.

**Ben Cooper:** Current picture, “Thunderbirds.” Republic never carries a big contract list, but they have been very successful with such as they have (witness
British, Joan is another of Paramount’s English trio. Twenty-three, she has a sexy, pixie charm that may flash her to the top. 

Robert Graham: Current picture, “The I Don’t Care Girl.” A fine singer with much radio and theatrical experience, five eleven, with blond good looks. Though Twentieth dropped him, Bob should be quickly re-pacted by another studio. 

Ruth Hampton: Current picture, “Law and Order.” Just twenty-one, Ruth Hampton has been winning beauty contests ever since her first birthday—which is one of the things which earned her a U-I contract. More in her favor besides her looks: She’s a ballerina who can sing and act. A right combination, you’ll admit. 

Patricia Hardy: Current picture, “Girls in the Night.” Not too long ago Pat was a Copacabana chorus girl—and she looks the type, meaning wonderful figure, Irish little face, big blue eyes. Is this enough? 

Laurence Harvey: Young, attractive, brUNETTE, Larry is in the English-made “I Believe in You,” and will be in “Romeo and Juliet.” On his recent trip to Hollywood, Larry made no movies but as a young-man-about-town he was Terry Moore’s frequent escort. 

Bill Hayes: Current picture, “Stop, You’re Killing Me.” Only the sharply curtailed contract lists would leave such talent as Bill’s unsigned. Twenty-seven, a Navy vet, Bill is darkly handsome and has a superb singing voice. He’s now on Broadway in a hit musical. 

Robert Haynes: Current picture, “Return to Paradise.” Columbia will give this twenty-three-year-old, very brainy beauty the works, à la Hayworth, so great is the promise she shows in “Return to Paradise.” Stage experience, dancing, ultra-smart, she has it. 

Marcia Henderson: Current picture, “Thunder Bay,” Uni. (Continued on next page)
versal-International, the studio which has
developed more young stars than any
other in recent years, regards Marcia as
one of its most talented.

Audrey Hepburn: First American picture,
“Roman Holiday.” You may have caught
glimpses of this tall, dark-eyed doll in
British films, but Paramount has her now,
and believes with her beauty, extensive
stage and film experience and international
background she will be a major star.

Tom Irish: Current picture, “Island in the
Sky.” He’s handsome, a slim six feet of
socko manliness. He’s young, just twenty-
one. He can act. TV has him—but some
studio should spot him soon.

Rick Jason: Current picture, “Sombreto.”
Here’s another candidate for that “tall,
dark and handsome” label. An outstanding
actor, too, with a distinctive face. It is
all a matter of his getting the right part.

Keith Larsen: Current pictures, “Daughter
of Belle Starr” and “Flat Top.” Tennis,
at which he is good enough to have won
international tournaments, gave Keith his
fine shoulders, slim height. Black-haired,
brown-eyed, unmarried, in his mid-twenties,
Allied-Artists have him, and are pushing
him along the stardom route.

Connie Marshall: Current picture, “Sag-
naw Trail.” Not too long ago, Connie was
just a kid in “Mother Wore Tights.” Can
act all right, but may get lost in a town
where beauty often goes begging.

Carol Mathews: Current picture, “Meet
Me at the Fair.” She has a beautiful
figure, red-gold hair, a handsome face.
Good actress, and sexy, too. But she’s been
around several years, which can mean
she’s passed the golden hour.

Maggie McNamara: Current and debut
picture, “The Moon Is Blue.” A sexy dish
from the New York stage, she’s different
even looking, and has the theatrical
experience to make her click and big.

Byron Palmer: Current picture, “Tonight
We Sing.” Here is Twentieth Century-Fox’s
entry in the “he-can-sing” classification.
He’s another you can put your money on,
too, because he’s not only dark, tall, hand-
some, young, rich—but also wise.

Michael Pate: Current pictures, “Face to
Face” and “Houdini.” Tall, distinctive
looking, he may fall into the character-
actor classification, for he has definite
ability.

Marisa Pavan: Current picture, “What
Price Glory.” Pier Angeli’s nineteen-year-
old twin sister, dropped by Twentieth, she
hasn’t quite Pier’s haunting loveliness but
she has marked dramatic talent.

Rex Reason: Current picture, “Salome.”
Here’s another of the lucky guys, with a
studio solidly behind him, Columbia, in
this case. Brown-haired, blue-eyed, un-
married, traveled, well-educated, lots of
sex sock, he looks like Mr. Starch.

Glen Roberts: Current picture, “Girls in
the Night.” Young husband of Para-
mount’s young Joan Taylor. Originally a
football UCLA star, came to Hollywood
as a writer, but his height, handsome face
got him in front of the camera. If brains
and charm count, Glen is in, but def!

Georges Sautel: Current and debut pic-
ture, “South Sea Woman.” Here’s the type
of dark, intelligent, charming Frenchman
whom Hollywood glamour girls like Lana
Turner have already discovered. Unmar-
rried, not quite thirty, his slight accent
probably won’t be a handicap—not when
balanced against his sex appeal.

Marjorie Steel: Current picture, “Face
to Face.” Wife of the very rich Hunting-
ton Hartford, who produced “Face to
Face.” Marjie of the very pretty face and
curvaceous figure, proved she is a sensi-
tive actress, too. She’ll bear watching.

Betty St. John: Current picture, “Dream
Wife.” She’s also in “All the Brothers
Were Valiant” and “The Robe.” M-G-M
had her, and in less troublesome times,
would certainly have kept her, because
this frail, beautiful brunette can sing,
dance, act and look enchanting.

Carlos Thompson: American debut pic-
ture, “Fort Algiers.” Not since the Gable
discovery days has M-G-M gone so over-
board on any personality as on Thompson.
Studio is solidly in back of him from ex-
cutives to messenger girls, who sigh as
he passes. Six feet two, green-eyed, young,
unmarried, a singer, a writer, a fine actor,
there seems to be no way he can miss.

Patricia Tierman: Current picture, “Battle
Circus.” A good looking girl, and a good
actress, the brutal fact remains that no-
body at M-G-M can remember her despite
her having been in June Allyson’s picture.
Bad career sign, that.

Bobby Van: Current picture, “Small Town
Girl.” A kid born to show business, he
started blowing a horn, advanced to Broa-
dway musical comedies, is now M-G-M’s:
red-hot hope for comedy stardom.
Tall, with a funny face, he’s cute.

Milly Vitale: Columbia found Milly in
Italy, to which she returned after she
played opposite Kirk Douglas in “The
Juggler.” Pretty and blonde, Milly will
probably stick to foreign pictures.

Joan Vohs: Current picture, “Fort Ti.”
A twenty-three-year-old blonde, with a
fine figure, Joan is the wholesome type. And
you count up on the fingers of one hand
how many girls of that description click in
the long Hollywood run.

Chris Warfield: Current picture, “Take
the High Ground.” A handsome Los
Angeles college man who wouldn’t take
the studio “No!” for an answer, Chris has
a superb singing voice, six feet of height,
blue eyes, brown hair, and now finally an
M-G-M contract. He’s socially sought after,
which helps all careers.

Dennis Weaver: Current picture, “Column
South.” U-I had Dennis under contract for
a long stretch, but dropped him recently
in face of the Hudson-Curtis-Gentry
competition. A good actor, he possibly isn’t
handsome enough.

Joan Weldon: Current picture, “The Sys-
tem.” Warners seldom handles the careers
of girl stars well, but with any casting
wisdom (which she hasn’t had so far)
Joan should make the top. A statuesque
brunette with flashing blue eyes, just out
of her teens, Joan sings magnificently and
can act besides.

Cara Williams: Current picture, “Girl
Next Door.” She’s pert and pretty and Mrs.
John Barrymore, Jr., but even at that.
Cara has been around Hollywood so long
she probably won’t make the top grade.
Too bad, because she acts well.

Not under contract currently, be-
cause she’s in that in-between of child
star not quite grown up. But watch her, for
potentially she’s a beauty and she has
always been a great actress.

And that completes the list of new faces
for this year. The stars of tomorrow are
in this group of just-getting-started newcom-
ers. So help your favorites along and
send in your ballot which appears on page
52. All ballots must reach photoplay no
later than August 8, 1953.
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That's Hollywood For You

ROBERTA HAYNES is one of the most promising sexplings in movieland... I hesitate about seeing a Joe Pasternak movie because he once boasted "my pictures don't have villains in them." ... Of the many Tarzans, Lex Barker has the best mate: Lana Turner! ... Give any actor a trench coat and he believes he's giving a great performance as a private-eye ... On love. Dawn Addams says: "I want to be swept off my feet by a man I can dominate."

I know that Marilyn Monroe doesn't take her reputation for glamour seriously but Zsa Zsa Gabor, who hasn't as much, does ... Peter Lawford changes his swimming trunks four times a day at State Beach, which is really Schwabs-by-the-Sea ... I can remember when the audience used to throw things at the performers; now it's vice versa ... Performers with names like Tab, Piper, etc., have to convince me they are performers ... Richard Burton is his own favorite actor.

Glamour-package Elaine Stewart is wrapped in a transparent lace nightie for sleep ... I'm amused by the fact that the same people who approve of John Wayne hitting a lady in a movie, disapprove when they read that his ex-wife accuses him of hitting her ... Why do I keep believing Britishers Deborah Kerr and Greer Garson don't care too much for each other?

Kathryn Grayson doesn't need 3-D to reach into the audience ... Marlon Brando should play a football player in a movie ... To me, Ida Lupino is always tense ... Van Johnson, whose red socks are now his trademark, washes them himself ... I can remember "Movies Are Better Than Ever." Now it seems they're trying to prove movie screens are bigger than ever ... All English actors are supposed to have good diction, even if you can't understand them ... I Love Lucy as much as the next fellow, but I'm getting awfully weary of reading about Lucy and Desi. Let's have an intermission! ... In his book "It Takes More Than Talent," Mervyn LeRoy fearlessly states: "As far as I'm concerned, I never made a movie that I regretted doing." ... Beautiful Ursula Thiess just isn't sexy to me.

Joan Crawford knits while she's looking at a movie and never drops a stitch—just a few remarks ... I think blondes look cuter in pigtailed than brunettes ... You don't have to believe it, but Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh often entertain each other at home by playing chess ... Lauren Bacall sleeps in pajamas or in nothing. She is a firm believer in pillow talk ... I'm anxious for the next Judy Holliday movie on any type of screen ... If I were in charge of a studio, I'd sign Gina Lollobrigida, the best dish to come out of Italy since spaghetti.

Rita Hayworth always wears underwear, and with plenty of lace on it ... Hollywood is a ringside table at Mocambo and it's also standing in line not far from the Mocambo picking up that unemployment check ... Marie Wilson to a pet-shop clerk who suggested she measure her dog for size before buying him a sweater: "Oh, I can't do that. It's intended as a surprise." ... Lamas and Dahl merely sitting in a night club is the best floor show in town.

I think there's a ring of truth to Brandon De Wilde's impression of Hollywood: "The people are strange. They all seem to have fronts and no backs, just like the sets." ... Tom Jenks claims the movies are still learning their A, B, C's. They're up to 3-D ... Mickey Spillane was puzzled too when he told me that Jack Stang, who is the model for Mike Hammer, plays the role of a gangster in "I, the Jury," and is beaten up by Biff Elliott, who plays Mike Hammer. I answered, that's movies!

I'm never really surprised by anything an actor does. Don't forget it was an actor who shot Lincoln ... Hollywood is a glamour girl sitting at home watching TV because each fellow is afraid to phone her thinking she has a date ... I don't get excited over every new singer with a hit record. Bing and Judy are still my favorites and they haven't had a smash hit record for a long time ... Lana Turner's theory is that a woman should look her best in bed ... Now that he is back, I think Vittorio Gassman ought to stick around, get acquainted with his child and maybe make a movie with his wife, Shelley.
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And another, "Here's a shirt. But I couldn't find the socks.
And another, "I brought the socks, kid. Hope they're not too big for you."

The buddy who contributed the tuxedo also agreed to act as chauffeur. They raced down Hollywood Boulevard with one eye on the clock and the other warily on the lookout for a traffic cop who might be hiding behind a billboard.

They screeched to a stop in front of the wall's house—had come to race it. Walker, say two words for the interviewer and dash inside to find his seat. He settled himself just as the thrilling roller coaster sequence burst upon the screen, but even that was only a prelude to the wildly thrilling climax. Twice had he been struck with a hose and hit the wild twenty minutes that had gone before.

That night taught Tab his first two lessons on how he'd go to arenas anymore to remind him of his appointments; and second, he'd have to get the laundry out at just the right time so there'd always be the necessary gear on hand.

Well, the closet was built. Tab added some gold pillows to the green sofa for the sake of color. He placed a brilliant painting of a ballerina over the mantel in a big wooden frame. He posted hunting prints for the other walls and bought himself a variety of nick-knacks.

Besides the living and dressing rooms, Tab has a bathless bathroom (a stall shower substitutes), a dinette and a well-equipped kitchen.

A man who is always around when you want him, usually lacks what you want.

Marilyn Monroe

Tab made the kitchen his own by broiling two steaks for an invitation dinner party; and in front of the fire, he and his mom drank a toast to a bachelor's lot.

The second dinner party didn't run quite so smoothly. Tab decided to unpack the meat and vegetables for the little dinner he planned for himself and a young lady. But Tab doesn't yet have this business of shopping down pat.

There was no question about Tab's good manners. He was sure he'd go to the market with a list and methodically buy everything his mother had written down. Now he can't figure out exactly what he needs. He just walks up and down the aisles looking at all the cans and bottles and labelling and usually he ends up with one quart of milk.

This particular night he took his usual meandering path around the counters. Then a bottle of glue caught his eye; "I need glue," he mused. Next time around, he spotted some typing paper. "Gosh, I'm all out of that." On the third circuit, a gleaming opener caught his eye.

Tab's making a sort of private market survey of equipment. They fascinate him. He has seven at the moment.

I'm trying to find the one that works easiest," he laughs. "I believe in kitchen efficiency."

The open er was the final purchase. By the time he paid for everything and hit the meat counter it was closed.

"So I took the girl out to dinner. She probably was happier that way anyhow—and besides that was a pretty good can opener."

Then there was the matter of The Bathroom Caper as Tab calls it—which occurred on the first morning in his new place.

Tab had a 6:00 a.m. call at the studio for his new picture, "Gun Belt." He rushed around dressing, shaving, gulping down a cup of coffee and slamming doors. He went into the bathroom to comb his hair and splash water on his face. He was feeling a lot of his thrill in comparison to the wild twenty minutes that had gone before.

He was locked in and time was racing by. There was only one thing to do. So Tab did it. He started banging on the door and shouting for someone to let him out. Finally the guy next door heard him and opened the door from the other side.

Tab recalls this incident sheepishly. "I didn't like getting shouted out of bed at that hour. A chapter for a book—How Not to Win Friends and Influence Neighbors."

Aside from the comic relief, Tab has aligned himself with Judy Powell, the leading lady of the bachelor without too much difficulty. Of course his years in the Coast Guard and a generous supply of common sense gave him a good foundation. The details of the house turn —

Efficiency does the trick. Mondays, off come the sheets, all the soiled clothes go into the laundry bag and out to the laundress they go. He has his shirts done as regularly up to Thursday to be sure he can go to the bar.

He has filling cabinets for receipts on the rent, utilities, car payments. . . .

There is a gleam in Tab's eye whenever he talks about his new car. It's complete with a sun roof, drive convertible of course, with wire spoke wheels and a special paintjob in the shade called Flamingo Red. It's Tab's first brand new car of his own, and it's pride and joy. When he bought it he said to his mom, "I'll get you a new one too."

"No," said Mrs. Hunter, "you taught me to drive in the one you have now and I'm used to it.

So Mom has "Beeble." But one of these days, Tab says, he's going to buy her a new car anyhow.

Tab can be found driving the new car often in the wildest of shocking spots. In the years of a man's life when every train whistle is a call to wander, when every mountain is the gate-post to an unknown land, it's nice to shake some of the dust off your feet, even if it is 3:00 A.M.

Tab likes to drive down to the beach and along the shore road with the top down and the radio playing ballads or a good symphony. It's almost as though the highway turns into a strip of dream.

Now that he's living alone, Tab can indulge other vagrant whims at odd hours. "Life's been getting mighty crowded," he says.

Besides his other regular expenses, Tab includes his ice-skating lessons as general overhead. At least four mornings a week, from eleven till one, you'll find him cutting circles in the ice, and at the same time a lovely young skater named Georgiana Sutton was finishing up the same type of maneuver. Back to back they bumped, and bump, they fell to the ice. Tab turned around with a frown. The frown turned to a smile as he recognized Georgiana, whom he hadn't seen for several years.

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77
Deep in the Heart of Hollywood

(Continued from page 65)

quiet charm of the house, Redburn Early in America, is very pretentious, but not crowded—just cozily roomy.

This is Audie Murphy’s home... the one he and Pam planned for, hoped for, looked for and finally found. Audie says, “Every house I ever walked in for paying for it, I get cold chills.” But he grinned at himself, “Once people start wanting a home, it’s bad. You can’t leave the temptation alone. The only cure is to get one, if you want any peace.”

To Audie, home is a house that always represents Christmas. Not only because that was when they moved in, making it the nicest Christmas gift either had ever been given them, but also because, all the tinsel decorations and the lights, the street looked so lovely.” It’s possible this house will mean Christmas even to Terry. Several nights he was allowed to stay up after curfew and play with the chery, gay lights shining on the neighboring lawns.

When the Murphys were married on April 23, 1951, a small apartment seemed sufficient. By the time Terry arrived, like a timely income-tax exemption, on March 14, 1952, they had leased a house for a year. Audie described it as “probably the oldest one in Los Angeles County,” was on a steep hill. Pam used to lug an assortment of groceries, Terry, and his pram or his walker up that hill. She learned to balance them all nicely; but getting the car up the incline into the garage was a feat she never quite mastered with ease. Then Terry turned out precocious, was walking at the ripe old age of nine months. “Terry,” says Audie, “would sure as heck have fallen off that hill by now.”

Now, the Murphys are home. But when Audie sighs, “Home at last!” it’s a toss-up—whether he means the Redburn Early American house, or the fact that he’s there to enjoy it. Between public appearances for the studio and locationing for pictures, he estimates that he’s away a good half of the time.

Both he and Pam have adjusted themselves to the fact that his absences are a necessity. As Pam said, “The Irish in Audie is equal to the situation. To the studio’s claim that not only the public, but also the exhibitors, love to see him, Audie says, “Sure the exhibitors love me; I’m a two-bag man! By the time I’m through shooting up all the villains, the audience has gone through two bags of popcorn each.

Although they haven’t finished furnishing the house yet, it is assuming the air of a home that is lived in. Audie says ruefully, “All I know about furniture is that it costs money.” He leaves that part of it to Pam, and the nodding agreement to her own tastes.

Typically, Audie is more concerned with the outside than the inside. Like the matter of the Redburn Early American house. Being unpractised, the driveway became a mudhole every time it rained. Audie decided to cement it. The neighbor across the street had the cement mixings, plus a wheelbarrow and a shovel. “I’ll work on it an hour,” Audie estimated. It took four. Finally, when the walk was laid out, Audie had to rush to get to a horse show.

On the now familiar scene where Audie suddenly remembered something. He had to dash home to get all the bale’s footprints in the cement! He stopped to phone Pam. Terry’s footprints were firmly imprinted—just as the stars are in the firmament of the famous Grauman’s Chinese Theatre. Audie may be Hollywood’s least typical movie star. But it’s typical of his sense of humor that instead of Grauman’s he has Murphy’s Chinese Driveway right in the back yard of his own home.

On the joys of becoming a home owner, Audie says, “The more I look, the more I see to do.” The nice, deep back yard has a redwood fence around it. But about twenty-five feet inside, Audieきっ the fence. He’s looking forward to a breathing spell when he can enclose that, too. Then it will be a perfect spot for Terry and the Weimariner, who is just two months older, to share and grow up in. Weimariners are a rare and highly developed breed of German dog. It happens to be John Huston’s hobby to breed them in this country, and he presented Audie with a pup after they made “Red Badge of Courage.” Audie has never been without dogs in his life, even if he never owned a genuine Weimariner before. You might call this one a sophisticated version of the breeds he hunted with in Texas. Besides boy and dog in that back-yard annex, Audie is also planning to plant a few lemon trees.

You’ve been out a bit, a while. But moving the front lawn, which is sizable, is a weekly chore for Audie. While he’s away, he has a deal with a gardener to take over, but only for the lawn. “At least,” he says, “If the back yard has to wait for me, nobody sees it till I can get to it.”

Terry, toddling along, really tries to help with the mowing. And when the newspapers tass the daily paper, or the lawn Audie says, “Why not pick up the paper and take it in to Mother?” He does, then comes back with a look that says he is very pleased with himself.

You’ve been out a bit of time Audie spends away from home, that a baby might feel his daddy is a sort of stranger. It works out exactly to the contrary. There seems to be a bond between those two that enclodes just the two of them. Terry, being a friendly fellow, will let anyone hold him. But let Audie come by, and he’ll squirm right off his lap on his sturdy legs to reach him. What’s more, he has reddish hair and blue eyes that promise to take on the determined grey glint of Audie’s.

While on his last personal appearance tour—the one he returned from to find Terry waiting for him, asleep, at the airport—Audie called home every other night. Once, Pam decided to put Terry on the phone. First he said into the mouthpiece, “Da-da-da-da-da-da—day” and then, trying for Teutonism—“Cookies?” He knew the voice was coming from the phone, but even after Audie hung up he would cock his head to listen, then look all around the room to wonder where, actually, he might be hiding.

Although Terry stayed up past his bedtime the night Audie returned, he resumed the regular schedule next morning right on time. At 7:30 a.m., when he was standing by the bed. “He doesn’t wake Audie by shouting or calling; he just pats him on the cheek and opens his eyes. Then they turn on the radio, to get the news and weather. Pam knows when Terry keeps time with his feet and his fists.

In the kitchen, right after he’d had his orange juice and cereal, Terry proves that he didn’t go to sleep; he is distinctly crying, but if he doesn’t get outdoors fast enough, he starts to fret, poking out of the kitchen window in no uncertain terms.

The male paiship between these two must be natural. There are no arguments together. At a very early age, Terry would squeal delightedly while Audie swung him by the heels. At the more advanced age of four, however, Terry has been known to rub his fingers for more of the same. Lately, he’s graduated to a more daredevil stunt. He likes to stand on the mantel and jump into Audie’s arms.

For the house leapin before he looks for Terry. “A hangman already,” chides Audie. “Likes an audience. And he makes sure anybody who might be in the room is sure to be fooled by him, too. But it’s possible that it’s Audie who gets the biggest whoa out of their newest stunt—horseback riding.” I just put him on the saddle in front of me,” chuckles Audie, “and away he goes.”

Naturally, Pam takes all this calmly. At least, she has learned to hide the impulse to hold her breath while all this man stuff goes on.

Audie says, “Children make a nice person out of you. Anyway, it works out that way for me.” On the other hand, there is something in Audie that children and horses can’t get to. He explains, “I treat them as equals.”

Audie’s horse, who is two years old, makes his home mostly on the back lot at Universal—International. “I’d like him to be in pictures, and I kind of get Audie, “but I don’t think he’s quite ready.” So in his current Technicolor Western at the studio, “Tumbleweeds,” Audie is riding what he describes as an old Indian pony called Lightning, the same pony he rides in “Column South.”

Audie says, “It’s hard to find a good name for an animal,” so he hasn’t registered either dog or horse yet. So far, the horse has been “Flying John.” He’d like to call the Weimariner “Long John”—after Long John Hunter. “It’s a Teutonism,” Audie antedotes, “but I think Audie might like it.” So in his current Technicolor Western at the studio, “Tumbleweeds,” Audie is riding what he describes as an old Indian pony called Lightning, the same pony he rides in “Column South.”

Audie says, “A woman doesn’t understand these expenditures.” Actually, he knows that Pam does understand that animals are as much a part of his life as breathing, so that’s good.

Pam has had her feet pretty firmly planted on the ground since giving up her job as hostess for Braniff Airways to mar-ry Audie. “I never thought of marriage,” she tells us. “I’ve helped hurdle some of the problems, the first of which was settling down to being a homemake from her own pretty glamorous sky career. Then, too, I’m a young man, and the husband has to be away so much. But Audie, and Pam had almost a year to get to know each other, after they met in Hollywood before they were married. Pam is the lonesome one, but it’s Audie who sighs, “Home life! I enjoy what there is of it!”

For Pam’s part, she’s too busy keeping up with Terry like Michael Murphy and running around to brood about problems. And, as things do that are given time, everything seems to be working out just
fine and dandy for the Audie Murphys.

But if the Murphys have managed to stay off the Hollywood social circuit, the

The Murphys have been too busy getting

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INSIDE STUFF

Continued from page 31

Gary Cooper has himself a ball in Paris with Gisèle Pascal, denies another romance, says he's married!

Lana Turner may be “handcuffed” to Lex Barker, but when he had to return to Hollywood, she hot-tempoed in Madrid on her own before work on “Flame and the Flesh”

he had painted his favorite shade of coral.

Pier Angeli's twin, Marisa Pavan, is teaching Richard Egan how to order food in her native tongue at Romeo's Italian restaurant. In Paris, Gary Cooper denied rumors of a romance with French actress Gisèle Pascal, by reminding everyone he is a married man! As Cal recalls, he wasn't exactly unmarried during the Patricia Neal episode. Before Lex left Lana in Europe to return to Hollywood and a movie commitment he placed a pair of miniature gold handcuffs on her charm bracelet—as a gentle reminder!

Short Snorters: Red Skelton to Mary Wickes on the “Half a Hero” set: “I saw a picture that was so sad, every carburetor in that drive-in movie was choked up!” Betty Grable and Harry James, enjoying a rare night out, were asked to pose for a picture; “Who do you think we are?” kidded La Grable. “Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis?” Jack Benny trying to talk Fred Allen into living in Hollywood: “But Jack.” cracked Mr. Vinegar Puss, “I can’t find one of those Beverly Hills homes with a built-in psychiatrist!”

Girl Scout: Virginia Mayo, who is so grateful to Warners for rescuing her from Danny Kaye in those early Goldwyn musicals, was reluctant to announce she was expecting her first baby in November! Fortunately, with two unreleased Mayo movies, the studio has nothing to worry about. Beaming Mike O'Shea says he hopes his new daughter will have Ginny's beauty and disposition. Ginny says, “I pray that our son will have his father's blue eyes, and red hair and freckles!”

Home Fires: Mrs. Rory Calhoun has the cutest sense of humor in Hollywood. When she visited Twentieth recently, her handsome husband was doing a hot love scene with Betty Grable. Later, when Rory arrived home, incense was burning, soft seductive music was playing and Lita greeted him dressed alluringly, ready for a cheek-to-cheek dance.

May and December: Those loud moans and groans coming from U-I's fan-mail department are caused by Rock Hudson's admirers (and like Durante he's got a mil-i-lion of 'em). They don't like his dating Mrs. Gary Cooper because of their age difference. Rock's fans are also afraid that he might become too sophisticated. Relax everybody, it's merely a mild friendship. . . Dig this one if you can! Marlene Dietrich, exuding glamour, was at the Beachcombers with youthful Craig Hill.

Friends and Foes: Word drifts back from Honolulu that Frank Sinatra and Montgomery Clift became such buddy-buddies on the “From Here to Eternity” location they ignored the rest of the company to the point of rudeness. . . With super-sexy beefcake boys trying in vain to date Marilyn Monroe while Joe DiMaggio was in Bermuda, she showed up at Chasen's with Donald O'Connor and spent a charming evening in his charming company. . . Anne Baxter's unsuccessful attempt to revolutionize her personality hasn't discouraged Jeanne Crain. Her skin-tight gowns, plunging necklines and close-clipped tangerine colored hair-do are something to see.

Old Acquaintance: Way back when they were University Players at Falmouth, Massachusetts, Jimmy Stewart and Henry Fonda struck up a friendship that's endured through the years. Recently, “Hank” was playing in “Point of No Return” at the Los Angeles Biltmore Theatre. The Stewart twins happened to be having their second birthday, so godfather Fonda tore out to Beverly Hills between matinee and evening performances and helped Judy and Kelly cut themselves a piece of cake.

Did You Know: That Bob Mitchum not only sings Negro spirituals that are out of this world, but, along with Dok Stamford, he recently composed “Hi, Mr. Cotton Picker,” a sensational novelty number. . . That M-G-M took all the “pink” out of Lucille Ball's hair because it didn't photograph well in Technicolor for her movie “The Long, Long Trailer” . . . That Doris Day could retire on the money she's refused because she will not endorse cigarettes, beer, or any product that she doesn't actually use. . . That the thieves who ransacked Rory Calhoun's Ojai Valley ranch overlooked valuable jewelry and stole, of all things, a stuffed moose head!
I Never Knew Debbie!

(Continued from page 45)

maybe a souped-up jealousy when he's growing up, and later maybe a good set of golf clubs.

In my case, my younger sister Frannie was as good as a brother in many respects. She could run as fast as I could pitch a ball like Bob Feller, and how she could ride a bike!

No matter how good she was at sports, however, you could look at her, and without any imagination tell that she was a kid sister, not a kid brother! And everybody knows that kid sisters are completely useless! At least there was a time I thought so.

When we were still in our teens, for example, we didn't see eye to eye at all. Specially on the subject of boys and girls. Since I was older than Frannie, I got interested in girls before she got interested in boys. Man, I thought girls were great. Fact is, still do! (Though now I'm devoted to only two: my beautiful wife, Joyce, and our baby daughter, Gail.)

However, when I started getting interested in girls, Frannie was still wrapped up in playing baseball and football with the guys on the block. No doubt about it, if she'd been a boy she would have made a great running-back at USC. She was interested in boys, all right, but only so far as their athletic prowess was concerned. She liked it fine when they made passes—so long as they were of the football variety. I used to make myself real obnoxious by teasing her about the guys we played ball with. It was a sure way of getting her goat. Our conversations went something like this:

"Say, Tubby-next-door thinks you're pretty keen," I'd begin. (Truth was that Tubby-next-door always complained about Frannie. Said he didn't want to play with anybody's pug-nosed kid sister. I really think he was afraid of her cause she used to throw the roughest blocks.) Even so I'd say, "Tubby-next-door thinks you're keen."

Frannie, thinking I was going to pass along a compliment on her football ability.
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At any rate, since I'm elected to entertain the date till Frannie is ready, I've had a chance to meet up with some real fine guys. Now when I ask her if she remembers the time she thought boys were squares, she just laughs and says, "Oh, Bill, I never said that! Did I?"

Yep, things have changed.

As a kid sister I guess you could say Frannie was usually trying to be of some use. There was the time, right after I'd gotten married, that I told her my wife was expecting a baby.

The only reason that Fran was the first one I told was because she was the closest. I had just picked up this information myself, in a conversation with my wife. The fact that I was in a state of shock may have accounted for my slurred speaking voice as I ran through the house shouting, "Hey! Father! Father! I'm going to be a father!"

I remember the news gave me a combined feeling of both surprise and pride. I felt as if I'd swallowed a quart of my favorite fudge-ripple ice cream (but I wasn't prepared for the shock the chills gave me). At any rate, I was just bursting out to tell someone. And as I wildly ran through the house, it was Frannie I first bumped into.

In all fairness to Frannie, I'll have to take the blame for what happened. After all, I was the excited one, but when she heard the news she practically got on the back of me. No kidding. My writing is an example.

Well, Joyce's parents hadn't heard the news before we got home, and from the neighbors that their Joyce was expecting a baby any minute, you'd think they were having a convention at our house. The dog was barking, the phone was ringing, the living room off cars were pulling up in front, and to top it off, Mom got home from the Red Cross and Pop came in from work. We had to explain to them that it happened while still answering the phone and running to the door to let Joyce's friends in. Naturally when they heard the news they had all rushed over.

As I remember, they stayed there for an earthquake until everyone finally got the idea straight. We were going to have a baby, all right—but it was still some months away.

Of course, Fran's career was pretty well under way before I was drafted, though at the time she looked upon it as a lark. And then I came home from the Army to find her taking her career very seriously. Obviously it paid off, for she'd been Aba Daba pool (which grew from the hole in the backyard) was one of the first results.

I thought I was just a flash in the pan, she certainly changed to me, and maybe the studio was only kidding with that movie stuff. But when I actually saw myself on the screen—I knew it was for real.

Boy, I started to work then.

And she did! She took dancing lessons, singing lessons, acting lessons; she had more kinds of lessons than Mrs. Carter has pills. If you mentioned career to her then, she would have turned her nose up and said, "You've had it! She's really hopped on doing her best. As she says, 'Ve been lucky to get this break; now I'm going to work as hard as I can to justify people's faith in me.'

So that was her attitude toward her own performances. "Oh, Bill," she'd say, "I mean, the first show after one of her previews had been shown, "did you see the picture last night?"

"Picture? I'd repeat, like she wanted to know if I'd had the measles lately, "Yes, you know, the preview. The Affairs of Dobie Gillis."

"Oh, that! Sure, I saw it."

"Well, did you like me?"

"Oh, were you in it?" I'd say, ducking in the nick of time to miss the sofa pillow wiving across the room. Like I said, Frannie always had a good pitching arm.

Since I've always thought she was great and never told her so, I don't intend to start now.

I also learned on my first trip home that Frannie was just as hard-working at home as she was at the studio. She started doing other kinds of organizing and hospital touring, spreading a little sunshine wherever she went.

I can remember coming in as late as 2 a.m. finding her under Fran nie's door. She was answering the letters from the guys in the hospital. After working all day, I call this pretty great. But she was serious about this part of her new life. And she was right. Frannie had changed—but I hadn't realized how much until I went away from home.

Besides taking her work seriously, she began to take an adult view of the world around her. Some of those trips to the hospitals hit her pretty hard. (Especially the recent trip to Korea.) Frannie was and is still anxious to do everything in her power to make the guys in the Services happy. My kid sister has a way of going to the deepest part of the hole to see how they were faring. Only fair, I'd say.

Heads, arms, legs, feet, all stuck out the car windows; their red eyes half-closed in a desperate struggle for a minute's sleep. They were more than two sleepers—especially with athletes like my kid sister along. She sleeps going in three directions at once.

But she got me back in camp—after all, my kid sister has a way of doing what she sets out to do. Maybe that's what has changed my mind about her. Why, now I couldn't trade Frannie for anything! Not a bike, not a jalepy, even not a good set of golf clubs!
His Lady Carries a Torch

(Continued from page 48)

Hollywood. Primarily, he would tell you humorously, as "the youngest Civil War Veteran." And impartially—having fought in all the films—and repeatedly, on both sides. As if he is fighting again in "Brady's Bunch," a post-Civil War picture, at Universal-International now. In addition, he's Hollywood's most famous Native American of all time and all tribes. "You are Cochise," Elliott Arnold, author of "Blood Brother," wrote on the book's flyleaf for him. The words have proved as prophetic as they were complimentary. Yet the producers of "Broken Arrow" once studied him quizzically. They were having a little trouble, they said, trying to visualize him—a typical All-American—as an Indian. "He couldn't even be more typically American than an Indian?" He, of all people, should have known. The grandson of an immigrant—Jeff Chandler.

Jeff's family came over on a crowded boat teeming with a medley of accents. There were his grandmother, Sarah Shapiro, his mother, Anna, uncles, aunts. His grandfather, Max Shapiro, had come a little earlier to make a place for them. He set himself up in a little butcher shop in Brooklyn, and he found and furnished an apartment and proudly had it all ready and walled, that he could afford to move in the new land—steam heat, a coal range, a sewing machine. "Mama, a machine that sews all by itself."

And for young Ira there was the gift of being born and growing up within the warmth of the Lady's torch.

From the age of three, when his parents separated, Ira and his mother lived with his grandparents and grew up under the guidance of the wise old man. His grandfather hoped that some day young Ira would want to be a Rabbi. But young Ira, for himself had his own ideas. He would be an actor, he said. As his mother, Mrs. Anna Shevelow, laughs now: "When he was four years old—Joe would parade around with a hot water bottle in his belt, a broom over his shoulder, and carrying a can opener—and inform us he was being a hobo." He was always doing imitations too, mostly of Groucho Marx. He was five for music, and before long his mother was taking him to see Broadway shows—then wondering how to get her happy but sleeping star off the subway and home again.

Even those, however, were dreams. Every Saturday his mother gave him a nickel to pay his way to the movies—this seven-year-old's biggest thrill. One Saturday, when his mother got home from work, she was surprised to find young Ira waiting on the steps for her. "Didn't you go to the movies?" she asked.

"No—I had something more important to do with my nickels," he said.

"More important? What?"

"Go upstairs and you'll find out," he instructed soberly.

There she found one red carnation, and with it, lovingly scribbled for the movie, "To my Mother on Mother's Day—and this ain't nothing."

His first set-back occurred when he lost his chance at a part in the grammar-school musical because his voice was changing. "I could sing the high part and the low part—but I couldn't manage the middle," Jeff says, with a wince even now at the memory. "I wound up stage managing instead," he grins.

Nor was he discouraged even when, as an eager teenager, he lost out in the local try-outs for Jesse Lasky's CBS talent show, "Gateway to Hollywood." "I was
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broken-hearted that night. And right then and there I swore—" Jeff laughs, giving it the full melodramatic treatment. Then he adds slowly, "but it took me a long time to get here." Remembering just how long.

Too long, as life—and death—willed it, for his grandfather to share in the happy day. He was bed-fast with cancer when Ira was thirteen, but he did have the happiness of hearing his grandson deliver a speech as moving as any he would ever make later on the screen—an emotional tribute following his confirmation. The Synagogue was next door to their apartment, and the earnest boy in the new suit knew that through the open window his grandfather could hear every word. And every word was from Ira's heart.

On this day of manhood, he wanted to acknowledge how much his mother's and all his family's love and kindness meant to him. He wanted to thank his grandfather for all the good things he'd taught him, and for his own future—because of all of them. The proud old man listening felt a great sense of peace. He was a good boy, Ira. He would be all right. He would do fine. Go far.

Today Jeff's fulfilling an immigrant-American's faith in him. And all the reasons why are reflected in his face and physique. In the feeling he inspires of solid inner strength. In his humor towards himself and his grave awareness of all others.

Jeff believes that size is a big help in Hollywood. ‘‘That first entrance coming through the door is challenging. I frightened people into giving me jobs. A big guy walking in makes 'em look up. That happened to me in radio, too. The man behind the desk is startled into thinking, 'Say, if this guy can act, he might be pretty good.'”

Virtue and height are important. But Jeff's bigness, those who know him well can tell you, is measured in terms of tolerance and thoughtfulness and understanding. If there's no housekeeper and Marge, his wife, has to do all the work—he worries. If his agent, Meyer Mishkin, has the flu—Jeff's on the phone to his house at least twice a day. When Martin and Lewis do a television show, the first congratulatory wire they get is Jeff's. Often, when he's away on location, he calls friends long distance saying, "I just wanted to hear what's new—tell you I miss you."

He's also concerned about his fans. Jeff's probably the only star who, on a day off, spends the time from 10:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M. dictating warm personal notes to fans, answering their questions and advising and encouraging them. To a girl in West Virginia who asks about becoming an actress, he gives the names of various drama schools and their prices and says, "It's a wonderful ambition, Marie. May all your dreams come true." He rejoices with a boy who's been stricken with paralysis over any new feeling of movement that returns. "... your last letter was exciting! What joyous news—that the feeling's come back in your wrist again. Thanks for writing me about it and making me part of your happiness... ."

It was Jeff's thoughtfulness that won Marge's attention when they first met in New York. "I was just visiting there. I'd been ill and I was feeling a little lonely, and Jeff was so protective and kind. I was a little overwhelmed. We talked about the theatre and I just mentioned something about once going completely blank on the stage and forgetting my lines—right in the middle of The Swan.' Two days later a pair of little swan-shaped earrings arrived. It was so personal and so very thoughtful—I was quite impressed. But that's Jeff," says Marge, "now I know... ."

Now, of course, as Jeff would be the first to point out humorously, she knows many other things about him too. That at home he's a casual relaxed kind of character who prefers to remain that way—casual and relaxed and at home. That, although he's always going to take her to catch the headline at the Mocambo or Ciro's, somehow they never get there. That since Marge is feverishly taking tennis lessons he's going to go out to the court on Sunday and work out with her—but they never make it. As she says, "Jeff's a spectator sportsman." He loves to watch—preferably while stretched out in the sun in his own backyard with his own daughters, six-year-old Jamie and three-year-old Dana, busily at play nearby. He plays a great game of baseball, loves to bat the ball and reach up and mitt a wild one—as long as somebody else does the running for him. "I'm the artistic type," he explains lazily.

Marge knows now, too, that her hus-
hand's a dream man about admiring a smart new suit or her latest hair-do. That in the food department, he likes his beets cold instead of hot and canned peas, instead of fresh. That he has an aversion to gushy people, and that if he's cornered at a party and Marge doesn't happen to catch his restless unhappy look and move in for the rescue, she'll be greeted later with "Where were you?"

"Marge knows me pretty well. That's the price she has to pay for living with me," he says. But in all fairness to himself, and contrary to any rumors in the past, Jeff is quick to say he's never raised any objections to a wife having a career.

"I've never minded Marge's working. On the contrary, I've encouraged it." As he points out, he's hardly a man who would deny women the rights and freedoms they've fought for. "She just finished the second lead in 'Dangerous Crossing' with Jeanne Crain and Michael Rennie, at Twentieth Century-Fox. I like Marge to work—if only so she can appreciate how hard I work," he grins.

Jeff is a very thoughtful and affectionate parent—and his daughters' ever-willing audience when they put on their "shows." He totes in the chairs for himself and Marge, and helps with the sound effects while Marge brings them "on" at the piano. Using the fireplace as a stage background, Jamie announces, "I'm going to do a ballet." Then Dana follows, imitating Jamie doing a ballet. They do duets together too on the Roy Rogers theme song, "Happy Trails to You." And their proud parent says, "Amazing enough, sometimes they sound real good."

He would be the last to deny them self-expression even if they didn't. The memory of a little boy who "hoboed" for another appreciative audience in a Flatbush living room is very vivid.

But play-acting is only a small phase of the children's lives. Both their parents are concerned with their religious understanding. "They must know all religions," Jeff and Marge agree and they take them to churches of various beliefs. And every Sunday Jeff reads a few pages of the Bible aloud to them.

Jeff feels a quiet deep anger at intolerance or injustice of any kind. Today he's still searching for his own answers, and he won't be hurried into accepting a substitute. He is, as Jerry Lewis says, "the most honest guy you'll ever know." And beneath the Hollywood war paint he's one of the most sentimental.

But he also has a dead-pan humor which can relieve any situation and often, he would say, at the wrong time. He turns a phrase well—and usually at his own expense.

These days, Jeff is worrying less and laughing more. And suffering less too at his own previews. When a picture's sneakied, he and his agent, Meyer Mishkin, have always arranged to get away from the crowd and meet later for coffee and comment. By now, they have a routine. They shake hands gravely. Then, "Well, what do you think?" asks Meyer. "Well, I'll make money," says Jeff.

But money-maker that Jeff is, he's still having trouble convincing Hollywood that he can play comedy or do musicals—even with his agent insisting. In the Chandler croons, it will be earth-shaking as when Garbo talked. So sincerely does Jeff project himself into a part, that producers have difficulty ever visualizing him in any other. Ever since the first time he played Cochise, he's been trying to get his clothes back on. But to his agent's, "He'd be great in drawing room comedy!" producers would shake their heads. They just couldn't see him that way. So strong was this feeling, that

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throughout the first rush of "Because of You," Jeff was surrounded by executives admiring him in his elegant modern clothes, kept asking anxiously, "How do I look? How do I look?"

Getting this picture, Jeff says, was an accident. "Also," he adds, "Loretta Young was lighting candles for me." The part was actually already cast, when Jeff met Director Joe Penney in the street at U-I one day and heard him talking enthusiastically about the script. "Anything for me?" asked Jeff.

"Too bad the lead's already cast," the director said. "You'd be so good in it. You probably wouldn't want it though. It's a smaller part than the woman's." A smaller part than Loretta Young's? Who cared? Just give him a crack at it.

"Do you mean that? If we can fix it, will you do it? You wouldn't project?" At first the studio didn't want him to do the role. As Jeff says, a little embarrassed at just how to put it, "They didn't think the part was... big enough. But I waited it out. Loretta would light another candle..."

This emotional role is Jeff's favorite to date—and, strangely enough, the one he found easiest to play. He grins at the incongruity of the picture, as he says, "The physical stuff is really hard for me. The fighting, the running, the jumping on horses, or climbing a cliff. I have a fear of height, anyway. I get dizzy..."

But height in Hollywood—no matter how high Jeff goes, or how long he remains there—couldn't dizzy his own sense of values nor inflame them. A student of underacting, his greatest underplaying is of himself. And sincerely so. "The gimmick in motion pictures is to have a personality that projects. There are fine actors who aren't working. But if you've got a personality, that projects... At least. You can't take too much credit for that. It's something you're born with."

He's a fan of many other stars. As he puts it, "It was like taking lessons for me—just watching Loretta Young work." And today Jeff and his agent, his fighting ally since the night they met backstage when Jeff was playing a supporting role on Lux Radio Theatre, keep passing the buck back and forth between them. When he's swamped by fans clamoring for autographs, his agent says, "Big movie star," kidding him. "You did it," says Jeff. "You helped," Meyer reminds. Theirs is a rare loyalty, as big agencies who've tried to buy Jeff away have found. And of Chandler, Mishkin says, "He has virility, vitality, a tremendous dignity. All this, and he can act too." He's been sold on Jeff since his assignment in a play when Jeff was going to Feagin's Dramatic School in New York. Mishkin, then a talent scout for Twentieth Century-Fox, says he was impressed by this tall gayly young kid and his wonderful voice, but at that time the studio was looking for pretty boys—and he didn't fit the picture.

Years later when they met at the radio rehearsal, Mishkin recognized him. "I know that name," he said. Jeff couldn't get over it, "But that was years ago! Why would you remember me?"

That night Jeff went home and told Marge, "I've finally found the guy I think I'll go places with." And Meyer told his wife, "I met a guy named Jeff Chandler today. I believe he'll be a big star..."

At present, they're crusading to convince Hollywood that Jeff can sing. Jeff, who describes himself as an "Eastern-style singer... no guitar," admits he'd love to do a musical—"and there's some talk about it... mostly on my part. However he does have a "handshake agreement" with Sonny Burke of Decca Records to make a record for them "sometime when we have time. Me? I've got all the time in the world. They're busy."

"We go out and look at our lot longingly, and we walk up and down, pacing it off. Ours is the only vacant gap in the midst of all the homes and lawns and flower gardens there. And I can see the neighbors watching from their windows and wondering, 'Isn't this guy ever going to build?' Movie star that I am," he grins.

Not that he would be anything else, out of choice. Acting is his life and his legacy. "I can't think of myself as anything but an actor. This is what I always meant to be. Hollywood is where I always meant to be..."

"Today is a lot of dreams come true," Jeff says slowly.

Not only his dream, but those of others very dear to him. Including a devoted elderly immigrant, who didn't live to see it—but who died full of faith that in his grandson, Jeff, his own dreams of all that America means would be fulfilled.

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Shaw said it originally, "Youth," he said, "is so wonderful that it shouldn't be wasted on the young." I can't top that, but as one girl to another I want to say—why waste your youth? Get wise to the great special gift that's been given you, or that God has given you, if you want to put it that way. And I do want to put it that way.

Part of the reason I am sounding off at this particular time is those terrifying headlines in the papers, telling about high school kids taking dope.

Shocking as these headlines are, overwhelming as the figures on addiction prove to be, you and I have the blessed assurance that in terms of the teen-age population of this country, they are still small.

But the fact that the marijuana habit can exist—or worse, the heroin habit—is a ghastly symptom of the unhappiness too many teenagers are experiencing.

Such a habit is the ultimate end in self-deception. It is the absolute summing up of wrong values. It not only drags its victims down into a living hell, but often their families and friends too.

The pathos of these addicted girls is that they aren't "bad." The touching thing is that they, and their families, have to pay such a killing price just because they have their values all wrong.

These unwise girls want a momentary thrill, a purely physical thrill, which, when it wears off, will leave them in such agony as to be almost unendurable.

To a less exaggerated extent, these are the same girls who want ice-cream sodas more than they want a trim figure, the same foolish girls who will go into debt to get some silly new "dress line" from Paris, with the very idea that they are doing it only will probably never notice.

Today will take care of itself if we are building a foundation for tomorrow.

WILLIAM HOLDEN

Now before you girls start yelling that teen-age boys also, go on the weed, I'll agree with you. And teen-age boys can be unhappy. But I think they are unhappy in less desperate ways, usually, than girls. And I believe that is because their values are not as so silly. You think a boy was stark raving mad if he went around moaning that he couldn't be happy if his hair wasn't a certain shade, or his nose a certain shape, or his clothes up to the last gasp.

But we girls do that. When I was fourteen and broke my leg and had to give up dancing as a career, I couldn't have been more wretched. I thought life was all over for me. But that's how I discovered I could sing.

When I was fifteen and "in love" for the very first time and I was sure the absolute last—time, I thought my life was undearable because my mother wouldn't permit me to see that boy morning, noon and night.

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cently, the way kids make up dragons on dark stairways, or knights in armor from some sunbeam dancing in a midsummer afternoon. High school kids and rom- nantic people like Piper do that all the time.

But after her call, my own pulse began to quicken and I felt weird and apologize to her next day. Our phone calls missed each other that next day, and the next day after and the day after that. Piper was out on tour with "Mississippi Gambler," out on tour for nearly two and a half months.

But excited little messages from her kept reaching me. First, "Rick called me long-distance today." On her birthday, her twenty-first birthday, "Rick wired me roses today." And then, finally, "I'm home, and my first date is with Rick."

I'd said I'd tell her firmly. "Oh, yes," breathed Piper, "I want to tell you all about it."

She was still too excited to eat, that next day. She ordered only a cup of coffee, and it grew cold as she talked, her dark eyes radiant, her mouth all smiles, her voice soft as a tropical zephyr. And this is what she said as she showed me Rick's original note, all wrinkled with being carried over miles and spotted with coffee, where she had read it over a hundred breakfasts:

"I was so excited in my life as when I got this note," Piper said. "I was in such a state that I just couldn't even telephone Rick for two whole days. When I did, his little secretary answered, and I nearly died. I heard her calling 'Rick, Rick, Piper Laurie is on the telephone for you.'"

"Then I heard his voice. He said, 'Who is this person?' And I could tell he was excited too.

"I said, 'This is Piper.' He being cagey. He said, 'I don't believe it.'"

"'Rick,' I said, 'is not right here.' Then I asked, 'Shall I record a message?'" I started to, but he interrupted me, and he apologized. He laughed, sort of nervous, and he said, "It just seemed too good to believe, and I asked him what he could see me. I said Friday, two days away. I didn't want to seem too eager. I asked him to come over to my house and have din- ner with me and my folks.

"Mother and I planned one of those man-proof dinners—you know, roast beef and pie. And I started to get dressed in the middle of the afternoon. I wanted to be right on time, downstairs and looking all relaxed and casual, but simply nothing would go right. I couldn't do a thing with my hair. I tried on and took off three dresses and they all looked tacky. I must have put on fifteen pounds. Finally, when I got my lipstick on crooked and just as I was rubbing it off, to put it on again, the doorbell rang, echoing sharply through the house. He did.

"Downstairs, I could hear my mother and father taking over. There was wres- tling on the TV that evening and I could hear them going into the living room with Rick—to watch it. I couldn't help but be a little nervous. But by that time, I knew I was all flushed, and I was so thankful that it was pretty dark in the living room on account of the TV's bright screen.

"But I certainly saw him. I saw that he was about six tall—just as I remembered—and so cute-looking, with his black hair and his eyes. He jumped up and held out a box of candy. 'Hi,' he said, 'this is for you.'"

Piper giggled. "Imagine," she said. "A box of candy. I practically hadn't had a single piece of candy since I've been at home—but I wasn't thinking of that, then. I was just thinking, what utter heaven it was to be looking right at Rick, right into his eyes, really seeing him.

"Because, you see, I had never really had a boy friend before. There in school, over absolute years. I had looked at him every single chance I got. But they were sneaked looks, you know, under my lashes, and when I was pretending to look at other things.

"Well, we had dinner. And then later, Mother and Father seemed to have some- thing else to do. They left us alone and Rick and I talked for five straight hours."

I interrupted her. "What did you talk about?"

"Our memories," said Piper. "All the kids we'd known in school and what we'd done. And we'd talked of Rick of the time we had double-dated, and it was just horrible. Because he barely re- called it at all, while I remembered everything. Would the big night it had been for me, even though I was wishing I was his date, and not his pal's. I recalled how the boys had taken us to Mike Ly- ford for dinner, and then to see The Blackstone. And later, we drove up the Strip to a drive-in. But nice as it all was, I hated the evening, because of that blonde with Rick."

And then, almost at once it seemed, Piper was off for Korea—her second trip to this fighting front. But we talked again when she came back.

"On my return—home date with Rick," she said, "I became aware that our con- versation was still about 'the old days.' We were back again in the memory depart- ment. We were still the past."

She paused, with thoughts of the future obviously flickering through her mind.

"It's such a tough thing for a young man to take away. Doesn't change has an English major at UCLA. He is thinking of possibly taking law, but he hasn't decided finally yet. How can he, with a year at college still to go and the draft always nipping at his heels?"

"And then, when I read in the paper about—"
Jane Powell’s Marriage

(Continued from page 37)

me when the story first made headlines. “I’ll be in Las Vegas with Janie and the children,” stated Geary when I first called him to check the startling separation story.

“We’re separated,” said Jane—then added, not too hastily, “while I’m on tour, of course.”

“What chance does your marriage have?” I persisted.

A slight pause, then, a shade too brightly, “I’d say a sixty-forty chance. We hope to be able to work it out.”

Then back in Hollywood, from Geary: “No, I won’t be going to Vegas. And a nurse would be taking the two children to be with their mother for a month.”

“But,” Geary added, “she’ll stay in the house for a couple of days before going to Nevada.” In answer to my question:

“Sure, I’ll be there, too.”

“I talked to Janie in Toronto,” he went on, “and she had a very successful show. But she’ll stay in New York longer than she expected.”

By the odd coincidence (or was it a coincidence?), Gene Nelson, the man the Steffens had reportedly quarreled over, was in New York at the same time. While Jane was there, she refused to say anything to the press about her marital situation or about Gene. As for Gene, he did talk, brushing off the suggestion that the two might be involved in a romance.

“After all, I’ve known the Steffens for years. I knew Geary long before I knew Janie. Just because we made a movie and were working very close together, people come along with all these rumors. I don’t even read the papers any more. Why don’t they just leave me alone?”

But Gene slipped in a contradictory statement of his own, providing (intentionally or unintentionally) an easy out. “If they keep it up,” he said, “they’ll drive Janie and me together. If that’s what everybody’s saying anyhow, we might as well.”

Yet out in Hollywood Geary was insisting, “I absolutely think our marriage has a good chance. Of course, I’m the optimistic type, while Janie has always been a conservative.”

And then, like Gene, he turned bitter: “If any other man and wife have a spat, nobody knows it. We quarrel, and the whole world screams. I’m more in love with Janie than ever.”

But the big question is: Is Jane more in love with Geary than ever? Any real an-
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Except for Gene's own statement, to date there have been no denials of the stories concerning his role in the Steffens crisis. But when the law finally does its job, Gene should have a happy one. So the trouble must have started before Jane went to Warners to make "Three Sailor and a Girl." Jane was the girl; Gene was a sailor; and he was acting as a sailor who is really home from the sea.

I kept hearing reports that Jane was falling in love with the blond, good-looking dancer. But she was happily married, and I knew that the young man who told me later, I heard that Miriam had stormed onto the set to have a few strong words with Jane. Then came the news that Jane had fainted a couple of times while making the picture, and a fantastic story that Gene had asked Gene during a heated argument. But I still wouldn't believe there was anything wrong, even when Metro confirmed the rumors.

But when Jane herself talked to me, I was sure that she had been in great difficulty, without saying why or what, I decided to find out Why and What.

Now I'm not a psychiatrist, but I've been around in Hollywood a long time, and that practically makes you one. This is the way I see it. Before she married Geary, Jane was very close to her mother. She was the type who would have done anything to save the studio preferred it that way. I remember how unhappy she was, and how reticent, when her mother and father separated. Before she was married she bought a lot of things to keep the valley, complete with pool. Every weekend all the starlets and their beau's gathered there.

You never saw Jane in a night club. She never knew how the other half lived, and has been through it. She never liked the wall. But she was curious, like any normal girl. She was always very controlled and serious, but I should have given her more credit. So she met a little deep when she begged Joe Pasternak to put her in a picture where for once she wouldn't be the sweet young thing. Joe just laughed and pointed to the way Deanna Durbin was handled. Then she began playing women of the world. According to Joe, she should have remained wide-eyed and wondering on the screen until her middle twenties at least. When she was 17, she was kissed on the screen, what a fuss! It was a scene with an adolescent boy, although Jane would have preferred to rub noses with a soap star.

Okay, so she marries and she's no longer a baby and she can have romance in her movies. Most young actresses in Hollywood marry early to escape family dictation, but not Jane. She loved her parents and she loved Geary.

On the early personal-appearance tours, Geary used to go with her. But in the past two years they haven't been able to
leave his work. He's been doing too well. Besides, someone had to stay home with the baby and keep the fires burning. So there was Jane, a famous star, an attractive girl, on her own for the first time in her life. And it was fun to be admired, nice to hear she was beautiful and had a great singing voice. Now she was seeing how the other half carried on. It was exciting. And it seemed a little bit of a letdown to be the same old dependable Janie when she returned to Geary's loving arms in Hollywood.

She'd always been thrifty, never given parties, even made some of her own dresses. But now she wanted beautiful clothes, fur, and a new, grander house. It was ironic that Geary was now the new, big mansion when their marriage was at its shickest. They were happier a year and a half ago when they bought the smaller home. But along came another baby—and another outlook.

The second child very often changes a woman. (We sometimes forget that a movie star is also a woman.) After having two babies so close together, you yearn very intensely to be slim, chic and admired again. It happened to me, and I've heard it from a lot of other women. So Jane wanted her fling.

But maybe she'll learn that in the long (or short) run, a good home and an adoring husband mean more than the excitement of a quick romance—especially in Hollywood, where you must have something peaceful to come home to after the spotlight has tended you to the screaming point.

Perhaps that's the trouble. Jane never screams. She's always quite controlled, and it's hard for me to visualize her in a yelling session with Geary. Though Geary's the easygoing type, he gives the impression that he could fight like a lion for what he really wants. And he wants his wife.

He took her to the plane for the trip East, when everyone was linking Jane with Gene Nelson in their columns. Another man would have to be visualized in her a yeling session with Geary. Though Geary's the easygoing type, he gives the impression that he could fight like a lion for what he really wants. And he wants his wife.

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Too Busy for the Blues

(Continued from page 43)
tends to be on the serious side, and the humor that creeps into it is quiet and delightfully subtle. He holds up amazingly well under the continual pressure exerted on him by his ambitious wife, who was the famed O’Connor energy is still there, he appears to be trying to hide the fact that he is, underneath the facade of the successful entertainer, an extremely tired young man.

It is small wonder. In the past year he has made three movies (the average for an established Hollywood actor); he has formed a music-publishing company with his sidekick, Sidney Miller; he has contracted to make recordings for Decca, and approximately every five weeks he has starred on the Comedy Hour, a stint requiring a grueling month of rehearsals for each show.

On top of this, his personal life is in a turmoil, resulting from a separation from his wife. It is really a shock to us to think Donald O’Connor have gone their separate ways.

The nine-year-old marriage has survived several temporary rifts, some of them lasting only a week, others stretching into a month.

Neither Gwen nor Donald will discuss their troubles, and the consensus of opinion seems to be that while the two are still in love, their temperaments are such that they cannot live together peacefully.

Many comedies have been written for both stage and motion pictures that revolve around a married couple who work for the ship each other yet are scarping perpetually. It can be funny in a play or a film. But it is far from amusing when it happens in real life. Donald and Gwen have suffered a lot of heartaches; their first serious quarrel came in the spring of 1948 when they had been married four years; another followed in the fall of that same year. The year 1950 saw another rift, and 1952 began a series of spats. Each successive separation took a little longer to mend, and it can be assumed that while their earlier reconciliations were made possible by the resiliency of their young youth, the more recent rubarb is a much greater strain on both. Possibly they are beginning to look on their troubles with more maturity and are trying to find a middle road that will make their marriage more secure.

As this is being written they have been separated more than three months, making the most serious rift thus far, but it is the hope of everyone that rumors pointing to another reconciliation may be true. Both are well liked by all of Hollywood, and both have mutual friends rooting for a permanent.

Donald himself will make no statement concerning the situation, and the reason for his silence is a thoughtful one. This is a business that is hard enough. One thing they were sure of—they didn’t know what to do with Donald O’Connor. His fame had held fairly well, inasmuch as he had slaved through eleven movies in the last years, so he went into the Army, and the last film of that batch was still showing at the time of his release. However, new faces had come onto the scene while Donald was losing his luster, so like so many returning actors, he found it impossible to pick up where he had left off. The studio paid him his contract salary but had no work for him, and he took off on a series of personal appearance tours. He did this for two reasons. The first was that he is a born trooper and can’t stand idleness. Show business is in his blood and to Donald, no looking mean no contentment. The other reason was financial.
it was impossible for him to do it. If he had not been very young, he would have had to pull the lever, and even then he would not have had the energy to do it.

But he had the energy, and he was not very young. So he tried, and he succeeded.

And that is how he became a famous movie star.
My Kind of Guy

(Continued from page 33)

That's because nothing bothers him. He's a boy who seems to have spent his whole life being happy. And it's catching. When you're with him, you find there's an amusing side to almost every situation. If there isn't, he'll invent one.

The speech I'd overheard couldn't have been more ridiculous. Bob was the fellow who'd beat the morning sun to the studio on the four o'clock train and then go down to the records room to spend his time with a screen test. I was the stranger. Well, practically. We'd met only a short while before. He didn't have to help. But he realized that the thing was important, and pulled the books on me. So he mentioned that he'd played the scene several times and knew the lines and action. After that, he casually volunteered to be on the soundstage that day to give me a hand with the direction. I accepted.

Bob has an uncanny way of being around when he's needed. I remember our first encounter. Funny, the way people are sort of drawn to one another. It happens in this nice little tipple, where the boys notice girls. Boy notices girl. Girl sees boy. Their eyes meet. Eventually, he strolls across a crowded room, lights two cigarettes and hands her one of them. Then follows this pretty much sparkling dialogue and background music.

In our case, the Twentieth-Century-Fox commission qualified nicely for the crowded room. It was packed. I was new on the lot and didn't have a soul. And I wanted to see a friendly face so badly that I was about ready to go home to my mother's. Then I saw Bob. He was looking at me, and one of my biggest schedule problems was, of course, that as close as we came to the script. I don't smoke and he's usually out of cigarettes anyway. "Hello," he said.

"Hello," I said.

I wouldn't call it terribly sparkling dialogue, and dishes were clattering in the background. But when he smiled, the room seemed a much finer place.

We weren't formally introduced until several days later. Mike Connolly, of Promotions and Hollywood Reporter, did the honors on a Twentieth street corner. When Mike said goodbye, Bob walked me to my car. I climbed in. But I wasn't going anywhere. Not in that car. The battery was dead and the chauffeur was sent to the rescue, walked me to his car and gave me a ride to my front door.

As far as I was concerned, Bob's actions were more revealing than his words could have been on our first real date. It was Academy Award night. As is the custom on such occasions, the studio had provided a car and driver, and we were off to the Pantages in the mid-up downtown of California dew. En route to and from the car, Bob seemed to have one mission in life. That was seeing that my back, now ever-so-slightly drenched. He worried far more about it than I did.

We were the first out of the theatre when the event ended. Limousines rolled in gently, like the pieces of a puzzle, and rolled away again. As we stood there, Bob spotted a group of fans waiting for autographs. Everyone was in a hurry and the kids weren't having much luck. I thought, Bob looked at their disapponted faces, borrowed a pencil and suggested that we go over.

Two hours later we were still there. We weren't sure what had happened to our car. Boy-movie-star could have sent any one of five other people to find it, and

saved himself a soaked tuxedo. And I could name twenty stars who would have done just that. But not Robert. Out he went. Back he came—wet, victorious, with auto.

We went on to a party at one of the more exclusive—and expensive—Beverly Hills restaurants. Half-way through the evening, we discovered that we had monstrous appetites in common and switched to a more realistic formula for a scrambled eggs. When the bill came, I found that R. J. Wagner had said the word, I'd have fetched him an axe and gladly put my throat on the block. A击e sent the waiter.

We got the waiter. Turned out there'd been a large-type mistake. "Thanks, Terry, girl," said Robert. "Thanks a lot." Next day, he sent me a dozen eggs—all painted green—"For the one kind of guy, this R. J. Wagner, and I hope I can say it without starting another wedding rumor. But if I made a long list of all the good qualities—qualities all girls look for in a man—Bob would illustrate each of them.

Take friendliness. Bob likes people. When you walk into a room with him, you feel that you're one of the population. He has a genuine interest in everyone he meets. On a picture, he knows every name and a number of life histories. And he's no snob. This is a prop man is as important as an executive.

I remember one man who stopped by our table in the commissary. Bob introduced us, but I didn't catch the name. When he left, he told us, "He's a nice fellow." I said, "Has he worked in many of your pictures?"

I work in his pictures," said Bob. "That's Mr. Skouras. He's the head of the studio."

Another thing about Bob and people is that he'll defend someone to the death if that someone's been raked over verbal coals. "No, you can't go back!" he'll yell. "We don't know the whole story."

He's one of the most understanding men I've ever known. And when you're in the movie business, understanding is something you can use. Now I'm recalling a night in Florida when we made personal appearances at one of the theaters. We'd worked hard that day, and I had a six o'clock appointment for the following morning. You might say I was slightly tired. "Let's go out and see the town," suggested a member of the cast. "I'd love to," Bob exclaimed. "Think you can make it?"

I confessed that I couldn't take another step unless it was toward home, and I asked about having to say it. As a matter of fact, on other dates I've been called a heel—well, killjoy—for having said it. But never by R. J.

Whenever I talk about Bob, the word comes up—clean. He's been called that. The fact that he's considerate is as good a reason as any, I guess. And any number of his fans will tell you the same—particularly two little Floridians. We were sitting in the terrace of the Casa Marina Hotel in Key West and Bob saw these fellows pecking through the fence. They wanted auto-
graphs. Bob located a pen, some paper, and then made the rounds of the cast collecting signatures. Before he returned to the film set, he did a moment. He was next seen on his way back to the fans—with Coca Colas as well as autographs for each.

Another incident I think about with a certain amount of horror. We had a date to shoot pictures one afternoon. Bob arrived early and remained until the very end. He had a lot of jolly things to say—went through his usual array of hysterical quips. However, he neglected to mention that he was coming down with flu. We were practicing jujitsu at the edge of the dock when he went into the water. He came up later, he said that when he lost his balance it wasn't so funny. The company doctor put him to bed. The dunking had been a great help. "Me and my jujitsu," I recalled to him over dinner. "Why didn't you tell us you were sick?"

The photographer came a long way to get the pictures," he explained patiently. Then his voice took on a teasing tone. "Anyway, he then kept printing that we're in love. What'll they say when they find out you threw me into the ocean. That wasn't very romantic of you, Terry.

"What else could I do?" I came back.

"Everytime the man focused the camera, you'd wrap a towel around my face."

"Serves you right for stealing that scene yesterday."

We were kidding. I hope that "Twelve Mile Reef," is only the first of a long line of movies in which we'll be appearing together. We like working together, and with us, it's a fifty-fifty matter. The better he is, the better I am. And vice versa. The play's supposed to be the thing—and who are we to argue with Shakespeare?"

We didn't let him argue with the columnists when the announcements of our "marriage plans" came out. The company press agent was kind enough to make the denials for us. To this day, we're not certain how the story got out. But it really got around. Whenever we made a theatre appearance, the first question from the audience was, "When's the wedding?"

Bob had a neat answer for that one. "Let Terry tell you," he'd say.

This line was my introduction. He'd exit laughing and wait in the wings while I'd try to think up some quick dialogue.

Well, at any rate, I guess those feud rumors got lost, when the copy took a romantic turn. It's enough to drive a columnist right out of her mind, I guess. Sorry, lady."

The End

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I Have a Terrible Time

(Continued from page 57)

enclosed space and Pati seemed highly amused. "Where are the dogs?" she asked. Then she whistled, and they came bounding over our neighbor's fence to nuzzle us.

When I was sixteen my father invited some of his friends over to our house to watch me ride. He told them I was big stuff, that I could handle a horse like a cowpuncher. He said I appeared on the scene dressed like a city kid's dream of a cowboy. I wore the biggest chaps in the history of the West, and my toed boots were new for a month, and rowels as big as sun dials. Then I mounted the horse. He saw my leg coming up over his starboard side, looking like nothing he'd ever seen before, and spurred off before I had a good seat. He dumped me in the middle of Sunset Boulevard. It was Sunday, and the heavy traffic came to a dead stop in order to watch this idiot (me) chase his horse all over the Boulevard. I wasn't doing a very good job of chasing, either, because I'd never walked in raveled spurs and they kept tangling with each other and pinching me on my face.

It's been like that as far back as I can remember. When I was sent to school in rubbers, the sun would shine brightly all day long. I went to other kids' birthday parties and would sit alone on their mothers' lace tablecloths. When I was twelve I went fishing for the first time. I didn't want to go—I didn't think I'd like it, and I hadn't a chance of catching any fish except me. They all sat there on the boat, drooling with envy, while I kept reeling in the fish and wishing I could cut my line or even, as the day wore on, jump up and yell.

Something that annoys my wife is my penchant for flying from one new hobby to another, never quite finishing the first one. There are lamps all over the house that I've made, but none of them is completed, and there's one in particular that I wouldn't touch with a ten-foot pole. I'm convinced it will blow up some day, and Pati always has a grim smile before she turns it off at night.

She says if I learned something while I was digging into these hobbies it wouldn't be so bad, and I guess she's right. During the past months I've been interested in wrestling, so interested that I've been working with professionals. Before I knew anything about wrestling, or how to fall, I never got hurt. But last week I proved Pati's point for her. A couple of guys and I were fooling around in a gym, and I suggested we try a layout. This is a trick where two men hold each other's wrists and a third guy comes flying through the air and lands on their locked hands. We thought we had it all figured out, but when the third lander, our arms were pulled downward by his weight, and the other guy and I were thrown together with such force that you could hear our heads collide a mile away. All next day, on the set of "Mission Over Korea," I had a splitting headache.

In the days when I was crazy about photography I built my own dark room in the house. When I was developing simple jobs, I always remembered to keep the door shut, but the minute I'd completed a tricky chore I was so proud of myself that I figured I'd done the impossible and nothing more was required. So I'd open the door, full of joy, and let the light flood into the room to ruin everything. Even when I went to South America on tour, I pulled a boner. I flew over the Andes Mountains, and probably the last time in my life, and figured I might as well give my friends at home the benefit of my expert photography. So I snapped mostly blank sheets of paper. I had the finder clear, filled with breath-taking scenery, but my lens was not. End result: blank film.

Once I tried skiing. Pati and I went up to Big Bear, and when I got to the top of the tow lift, and looked down I didn't like what I saw. The ski trail below me was worn to a solid sheet of ice. I was standing on the edge of the rink, a very tipsy one, and all the time I had had the finder clear, filled with breathtaking scenery, but my lens was not. End result: blank film.

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odd angle, and I was sure he had broken a leg. There were some other skiers standing around, but nobody seemed disposed to go down and help the kid. So I took a deep breath and pushed off. By the time I reached the bottom of the hill, he was on his feet from the top of the hill had swooshed by and I was waiting. It was a neat little knot of people, and they were squarely in front of the clump. I tried everything I could think of to stop myself but I kept on going, yelling for everybody to get out of the way. Three yards past the boy, I took a spectacular spill, with an instant, inaudible "oomph!" The boy was fine, just tangled up. But me, I wrenched my ankle. That was the last time I’ve been on skis.

I’d always thought I’d like to try hunting. When I was a kid, I went up to Ojai, and, armed with shiny new shotguns, tramped into the wilderness for what I expected to be an exhilarating day. The first hour passed, and because I was hunting and had a gun, I shot him. Almost immediately a member of the mounted patrol was at my elbow. “Bears aren’t, in season, Bud,” he informed me, “nor do they come exactly either, but they’re not the thing to shoot right now. If you take him away, I’ll forget the whole thing.” My friend spent the rest of the day moving the three hundred dollars' worth of 380's that were given in bolt from the premises, a chore which took six hours and all our energy. By the time the mighty hunters had haggled him back to the car there wasn’t enough petrol left to make a cap for my little son Russell, let alone a hearth rug.

A few years ago, I bought a sailboat and a pal and I decided to sail from San Pedro to my home in Newport Beach, with little wind, we had got only as far as the point where Sunset Boulevard meets the Coast Highway. So we decided we’d have better anchor the boat and swim ashore and see and heard and seen could pick us up. This was all very well thought out, except for the fact that we had to remove our denim pants in order to swim. At the hour when everybody was leaving, we sailed as far off as the San Diego Bay through the mud, across the wide parking area, and across the highway to a gas station that had a telephone. For this laudable and noble deed of underwear, and if anybody knows what shorts look like when they’re soaking wet and stretched down to the knees, I don’t have to describe the spectacle any further.

My sailing days ended when nobody told me that an anchor pin should be soldered. I had already lost two thirty-dollar anchors by tossing them overboard without any pin at all when at last long tossed one with a pin, but one not welded to the anchor. This time the boat went around and was broken to pieces.

Maybe the kid was just a absent-minded one mostly it’s because I obey my impulses and jump into things without sufficient thought. When I see something I want very much, I’m afraid if I don’t buy it I’ll be sorry. All the rest of this is the result I buy the first car I see and then later stumble on ten or twelve that are much more beautiful , . and that work.

It was the same with the house we bought. I took one look at it and decided that was for us. There were three acres and a tremendous swimming pool and a view over the valley that was great. "It looks like a commercial, what else does," I said, and, even though we had to buy it on a shoestring. Right up to what closing day, I was painting the place. That morning Fagi asked me "You’re not going to paint it, are you? I said it had been painted so that by the time she brought the baby over at seven o’clock the house would be warm. She and Russell arrived promptly at seven, and the house had all the warmth of Grant’s tomb. Fagi assumed the expression of an aggrieved wife.

"But I did," I said, and that’s when we found out that the heater didn’t work.

I went out and found one for $700 that I bought right away. I was afraid somebody else might buy it if I didn’t.

Three days after we moved in, we noticed the water in the pool was about seven feet higher than it had been when the house was up for sale. It turned out that the previous owner had filled it every day with a garden hose while we were negotiating purchase. So we decided to move in the next day when the bill arrived my enthusiasm for the pool.

In the two years we’ve lived here, we’ve had insurance coverage for everything—except the house, which is underwritten by premiums which include wall-splitting earthquakes. I sometimes wish I could get insurance to cover my bad judgment. The premiums would necessarily be high, but they would pay off. A judicious decision to save money by renting a tractor myself I wanted to scoop off about a foot of dirt and clear a few dead stumps along one side of the property. It was given in bolt of twenty to thirty dollars for the job. It would cost only twelve dollars to rent a tractor, I learned, so I went into town and got myself a tractor. I had assumed that loggers do it, but there wasn’t so I jogged along Ventura Boulevard at the smart pace of six miles an hour.

This brought me home within two hours, and I had to take down part of my fence to get the tractor inside. This done, I gave her the gun, intending to finish the job in short order. The stumps wouldn’t burn and I decided to cut them down. It was done in the movies, but somehow I wasn’t getting anywhere. Right under my nose was a brass plate which clearly said, Do Not Run Except On Level Ground. So I ran over the side of a pyramid, so instead of heading west I found myself going north. Within fifteen minutes, I was far away I couldn’t see the spot wanted to start to work.

Four hours after I had set out from the house feeling like a pioneer, I was back asking the man who had rented me the tractor to come and help. He did a beautiful job, but he took off five feet of sod instead of one foot. It cost me sixty dollars, and it took Tim and me two whole days to smooth off the ground.

Tim is the man who helps around our place, and if I’d listen to him, a lot more would get done in a lot less time. One day I decided we should move a long ways around, and told Tim promptly got a car jack and slowly but surely was moving the pipe in the desired direction. Then I had to put in my two cents. I figured I’d get it done in a lot less time, moved a big piece of timber as a lever. In one minute I moved the pipe twenty feet and was quite proud of myself until the next heave, which broke the pipe.

Of course, I have a lot to be thankful for; my life with my family on that hill-top is a darned sight better than the days I put in as a bachelor or as Private Drek of the Army. And I don’t claim that with every sunrise I’m faced with a new batch of obstacles. Many of my days are good ones from start to finish. But in this sample collection of my bumbling, I hope I’ve shown that I don’t drown my life on a lily pad.
What are your plans? How long will Vittorio stay this time? What will happen when he has to go back to Italy? Do you really think you can make your six-months-here, six-months-there plan work? And lastly (because that's the only question: Can this marriage possibly last?

"Of course our marriage has greater hurdles to get over than the ordinary ones," Shelley says earnestly, but with a sparkle in her eye and that voice to butt to me, those very hurdles, the differences between Vittorio and me, make our marriage more interesting! Nothing could be more romantic than to fall in love, but the important thing is that we approached our marriage in an adult way, did not let ourselves be carried away by the romantic aspects.

The baby, whose hold on life was so precarious at first, is healthy and adorable. She looks perhaps more like her daddy than her mother, with what Shelley calls "slanty" eyes. Indeed, so delicately formed—she is a solemn baby, she gave her parents a thrill when she first saw her daddy and after regarding him seriously a moment, broke into a wide grin—"just like on cue," Shelley laughs.

To the accusation that Vittorio made use of her to get to Hollywood, she gives a straightforward answer, "People have it in reverse," she says. "He did not want to come Hollywood and neither wanted to see me, and I was here! He did not at first even want a Hollywood contract, but his very reluctance won him one he couldn't refuse.

"As for money, I have been living on his, not he on mine. After all, I haven't been working for a year! Money isn't too important to either of us," she says.

"Naturally, I agree on everything—we wouldn't be quite human, would we, if we did? But you'd probably be surprised how much we do agree, on all important things.

"Readily admitting to being jealous at times, she goes on to say, "Not of the people he works with, but of gals at parties sometimes—the ones who pay too much attention to him. Vittorio gets jealous, too—but not of Farley. He likes Farley."

The question of Farley came up because just before Vittorio came home, Shelley went out night-clubbing with her former boy-friend. With her usual directness, Shelley explains that it had been a long time since she had been anywhere, she was bored, and she was bitterly disappointed because Vittorio had been delayed once. She knew about it, he was in Paris, and I talked to him that day. In fact he suggested that I go ahead.

"That there will be more problems, no one, least of all Shelley, will deny. But she says quietly, "We are adults—our marriage requires compromise. I believe it is the woman who should give in—that is part of her duty as a wife.

"That is the Shelley no one knows. The Shelley who runs when her baby whimpers in the next room, who worries because her husband has lost thirty pounds, whose face lights up so beautifully when she says "Vittorio" or "Farley."

"Maybe," she says softly, "people will understand that we try to solve our problems intelligently, that our marriage is more important to us than anything else—may they not have a few hurdles to get over, but we'll get over them all right because we are two people in love—so very much in love!

One thing's for sure, Shelley Winters—Mama to baby Gasman—means this with all her heart.
BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see PLAYBILL for months indicated. For this month's full reviews, see page 10

AMBUSH AT TOMAHAWK—Columbia. Technicolor: Lively, gory Western. Ex-convict John Derek, John Hodiak seek hidden loot. (F) July

BLUE GARDENIA. THE—Warner Bros.: Unsurprising mystery. Anne Baxter's a murder suspect; Richard Conte, Ann Sothern save her. (A) June

BRIGHT ROAD—M-G-M: Gentle story of a "problem" boy (Philip Heiburn) and an understanding teacher (Dorothy Dandridge). (F) June

BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOON—Warner Bros.: Slow but amiable tune-film of love and family problems after World War I. Doris Day, Gordon MacRae, Billy Gray. (F) June

CALL ME MADAM—20th Century-Fox. Technicolor: Magnificent musical. Ethel Merman's ter-rific as a lady ambassador; George Sanders, Vera-Ellen, Donald O'Connor charm you. (F) June

CINERAMA—Cinerama Productions, color: No story, but plenty of excitement. Amazing new technique using a huge curved screen is now showing in New York, Detroit, Los Angeles. (F) January

COUNT THE HOURS—RKO: Acceptable suspense yarn. Held for murder, John Craven's cleared by wife Teresa Wright, lawyer Mac Carey. (F) June

CRY OF THE HUNTED—M-G-M: Mild action tale. Barry Sullivan as pursuer, Vittorio Gassman as fugitive are both sympathetic. (F) June

DESERT LEGION—U-I, Technicolor: Innocent thriller. Ladd's in the Foreign Legion; Arlene Dahl's a Shangri-La princess. (F) June

DESSERT RATS. THE—20th Century-Fox: Crisp, expert war film. Richard Burton defends Tobruk against Rommel (again James Mason). (F) June

DESSERT SONG. THE—Warner Bros., Technicolor: Gordon MacRae, secret leader of an oppressed desert tribe, duets with Kathryn Grayson in a nice old-fashioned operetta. (F) July

DESTINATION Gobi—20th Century-Fox, Technicolor: Ripping adventure yarn, rich in humor, good acting, fine scenery, Widmark leads a Yank weather unit in wartime Mongolia. (F) June

FAST COMPANY—M-G-M: Trim, gauzy race-track comedy, with trainer Howard Keel and horse-owner Polly Bergen feuding, romancing, Heiress Nina Foch chases Keel. (F) July

5,000 FINGERS OF DR. T. THE—Columbia, Technicolor: Wildly imaginative but clumsily executed musical fantasy. Little Tommy Rettig dreams he's jailed in a weird castle. (F) July


HOUSE OF WAX—Warner Bros.: Standard chiller distinguished by depth. Maniac Vincent Price runs a gruesome museum. (F) July

I BELIEVE IN YOU—Rank, U-I: Tender, convincing English movie. Probation officers Cecil Parker and Celia Johnson help two young delinquents, who fall in love. (A) July

IT HAPPENS EVERY THURSDAY—U-I: Cheery, homespun story starring Loretta Young and attractive John Forsythe as a couple who buy a broken-down small-town newspaper. (F) July

JAMAICA RUN—Paramount, Technicolor: Lorid murder mystery. Skipper Ray Milland's opposite lovely Arlene Dahl, plantation-owner. (F) July

LAW AND ORDER—U-I, Technicolor: Ambling Western. Marshal Ronald Reagan comes out of retirement to lick Preston Foster. (F) June

LILI—M-G-M, Technicolor: Delicate, charming romance-with-music. Leslie Caron's a gentle as a shy waif who works for the dour puppet-master (Mel Ferrer) of a French carnival. (F) May

LONE HAND—U-I: Technicolor: Neat, likable open-spaces melodrama. Little Jimmy Hunt thinks Pop Joel McCrea has turned bandit. (F) June

MA AND PA KETTLE ON VACATION—U-I: Funny, good-natured hokum gets the Kilbridge-Main team tangled with a Paris spy ring. (F) May

MAN IN THE DARK—Columbia, 3-D: Unpretentious erime film with novelty value. Edmond O'Brien's an ex-crook fighting amnesia. (F) July

MAN ON A TIGHTROPE—20th Century-Fox: Sly, picturesque, suspenseful tale of a small circus' escape from Red Czechoslovakia. Top portrayals by Fredric March, Gloria Grahame (A) June

NEVER LET ME GO—M-G-M: Slow-starting but adventure-filled at the finish. American newsman Clark Gable smuggles his Soviet bride, Gene Tierney, out of Russia. (F) July

OFF LIMITS—Paramount: Bob Hope and a meek new Mickey Rooney join the MP's to provide a lot of laughs, a few slack spots. (F) May

PICKUP ON SOUTH STREET—20th Century-Fox: Rough, rowdy, entertaining crook-spy yarn. Richard Widmark's a pickpocket involved with Jean Peters, unswttingly a Red courier. (A) July

PONY EXPRESS—Paramount, Technicolor: Weak Western. Charlton Heston, Forrest Tucker help the first riders carry the mail. (F) July

PRESIDENT'S LADY, THE—20th Century-Fox: Susan Hayward and Charlton Heston as Rachel and Andrew Jackson in the exciting, highly emotional story of a famous marriage. (F) June

RAIDERS OF THE SEVEN SEAS—U.A., Technicolor: Routine swashbuckler. John Wayne's a privateer; Donna Reed, his captive. (F) July

REMAINS TO BE SEEN—M-G-M: Slaphappy burlesque murder mystery, co-starring Van Johnson and singer-heiress June Allyson. (F) June

SALOME—Columbia, Technicolor: Lavish, well-made, superfiical Biblical epic. Rita Hayworth, Stewart Granger look handsome; Charles Laughton, Judith Anderson show their skill. (A) June

SCARED STIFF—Wallis, Paramount: Up-to-standard Martin-Lewis farce has the boys battling fake ghosts on Liz Scott's behalf. (F) July

SMALL TOWN GIRL—M-G-M, Technicolor: Jane Powell's the girl; Farley Granger, the spoiled big-city kid in a listless musical with pleasant songs and dances. (F) May

SOMBRERO—M-G-M, Technicolor: Romance in Mexico, with a muddled story, brilliant settings. Ricardo Montalban tops a star-studded cast. (A) June

SPLIT SECOND—RKO: Tense action story. Escaped convict Steve McNally captures Keith Andes and Jan Sterling as an A-1st looms. (F) June


SYSTEM, THE—Warners: Sentimentalized racket-busting story with no punch. Frank Lovejoy's an implausible gambling boss. (A) May

TITANIC—20th Century-Fox: Taut, skillful dramatization of a real event. About the doomed luxury liner, Barbara Stanwyck and Clifton Webb are an estranged couple, Bob Wagner and Audrey Dalton are young romancers. (A) July

TONIGHT WE SING—20th Century-Fox, Technicolor: Costaliers number outweight the slim story of impresario David Wayne and wife Anne Bancroft, Ezio Pinza's impressive. (F) May

TROUBLE ALONG THE WAY—Warners: Deft sentimental comedy—"Going My Way" with football, John Wayne and Charles Coburn. (F) June

VANQUISHED. THE—Paramount, Technicolor: Unconvincing meller-drama. Confedrate vet John Payne defeats his town's ruthless boss. (F) July

WAR OF THE WORLDS, THE—Paramount, Technicolor: A Martian invasion with stunning special effects, negligible human angle. (F) June
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PHOTOPLAY IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY by Macfadden Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: $2.00 one year, U. S. and Possessions, Canada $2.50 one year. All other countries.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: 6 weeks’ notice essential. When possible, please furnish stemmal-impression address from a recent issue. Address change can be made only if we have your old, as well as your new address. Write to PHOTOPLAY, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Subscriptions in Canada should be addressed to Macfadden Publications, Inc., 521 South Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

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FOREIGN subscriptions handled through Macfadden Publications International Corp., 505 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. 

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Member of The True Story Women's Group

SEPTEMBER, 1953 Vol. 44, No. 3

PHOTOPLAY IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY by Macfadden Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: $2.00 one year, U. S. and Possessions, Canada $2.50 one year. All other countries.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: 6 weeks’ notice essential. When possible, please furnish stemmal-impression address from a recent issue. Address change can be made only if we have your old, as well as your new address. Write to PHOTOPLAY, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Subscriptions in Canada should be addressed to Macfadden Publications, Inc., 521 South Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

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FOREIGN subscriptions handled through Macfadden Publications International Corp., 505 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. 

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Member of The True Story Women's Group
That "Bad and Beautiful" girl in the arms of "LATIN LOVERS"
She's gorgeous in Technicolor!

M-G-M's tingling, tropical musical romance, starring

LANA TURNER
RICARDO JOHN LOUIS MONTALBAN LUND CALHERN

with JEAN HAGEN EDUARD FRANZ
An M-G-M Picture

Screen Play by ISOBEL LENNART NICHOLAS BRODSZKY
Music by LEO ROBIN
Lyrics by
Dances staged by Frank Veloz
Directed by MERVYN LEROY
Produced by JOE PASTERNAK
A seven-year-old master of ceremonies for a talent show at a Los Angeles school left the mamas and papas in hysterics. After thanking them for coming, he wound up with: "I now bid you goodnight and leave you with two famous last words—Marilyn Monroe."

Sign on the rear of a teenager’s old Ford on Sunset Boulevard: Just Painted.

Orson Welles screamed about reports that he will play swarthy, obese King Fareuk in a film-biography of the deposed monarch. Orson’s comment: “People are always saying insulting things about me, but this is going too far.”

Comedian Benny Rubin, who has never had a drink in his life, was voted an honorary member of the AA because “a lot of my friends are members and I go down and play cards with them.”

Next day, Benny was cast in a movie: in the role of a drunk!

In this overheard conversation is a sample of Hollywood’s economic panic:

Friend to studio employee: “How are things at your studio?”

Employee: “Terrible. They’re laying off whole families.”

Talking about television, Milton Berle flipped, “I’ve learned that TV is a great way to reach millions of people, who, luckily, can’t reach me.”

Glenn Ford presented his young son, Peter, with an illustrated edition of the classic, “King Arthur.” “Gee, Dad,” said Peter as he gazed at a picture of Lancelot and Galahad in full armor, “Dig those crazy walking tanks.”

Alan Young was invited to address a psychiatrists’ convention. “I suppose,” said Alan, “they want me to lie down and say a few words.”

(Continued on page 6)
Now they're goofy golfers... runnin' wild in High Society!

Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis

Their newest and funniest... and soon at your favorite movie theatre!

in THE CADDY

Co-starring Donna Reed - Barbara Bates

with Joseph Calleia - Fred Clark

Produced by Paul Jones • Directed by Norman Taurog
Screenplay by Edmund Hartmann and Danny Arnold
Additional Dialogue by Ken Englund • Story by Danny Arnold

A Paramount Picture

That's Amore (That's Love)
Mine to Love • One Big Love
What wouldcha do without me
It's a whistle-in' kinda mornin'
The Gay Continental
You're the Right One

Sons... to help you laugh and love!
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 leaves your hair soft as a cloud, bright as sunshine, fresh-smelling as a spring breeze. And it's so easy to care for!

CAN'T DRY YOUR HAIR LIKE HARSH LIQUIDS
CAN'T DULL YOUR HAIR LIKE SOAPS OR CREAMS

White Rain

Fabulous New
Lotion Shampoo by Toni

(Continued from page 4)

An Irma-brained starlet read M-G-M's announcement about "The Steinway Story," commemorating the one-hundredth anniversary of the famed piano, and said to a pal, "Maybe I'll get the lead. They've always said I have Steinway legs."

Jeff Donnell's boy friend, Aldo Ray, took Rita Hayworth to lunch one day while they were working together in "Miss Sadie Thompson." When Jeff heard about it she sent Aldo a big hamper. Inside were six box lunches labeled for each day of the week except Sunday. "On Sunday," she wrote him, "you buy my lunch."

A studio's efforts to hypo the boxoffice of a bad movie reminds me of the time Kate Smith starred in a film titled, "Hello Everybody." Business was so bad that one theatre owner changed his marquee to read: "Hello Anybody."

Harry Ritz said he had a date in Washington to see President Eisenhower, and added, "I've got my duffer bag packed."

Marie Wilson on the possibility of doing a 3-D movie: "Oh, I'd love to. I've always wanted to do a deep role!"

Friend to Dana Andrews, just returned to Hollywood from Ceylon, "How do you detect an elephant?"

Dana: "You smell a faint odor of peanuts on his breath."

Gordon MacRae's explanation of why his wife, Sheila, teamed up with him for a night-club tour. "I told her I needed a girl who was sexy, had stage presence, could sing and was a good trouper. Sheila looked at me, as only a wife can, and said, 'Well?'"
So this is the dazzling darling from Jellicoe, Tenn.—the honey-voiced honey they couldn’t stop till she reached the show-world’s glittering top!

So this is the big music-and-love story—of how a Greenwich Village cellar-café started one of the brightest careers the bright-lights ever knew!

So this is the laugh-ringing, love-rapturous life—and the men and melodies in it—THE RAGTIME-TO-RICHES STORY OF GRACE MOORE

All its Songs!
From the toe-tapping ‘OH ME, OH MY’ and ‘REMEMBER’ through ten other show-stopping melodies to the timeless ‘TIME ON MY HANDS’.
NOW...a wonder treatment for 4 "Young Skin" problems

Are these "young skin" problems spoiling your looks?

Skin oily—yet flaky?
Pores beginning to "spread"?
Blackheads popping out?

Such an unkind but common trick of nature! Suddenly, the oil glands start over-working. At the same time, skin grows sluggish—can't throw off the everyday accumulation of dead skin cells. This mixture of oil and dry skin cells begins to build a "choking" layer over the pore openings. Now—enlarged pores, even blackheads are on the way. Your skin needs help quickly.

A 1-Minute Treatment by Pond's now brings you new help for these four common "young skin" problems—over-oiliness, sluggishness, enlarged pores, and blackheads.

Right away...this remarkable facial clears off...brightens...softens "young skin"

Just cover face, except eyes, with a snowy-white, greaseless 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Its "keratolytic" action loosens, dissolves off stubborn, dead skin cells. Frees the tiny skin gland openings to function normally. Now—after 60 seconds—tissue off clean. See how tingling-fresh and completely un-greasy your skin looks! How smooth it feels.

Get a jar of Pond's Vanishing Cream today—give yourself your first 1-Minute Mask tonight. You'll see encouraging results right away.

"Young skin" doesn't like heavy make-up!
A sheer touch of greaseless Pond's Vanishing Cream makes a fresh, un-shiny powder base.

SOAP BOX:

I've just seen "Young Bess" and I just had to write and tell you what a great movie this was and what a great cast. And my special congratulations to Jean Simmons, Stewart Granger, Deborah Kerr and Rex Thompson (the little King) for their magnificent performances. Movies are better than ever—this is a "must"...

LINDA ROSS
Brooklyn, New York

I wish the public would stop begging Greta Garbo to make a movie comeback. I don't care whether she ever comes back or not. She doesn't...so why should I?

By the time she does find the "right script, the right leading man," she'll be too old to "cut the mustard" anyway.

TRAVIS WOLFE
Gadsden, Alabama

Have you ever noticed the great resemblance between Ray Bolger and Bobby Van? I just saw "Small Town Girl" and Van acts and dances just like Bolger...

BEVERLY APPLAS
Lima, Ohio

My personal thoughts of Jane Powell since she is separated from Geary are not good ones for her at all. If it takes someone to help her...happening to her...movie fans I'll tell her. She is losing thousands of them, including me, since she started acting like a baby. Come on Jane...let's start acting our age.

SUE MARTIN
Hodge, Louisiana

I've written some impressions of some of my pet movie stars...Rita Hayworth; Leopard sleeping in the sun, the circus and the funny one; Anne Baxter; Paseshy shawls and Cashahh nights, wild ducks in their frantic flights, Marlon Brando: Noisy horns and deepest fog, toads beneath a shady log. Marilyn Monroe: Little of the valley on a red velvet hat, hissing birds and a purring cat. Betty Hurton: Black swans on a blue-green lake. apples and a slight earthquake...

MRS. FERN CHAPMAN
Topeka, Kansas

I say three cheers for Barbara Rush and John Derek! They were perfect together in "Prince of Pirates."

MARGE KENDALL
New Castle, Indiana

Cheers for Barbara Rush!

Everyone has his idea of a King of Movies. Mine is John Payne. He can act, sing and dance perfectly. He can play any kind of role. He's romantic as can be and, boy, he is handsome!!

EVELYN LONG
Mobile, Alabama

Me and the GI's of my barracks got together and in our spare time made up what we thing would be an "ideal" star...

PFC. DONALD STACKLOW
Fort Bliss, Texas

Thank you so much for your story, "Hollywood's Feud with Marilyn Monroe" in your July issue. I was very indignant after reading Joan Crawford's attack on Marilyn, as I am one of her many fans. I don't thing it is Miss Crawford's business, or anyone else's in Hollywood for that matter, the way that Marilyn dresses. She isn't hurting anything or anyone by it, and she has a right to live as she pleases...The persons who criticize others are the very ones who once tried the same thing and were not quite as successful, that's my personal opinion!

SYLVIA VENETTONE
Lambertville, New Jersey

(Continued on page 11)
Famous Nationally Advertised Christmas and Everyday Box Assortments and Personal Christmas Cards

YOU DON'T NEED ANY EXPERIENCE AND WE SEND YOU SAMPLES

Here's the easiest and most pleasant way in the world to make the extra money you want! Simply show the lovely, exclusive assortments of Greeting Cards by Wallace Brown to your friends and neighbors! My, how fast they'll order from you when they see the gorgeous cards for Christmas and all occasions! You make more money with America's leading designs, amazing new, completely-different, original creations offered by no other company. Yes, balanced assortments of lavish, costly cards—gorgeous papers including suedes and parchment, jewelled "glitter", velvety "locking", novel folds and cut-outs—each assortment an eye-filling treasure and a money-saving value. Just wait until you see the many surprises! Mail the coupon below NOW for actual samples on approval.

Assortments Everyone Loves for Christmas and All Occasions—and Many Fast-Selling Gift Items Too!

You've never even imagined you could offer such wonder-values, all from one company. Only a few are listed below:

CHRISTMAS ASSORTMENTS: Besides those shown on this page you offer luxurious Golden Suede Assortment, Currier and Ives, "Rocked" Christmas Velvet Assortment, Religious Scripture Texts, Gift-Wrapping Ensembles, unbelievably rich and exquisite Genuine PARCHMENT Assortment—and many others.

PERSONAL CHRISTMAS CARDS: Exclusive, high quality cards with name-imprinted, at low money-saving prices. We ship direct to your customers!


Paste this coupon on a postcard or mail in envelope for actual samples, sent on approval.

WALLACE BROWN, INC., Dept. E-186
225 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Please rush at once sample of the "Feature" 21-Card Christmas Assortment on approval, and FREE Samples Personal Christmas Cards, with details of complete line and money-making plans.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City __________________ State ______

Send No Money!
MAIL THE COUPON FOR THE BEAUTIFUL SAMPLES!

Don't send a single penny! Just your name and address on the coupon in this ad. Actual sample of the exciting, easy-selling "Feature" 21-Card Christmas Assortment shown on this page—PLUS FREE SAMPLES of Personal, name-imprinted Christmas Cards—will be mailed to you at once, prepaid, with complete information and money-making plans. Mail the coupon NOW.

WALLACE BROWN, INC., Dept. E-186, 225 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.
YES, AYA GARDNER uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo. In fact, in a mere two years, Lustre-Creme has become the shampoo of the majority of top Hollywood stars! When America's most glamorous women use Lustre-Creme Shampoo, shouldn't it be your choice above all others, too?

For the Most Beautiful Hair in the World
4 out of 5 Top Hollywood Stars
use Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Glamour-made-easy! Even in hardest water, Lustre-Creme "shines" as it cleans . . . leaves your hair soft and fragrant, gleaming-bright. And Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with Natural Lanolin. It doesn't dry or dull your hair!

Makes hair eager to curl! Now you can "do things" with your hair—right after you wash it! Lustre-Creme Shampoo helps make hair a delight to manage—tames flyaway locks to the lightest brush touch, brings out glorious sheen.

Fabulous Lustre-Creme costs no more than other shampoos—27¢ to $2 in jars or tubes.

... and thrilling news for users of liquid shampoos! Lustre-Creme Shampoo now available also in new Lotion Form, 30¢ to $1.00.
I want to comment on how Esther Williams, Jeannie Crain and Susan Hayward raise their families. I think it is wonderful! They are doing a wonderful job and are wonderful mothers. A few more Hollywood women should follow their example.

ANN MARY STOVENBECK
New Port, Ohio

CASTING:

We have just finished the book, "Beau Geste," and think that the movie should be remade. Here are our suggestions for cast-
ing: Beau, Charlton Heston; Digby, Robert Horton; John, Bob Wagner; Isabel, Dawn Addams; Lejeune, Lyle Bettger . . .

SALLY HAYDEN, PEGGY PIPE
Boulder, Colorado

The most beautiful book I ever read was "Ramona." Why not make the movie again starring talented Elizabeth Taylor as Ramona, Richard Stapley as Alessandro, the Indian, and Richard Burton as Felipe . . .

MARTY RIDE
Michigan City, Indiana

Why not Tony Curtis and Cornel Wilde in a movie together? They look very much alike. They could pass for brothers . . .

ZANICE WEND
Winona, Mississippi

I have seen Alan Ladd in "Desert Legion." I think he is wonderful! Why not co-star Susan Hayward with him? They would be an ideal team . . . They are tops in my book.

DIXIE LEE FREY
Denver, Colorado

My friends and I think that Debbie Reynolds is Hollywood's loveliest and most talented young star. We also think that Debbie rates the opportunity to play opposite a handsome young dreamboat like Tab Hunter . . . or Craig Hill, instead of older stars like Gene Kelly, etc. Debbie and Tab would be perfect together in a musical comedy . . .

ANONYMOUS
Sutherland, Saskatchewan

My ideal man with no questions about it is Rock Hudson. I also think Marilyn Monroe is all woman. So how about teaming them in some raw love story. What else could we ask for except making it 3-D, of course?

TERRY CAVANAUGH
Brooklyn, New York

Why don't they put Elizabeth Taylor and Margaret O'Brien in a movie as sisters? They look so much alike. The same with Anne Francis and Sally Forrest. They look alike too.

SUSAN NICHOLS
Modesto, California

. . . I think James Mason absolutely steals the show as Brutus in "Julius Caesar." Now that Hollywood has given him a chance to play Shakespeare, why don't they let him really prove his versatility in a romantic comedy . . .

ELEANOR DAVIDSON
Brooklyn, New York

My cousin says Robert Wagner didn't change his name and I say he did . . . Will you please settle this argument?

CAROLYN JOHNSON
Gooding, Idaho

Robert Wagner is his real name and his real name.—ED.

I have just seen the movie "Moulin Rouge" . . . did Jose Ferrer also play the part of his father?

SHIRLEY FEBBLE
Hubbard, Ohio

Yes, Jose Ferrer played the parts of both father and son.—ED.

Is Janet Leigh's name pronounced LÅ, or is it LÅ?

JANET SERRIT
Rushville, Illinois

It's pronounced LEE.—ED.

. . . I think the measurements of the shoulders, the height and weight of Rock Hudson are much more than those of Robert Mitchum, especially the shoulders. Which one is bigger?

SANDRA B.
Vera, Oklahoma

Since Rock Hudson is 6'4" and weighs 197, and Robert Mitchum is 6'1" and weighs 190, we would say Rock had the bigger shoulders. However, no one can deny that both are terrific specimens.—ED.

After seeing . . . "Battle Circus" with June Allyson and Humphrey Bogart (a very good movie) it made me stop and think. I decided I wasn't doing enough to help the boys in Korea. I would like to know what I could send to the boys over there. Could I send magazines, food, cigarettes and other things? If so, where would I send it?

NORMA SULLIVAN
Marlette, Michigan

. . . Call your local Army Public Relations Office for advice.—ED.

(Continued on page 12)
Now! A Panty Brief that does more than most girdles!

Wear it under shorts, slacks, swimsuits... all revealing summer clothes... you'll think you've lost a full size, no matter what your size!

Hidden "finger" panels smooth and support your figure in Nature's own way. Boneless non-roll top stays up without a stay. See the lovely textured latex outside... feel the cloud-soft fabric inside.

New Playtex® Magic-Controller Panty Brief!

Boneless non-roll top and hidden "finger" panels make a difference you can measure—no matter what your size!

Here it is... a brief with all the figure-molding virtues of the Magic-Controller Girdle... a brief that gives you the figure and the freedom for summer's revealing clothes.

It hasn't a single seam, stitch, stay or bone—hidden "finger" panels firm and flatten you, tone and support you naturally from waist to thigh.

Playtex Magic-Controller Panty Brief, $6.95 at department stores and specialty shops everywhere.

Ask to see these other famous Playtex Panty Briefs, PLAYTEX LIVING PANTY BRIEF turns your swimsuit into a slimsuit. $3.50 Playtex Pink Ice PANTY BRIEF is a translucent sheath, pairs dry with a towel, $3.95 Playtex Magic-Controller Panty Brief is all latex, fabric lined, one piece and wonderful. It's invisible under your sleekest slacks, washed in seconds, and you can almost watch it dry!

If you've ever worn a brief, see the difference. If you think you can't wear revealing playclothes, let Magic-Controller Brief show you!

©1953 International Latex Corp'n... PLAYTEX PARK... Dover Del. Playtex Ltd., Montreal, Canada

Readers Inc...
(Continued from page 11)

Could you please tell me what the name of the background music of "Young Bess" was, and if it has been published or recorded?

BARBARA BEACH
Cleveland, Ohio

The music was written for the film by Miklos Rozsa, but has not, as yet, been published or recorded.—ED.

Could you please tell me if the M-G-M production "Never Let Me Go" starring Clark Gable and Gene Tierney is based on the book written by Roger Bax, "Two If By Sea"?

JEANETTE RAEKKIE
Parkers Prairie, Minnesota

You're half right. This film was based on the novel "Came the Dawn" by Roger Bax.—ED.

I liked the picture "Jeopardy" very much... I think the little boy was wonderful. What's his name please?

HEDDA HOYER
Rochester, New York

That was talented Lee Aaker.—ED.

Some of my friends told me... they read that Bob Wagner and Scott Brady are brothers. Are they?

BETTY LAVARINI
Dearborn, Michigan

They are not related. Scott, however, does have two brothers. His older brother, Lawrence Tierney, the well-known actor, and a younger brother, Ed Tierney, who plans a career as a film writer.—ED.

... Eddie Fisher and Farley Granger look a lot alike. Are they in any way related?

JEAN ANN O'CONNELL
St. Paul, Minnesota

In no way.—ED.

In your July issue of photoplay you listed in Readers Inc... the shows Stewart Granger has been in. Am I sadly mistaken or didn't he play in "The Prisoner of Zenda" also?

KAREN HENNINGER
Coquille, Oregon

You're right. He did.—ED.

Could you please tell me Dick Powell's age. Someone told me he will be sixty years old and I can't believe he is that old.

JEAN WADSWORTH
Salamanca, New York

"Someone" must be confusing him with someone else. He'll be 49 this winter.—ED.
Now...for the First time, a Home Permanent method with "Instant Neutralizing"!

Amazing
New Neutralizer acts Instantly!
No waiting!
No clock watching!

And New Lilt with exclusive Wave Conditioner gives you a wave far softer...far more natural than any other home permanent!

NOW...Better than ever! An entirely different BRAND NEW Lilt

Only Lilt's new "Instant Neutralizing" gives you all these important advantages:
A new formula makes the neutralizer act instantly!
A new method makes neutralizing much easier, faster.
A wonderful wave conditioner beautifies your hair...makes it softer, more glamorous!
Beauty experts say you can actually feel the difference!

Yes, you can feel the extra softness, in hair that's neutralized this wonderful new Lilt way!
No test curls needed, either! Yet new Lilt gives the loveliest, most natural, easiest-to-manage wave...even on the very first day.
The best, long-lasting wave too!
Everything you've been wanting in ease and speed...plus extra glamour for your hair!

NOW! Party Curl Children's Home Permanent by Lilt gives far more natural-looking curls that stay lovely day after day. Nearly twice as fast to give as any leading children's home permanent! Refill, 1.50 plus tax.

HERE'S PROCTER & GAMBLE'S GUARANTEE  Your money back, if you do not agree that this brand-new Lilt is the fastest and best Home Permanent you've ever used!
**LE CHIC:** Button, button ... we've got the buttons! Whether you need staple pearl buttons or gay colors for costume trim, you'll find every style available. 10c, 25c, and 39c

**KUGEL:** Stamped Art Goods, plainly stamped on good quality material in a wide choice of easy-to-follow patterns. Selection includes pillow cases, scarves, towels, vanity sets, infants' items, table cloths, etc. Make ideal gifts. 10c to $1.79

**GAYLA:** Hold-Bob ... America's favorite Bobby Pin! Strong spring action ... they glide into your hair, and hold more securely. Simulated rubber tips. 24 pins on cord ... 10c, 72 pins on card ... 25c

**ARISTOCRAT:** Billfolds of elegantly embossed plastics in smart new "Bugle Bead" design plus other patterns. So low in price, so wide in color choice! No stitches to ever wear out. 59c, 98c

**PRIMS** Cover-your-own buttons and buckles in a wink ... without tools or sewing. Just cut, trim edges, fold and press. Prims are washable, and rustproof. Wide selection of fashion-wise styles and sizes. Card, 25c

**RELIABLE:** "Wondermold" Shoulder Pads to give you fashion's correct shoulder line. Easy to snap in and out. Air foam rubber pads covered with fine rayon ... won't lose shape. Easy to launder! 59c

**EMPIRE:** Professional style Nylon Hair Brush, gracefully shaped handle. Translucent lucite back set with 5 rows of nylon bristles, long wearing, quick-drying. Your choice of clear, pink or blue colors. Each boxed. 69c

**TILCO:** Fancy Plastic Barrettes in a choice of flattering colors and novelty styles. Sturdy clasps hold hair securely. Card, 10c

Be Wise ... get the best Notion buys at BUTLER BROTHERS

**BUTLER BROTHERS**

HEADQUARTERS IN CHICAGO
For Wise Buys . . . Shop Ben Franklin, Scott and Butler Brothers Stores!

... hurry to any one of these friendly stores today! You'll find scads of wonderful notions . . . famous brands . . . vast selections . . . and all top quality. Note the Notions on these pages—all Wise Buys!

**NO-RUN-ETTE:** Invisible Nylon Hair Nets so ultra sheer . . . they're without equal! Won't run, snag. Regular or bobbed hair style with elastic edge. Exclusive permanent finish.

10¢

**RISDON** Safety Pins: 51 nickel plated steel pins in assorted sizes.

25¢

**STAR** Straight Pins: "Witch" . . . 102 steel pins an handy paper folder.

5¢

**JEWEL:** Rayon Elastic—⅜" width for general sewing. White or pink. 2-yd. hank.

10¢

Dress Shoe Laces with plastic tips. White, black or brown, 27-in. Pair 5¢

**TIP-TOP:** Vinyl plastic Dream Curlers. For regular hairstyling and all home permanents. Choice of pink, blue, brown. 9 on card. 25¢

Aluminum Curlers. Choice of sizes, spring or spring-less types. Super-smooth finish, indestructible vinyl tip. Cards of 6 and 9. 25¢

**MAJESTY:** Bias Tape, single fold in white, black or 17 wash-fast colors. 5-yd. pkg.

10¢

Rick Rack Braid trimming in white, black or 14 wash-fast colors. 3-yd. pkg.

10¢

**TILCO:** Dressing Combs, 8½-in. Coarse and fine teeth. Choice of black or assorted colors. 5¢ and 10¢

FAMOUS BRANDS
VAST SELECTION
TOP QUALITY!
LET'S GO TO

**Best Direction: George Stevens**
**Best Acting: Alan Ladd**

Homesteaders Jean, Brandon, Van and Alan greet a neighbor on the range

---

**SHAHE**
**PARAMOUNT, TECHNICOLOR**

A classic Western gives Alan Ladd his best opportunity. Not so lyrical as "Stagecoach," so true as "The Gunfighter" nor so perfectly shaped as "High Noon," "Shane" is a story of ballad-like simplicity. As a lone adventurer with a vague and violent past, Alan rides into the midst of a war between cattle barons and homesteaders. Trying to settle down peacefully, he goes to work as hired man for a stubborn farmer, Van Heflin. His arrival finally brings about subtle changes in family relationships: between the farmer and his wife (Jean Arthur, splendidly convincing as a pioneer woman); between the farmer and his young son (Brandon); between Van and De Wilde, an actor too good to be called just "a child actor"). When gunman Jack Palance shows up, Alan must return to his old trade. The action takes place against the grandeur of Wyoming's Teton Range.

**Verdict:** Excellent saga of the frontier (Family)

---

**MELBA**
**U. A., TECHNICOLOR**

The richness of the opera repertoire and the romantic air of opera's heyday unfold in this story of a real turn-of-the-century diva. As Nellie Melba, Patrice Munsel shows not only a soaring coloratura voice, but a pleasing screen personality. No standard-model beauty, she has a warm, appealing face and a well-turned figure. The film is at its most effective when the young Melba, raised on an Australian ranch, plunges into voice training in Paris. The magnificent Martita Hunt dominates these sequences, playing an impetuous former star who comes out of retirement to give the newcomer rigorous coaching and gentle advice. Later scenes are more conventional, following the love vs. career routine. Melba's suitors: John Justin, colorless as a playboy; Alec Clunes, suave as a hotel-owner; John Mccallum, ruggedly attractive as an Australian.

**Verdict:** Lavish with music, light on story (Adult)

---

**THE BAND WAGON**
**M-G-M, TECHNICOLOR**

Here's the most satisfying musical seen in years. It has a talent-loaded cast headed by Fred Astaire. It has a wealth of wonderfully varied but uniformly successful song and dance numbers. It even has a smooth, wittily written, recalling "All About Eve" in its satirical, affectionate picture of showbusiness. This time, Fred plays the has-been, a faded Hollywood musical star, who returns to New York to dare the stage in a comedy written by a husband-and-wife team (delectably portrayed by Nanette Fabray and Oscar Levant). Unfortunately, they get a genius to direct the show. Jack Buchanan, debonair idol of British musicals, does a fine, flamboyant job as the amiable egoist who turns a nice little comedy into a super-arty remake of "Faust." As Fred's ballerina co-star, long-limbed Cyd Charisse is a miracle of beauty and grace, a delight to watch.

**Verdict:** As a song says, "That's Entertainment!" (Family)
THE MOVIES
with Janet Graves

GENTLEMEN PREFER BONDIES
20th CENTURY-FOX, TECHNICOLOR
Two dazzling personalities give humor and bounce to a ramshackle bit of tuneful foolery. Marilyn Monroe doesn't have to do a thing except what comes naturally to portray the embodiment of the naive-mannered gold-digger. But Jane Russell, a tumbling amateur in the acting business not so long ago, is the big surprise, tossing off snappy lines and spectacular musical numbers with great aplomb. She's the gal who likes men better than money. Marilyn, thanks to a generous beau, is off to Europe, and her fellow showgirl (Jane) goes along as chaperone (!). Of course, Jane has a job cut out for her, especially since Marilyn's father-in-law-to-be has hired a detective to get the goods on the fortune-hunter. If anybody's looking, the men in the case: Tommy Noonan (Marilyn's fiancé), Elliott Reid (private eye), Charles Coburn (gullible British nobleman).
Verdict: Riotous display of feminine charms (Adult)

THE SWORD AND THE ROSE
DISNEY, RKO, TECHNICOLOR
In the same zestful spirit as "The Story of Robin Hood," Richard Todd's new adventure yarn returns to the rousing old days of knighthood. But the accent's more on romance, though treated with an enchanting tongue-in-cheek manner. Glynn Johns' witchery animates the role of the Tudor princess who loves a gallant commoner, yet is forced to marry a senile French king. While maintaining an air of innocence, she manages to dispose of the old boy in short order, only to find that a treacherous suitor, back in England, has plotted her true love's death. (Don't worry—Dick's too tough to be killed so easily.) As Glynn's kingly brother, Henry VIII, the imposing James Robertson Justice challenges Charles Laughton's hold on the role of the lusty monarch. It's all a treat, full of disguises, secret trysts, flashing swords and cloaked horsemen.
Verdict: Full-flavored tale of derring-do (Family)

RETURN TO PARADISE
U. A., TECHNICOLOR
The dreaming loveliness of the South Sea Islands breathes through this bittersweet romance, filmed in Samoa. Gary Cooper gives an endearingly typical performance (sometimes awkward with dialogue, unerringly powerful in pantomime) as the drifter who comes to shore on an island ruled by a bigot. Barry Jones, keeping a sure grasp on a character that develops and changes, is the missionary who has perverted religion into personal tyranny. Fresh, charming Roberta Haynes plays a native girl, a natural rebel who inspires the dispassionate Cooper to start a crusade that frees the islanders. But the story only begins there, winding up with a nice irony. Again a drifter, Cooper returns to his paradise during World War II, and his own half-caste daughter (enticing Moira MacDonald) is courted by a GI (John Hudson). Now Cooper has a new viewpoint!
Verdict: Entrancing fable of the South Pacific (Adult)
More reviews on page 22
Hollywood Party Line

BY

EDITH Gwynn

There were more big prems and “special events” than parties this month, though goodness knows there was no dearth of parties. The biggest crowds turned out for “Shane,” with everyone gawping at the picture and at Alan Ladd’s great performance. Present were Mitzi Gaynor with Jack Bean; the Rory Calhouns; Tom Morton; Mala Powers. Anne Francis (even on crutches with that broken ankle) was a leader in the glamour parade.

After “Shane” many celebs gathered at Mocambo. Mitzi Gaynor was in a black gown cut down to there, plus a stole of black fox to keep her shoulders nice and warm. Jeanne Crain wore an eye-catching dress of flowing white chiffon with red polka dots. Irene Dunne was with hubby Francis Griffin, and Virginia Mayo was with her hubby Michael O’Shea.

You might have called it “Everyone Got into the Act Week” along Sunset Strip. Ray Anthony brought his swelegant band to Ciro’s. But before Ray got a chance to toot, Jimmy McHugh introduced Celeste Holm, who introduced Mickey Rooney, who introduced Jerry Colonna, who introduced Kay Starr, who introduced Mitzi Gaynor, who introduced Guy Mitchell, who introduced Ray! Before the evening was over, Rooney and Keefe Brasselle took a turn with the drums and clarinet, and not to be outdone, Don Taylor trumpeted.

The sheath silhouette is still with us, but my, how it’s changed! Now it’s a basically tubular dress, but added to it are long sleeves or masses of net or chiffon flowing freely and gracefully at the sides. If you have a dark sheath-dress there are countless ways you can make a new outfit of it. Anne Francis has one of black crepe, cut rather low; with it she occasionally wears a bright coral stole falling to the hemline in front and back—but with the front end tucked under her narrow belt at the waist.

Then there’s that super gray jersey sheath of Doris Day’s. It can go on through summer to fall and winter—merely by changing belts, changing accessories, or adding things to it. By simply adding a black lace apron which covers the skirt, Doris has an evening gown. Wearing a contrasting bolero of velveteen, she has a trim daytime or dinner outfit. Overskirts of gathered black net make lovely new gowns of black, white, gray or pink sheaths—and there are many other gimmicks to “add” dresses to your wardrobe.

The “Young Bess” premiere was right at the time of the Coronation doings for another “Young Bess” in England. Stars Deborah Kerr, Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger, arriving together, got squeals of delight. Leslie Caron was with her husband-in-uniform, George Kemper. Elaine Stewart, in slinky white, got lots of wolf whistles! Ann Blyth and Jim McNulty—Ann in a summery flowered print.

There was another of those “daisy-chain presentations” at the Cocoanut Grove. Jane Wyman introduced George Burns, who brought on Dinah Shore, who brought on Don O’Connor, who introduced Jane Wyman, who introduced John Wayne (he made a very funny speech), who introduced Marilyn Monroe, who finally said, “Ladies and gentlemen, Jimmy McHugh!” And then things got going. Jane looked like a dream in a very full-skirted white dress to her ankles, the skirt being tier on tier of red and white striped organdy. Dinah Shore was in pale green chiffon, a red ribbon circling her blonde chignon. Mmmm, Monroe was in white chiffon with long black gloves almost to her shoulders. Rosie Clooney, Vera-Ellen, the Jeff Chandlers were also part of the star-studded crowd there.
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Virginia Weissinger, Univ. of Colorado, says: "Palmolive Soap is 100% mild—it's perfect for gentle beauty care."

Barbara Univer, Palmo

Carrol Robinson of Jefferson H.S., Portland, Ore., changed to Palmolive care and says: "My skin is far smoother."

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I BUY JANET LEIGH’S HONESTY about her marriage with Tony: “Sure we raise our tempers. Ours is not a dull marriage.”

When his hair is long and curly, Bob Wagner looks like Terry Moore. Could this be why they went for each other? ... I never heard of an actor blaming his director for a good performance. ... Sometimes Cara Williams acts more like a Barrymore than husband Barrymore, Jr.

“It’s the hardest thing in the world to accept a pinch of success and leave it that way. Once you’re a star you want to be a bigger star.” Know who said that? None other than Marlon Brando, who always professes he doesn’t give a damn. I can’t remember seeing a movie actress who bites her nails ... Jeff Chandler does a murderous impersonation of Jerry Lewis. ... I know a movie star so sure of his career he doesn’t have to play a Las Vegas nightclub engagement.

Next time notice that Doris Day and Gordon MacRae seldom kiss “tips-on” in a movie. The reason is that their teeth protrude and bump against each other’s ... Van Johnson eats Graham crackers in bed ... I still would like to see Paul Douglas and Jan Sterling teamed in a picture ... Debbie Reynolds says that if and when she marries it will be to a sportsman. But she doesn’t say what sport!

Stewart Granger objects to Jean Simmons wearing slacks or blue jeans. Says Granger: “If girls are made as they should be, and Jean is, blue jeans do not become them.” But to me, Jean could wear anything and look beautiful. In fact, I am reminded of Mike Curtiz’s comment to an actress about her gowns, “You couldn’t have worn anything you looked better in, even if you hadn’t worn anything.” ... I dare you to name me a better actor than Ralph Richardson ... A character actress was berating Marilyn Monroe to William Powell, saying, “She hasn’t any talent. All she has is sex.” Powell replied, “That kind of sex, dear, is talent.” ... Once, the Lana Turner-Lex Barker trip abroad would have been considered scandalous. Now they are criticized only because they might be trying to beat the tax rap.

Jean Peters gets to be a better actress in every picture. She’s Oscar-bound ... Elaine Stewart still borrows most of her going-out wardrobe from the studio ... If you must know such things, it was Jo Ann Greer who did the singing for Rita Hayworth in “Miss Sadie Thompson” ... Don’t for a minute believe that 3-D is something new. Back in 1924, D. W. Griffith’s cameraman, Billy Bitzer, showed some 3-D movies at the Cameo (now the Bryant) Theatre in New York. They said it wouldn’t go because people wouldn’t wear glasses.

I don’t care how many gals you may read that Farley Granger is romancing. I’m willing to give odds that he doesn’t marry any of them. ... Something a performer never gets in a drive-in theatre: applause! ... Betty Grable uses a special perfume, one that she discovered her horses like. ... No matter how great a performer Richard Burton may be, he’ll never be as good as he thinks he is. ... Cyd Charisse sleeps in a nightgown. Tony Martin sleeps raw.

Dawn Addams admits that Shelley Winters taught her the Hollywood facts of life. She met Shell and deserted art for publicity. ... I think the best movie advertising line of the year is that for “The Moon Is Blue”: “based on an idea by Adam and Eve” ... Vera-El-len can sing too, but it was Carole Richards who did the singing for Vera-El-len in “Call Me Madam.” ... I go for Ed Sobol’s remark that the public never knows what it wants till somebody gives it to them.

I know Rock Hudson owes his success to the females. Rock admits he chased around with tough boys, was on his way to being arrested, until he discovered girls. Then he straightened himself out and chased around with girls. ... Give me a week of old Garbo movies and you can keep 3-D, Wide Screen and even TV. ... Joan Crawford is a fashion-plate on the outside, but in her boudoir, she sleeps in men’s pajamas. ... I’m amused by the fact that James Mason played Field Marshal Rommel as a hero in “Desert Fox” and played the same Field Marshal Rommel as a villain in “Desert Rats.” And that’s Hollywood for you!
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MOVIES
(Continued from page 17)

SAILOR OF THE KING
(20th Century-Fox)

Here are two stories: a brief, wistful World War I romance rising from a chance meeting on a train; a stirring series of World War II naval engagements, involving two men deeply concerned with that romance. Michael Rennie, a young British Navy officer, and Wendy Hiller, a shy spinster, are the lovers, who do not marry. Years later, Rennie is a Navy captain leading a search for a deadly Nazi raider in the Pacific. Jeffrey Hunter is a young signalman on another ship in the squadron, a boy raised in the Navy tradition by his "widowed" mother, an Englishwoman who moved to Canada. Tactfully, the audience is left to make the connection. Jeff turns in a splendid performance as the boy who attacks the Nazi ship single-handed.

Verdict: Modern warfare presented in the heroic tradition (Adult)

WHITE WITCH DOCTOR
(20th Century-Fox, Technicolor)

Full-blooded action in the depths of Africa teams Robert Mitchum, well-cast as a jungle-born hunter, and Susan Hayward, lovely and convincing as a brave nurse who tries to bring healing to the natives. Theatrical as it is, the plot is worked out neatly. Opposed by the witch doctors' pro-

Susan, Bob and Mashood Ajala scent danger

fessional jealousy, Susan must fight to win the Africans' confidence. Mitchum, sup-

posedly just her guide into the interior, is secretly in search of gold. Even less scrupulous, his greedy partner (Walter Slezak) adds violence to the brew. A camera crew brought back from Africa many glimpses of majestic scenery.

Verdict: Robust jungle thriller with a logically introduced romance (Family)

THE CITY IS DARK
(WARNERS)

Matter-of-fact, unpretentious, played throughout in low key, this expertly written, shrewdly filmed crime melodrama is quite a hunk of movie. Gene Nelson, without singing one note or dancing one tap, plays a troubled parolee with sympathy and conviction. Encouraged by his wife (Phyllis Kirk, giving an equally realistic
CAREER OR COLLEGE,

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So low in price, you can afford several, pantie for sports—girdle for dress; $5.95, in snowy white.

What a wonderful way to accentuate your figure with "Perma-lift’s" new Added Attraction Bra. So light, so expertly tailored, this wonderful bra subtly and adequately adds to your natural charms.

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"Perma-lift"s" DIAMONET Girdle is cut from one piece of fine Nylon Power Net. The elastic wraps around the hips to overlap over the tummy in a double diamond shaped panel of extra control just where it’s needed. The Double Diamond principle of scientific cut and diagonal tension automatically flattens and supports your tummy with no uncomfortable downward pressure, takes charge of all your figure problems.
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SLIM THE WAY THE STARS SLIM

Movies

VERDICT: Topnotch crook story (Family)

South Sea Woman
(Warning)

Like Burt Lancaster's costume extravaganza, this yarn of the China coast in December, 1941, is a roistering tall tale. It's told in madly scrambled flashbacks as Burt, a marine, is being court-martialed for such unlikely offenses as sinking a saloon. Chuck Connors, a looming, rawboned blond youngster with a most engaging grin, gets just as big a chance as Burt. Chuck's the leatherneck pal whose passion for café-singer Virginia Mayo got the pair into all the trouble. Nobody (including the audience) takes it seriously; everybody has a royal good time.

Verdict: Wild, semi-comic saga of two fabulous marines (Family)

Sea Devils
(Republic, Technicolor)

With a scarlet scarf at the throat and a scarlet sash at the waist, Rock Hudson cuts a handsome figure in this spy story of the Napoleonic era. Rock's an honest hard-working English smuggler, whose sense of patriotism is outraged when he thinks he's ferried a French agent to France. Actually, the lady (luscious Yvonne DeCarlo) is a British agent pretending to be a French agent. From there on, it all gets more and more complicated and the complications are kicked around aimlessly. British star Maxwell Reed (the movie was shot in England's Channel Islands) is an elegantly sinister heavy.

Verdict: Good-natured adventure (Family)

Ride, Vaquero
(M-G-M, Anscocolor)

A super-glamorous trio—Robert Taylor, Ava Gardner, Howard Keel—star in a slightly offbeat Western. Keel (his singing voice again mute) is the doughty
Texan homesteader whose land is threatened by a local tyrant. Ava’s sultry appeal is lost in the wholesome role of his wife. Taylor has an equivocal assignment as the gunman who switches sides in the conflict.

The key part goes to Anthony Quinn, as the dictatorial Mexican bandit, a neurotic type bound in loyalty to foster-brother Taylor, an orphaned gringo raised by a Mexican family. What are Westerns coming to when the villain rides a white horse and the hero rides a mean-eyed paint? 

**Verdict:** Interesting if over-pretentious tale of border strife

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**THUNDER BAY**

*(U-I, Technicolor)*

With grim, single-minded efficiency, James Stewart tackles the job of drilling for offshore oil in the Gulf of Mexico. His pioneer efforts create a standard action story, the conflict supplied by the risky nature of the work and by the opposition of the Cajun fishermen, whose quiet life and scanty shrimp beds are disturbed by the invaders. Love makes the task yet more stormy. Jimmy gets involved with Joanne Dru (who hates men, for some indefinite reason). His blithe side-kick, Dan Duryea, woos Joanne's sister, Marcia Henderson. Like many current films, this is being shown in some theatres on a wide screen, with stereophonic sound.

**Verdict:** Routine picture of pals blazing a dangerous trail

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**THE FARMER TAKES A WIFE**

*(20th Century-Fox, Technicolor)*

The rowdy old days on New York's Erie Canal get a somewhat genteel revival in this Betty Grable musical. She's the cook on a canal boat owned by an affable off-and-on drunk, John Carroll. When they take on a new hand—Dale Robertson, who's a farmer at heart, on the canal only to raise needed money—the plot begins bubbling. A raft of lively tunes are the chief attraction. The story fizzles at the finish. Even Thelma Ritter can't save it.

**Verdict:** Pleasant, ineffectual

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**THE AFFAIRS OF DOBIE GILLIS**

*(M-G-M)*

If Debbie Reynolds and Bobby Van had been going to college back in the roaring, foolishly carefree twenties, this farce might have made a little more sense. Debbie and Bobby team with another college couple, Barbara Ruick and Bob Fosse, first in an attempt to get by without studying, then in a money-making scheme that will help the Reynolds-Van romance overcome parental opposition. The kids are all ingratiating; there are some nice dances; but the idea won't hold up. Hans Conried is a bright spot as an English professor who despises his giddy charges.

**Verdict:** Shallow comedy

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**THE CHARGE AT FEATHER RIVER**

*(Warner’s; 20th, Warnercolor)*

Stalwart Guy Madison, who’s been hunting Indians and rustlers as a TV renegade
BE A HONEY... CATCH A HONEY... WITH Honey!

Lady Esther's fabulous NEW POWDER SHADE

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- Don't be afraid to try "Honey" no matter what your coloring. It's fabulously flattering . . . like no shade ever before. Not too dark . . . not too light—it gives your skin the most enchanting glow, like radiance from within. Don't wait till you've used up your powder. Start being a "Honey" . . . today!

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P.S. Rated first of all 46 powder brands tested— including $3 powders!

Surprisingly priced at 59¢, 29¢, 15¢, plus tax.

MOVIES

in recent months, is back on film, in three dimensions. As a civilian scout, he leads an Army expedition to rescue two captured white girls. Neither girl welcomes the rescue; one (Helen Westcott) has been mishandled and doubts whether her own people will receive her again; the other (Vera Miles) has given her loyalty to her captors and her love to a Cheyenne chief. The return to a safe Army post becomes a tense business, with Frank Lovejoy ably assisting as a tough sergeant.

Verdict: Good, fast-moving Western, with 3-D action and scenery (Family)

THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE

WARNERS, TECHNICOLORE

Keeping it light as always, Errol Flynn dashes into the 18th Century fracas between England and Scotland. But, as a Scottish nobleman, he backs the losing side and must flee with the other supporters of Bonnie Prince Charlie. He loves a pallid lady of high degree (Beatrice Campbell); a lowborn beauty (Yvonne Furneaux) loves him and jealously betrays him. Somehow, Errol gets involved with pirates on the Spanish Main, Roger Livesey playing his bibulous Irish pal. But Errol finally comes home to claim his inheritance. Authentic shots of the austere Scottish Highlands are an asset in opening and closing scenes.

Verdict: Passable swashbuckler (Family)

THE MAN FROM THE ALAMO

WARNERS, TECHNICOLORE

History records that the Alamo had no survivors, but Glenn Ford here portrays a man who leaves the beleaguered Texas fort before Santa Anna wipes out the defenders. Though Glenn has been chosen by lot to go and protect homes and families in the section where he lives, he is branded a coward. Himself bereft, he swears vengeance against the American outlaws who've been doing the raiding, in the guise of Mexicans. (The script writer is being good-neighborly.) His quest, with pioneer girl Julia Adams as his sole sympathetic and Victor Jory as his chief adversary, generates enough excitement.

Verdict: Actionful Western (Family)

SHE HAD TO SAY YES

WARNERS, TECHNICOLORE

There's the kernel of a good human-interest idea in this story, casting Jean Simmons as an heiress whose misguided generosity nearly wrecks the town that saved her life. In babyhood, she had been given vital hospital treatment, thanks to the citizens' contributions. She wants to make the rewards deeply personal, but the money and gifts she scatters have a corrupting, disorganizing effect. Robert Mitchum doesn't seem too happy as the country doctor who tries to dissuade her, but Arthur Hunnicutt garners some laughs as the town drunk. The story's thrown away in a slovenly job of film-making.

Verdict: Weak homespun tale (Family)
MAIN STREET TO BROADWAY

Many lustrous stage names lend their presence to this story of a young would-be playwright (likable Tom Morton). His romance with pretty Mary Murphy is secondary, though Herb Shriner has some bright lines as his hick-town rival. The movie is chiefly a loving tribute to the legitimate theatre, with everybody from Tallulah Bankhead to Ethel Barrymore getting into the act. The celebrities all play themselves, but whisk on and off so fast that they have no time to dazzle.

Verdict: Star-loaded but shapeless (Adult)

IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE

Despite an earnest lead performance by Richard Carlson and some striking trick effects, movie science fiction isn't given much of a lift here. Scientist Carlson is the first to find that a huge "meteor" crashing in Arizona is really an alien spacecraft. Fearsome to behold, its passengers mean no harm; they only want to repair their craft and get back on course. But to obtain needed material, they capture humans, manufacture facsimiles of them and send these humanoid beings on errands. Schoolteacher Barbara Rush makes a charming heroine; Charles Drake is Dick's sheriff rival.

Verdict: Mild flying-saucer stuff with some camera magic (Family)

AFFAIR WITH A STRANGER

Poor Jean Simmons has another pot-boiler, a confusingly told story of a marriage. She's the loyal wife who sticks by playwright Victor Mature (unlikely casting) throughout his early struggles, even serving as sole breadwinner for the household. Success comes and personal problems with it, including singer Monica Lewis' designs on Vic. Newcomer Mary Jo Tarola is refreshing in a caustic-bestseller friend role, but there's little life in the story's people.

Verdict: Listless marital drama (Adult)

ARROWHEAD

In contrast to most recent Western heroes, Charlton Heston counsels against trusting the Indians. Raised among the Apaches, he considers his one-time captors hopelessly savage, and scents in the return of the chief's son (Jack Palance) a signal for renewed warfare. Harsh as it seems, the story probably has some basis in the historical facts of a vacillating government policy. Mary Sinclair, as an Army widow, is a dim bystander in the conflict; Katy Jurado registers more vividly.

Verdict: Tense, straightforward, unremarkable Indian-fighting tale (Family)

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Wonderful news! Gentle new Fresh with "moisture-shield," used daily, ends the problem of perspiration moisture which stains fabrics and causes unpleasant odor! Yes, you're really protected with Fresh! For the new Fresh formula is superior in anti-perspirant action—acts instantly like an invisible shield to keep you from offending—your clothes safe.

University scientists have proved that gentle new Fresh has up to 180% greater astringent action than other leading cream deodorants ... and it's the astringent action that keeps underarms dry.

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What Hollywood Is Whispering About

By Florabel Muir

The feud between Glenn Ford and Ann Sheridan broke out into shouting on the set of “Rage of the Jungle.” Ann is a gal who loves fun and jokes when she’s working, and Glenn takes everything very seriously, especially himself, when he’s acting. Matters grew worse when Zachary Scott lined up on Ann’s side. The crew expected Glenn to poke Zach on the chin. He couldn’t very well hit Ann, though there’s no doubt she’s the one he would like to have chopped.

Piper Laurie, who seems so easy-going, appears to be on the receiving end of feuds with other actresses at U-I. One girl who is supposed to dislike her is Yvonne De Carlo because Piper is said to have stolen Carlos Thompson away from Yvonne. “That’s utterly ridiculous,” says Yvonne. “I was never in love with Carlos. Ours was mostly a business association. I believed he would be a great asset to movies, and I persuaded him to come to California and appear in my picture, ‘Fort Algiers.’ Evidently my opinion of Carlos’ acting ability was correct because Metro put him under contract. My true love is in Europe, but I can’t talk about him.” Meanwhile, Piper’s switched to Brad Jackson, a newcomer at U-I.

Gwen O’Connor and Dan Dailey may get serious enough about their romance to wed. Gwen says she doesn’t want to go steady with anyone right now, because she doesn’t think she’d want to marry for years and years. However, Dan sticks around. One night not long after she received her divorce, she and Dan went to the Mocambo, but didn’t go in when they heard Don O’Connor was there. They went back after Don had gone home.

Gilbert Roland gets the gal in “The French Line” after years and years of character roles. Jane Russell is the girl he gets, and my bet is the women are going to be wild over him in those torrid love scenes. Years ago, when Gilbert first came to Hollywood, he was cast as the lover with Norma Talmadge in “Camille.” His career took a nose dive because he didn’t confine all his love scenes to the movie sets. Next he fell in love with Constance Bennett and they married. He found himself out-glamoured by his talented wife, and his career slipped further downhill. He struggled along taking what roles he could get, and learning more and more about acting. Today, he has more sex appeal than ever.

The impossible demand Geary Steffen made on Jane Powell was that he be allowed to see their children three times a day. That meant he’d be around the house most of the time. He says he loves his youngsters and wants to see as much of them as he can, though he realizes that they must live with their mother while they’re still so young. Arguments over their property settlement keep reverberating, too. Geary couldn’t believe, even up to the last, that he was going to lose Jane. He’ll be carrying the torch a long time.

Mona Freeman’s well-advertised romance with Vic Damone is, some old meanies think, just a cover-up to hide her real feelings for Bing Crosby. Both Bing and Vic being crooners, it just might be that she can’t make up her mind which one she loves. Of course, Vic has the advantage in years, but Bing has a way with women.

Nora Eddington Haynes is making a try for a movie career following her estrangement from Dick Haymes. Nora once had a good chance to get in the movies, but she was married to Errol Flynn then and just wanted to be a wife and mother. She’s worried about the income-tax debts both Flynn and Haymes left her saddled with.

Debra Paget’s growing up to the age when she can no longer say she’s “kissless or dateless.” She has led a very sheltered life up till now, but she’s aching to burst out of her silken cocoon. And there are rumors that she already has. Next she wants to do a night-club act, of all things. She looks very glamorous as a honey blonde for her role in “The Story of Demetrius.”

Esperanza Wayne’s bitterness over her failure to get $9,000 monthly from John Wayne—she continues at $1,100 a month—put her in the mood not to seek a divorce after all. She’s telling friends she isn’t in any hurry to marry again herself, and she can’t see why she should set her husband free. She says she doesn’t want him to be able to marry Pilar Palette. Pilar, of course, isn’t free to marry either. She’s very much wed to Richard Welsey and shows no haste in seeking a divorce.
The most envied complexions in Hollywood are cared for with Lux Toilet Soap.

Most screen stars have used Lux Toilet Soap for years. Jean Simmons, for example, believes that Lux is a soap she can always depend on to be nice and gentle to her skin.

Her posing for this picture is one way of recommending it to you. We think you'll believe in Lux care, too, when you use it. And the Lever Brothers guarantee means you can have your money back if you don't agree with us—and with Jean Simmons.
Everyone is talking about
THE SHAMPOO
WITH TWICE AS MUCH LANOLIN

—WISH IT WOULD TAME KIDS LIKE IT DOES HAIR!

GEE, YOUR HAIR IS SOFT AND SHINY SINCE YOU'VE USED THAT NEW SHAMPOO!

YOU'RE SWEET! IT GIVES HAIR TWICE THE TWINKLE WITH TWICE AS MUCH LANOLIN—

GOLLY, MOLLY—I JUST LOVE YOUR HAIR!

DOESN'T HELEN CURTIS CREME SHAMPOO HAVE SCRAMPTIOUS LATHER?

YEP! MOM SAYS IT LATHERS BETTER THAN ANY OTHER IN OUR HARD WATER!

—A SHAMPOO THAT WON'T LEAVE HAIR WILD—?

THAT'S FOR ME!

NO WONDER!

... WITH TWICE AS MUCH LANOLIN AS ANY OTHER SHAMPOO.

Impertinent Interview

BY MIKE CONNOLLY

"H"OW did you manage to create a glamorous movie star named Shelley Winters out of an ugly duckling named Shirley Shrift?"

Shelley and I were sitting on stools in Schwab's Drugstore having a couple of hamburgers when I popped the question. Shelley toyed with a mustard stick while she considered her answer. "You know something," she said finally, "some day I'm going to give you a good story on that subject. I'll break down and tell you how I took a mere nobody, meaning myself, and made a star out of her by creating a legend and sticking to it."

"Why not tell me right now?"

"Naw," sighed Shelley, reaching for a straw and jabbing it into her malted. "Now isn't the time. Anyway—aw heck, you know the whole story!"

Yes I knew the story. I took a good long sidelong at Shell as she sat there contentedly sipping her malted. She didn't look any more like a movie star than I do. As I sat there with her, I remembered her heartbreaking, back-breaking ten-year assault on Hollywood and then her magnificent, overwhelming overnight success as the waitress with Ronald Colman in "A Double Life." She had never been beautiful. As a matter of fact, she had never even been pretty. And yet, she made it.

She made it by following a pattern that other girls with less imagination had by-passed. She made it by adopting some of Garbo's don't-give-a-hang about her personal appearance, Bette Davis's dramatic entrances, the late Carole Lombard's raucous greetings, Jean Harlow's sultry sexiness, Luise Rainer's temperamental tantrums, Ann Sheridan's disarming frankness—all this plus a dash of Shirley Shrift's downright earthiness.
I told her what I'd been thinking. And she smiled, “Sure, that was all part of it. But the most important thing of all, I guess, was that I wouldn't believe anybody when they said ‘No’ to me. I kidded myself into thinking they really meant ‘Yes.’”

“In the early days, one of your closest chums was Judy Holliday, wasn’t she?”

“We were both learning the hard way at the same time. Casting directors told us both that we were hopeless cases. They gave us friendly advice: ‘Forget Hollywood and go home.’”

“But not you, huh?” I asked, as though I didn’t know.

“But not me—or Judy. We knew that sooner or later the break would have to come.”

“And yours came when George Cukor picked you for ‘Double Life.’”

“It sure did. But for a while, I’m not sure he thought it was much of a break for him—or the picture.”

“Yes, I remember hearing that you gave him a little trouble.”

“That’s very gentlemanly. I’m afraid I was just plain uncooperative.”

“What was eating you?”

“I had a half-brained idea that I didn’t like the way the part was written. I wanted to do it my way.”

“And?”

“And Mr. Cukor finally gave me the worst bawling out I’ve ever had—right in front of the whole cast and crew. I thought I’d die. But it worked.”

Yes, from then on, she behaved. And from then on, she was on her way to that Oscar nomination for her great performance in “A Place in the Sun.” It'll be more than just a nomination for Shell some day. She'll grab that Oscar or die in the attempt.

And when you do, Shell, I have a lot more questions to ask you.
Join the swing to Prell Shampoo!

Prell leaves hair
"Radiantly Alive"

... soft, smooth, younger looking!

What a thrilling difference in your hair after just one Prell Shampoo! Why, it shines and shimmers with that exquisite, young-looking radiance you've always yearned for. And no wonder! For actual radiance comparison tests prove Prell leaves hair more radiant than any leading cream or soap shampoo. More radiant, more sparkling... and so smooth and soft; it feels like spun silk. You'll love the form of emerald-clear Prell, too—there's no other shampoo like it! So handy — so economical — so easy to use! Try Prell today—for that “radiantly alive” look!
John Wayne's courtroom battle draws almost as big crowds as his pictures.

By George Armstrong

The Duke Takes the Stand!

At the end of the fifteen-day court hearing John was mobbed by his adoring and jubilant fans.

- Coming up in October is the third act in the divorce proceedings of he-man John Wayne and his about-to-be-ex-wife Esperanza.

But like all good second-acts, the preliminary hearing was filled with punch lines to suit an avid audience. The main point in the dispute was Mrs. Wayne's request for monthly alimony of nine thousand dollars. Among the sidelights, however, was a request that the court restrain Wayne from "molesting" her. In reply to court questioning as to whether he could remember striking Mrs. Wayne, John said, "I never at any time during our marriage struck my wife. I will add that many times I had to protect myself from her temper—I would call it man-handling."

"Many times I had to hold her arms and grab her foot when she was trying to strike or kick me," John added, his face flushing.

At this point the petite Mrs. Wayne cried out from the spectators' section, "Oh, no—that's not true."

John further testified that his wife "broke up" their marriage while they were on a Honolulu trip May 7, 1952. "She returned home alone and then went to Mexico and refused to come back. I did everything in my power and pleaded with her to come back and resume her duties as a wife."

Until October, matters with the Waynes stand as they were—the court found alimony of $1,100 sufficient until a final hearing.
Moonlight and Shadows: Their best false friends believe that Arlene Dahl is beginning to care too much and may be building up to an awful let-down with Fernando Lamas . . . Back in civvies, Vic Damone was lonesome until he met Mona Freeman and then two people weren’t lonesome . . . Their personal press agents feel that Rock Hudson and Elaine Stewart were made for each other, so it won’t be long now! . . . When Lori Nelson and her high-school sweetheart agreed to disagree and the engagement of Richard Long and Mary Briggs came to an abrupt end, you can guess what happened! Yes, Dick and Lori make a very handsome couple.

No Bones: Apropos of all that front-page publicity on writer Cy Howard and Lauren Bacall Bogart, when Cy claimed that the Bogarts’ barking boxers kept him awake all night, the dog fur flew in all directions. At the time Bogie was in Europe making a picture, so he missed the fun. But when his “Baby” joined him over there, Bogart had all his friends lined up at the airport and when she stepped off the plane—they threw back their heads and barked at her!

Cal’s News: Any moment now Betty Grable and Twentieth Century-Fox are expected to end their twelve-year association. Refusing to make “The Pleasure Is All Mine” on loanout to Columbia, resulted in her third, and what looks like Betty’s last, suspension . . . Just as we predicted months ago, Farley Granger fought his last battle with producer Sam Goldwyn, secured his release and is now on his way to Rome to make a movie. After which New York will be Farley’s headquarters, and Dawn Addams will be in the market for a new boy friend in Hollywood . . . There are those on the European scene who report to filmtown that Tarzan’s mating call isn’t sufficiently intriguing to induce Lana Turner to change her name to Mrs. Lex Barker. Boredom, the reports insist, is lurking just around the not-so-romantic corner.

Favorite Dish: The Pink Pig out San Fernando Valley way is the favorite eating place of many stars, including Virginia Mayo. One evening when the Michael O’Sheas dropped in for dinner, the proprietor announced he had named a salad after the beautiful blonde. “How nice,” beamed Virginia sweetly, then as an after thought, “What is it?” The proud proprietor answered, “Stuffed tomato!”

Here and There: Because Terry Hunt’s health emporium in the Valley is patronized mostly by women, his best friend, Audie Murphy, has a special front-door key to use on Sundays . . . Bob Wagner’s in the dog house with filmtown photogs (Continued on page 86)
Up to his old "Houdini" tricks! Now Tony's taking voice lessons, wants to do musical—with Janet

Betty Grable finished "Marry a Millionaire" with Monroe—and started on her third suspension!

Corinne Calvet missed her man, flew to Florida where hubby John was making film "Easy to Love"
BY BEVERLY OTT

Having finished his lunch, Kimball Austin Gage went for a stroll down the airplane aisle. He paused beside a friendly-faced gentleman and decided to say a few words. "I'm an Indian," he said amiably.

"Thatso?" replied the fellow passenger.

"Benjie's the cowboy. He's chasing me," volunteered Kimmie, standing pretty still for an Indian on the run.

The man eyed the aisle. No lasso shot out. No six-shooters blazed. The cowboy named Benjie was nowhere in sight. "He won't catch me," Kimmie offered hasty assurance. "Not till we get to Florida, anyway."

Obviously the paleface was thinking in terms of ambush. "Just how can you be certain?"

"He's on the other plane," explained Kimmie.

The gentleman shook his head. "The game's surely changed since I played it."

Esther Williams smiled as she listened to her son's conversation. She and Ben Gage are responsible for the atomic-age version of "the game" and, without explanation, it does seem somewhat far-fetched. With explanation, it makes good sense. The Gages are the proud parents of two youngsters now galloping through the Western phase of childhood. But on lengthy trips, an enthusiastic cowboy plus an equally enthusiastic Indian add up to four cases of needless exhaustion. Consequently, the Gage family travels in sections and its members feel like living when they reach their destination.

It is with such logic that Esther Williams handles her household, her career, her life . . . the only problem being that her methods sometimes clash with the more established Hollywood ways. As a result, many citizens find her reasoning difficult to understand, so they try to interpret her actions in the usual—meaning unusual—filmland manner. The man on the plane has no monopoly on the head-shaking routine. By way of expressing everything from approval to downright sheer amazement, (Continued on page 89)
Saludos Amiga !
She teaches me the hep talk and about the dates she calls "double." But it is in South America that I really learn about Debbie Reynolds' soft heart

BY PIER ANGELI

- "Pinch me, Debbie," I said. "I cannot believe I am awake!"
- "Look, Pier!" Debbie shouted. "They're throwing us real orchids! Isn't it romantic!"

And for thirty-two days that was how our South American trip was! Debbie kept saying, "Pier, I can't believe this can be happening to two Hollywood kids like us!" I remind her that we are not really from Hollywood. Debbie is from Texas, and I am from Italy. That is what made it seem even more like a fairy tale!

Take the orchid throwing. How did it happen? Debbie, Carleton Carpenter and I came down in the plane at Medellin where 20,000 people waited at the airport to greet us. It was amazing! But that is not all. We rode in a convertible car to the hotel and through the streets there were 150,000 more people waiting to welcome us—with real orchids! And they called our tour work!

I could not believe it! This was not South America; this was a fairyland. When the wonderful, smiling people start throwing the orchids, it was like a purple and yellow rain. The air was filled with them like clouds. We had them up to our knees and in our hair.

We were swimming in orchids! At the hotel, Debbie said, "Pier, we look like orchid trees—there's so many of them you'd think they were growing right out of us!"

There I was, nervous and excited, and there sits Debbie, acting just like she always does at home in Hollywood. How I envied her! I know Debbie very well for a long time now, but it was not until some nights later, on one of those dates she calls "double," that I learn something more about the real Debbie.

We were in Rio and we were invited to a society ball at the Gloria Hotel. I had met an old friend. Debbie was with Carleton and I went with my friend. His name was Francesco and he was the first boy I ever knew in the United States! What a coincidence! Francesco, he treated us like visiting royalty. What charm those South American boys have. They are like Galahads. It would be easy for a girl to have her head turned!

"Not me," said Debbie firmly. "I'm strictly the feet-on-the-ground gal, not a head-in-the-clouds kid. Don't forget, nothing bothers me! But... it is nice!"

After the party at the Hotel (as if we had not had enough dancing), Francesco took Debbie and Carleton and me to some of the clubs in Rio where we danced. That night, Debbie and I learned our lesson about South American dancing.

They do the Mambo, you know how, so wonderful! They are smooth like silk on the floor. But... they don't move their bodies around like we do. It's all rhythm. However, they forgive us. When they saw Debbie they all shout; "Debbie, Carleton! Come jitterbug for us." So Debbie and Carleton got up and danced half the night for the people in the club.

After we came back to the hotel and were in our rooms, I found myself looking out over the city. Rio de Janeiro, such a beautiful city, with the night sky like a blue glass bowl of cheery stars. It was like Venice with canals and little boats... so romantic! I was so happy, that all of a sudden, without being on the stage, I began to cry, because I am so emotional.

Then I wondered how Debbie felt. She is so like a sister to me. So I tip-toe to the door between our rooms and peek in. And what do you know! There was Debbie sitting in the window looking out at the (Continued on page 80)
I heard a sound, like maracas. No one was doing a rhumba; it was just the young man's knees knocking. This was Rock Hudson, making his bid for stardom.
NOT BAD FOR A COUNTRY KID

BY DIRECTOR RAOUl WALSH

• The girl who gets Rock will have to be able to cook a good old New England boiled dinner, all right. But she'll have to make him laugh, too. Rock is Swiss-Irish, and the old Celtic sense of humor, if not exactly boisterous, is deep within him like a bubbling spring.

It'll have to be a girl who meets him a little more than halfway, too. Rock is still being ribbed by his friends about Lana Turner. He had been in love with her from the first instant he saw her on the screen. He had even written her a fan letter. Finally, he met her on a sound stage. What did she say? "Nice to meet you."

The only serious romance Rock has been associated with in Hollywood is, of course, Vera-Ellen—and for a guy who looks like Rock Hudson, that's really staying out of mischief. Of Vera-Ellen, he says, "She's a very cute girl." As to why nothing came of the romance, he explains, "We planned to elope without telling a soul, but we never set a date for it. I guess the date never arrived."

Rock, being twenty-eight, claims he can wait a few years before settling down to the "one" girl. Actually, Rock is as cautious as the sheriff after those cattle-wrestlin' varmints, where girls are concerned. Maybe he's afraid he'll pick the wrong one, so he is still a little hesitant about marriage. But more than anything, I know that Rock loves a home. And when he settles down to one, it will be a good one.

In the meantime, Rock Hudson isn't worried about anything, having already learned that almost everything, including love, comes with time—the right time, when you are ready for it.

One small warning to Miss X, who will someday be Mrs. Hudson: keep a well stocked pantry and refrigerator at all times! Rock has the biggest appetite I have ever seen on man or boy, in keeping with his size. He can eat your dinner, his, and a third person's. I have described him as being able to eat a ton of ice cream and twenty pies, although that might be exaggerating—a bit. But Rock's a big man with a big frame.

I remember one day in London when a little English girl coming toward us on the Strand squinted upward, head tilted way back and said, "Blimey—that's not a Rock, that's a bloomin' cliff!" I had to put my own head back, too, to roar. There, six thousand miles away in London, an equivalent of our own American bob-bobby-soxer (Continued on page 92)
Hollywood beauties are brushing up on 3-D

BY HILDEGARDE JOHNSON

Ever since the 3-D deluge hit Hollywood, things have been spinning in a wild tizzy. What with polaroid glasses, CinemaScope and Cinerama, to say nothing of wide screens and curved screens, everybody has been concentrating on techniques and equipment. And some of the most valuable of all the equipment in Hollywood—the appealing curves of the film stars—has been coming in for extra close and extra careful scrutiny.

Would figures that were perfect in 2-D be able to pass the tough inspection of the double or wide-angle lens? Producers have been worried. Stars have been nervous. And fans have been in suspense.

A GI reader wrote PHOTOPLAY: "I for one am dying to see what such stars as Marilyn Monroe, Debra Paget, Mitzi Gaynor look like in 3-D. Boy, if they are as shapely as they are in 2-D films, then just you watch their stock boom!"

What does it take to be a 3-D pinup girl? Arlene Dahl was among the first to go on trial,
their lines to make their figures 3-D perfect

PINUP GIRLS

DORIS DAY

VIRGINIA MAYO

RITA HAYWORTH

More Pinups→
in “Sangaree.” “This is a back-to-nature process,” Arlene announced. “The lighting on the set is so merciless that you must wear less make-up, look completely natural, because every detail will show up. And you don’t have to train down to ten pounds below your normal weight. Two-dimensional movies seem to add extra pounds by flattening your figure out, making it seem wider than it really is. But in three-dimensional movies the audience sees you just as you are.”

That was a terrifying prospect for actresses who’d been relying too heavily on cosmetics and camera flattery. The outlook was no happier for girls who’d been starving themselves to keep that ten pounds off. Amply curved Jane Russell was promptly hailed as a 3-D ideal: height, 5’7”; weight, 135 pounds; bust, 38½”; waist, 25½”; hips, 38½”. On the other hand, Vera-Ellen (5’4½”, 105, 33”, 21”, 33”) was urged to fatten up if she didn’t want to do a near-disappearing act in 3-D. Arlene, of course, had no problems. Her complexion needs no camouflage, and her figure is voluptuous enough for any number of dimensions: 5’6½”, 118, 36”, 27”, 36”.

Marilyn Monroe (in case there was any doubt in your mind) also is excellently equipped for the new medium; and within the past year she has gaily let her famous hips expand an inch. (Up-to-date statistics: 5’5½”, 118, 37”, 23½”, 37½”. In “How to Marry a Millionaire,” CinemaScope’s wide, wide screen is going to show you an awful lot of Marilyn, while its curve brings you closer to hers. One scene, for instance, plumbs her down on a chaise longue, and her reclining—and (Continued on page 88)
OH, BABY!

Ginny and Mike O'Shea have been longing for you for six years. But when you arrive, be sure to bring your sense of humor with you. You’ll need it with these parents!
The scene is the office of a Beverly Hills physician. The doctor is smiling broadly. His nurse says ecstatically, “Isn’t it the most wonderful news?”

In a chair facing the desk sits a beautiful girl, looking slightly dazed. “I still think somebody made a mistake,” she answers.

Easily the calmest person in the room is her husband, a big, rough-haired individual named Mike O’Shea. “I was almost sure,” he remarks. “She’s been looking different lately. Besides, I’ve been having morning sickness almost every day.”

End of scene. After six childless years of marriage during which they have longed to be parents, Virginia Mayo and Michael O’Shea have been informed that at last they will be—probably in late October.

What does the happy couple do on such a great occasion? Does the expectant father buy gifts? Do they go out and celebrate with champagne—or go home and hold hands in front of the open fire? “Sure, I bought her a present,” says Mike. “I went right downstairs, over to the corner pharmacy and got her some calcium for Building Strong Teeth and Sturdy Bones.”

“And then we went and looked at houses,” adds Virginia. Not, she explains, that they intend to buy a new one; she just likes to look at houses. For the coming of the baby they will add to their own charming home in Van Nuys, as soon as they find an architect “to expand the house upward.” Because of the existing floor plan they cannot sensibly spread the house out any further, so a second story will be built over the wing containing Virginia’s bedroom. (Continued on page 94)
Only one person could get this exclusive interview—Hedda.

Only one could tell the truth about Lanza—Mario himself

- You've read many times and in many places how impossible and temperamental and big-headed Mario Lanza has become. He won't work, he won't report to the studio, won't do this, won't do that, they report. Everyone has had his say but Mario. Now here is his story.

But before I begin, I must go back several months to New Jersey, where Ray Fasano lay dying. She was ten years old. And there wasn't much to distinguish her from thousands of other little girls except that she was suffering from an incurable disease, and she loved a movie star and he returned that love. He called her regularly; sang to her over long-distance; entertained her in Hollywood with her mother and a nurse. But she was puzzled. She read so much criticism about her idol. "Why," she repeatedly asked him, "do people write such bad things about you?"

He could not explain; and for this child an explanation wasn't really necessary. When Ray died, she was clutching a photograph of Mario Lanza, and it was buried with her. In Hollywood, the brawny-battling tenor received the news and wept.

I write of this incident because it is pertinent to my story of Mario, who for over a year has been the mystery man of Hollywood. During that time, I've traveled extensively; everywhere I've gone people have wanted to know
He ranted and stormed

what was happening to Lanza. Why would he not answer the whacky stories and charges made against him? Was he having a nervous collapse? Had he gone high hat? Most of all, his fans wanted to know when Mario would sing again?

Last winter, for example, I was walking along a street in Mexico City, thinking I was incognito, when a native stopped me and said, “You’re Mario Lanza’s friend. Can’t you persuade him to return to the screen and sing for us again?” I told him I’d try.

Frankly I was puzzled too, because Mario had been a confiding friend long before he landed in pictures. He even put himself on the spot with other Hollywood reporters by publicly naming me as one of the three people responsible for his movie success. But when I thought he needed help most, he wouldn’t answer my telephone calls. I wanted to tell his side of a story that had assumed more ugly angles than a centipede has legs. I got flowers from him, yes, and notes too. But not one shred of information did he give me about his fight with Metro.

Finally I gave up. His fans didn’t. Letters asking about Lanza continued to pour into my office. The most touching came from invalids, who depend much on radio for enjoyment. They simply couldn’t understand why they were being deprived of the pleasure of hearing the Lanza program.

There were some tragic cases. A mother wrote that her small daughter had lost the use of her hands, but wouldn’t exercise them to get the strength back. So she had to resort to a heartbreaking device. The child worshipped Mario; and just before Lanza went on the air, a radio, with the volume turned down very low, was moved near her bed. To hear Lanza, the child had to use her hands to turn the dial, bringing the sound up.

Well, you can’t skip or ignore a guy with influence for good like that. Finally I got Mario on the telephone and said, “Listen you big lummox, I’m getting hundreds of letters from people who are really concerned about you. They need their faith in you reaffirmed. You owe it to them.”

That did it. “Hedda,” he said, “why don’t you come on out to my house? I’ll tell you anything you want to know.”

I didn’t waste any time in getting out to his beautiful Bel Air home. It’s on a quiet street, which is necessary because Mario’s a light sleeper. He averages about five hours of slumber a night under the best conditions. According to his wife, Betty, loss of sleep caused by traffic noises so exhausted Mario that he couldn’t start “The Student Prince” on schedule. But the new home, built on a hillside, is as quiet as a country meadow.
and joked. He even burst into song for Hedda . . .

Upon entering the house I noticed a ribbon bearing this inscription: “The lion is dead. Long live the tiger,” and asked the meaning of it. Mario roared with laughter. “Don’t you get it?” he said. “Leo’s the lion. I’m the tiger. The ribbon came off a wreath of flowers a friend sent me the day Metro fired me—that is, to put it legally, terminated my contract.”

He led me into the living room, where Betty, his wife, and Constantine Callinicos, his accompanist and conductor, were waiting for us.

Mario was in a happy bubbly mood that veered to half-mocking anger only when a person he loathed was mentioned. His face was completely relaxed. He was overweight, but this appearance was partially an illusion. Because of his rather short height, his huge chest and broad shoulders make him look heavier than he actually is. But he has (Continued on page 105)
A s one of Hollywood's most eligible bachelor girls, Vera-Ellen is sometimes inclined to yearn for the privacy of the good old days when she was just plain Miss Rohe of Cincinnati, Ohio. For wherever she goes, the spotlight follows. And though it certainly has its professional value, this very same spotlight has a way of playing havoc with her private life.

Now it's hardly practical for a star to be a recluse unless she's Garbo. And if she's a young lady who likes to go dancing, she can't very well shun the bright lights. Consequently, Vera-Ellen may be seen and duly reported in the better-known nightspots with any one of a number of escorts. Upon each occasion, she obligingly poses for the lensmen and the photographs become the property of her public.

But if you look closely, you'll see that in the pictures the laughter is only on her lips—not in her eyes. For her heart is in hiding these days.

Some claim that it's a broken heart. Others say it's a fickle one. "It's cautious," says Vera-Ellen herself. "And it's getting more cautious all the time."

But why should this be? Is she afraid of love? Or has she never known what real love is? Or is there some mysterious jinx at work?

One reason for her caution may be an actor named Dean Miller. It's believed that her romance with Dean brought her as close to matrimony as she has come since her arrival in filmland. Although they had dated off and on for nearly a year, few columnists gave their courtship serious thought until it was almost over, for they were rarely seen together.

Most of the time, it seems, they were making the long trek to and from the Los Angeles International Airport, where Dean was either meeting her plane or saying goodbye as she left for a personal-appearance tour. There were long-distance calls while she was away. Eventually, there were the inevitable stories of an approaching wedding. And then there was the breakup. "Actually," says Vera-Ellen now, "we only went steady—saw each other exclusively—for about two months. We were never formally engaged. We hadn't set a date..."

The trips? "I don't think I would have gone on them if I'd actually thought that things could have worked out with Dean. But when you don't feel sure, you sort of try to get away from what's troubling you."

Was it love? "We felt very deeply about each other," Vera-Ellen admits. "But we didn't think there were all the ingredients for a lifetime marriage. We didn't feel it would last. We're both cautious types—which is a good thing."

They're still good friends. But, Vera-Ellen is a popular girl. She has a number of friends who happen to be men. And they're truthfully "just friends." Despite this fact, she could paper a room with inch-long column items... each one linking her name with that of a different escort and announcing that she's falling in love, she's fallen in love, she's on the verge of becoming engaged, or that she'll be making a dash for City Hall almost any hour.

And thereby hangs her problem—or at least part of it. It caught up with her of an (Continued on page 83)
Suddenly, every she-star of Hollywood is doing it. All the way from saucy Terry Moore to stately Deborah Kerr. Wearing very, very short hair, we mean. It all began, as all chic fashions do, with one daring originator.

In this case, the daring pioneer was Jean Simmons, who has a passion for cropping hair. The time was more than two years ago. The place was the Granger household. The beneficiary was Elizabeth Taylor.
Snip, snip, snip went the shears and Hollywood came up with a new glamour crop

BY RUTH WATERBURY

To Beauty

Liz was beautiful when Jean began idly snipping, one dark ringlet here, another there from the exquisite Taylor head. She was still beautiful when Jean stopped, about an inch and a half from Liz’s scalp. In fact, she was more than beautiful. She was original and daring. She looked like a combined dark angel, Renaissance boy, and the most feminine thing on earth.

All because of Liz’s beauty, this hair style remained unique with her for many (Continued on page 108)
Soon the Rory Calhouns will be starting on a sentimental journey. It’s one they’re planning to take every five years.

- His dark blue suit is five years older than when he wore it on that special day. Moths have taken possession, and it’s ten pounds too large. Her once crisp, gray chantilly lace has gone a little tired. And it’s perfumed with the unmistakable aroma of having been packed away too long.

But come August 29, Rory and Lita Calhoun will be slipping sentimentally into those same old garments to keep a standing date with love.

“Marry me forever—and five years,” Rory had said when they were planning their lives together. “Five years from our wedding day, let’s be married again, God willing. The vows we take then will mean even more to us than our first ones, for we’ll be even closer and time will have proved how much we belong to each other.” And maybe by then, he said, a character called “Smoky” Calhoun might actually have come to believe that he has a right to that much happiness.

They were very much in love, these two, when they stood at the altar in the Trinity Episcopal Church in Santa Barbara that sunny summer day. “We had nothing but each other and a thousand dollars I’d saved and a mortgage on my car,” says Rory now. Even the new blue suit wasn’t his outright. He’d got it on long-term credit from a tailor who (Continued on page 97)
HOLLYWOOD IS LIKE A MERRY-GO-ROUND. IT THROWS SOME STARS COME OUT OF THAT STAR SPIN!

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

With things as tough as they are in Hollywood the Big Heads are of necessity shrinking. But there are still enough swollen hold-outs to make a movie reporter's life as nerve racking as a roller coaster ride in 3-D.

Take Bob Wagner for instance. Bob is a cute boy, but it's obvious his success has rushed to his ego. John Wayne will let you take photos of him upstairs, downstairs, and in milord's chamber—he even allowed a photoplay photog to follow him around for a week in Acapulco—but little Bobbie Wagner alluva sudden says his home is his castle and trespassing for publicity will be prosecuted. Whereas at the beginning of the climb, he was willing to throw open every nook and cranny, with granny thrown in for good measure—just so you got his messages over to the public.

Another thing—and this happened recently—Robert has charming parents, and they brought him up well, and he didn't have to pointedly pick up a paper and pretend to read in the middle of a lady reporter's questions. He's never done this to me, and he's a nice boy and I'm sure he'll come out of the spiral. But with so many other people getting mad at him, I'm worried. It's been said before, but this is a good time to repeat it as a friendly warning for Bob: Be nice to the people you meet on the way up, be-
cause you might meet the same people on your way down.

Jennifer Jones made the jump from obscurity to stardom so quickly, it's hard for me to remember what a sweet girl she was before the release of "The Song of Bernadette." It won her the Oscar and changed her from a frank, happy, friendly character to a tense, brooding, seemingly-suspicious-of-everyone person. Even Garbo posed with lions and did cheesecake photos—i.e., showed her stems—in the early years of her career before clamping down into the Great Silence.

To my knowledge, Garbo did not exclude still cameramen from the set when she was working, because she was smart enough to know that publicity is necessary for selling a picture. But even though Jennifer wears a swim suit in "Beat the Devil," magazine photographers were excluded. And the list of do's and don'ts made most of us here say, "Why bother?"

Kirk Douglas, than whom there is no whomer in the swelled-head department, gets mad when you tell him that success has changed him. "I've always been the same," he insists. "The only difference is, success allowed me to be myself." I prefer to think there was a time when Kirk was modest about his ability—which is real—that he sometimes used sentences that (Continued on page 100)
The Dale Robertsons' marriage story had a stormy beginning, but now the forecast's fine!

BY JANE CORWIN

Life Begins with Marriage

One day last May, Dale Robertson braked his racy Nile-green British MG at the curb of a sports shop in Hollywood and turned to his missus seated in the car beside him.

"How's about stoppin' in here, Jackpot?" Dale asked.

"Why, Dale?" Jacqueline, wondering how the sitter was making out with baby Rochelle, glanced disinterestedly at the store.

In the shop, Dale's smoky gray-green eyes under their thicket of black lashes widened with excitement. "Hiyah, Pop," he yelled to the proprietor. "Aimin' to find a fishin' rod to hook a mess of trout."

Dale studied rod after rod with deepest concentration. "Honey, how does this one look to you?" he finally asked Jackie.

He watched her flex the rod and nod with approval. "Okay, Pop, wrap it up," Dale said. Then he turned (Continued on page 102)
A Champion goes into her dance—as the lead in Photoplay’s hit parade
FASHION CALLS THE TUNE

YOU AND THE STARS take the downbeat! Gay-as-a-musical clothes whirl you into fall and winter at the drop of a tiny (bank) note! Marge Champion dances fast-tempo numbers from her M-G-M tunefilm, "Give a Girl a Break," wearing Kay Windsor's medley of stripes. A fall and winter cotton, 10-18, under $13. Queen Quality shoes

Fashion Photos by Dan Wynn

TURN THE PAGE FOR MORE FASHIONS

PHOTOPLAY STAR
FASHIONS:
FALL AND WINTER
CONTINUED

Marge Champion takes a twirl to fashion’s tune! R & K grey wool tweed wrap coat-dress, taffeta-lined, real fur-cuffed, 7-17, 8-18, under $25. Far right, Nanette whirls to “Band Wagon” tune—“Dancing in the Dark.” Opera’s black evening duo: wool jersey top, pink nylon trim; taffeta skirt, wool-fringed, under $8 & $11, 10-18.
CALLS THE TUNE

Nannette's dressed for town or country dates in lush black-brown wool tweed suit, cape collar. Lampl, under $30, 10-18. Paradise plaid and suede Kitten shoes.
Cyd Charisse dances to “New Sun in the Sky,” also from “Band Wagon.” Suit skirt (far right) gets new outlook with Judy Bond duo: red, puckered cotton vest, grey cotton blouse with wool knit trim. 10-18, under $4 each

Singing another of film’s hits, “By Myself.” Cyd won’t be lonely for long in newsy, cape-collared coat-dress trimmed with velvet bows, rhinestone birds. Charcoal rayon faille. Leslie Fay. Petite sizes 12-20, under $23

Musical Instruments from Fred Gretsch Co.
The only thing cuter than one two-year old celebrating her birthday is a pair of them doing ditto, as anybody at Jimmy Stewart's house can tell you.

Pappa Jimmy and Mamma Gloria rushed back helter-skelter from New York, where they had been premiering "Thunder Bay," to give Judy and Kelly a hand with their birthday doin's. And

The birthday cake was hidden in the freezer, ready to come out on funday.
Ronnie and Mike are Gloria’s sons. But as far as Jimmy’s concerned, they’re his boys.

“Two of a kind and two kings,” say the Stewarts, “make a full house—and a very happy one”

When Jimmy and Gloria got back from New York they had to be shown all the flowers that “growed” while they were away.

Though they didn’t quite make it on time, neither the twins nor their big brothers, Mike and Ronnie, minded having the festivities a couple of days late.

As Hollywood affairs go, this may not have been the most elaborate, but it was certainly as full of excitement for the guests of honor as any shindig this town has seen for a long, long time.

Tucked in and ready to trundle off to bed at the end of a perfect day.
Mala Powers has made an amazing comeback—not from voluntary retirement, not from a slump in her career, but from the shadow of death. In the course of her strange illness and miraculous recovery, many distortions and even flat untruths reached print. Mala's own story, told simply and quietly, as she tells it, is far more inspiring.

How, at a time when doctors warned her mother that Mala might die within three days, did Mala herself know that she would live? "I went into a chapel," she says. "I had a little conversation, and I got an answer."

As you saw her in "City Beneath the Sea," the sparkling, dark-haired young actress seemed filled with vitality. Actually, while Mala was making this movie, early last year, only spirit kept her going. She had had a severe case of flu in Tokyo, returning from an entertainment tour in Korea, and she assumed that the Japanese flu bug must be an especially sturdy kind, immune to the new "miracle" drug she was taking. But she wouldn't give in to the headaches or the attacks of weakness; make-up covered her pallor, and she went on working.

When she reported to Bud Westmore one morning, the make-up man took one shocked look at her dead-white face and promptly called a doctor. Mala didn't even finish the picture. She was written out of the café-fight scene. In the hospital, she was simply angry and impatient at first. "Give me the transfusions," she said, "and let me get out of here!" But the tests being made were leading to an unexpected conclusion.

Mala thought her illness was only a minor one. This belief was shattered by a soft-hearted laboratory technician. The girl came up to Mala with tears streaming down her face and told her, "You're young. The important thing is to stay in the ball game."

Frightened and bewildered, Mala seized the phone and called her mother. "Come right over here and make the doctors tell me what's wrong!" So she learned the truth: She was violently allergic to the drug she had been taking; it was destroying the marrow of her bones, and her body had lost its capacity to make blood.

On her arrival, the hospital's chapel had been (Continued on page 82)
Keith Andes, in a typical Hollywood switch, has only been seen on the screen in straight dramatic roles. The fine, romantic baritone voice which won him critical acclaim in such Broadway hits as "Kiss Me Kate" and "The Chocolate Soldier" is under wraps as far as movie audiences are concerned.

Keith recently totaled up his years in showbusiness and found them to be an amazing eighteen. His interest in music and the theatre began at such an early age that he was a polished singer and radio performer by the time he was in high school.

But he wasn't thinking of entertainment as a profession; he wanted to be a teacher. He attended Oxford University, received his degree from Temple—and enlisted in the Army Air Force before he ever had an opportunity to know whether he would have been a good teacher or not.

Keith is probably the only man in the world who looks upon pneumonia with a kindly eye. If he hadn't been felled by the bug while in the Air Force, he would never have met a beautiful Army nurse named Jean Cotton. In another of those switches that occurs in the life of Andes, she was shipped overseas five days after they met and Keith was left to keep the home fires burning. Those five days convinced him that he was in love—not delirious with pneumonia. And Keith made up his mind that this was the girl he was bound to marry.

It was also while in the Air Force that he got his first big break—in "Winged Victory." With that show the die was cast, and Keith Andes was in showbusiness for good. After his discharge from service and a brief, unsuccessful attempt at picture-making, he went back to New York—to find himself a stage role, and to woo and win Lt. Jean Cotton, who was just then returning from overseas. He landed the male lead in "The Chocolate Soldier" and he married his girl on November 30, 1946.

When his hit performance in "Kiss Me Kate" won him a seven-year contract with RKO three years ago, Keith packed up Jean and their two sons, Mark and Matthew, and headed West. "It's permanent," he says. "Or, at least until the kids (Continued on page 82)
Anna Maria was still keyed up from her performance, still excited, and it would have been wonderful if the remaining hours of the evening had been spun out of the same glorious excitement. Instead, she quietly returned to her hotel, to dream of what they might have done.

Another plane brought her swiftly back to Hollywood, back to the family with which she shares everything. Everything except the dreams. "I wanted very, very much to go out with Eddie," she confessed to a confidante. "But... I knew my father wouldn't like it. Still, I do not like to say that I am not yet permitted to go on dates, that I have never had one. So, when I am asked, I make a little excuse."

Somewhere in the future lies that all-important first date. Never suppose she hasn't thought of it often; she would like it to be a dancing date, complete with soft lights, romantic music and Anna Maria in a long, white dress. But the boy is still a misty figure. "Just a plain, quiet boy—it takes intelligence to be quiet." And if the plain quiet boy were to appear tomorrow, would her parents permit her to go out with him?

"They wouldn't like it, I know," Anna Maria says without hesitation, "But there will be no forbidding. It has never come up yet because it hasn't been important to me."

Hers is not a forbidding family. There have been rumors that her parents would not permit her the use of make-up, high heels or more mature clothes. "Ridiculous," says Anna Maria. "I have worn stage make-up since I was six years old, but when I am not working, I like to keep my face clean so the skin can breathe. I like only a

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*The young girl stood at ease under the scorching television lights, and from her throat poured the lovely, liquid notes of "Caro Nome." Out of camera range, a handsome boy named Eddie Fisher, watched intently. Eddie was probably admiring the throat itself, warm and white and beautiful. The dark, glowing eyes. The pink cheeks.

When the applause had died at fast and the hot lights were dimmed, he thanked Anna Maria Alberghetti for appearing on his show. He told her she was terrific. Then he asked, "Look, couldn't we go out, sort of celebrate?"

The pink deepened charmingly in her cheeks. "I would love to go, Eddie," Anna Maria said. "Perhaps another time. Tonight I... am a little tired. The plane trip here to New York from the Coast, the rehearsals and everything. I hope you understand."
Maria Alberghetti. "Is it?"
little lipstick, and pale, so that it still looks natural. I would look very foolish in sophisticated clothes at my age." And she will continue to think so—until she falls in love.

She dreams of love, the girl-child Anna Maria, but vaguely. To fall in love is the proper thing to do and, when the proper time comes, she will do so. Conveniently, of course, so that she can be married at what she considers the proper age—twenty-three. Her dream of love is that of a girl who has never been smitten with that giddy, wonderful sensation called a crush. She has never gone weak in the knees at the sound of a special voice. Nor felt the brush of angels’ wings at a touching of hands.

All of these things will happen to Anna Maria—and sooner than she expects. No one so lovely and Latin and emotional can stand still on the threshold of life for long.

She will have more and more excuses to make to avoid dates in the future, because she’ll be asked out with increasing frequency. Anna Maria is growing into a beautiful woman. And she has enormous sex appeal.

It blends oddly with her childlike qualities, the wonder at a new world and its way of doing things. There was, for instance, her sixteenth birthday.

When she opened her eyes that morning, Anna Maria felt that special glow. It was her day. Her heart danced as she went in to breakfast and, smilingly, the family understood. And then she went to the studio.

There it was just another working day. Everyone smiled and said hello in a perfectly ordinary way.

Nobody knew. Tomorrow she would casually mention it, she thought as she made her way back to the set after lunch, and everyone would feel a little remorseful because they hadn’t known.

She tugged at the heavy double-doors that seal off a set while a scene is being shot; she went in—and her heart stopped. “Happy birthday to you,” sang the grinning cast and crew of “The Stars Are Singing.” “Happy birthday, Anna Maria, happy birthday to you!”

There was the cake with its sixteen candles burning, there were all her studio friends and the mountain of gifts—she had hidden from her during the morning’s shooting schedule.

Her friends weren’t content to leave it as a surprise party, though; they felt an additional American touch was needed. One by one they warned her about Tom-my Morton. He was full of tricks, they said, and his gaily wrapped gift was sure to be nothing but a gag. Something
Look lovelier in 10 days

with DOCTOR'S HOME FACIAL or your money back!

New, easy beauty care helps your skin look fresher, lovelier — and helps keep it that way!

If you aren’t entirely satisfied with your skin — here’s the biggest beauty news in years! A famous doctor has developed a wonderful new home beauty routine.

This sensible beauty care owes its amazing effectiveness to the unique qualities of Noxzema. This famous greaseless beauty cream is a medicated formula. It combines softening, soothing, healing and cleansing ingredients.

Thrilling results!

Letters from women all over America praise Noxzema's wonderfully quick help for rough, dry, lifeless skin and for externally-caused blemishes.

Like to help your problem skin look lovelier? Tonight, do this:

1. Cleanse thoroughly by 'cream-washing' with Noxzema and water. Apply Noxzema, then wring out a cloth in warm water and wash your face as if using soap. See how fresh

2. Night cream. Smooth on Noxzema so that its softening, soothing ingredients can help your skin look smoother, lovelier. Always pat a bit extra over any blemishes to help heal them—fast! You will see a wonderful improvement as you go on faithfully using Noxzema. It's greaseless. No sneary pillow!

3. Make-up base. 'Cream-wash' again in the morning, then apply Noxzema as your long-lasting powder base. *externally caused

(Continued from page 73)

would pop out of the box to frighten her.

"So, I wouldn't open it," she admits.

Tommy was there, of course, alert and impatient. Now and again he'd say, "Why don't you open mine next, Anna Maria?"

at each time she'd pretend not to hear.

"Then there was nothing else left," she says. "So I had to open it. What a surprise! It wasn't any trick, but a beautiful little gold wrist watch!"

Her parents, Daniele and Vittoria, were proud that her co-workers on the Para-mount lot liked their daughter well enough to give her a party. It had been a perfect birthday. But was it? As the evening wore on, something was missing—a friend her own age who would truly understand.

This is the one flaw in what Anna Maria considers a practically perfect life. As American girls of her age have long since been dating, she would have little in common with them even if she had a chance to meet them, which she hasn't. Anna Maria is five feet, four inches tall and weighs a pleasingly distributed 110 pounds except when she is making a picture. "The studio makes me take off ten pounds—and oh, how hungry I am then!"

On the subject of food she is eloquent: "I do not like spaghetti. I say so, but everyone says that I am crazy about spaghetti because I am from Italy. Ravioli, yes. And lasagne—ummm! Of American food I am fondest of beetroot. But I want to make this clear: I don't like spaghetti."

She loves singing to an American audience. "They're different, not cynical. You can tell that they want and expect to like you from the beginning. In other countries sometimes you have got to work to warm your audience up. Here I can just concentrate on singing."

Anna Maria has concentrated on singing since the age of six. When Papa Daniele used to call her for her lesson, she would immediately drop her doll and run to him. His word is still law with her. But she is growing up, and there is a suggestion of steel beneath the softness.

Her little brother, Paul, is more than a prodigy; he is a musical genius who has led full symphony orchestras since he was four years old. Two years ago, when Anna Maria was fifteen and Paul six, the family went home to Pesaro. There it was suggested that a brilliant tour de force would be a joint concert by the two. Signor Alberghetti agreed, and the 3,000-seat opera house was sold out immediately.

She was in excellent voice that evening, then little Paul, a small, sober figure in knee britches, stepped to the podium and raised his baton to lead 120 musicians through an intricate symphony.

"It was hopeless," recalls the female of the species, "I sang my heart out for them, and do you know what they said afterward? They said, 'Well, yes, Anna Maria—but that darling little boy!' And I said, 'Never again!' Paul gives his concerts, and I give mine!"

She is just as positive on the subject of love and marriage. She strongly approves of the long engagements customary in Italy because, she says, "You must be very, very sure. After all, marriage is for the rest of your life."

She is quite sure that she will marry a non-professional. "Actors and singers must be high-strung temperamentally," she says with firmness. "Their work depends on it. If we were being nervous at each other, it would be a bad marriage."

But she will wait patiently for marriage—and for love. She will not try to rush life. "Oh, my, no," she says. "I hope it doesn't happen to me for many years. If love is all these things I hear, she adds gravely, "it must be very distracting—and wonderful ... Is it?"

The Exo
After all, Shakespeare never aimed his plays at the classroom. Himself an actor, he meant them to be acted. And what an array of fine performances marks M-G-M’s superb version of “Julius Caesar.” Among the conspirators who plot a dictator’s death, James Mason as Brutus and John Gielgud as Cassius stand out. Marlon Brando as Mark Antony runs them a close race, however, and Edmond O’Brien’s surprisingly effective in a small role. But Louis Calhern’s Caesar is a bit too much the tired businessman. It’s a man’s story; Deborah Kerr and Greer Garson are shadowy figures, on the edge of the violent events. Under Joseph Mankiewicz’ taut direction, the deep thoughtfulness of the lines comes through, reflecting emotions and problems of power and responsibility that affect our lives today. High-school English was never like this!

Brando turns “Friends, Romans, etc.” into a terrifying masterpiece of rabble-rousing

The best: Mason’s Brutus, Gielgud’s Cassius

Stained with Caesar’s blood, the assassins face Mark Antony’s denunciation
Heidi-Ann doesn’t have to sing to win Patrice Munsel’s heart

Richard Hall plies his mother, Ruth Roman, with a rosy gift

Judy Holliday says that young Jonathan’s a born comedian too

Jean Hagen has two to be proud of—Arie Philip and Patricia

Shelley Winters still can’t believe she’s Vittoria’s mother

Mother’s and father’s day come just once a year—but every day’s baby’s day for these Hollywood moms

**KID STUFF**

There’ve been a lot of changes made in Hollywood since the not-so-good old days. And one of the happiest is that film stars’ youngsters have been brought out into the open where they belong. It used to be that a star would just as soon be caught strolling down Sunset Boulevard in her unmentionables as be photographed with her child beside her. For some strange reason, someone started the rumor that a star couldn’t be a mother and glamorous at the same time. And far too many stars believed it.

But the modern generation of film lovelies knows better. They’ve learned—at last—what the public could have told them long ago: that there’s nothing so completely irresistible as a lovely child—particularly in the arms of an irresistible woman!
"It makes you so happy about your skin—this quick, easy wonderful care!"

says

Miss Chandler Roosevelt

Granddaughter of the late President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, and one of the most popular sophomores at her college, Miss Roosevelt is a sunn-gold blonde, with deep blue eyes. Her complexion is enviably lovely—clear and smooth, with a fresh, vital color.

Many a girl gets the idea that a lovely skin is just plain good luck. Skin doctors know this isn’t so.

Time and again, a girl’s skin has been almost magically changed with the right care.

And it’s a fact that any girl can work this complexion magic with one of the simplest, easiest of home treatments. It is the care Miss Roosevelt and so many girls have adopted for the wonders it works—a good Pond’s Cold Creaming each night.

And, a daily Pond’s Cold Creaming benefits your skin by giving back the oils and moisture your skin loses every day from outdoor exposure, and dry indoor heat. Losing these natural skin softeners gives your skin a coarse look...a dry, rough "feel." Pond’s Cold Cream replenishes oils and moisture—keeps your skin smooth, soft to touch.

Here’s the way to get the most good from your daily Pond’s Creamings:

For fresh tone, a clear texture

Cream brisk little circles from throat up to forehead. This circle-cleansing with Pond’s Cold Cream stimulates circulation. Cleanses flawlessly. Helps your skin look finer. Tissue off this first creaming well.

A snowy, beautifying "rinse"

Circle on fresh fingerfuls of Pond’s Cold Cream. But this time, tissue off lightly. The invisible traces of cream you leave on your face will soften and protect your skin.

"It’s easy to have an attractive complexion," says girls who use Pond’s Cold Cream every night. Start your Pond’s Creamings tonight. You’ll agree no other care has ever done your skin so much quick see-able good.

Miss Chandler Roosevelt. Her complexion care is a thorough creaming with Pond’s every night. "I just love the fresh, really clean look Pond’s Cold Cream gives my skin," Miss Roosevelt says.
TO LOVE AND
TO CHERISH . . .

Words that echoed in Ann Blyth's heart—the waiting heart she had

St. Charles Roman Catholic Church in San Fernando Valley has always been known as a pretty church. But on the Saturday morning of June 27, 1953, it was so beautiful you caught your breath.

Holding the arm of her uncle, Patrick Tobin, who was giving her in marriage to Dr. James Vincent McNulty, Ann Blyth moved slowly down the aisle.

The organ strains of the Lohengrin wedding march sounded in her ears and the scent of Lily of the Valley filled the air around her. Through the haze of sun spinning in motes of gold from the windows she could see the tall white tapers, fern and lily trimmed, burning softly.

Ann Blyth was almost twenty-five and this was her wedding day: the fulfillment of a dream common to all women. An answer to many of the questions of life.

The wedding and high mass were set for 10:00 a.m. but Ann woke shortly after dawn. For a few moments she lay quietly on her bed, reviewing the events that led to this, the most cherished of all days. The Christmas Eve, 1952, when Jim in a sudden rush of words asked the question that little changed through the years, still holds the thrill of first discovery.

As does the answer he received.

After that, they were teased and made much of; were alone; bought a house hidden near Toluca Lake; produced the memories that were the prelude of their lives together.

As with all weddings, there were the unexpected elements. In the midst of the turmoil, tinsel and laughter, Ann began to wonder if she was going to have any bridesmaids left. Originally Jeanne Crain and Jane Powell were to have been in the bridal party. First, Jane got word that her night-club dates were to take place in June, and then suddenly Jeanne was scheduled for a picture in Europe. Relaxingly, both girls had to bow out. If they were heart-broken on having to withdraw, their hearts were twice broken when, just a few weeks before the wedding, Jane learned that she had a free week at the end of June, and Jeanne's overseas film was canceled. So they could have been bridesmaids after all.

Then Ann learned that "Rose Marie," her second picture under her new M-G-M contract, was to start shooting the beginning of July. It looked as if the honeymoon were going to be cut short. But the bosses at M-G-M had a change of heart, deciding the show could go on later after all, for although Ann will be making several pictures a year, her honeymoon was strictly "once-in-a-lifetime.'

Last minute revisions in the seating arrangements at the church and reception were made excitedly when dozens of Ann's friends and distant relatives, upon receiving token invitations, wired from all over the country that they were flying to Hollywood to see Ann get married.

Aunt Cissie's own special surprise for Ann was the most touching of all. As the bills started piling up for the wedding, she handed Ann a lump sum she had been saving out of her household budget for several years—just for this occasion.

All these thoughts came to Ann lying there in the soft light of an early dawn. She opened her eyes, half-afraid her wish for a beautiful day would not be granted. Weather in Southern California had, for the month of June, been filled with gloomy dullness and drizzly rain. But this day was as bright as a crystal goblet. Sunshine poured through the window and struck notes of color on the objects in the room like designs in a stained glass window.

The satin whiteness of her wedding gown, hanging so she would see it first thing upon awakening, was dazzling.

In the privacy of her room, she had tried the dress on so many times. Helen Rose had created a poem of young love and loveliness—a white satin sheath covered with a gown of white mouseline de soie with heirloom lace forming a deep yoke, long sleeves and insets in the full-skirted hemline. Seed pearls were embroidered into the lace pattern. Her veil billowed from under a Mary, Queen of Scots, cap of seed pearls.

Ann dressed carefully, each movement slow and precise—yet dreamlike. Aunt Cissie and Uncle Pat were waiting to whisk her off to the church.

Jim and his brother, Dennis Day, had already arrived when, on the precise moment of 10:00 a.m., the black shiny limousine carrying the bride pulled up before the church. More than 2,000 onlookers were waiting to catch a glimpse of her.

Inside the Spanish-style church, notables of the movie industry, religious leaders and Ann's friends and family filled the six hundred pews.

Jim, Dennis and the ushers (brothers Francis, John and William McNulty, Ted McConnell, Dr. John Thom and Dr. C. Stehly) took their places at the altar.

There, for the first time in a Hollywood church, a Prince of the Faith, James Francis Cardinal McIntyre, Archbishop of Los Angeles, resplendent in robes of red and gold, was waiting.

Bridesmaids Betty Lynn, Peggy Kelley, Marjorie Zimmer, Joan Leslie Caldwell, Alice Krasiva and Jane Withers Moss, preceded by Jane's little daughter Wendy, the flower girl, filed slowly down the aisle. The girls were pretty as portraits in balerina length gowns of bouffant, delphinium blue, silk shantung. Their bodices were tight with taffeta cumberbunds. Long white gloves covered their arms; each carried a small muff of delphiniums and wore a
given to Jim McNulty

Blue lace picture hat with matching taffeta streamers. Blue silk shantung shoes completed the outfits.

The bridesmaids were followed by the maid of honor, Ann's cousin, Betty Lynch, who wore a full skirted gown of lavender over pink organza.

Ann joined Jim before the Cardinal, where they spoke their marriage vows. Ann said her "I do's" clearly and distinctly without a trace of nervousness.

At the conclusion of the double-ring ceremony, Cardinal McIntyre announced: I have a letter from the Apostolic Delegate in Washington which conveys the special blessing from our Holy Father. The Pope sends his special apostolic benediction of eternal affection to Dr. and Mrs. McNulty and their families and friends gathered here. He sends his personal congratulations and best wishes.”

Later, in the Crystal Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel, Ann, Jim and the wedding party tirelessly received more than 800 guests at a very simple and dignified champagne breakfast.

It was 2:30 P.M. when Ann and Jim left the table to cut their magnificent four-tiered wedding cake. Then, skipping onto the little balcony of the Crystal Room, Ann threw her wedding bouquet, announced, “I'm the happiest girl in the whole world,” and left.

Ann and Jim had quietly made arrangements for their honeymoon, but not even their closest friends knew where they were going until they reached Lake Tahoe.

 Somehow these two people—one, the member of a profession of imagination, fantasy, dreams; the other, a profession of fact and precision—seemed to be symbolic of all people joining together for the love and betterment of mankind. And, above all, there was the personal reality of their own, their lives made one.
PHOTOPLAY, July 1955

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Saludos Amiga

(Continued from page 39) beautiful night with just tears in her eyes as big as the moon! So, I thought, here is the one who never gets emotional. "Ah ha," I said, "Nothing bothers you! Not the people, not the stage—but, oh, these Rip laugh!"
"Oh!" said Debbie. "It's so beautiful. Isn't it romantic? But, Pier, please don't say anything about this!" She put her fingers to her rainy eyes. "Promise?"
"Of course, I won't tell anyone, silly!
And I never will!
We were in South America on a personal-appearance tour and we hoped when we got up there we could play their welcome with our performance.

But the very first night we were to appear, I was worried. I remembered how I felt before we even went to Hollywood. "Don't be a little bie!" I had said, "what will I do? You and Carleton can sing and dance—and besides you've been on the stage. I never have!"

"Don't worry, Pier," Debbie calmed me, "we'll work out something. You won't be left with nothing to do."

I wasn't! Before we left Hollywood we all learned little speeches in Spanish and Debbie and Carleton and I practiced a soft-shoe dance until we could keep on our new ears. There was only one thing wrong. In the dance I could never remember my break—you know, a spot in the routine where I do a few steps alone. So they began counting for me, "One, two, three; one, two, three; now!"

So there we were the night of the first performance. It really was a first performance for I had never been on a stage before. I did not know whether to be nervous or not. Watching Debbie and Carleton was no help. Carleton was nervous like a jiggly cup of water, but Debbie was calm like a smooth piece of glass. Poor Carleton. He stood by the fountain and gulped cup after cup of water. I was afraid we would have to pour him some water.

But Debbie, she was cool as cucumbers. I felt filled with pride watching her. "A real trouper," as you say. When I said this to her she laughed so gaily, "Why, Pier, there's nothing to it! Can't it be nothing bothers me—so nothing should bother you!"

I began feeling funny anyhow. I peeked through the curtain and saw the house was full. "What were we supposed to be doing out on our own," I said to Debbie. "Can you believe this is happening? All those people just came to see us! Oh, Debbie, is it not wonderful! I love it, and I'm going to go back to Hollywood and work so hard to make good pictures for them!"

Debbie looked at me. For a minute, she was so serious, yet that's the way she always is. Then I saw she was feeling just what I was feeling, too. I began wondering, "Is this Debbie really one which nothing bothers? Or is she the Debbie I see the other nights?"

Suddenly the emcee introduced me—and there I was in front of that warm ocean of people. Then I am not nervous—but felt like I was back in my own Italy. There were so much like and loved how people— all heart. They shouted up to me, "Hello, Pier, hello—tell us about Hollywood," or "Pier, how's your sister Marisa?"

Of course, they spoke in Spanish, but I understood everything they said because it is so much like my own Italian. Then I would start to answer them in English, but they shout, "No, speak to us in Italian! and so I would chatter away in Italian. When Debbie and I did our dance with Carleton it was so funny because we are

such shot and he is a beaurocrat. E. C. Williams to go to the Eiffel Tower. It got more funny when Debbie started counting for my break, "One, two, three, one, two, three—now!" And I just stood there. The house roared.

Every night it was the same thing though we were always in a different city. Debbie said I was going to be the "be good will ambassador" South America. She said, "Pier, you're real got on this place and they're real gone on you! These torrid South Americans think you're pretty cool!"

I was so pleased by Debbie's calling me "a good will ambassador" I forgot to ask her what is this "real gone." And "cool!"

But we did not spend all of the time on tour visiting. No, of all our friends in the American Embassy and the Italian Embassy gave us parties and receptions. We had many double dates.

We were very fortunate because wherever we went into old friends. In Uruguay I saw an old friend whose father is a big lawyer there. He took us dancing and shopping into the heart of the city.

And the shopkeepers must have thought we were the boss. You see Debbie collects little monkeys and I collect dolls. So wherever we were we'd only buy monkeys and dolls! Debbie would name them "Come on, Pier, she'd say every day, "let's shop."

"All right," I'd reply, "providing you shop on one side of the street and I shop on the other—I can't be looking a dumb fool together!"

Of course she agreed. But you know what happened? She ended up with forty-four monkeys and I have only a handful of dolls. That's right. I think we were both at night and hoped both sides of the street and around the corner, too.

When we weren't working, shopping, or parties, we were playing. In Havana we took time off to go sailing in the Bay of Havana. It wasn't a wild old friends the trip happened. Debbie met a real live monkey!

When we came in from sailing the monkey was sitting on the bow of one of the boats. He was so strong to the boatman, we must have thought we were crazy. When Debbie sees the monkey her eyes alight came out of the head. "Look! Look! Pie that monkey!"

She first tries to get the monkey's attention by singing to him; but he just looked past her. Then she tries dancin'...nothing happened with the monkey; but the boatman moaned to the other sailors about a dinghy. She was so desperate to play with the monkey she started singing and dancing—and almost fell in the water. The monkey only continued to swing back and forth and looked ahead and paid no attention to poor Debbie!

Debbie was not the only clown on the trip. I'm sure I must have looked like one. And I was probably look like one still. I had to go on the stage and that meant I had to wear make-up. But I hate make-up and had never worn an excepting when I was in front of the Italian Embassy and I had never learned how to put on make-up. But Debbie knew. What would I do without Debbie? The first time she came into the dressing room and saw me applying the make-up with tears in your eyes. "Oh, Pier! Ringling Brothers Circus went thataway!"

I looked in the mirror—I was almost scared! The make-up was all blotchy and white like big patches of snow. The mascara was too thick and running in my eyes. And the lines are so heavy the
cried, was; was wonderful? Should I think as. Hadn’t I done? Am beautiful. “Hat smash.” Think. Every. But. Him were call spoke wonderful. Me am i. Point. The beginning MINIKINS. Ouranced:

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LOOK WHO'S HERE

(Continued from page 7)

GAMBLER'S MOON. Now owned by RK, this is the very script Ida Lupino brought to the hospital. Mala's personal life returned to normal, too, with no risks to her health involved, since she has always lived quietly. For recreation, she likes mad sessions of Scrabble (a glorified and game), simple dinner-and-movie, a amusement-park dates with Gig Young or producer Stanley Rubin.

You might think that the year of Mala's ordeal would be thrust to the back of her mind, like a nightmare to be forgotten. But it isn't the fear or the suffering that she remembers. She remembers her experience of humanity at its best. She remembers her close, comforting knowledge of a presence beyond humanity. She says softly, "It was a year I'd never trade for anything in the world."

KEITH
ANDES

pointed out to her. Now she went into the chapel, alone. She said, "Dear Christ, tell me whether I'm going to die. If I am, is there something I must do first?"

Mala walked, and she was answered. There was no voice; she just felt, suddenly, the firm assurance that she would live. This faith sustained her through the long months of treatment—shocks every six hours, one transfusion after another. She watched the plants in her room, green and growing, heartening symbols of life. Finally, she had a sense of something growing inside her. This was literally true; her blood cells were rebuilding.

Naturally, Mala had human help, too, through the constant, gentle care of the doctors and nurses, through the warm, automatic generosity of show-people. Though her own studio, RKD, had merely loaned her to Universal-International for "City Beneath The Sea," U-I paid her hospital bills up to the time of diagnosis. Fellow players, friends, and fans, executives, even other doctors—all of them took a personal interest in her welfare. When the word went out that Mala needed blood, everybody she knew wanted to help. And there were offers of financial help.

Eventually, her doctors granted that she would recover. Mala, of course, had known this ever since the conversation in the hospital room. (It should be emphasized here that she did not have leukemia. Both Mala and her doctors were infatuated at the columnist who made this erroneous statement. Mala answered the columnist, only to be told, "You don't know what's really wrong with you." And the statement was printed again. It was a tragic mistake, because as Mala convalesced she was confused with hopeful letters from leukemia victims, inquiring about "the new cure.")

At this point, the doctors cautiously warned Mala, "Don't expect too much. You may be well enough to do work of years—or never." But Ida Lupino, barely recovered from her own serious illness after the birth of her baby, gave Mala a wonderful lift by bringing her a script to read. "It was just what I needed," Mala recalls. "Just the thought of getting back to work again!" She started to read other scripts. In all, she had to turn down seven, because the roles were too strenuous, calling for swimming, riding, dancing.

Finally, a part came along that won her doctors' okay. It was Republic's "City That Never Sleeps," which began shooting in December. Mala had gone into the hospital in April. She hadn't been on her feet for more than a couple of hours a day since then; she was still getting regular transfusions. When she reported for work she was confronted with a dance scene! But she got through it. "That night," Mala says, "was the greatest I've ever had. I'm not going to be an invalid," I kept thinking. I'd wanted to act since I was eight years old. Now, after such a long time away from it, here I was doing it again."
Is Her Love Life Jinxed?

(Continued from page 53)

evening while she was dining with one Hollywood gentleman. It was their second date. As they finished their coffee, he gave her a long, appreciative look and said, "You know, you're the nicest fiancee I've ever proposed to."

Vera-Ellen glanced up from her coffee cup, her eyes as wide as the saucer. "I'm ... you ... what?" she choked.

He went on, still playing it straight. "But where were you when we were seen pricing wedding rings?" he asked.

"Depends on which paper you read," Vera-Ellen grinned, getting the picture.

It was good for a grin and a couple of chuckles. But to Vera-Ellen, it was somewhat less than hysterical. It brought to mind the time she'd returned from a trip to read that she'd been going steady while she was three thousand miles away. The only trouble with that was that the fellow mentioned in the items had been at home in Hollywood. She frequently has dinner with her agent, Henry Willson. If the discussions appear to be serious it's because they're talking business. Yet, every so often columnists declare that Henry has popped the question.

And why is Vera-Ellen unable to shrug off the gossip as many stars do? Perhaps because there's a protective barrier that the gossip builds or perhaps the answer to her caution and her concern lies in her past. Miss Rebe became Mrs. Robert Hightower while still in her teens. She and Bob had worked together in several Broadway musicals. When they were married, they sincerely believed it was for keeps. It wasn't. Possibly youth miskind inclination for love. At any rate, the marriage didn't work out, and the couple was already separated when Vera-Ellen's show-stopping part in the stage revival of "A Connecticut Yankee" brought her a movie contract.

To others in the show, a Hollywood contract sounded like a reasonable facsimile of heaven. They dreamed out loud of Vera-Ellen living on mink-lined Cloud Number Seven, wined and dined by a succession of handsome leading men, caught up in a glittering and glamorous social whirl. They knew about the Hightowers' separation. So why not off with the old, on with the new?

They didn't reckon with Vera-Ellen. She moved into a small home in the Valley, with her parents. As far as she was concerned she was a married woman and she made up her mind to behave like one. She was new in the community and, whether it was Hollywood or East Overshoe, she wanted that community's respect. The telephone rang often after her arrival. She refused all dates for over a year. And finally the telephone gave up and stopped ringing. Eventually, when she was certain that her marriage was finished, she filed for divorce. And not until she was free to do so, did she accept her first Hollywood date.

She went with Farley Granger for a time. She was seen with Rory Calhoun before his marriage to Lita Baron. They had fun together. Rory's a sportsman. And Vera-Ellen's perfectly at home on the beach or in a sailboat. When she's dressed to go dancing, she's a fragile dahlia with wonder that her datebook is always full. A. C. Lyles, Ernie Byfield, John Hart have all been among her escorts. Rock Hudson was supposed to have been a serious romance. They dated for over a year. In those days, Rock was meeting her planes ... seeing her off. "We're not able to think about romance now," said Rock at the
time. "Perhaps when my career is established," she says. Vera-Ellen, as usual, said little. No one was able to tell whether it was for love or laughs. The columns settled for love. But the principles knew it wasn't quite the real thing.

The Dean Miller-Vera-Ellen idyll took about the same turn. But by the time Hollywood realized its existence, it was over.

After her breakup with Dean Miller, Vera-Ellen refused all invitations for a long while. The old bugaboo. She was afraid that she would be romantically linked with someone again and that people would be saying that she was trying to break some sort of Hollywood romance record. But if her heart is more cautious than ever, so are her words. "I date a lot of men," she told an interviewer recently. "Some are in the industry, some are not. There's a doctor. Then there's a man in the sales end of the movie business. And there's a director..."

"Grand," said the eager writer. "Wondrous! Now let's have the names." She might as well have asked for the moon on a platter of sunshine. There was a long silence. "Uh... or... how do you spell those names?" the scribe asked cagily.

Vera-Ellen grinned. "You don't," she said firmly, and no amount of coaxing could persuade her to reveal identities. "They're just good friends," she said. "But even if she does like someone, a girl doesn't want to be rushed—by the press."

Columnists would have had a speculator's field day if they'd been along when Vera-Ellen was filming "The Big Leaguer" in Florida. The number of telephone calls she received from admirers was staggering. They were also rather public. She was living in one of the cottages a few yards from the hotel. The buildings were new and no telephones had been installed. Consequently, she took her phone calls in a booth in the hotel lobby. There were calls from her doctor, from a fellow she had met in Denver, from singer Russ Severin who was in Billings, Montana, fulfilling a night-club engagement. However, speculators might have been disappointed in the conversations. "I understand they're awfully impersonal," complained one cast member teasingly.

"Can you say anything personal when you're shouting from a phone booth in the middle of a hotel lobby?" Vera-Ellen wanted to know. And she sounded almost grateful for the lack of privacy that helped guard her tongue—and her heart. As for the doctor? "No comment."

"It brought us back together again"

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"The man in Denver?" I met him only recently. "I'm not going with him. Yes, he's phoned. But..."

"Russ Severin? They met in St. Louis while she was on a personal-appearance tour. He was working in the same show. When she returned to California, he wired and wrote to her. Later, he appeared in Hollywood. "We've been dating quite a lot," says Vera-Ellen. And that is all.

While Vera-Ellen tries to lead a life of her own, Hollywood wonders about her marital future. "Nothing has interfered," she vows. "My career, my mother nothing. Every girl wants to get married. But I'm not going around looking for marriage unless it can make me happy." The question is, what can make her happy?

"The kind of man? I've never had a set picture. Honesty and sincerity are two qualities I'd hope to find in him. He'll be someone who doesn't say 'I love you' all day. I'd already know that. He'll be someone who would sacrifice anything for me. And I'd do the same for him.

"I go through periods when I think I'd like to marry someone outside of the industry. If it would be necessary to give up my career, I would, though it would be nice to make a picture a year providing it didn't confound things."

"Of course, my career is important, but not so important that if the man comes along I couldn't go right into the kitchen."

"And with whom are you playing this month? "I have a lot of men friends," explains Vera-Ellen. "I like their company. I enjoy having dinner with them. Period."

While Vera-Ellen continues to be seen at premieres and parties with various escorts, she laughingly imparts a clue to her romantic future and the press might well take note "People you date the most... well, you go with them to little places... whatever," she said. And so, dear reader, if by chance you should be dining in a secluded little place which members of the press would find hard to locate with road maps and St. Bernards...a place where the walls have no ears and the waiter wears a discreet look upon his face... survey the scene closely. If you catch a glimpse of a handsome young man slipping an engagement ring on the finger of the blonde and lovely Miss Vera-Ellen and you note, with glee, that her heart is in her eyes—please don't break the spell. However, do slip quietly to the telephone and call your nearest Photoplay office. Vera-Ellen is one of our favorite people. And we'd like to be the first to wish her happiness once the jinx is off her love life.

The End
because he will not allow any of them to shoot pictures in his bachelor apartment . . . Patrice Wymore in Monte Carlo post-cards friends that she's hoping her expected baby can be named Errol Flynn, Jr. . . . June Allyson devoted an entire day to making the rounds and saying a final thank-you before she checked off the M-G-M lot . . . Driving back from Detroit in his new yellow convertible, Rock Hudson walked in on surprised relatives in Kansas City. They put him up for the night—on a cot in the living room!

**Just for Laughs:** Clifton Webb about a TV star who looks so round, so firm, so fully packed—with food: "If she doesn't lay off those whipped-cream desserts, she'll eat herself right onto one of those panel shows!"

**Red Letter Date:** While Janet and Tony Curtis were in New York to plug their film, "Houdini," they took time off for some big celebrations: Their second wedding anniversary and the marriage of close friends, singer Monica Lane and RKO publicist John Springer. Who could ask for more?

**Blue Skies:** The tall, handsome young man stood at the airport gate and watched the plane out of sight. When he finally turned away his shoulders sagged slightly. John Hodiak had come to bid goodbye to his young daughter, Katrina, who was off to join her mother, Anne Baxter, in Europe. With his little girl gone, the last tie to John's marriage was broken. A kindly man, he deserves happiness.

**Peeks at Production:** Temper and temperament displayed by Howard Keel and Kathryn Grayson on the "Kiss Me Kate" set had nothing to do with his splitting his tights. The big guy just stooped over too fast! . . . The day following his first torrid love scene with Rita Hayworth in "Miss Sadie Thompson," Aldo Ray's upper lip developed a fever blister! Coincidence? . . . Gold sandals, bangs and the shortest skirt allowed by the Breen office comprise the Biblical costumes worn by Vic Mature and Richard Egan in "The Story of Demetrius"—which is why the studio messenger girls whistle.

**Hollywood's Unhappy About:** Guy Madison's futile attempts to solve his marital situation with Gail Russell. No man ever tried harder to help his wife find a release from her problems. . . . Pier Angeli's susceptibility to the charms of Kirk Douglas. Now that both are making movies in Europe, there's the possibility of an early marriage . . . Eleanor Parker's surprise decision to divorce producer husband, Bert Friedlob . . . Whispers that float across the Atlantic to say that Laurence Olivier has a new heart interest and as soon as Vivien Leigh recovers from her illness, there will be an announcement.

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**INSIDE STUFF**

(Continued from page 35)
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by CHERAMY
PERFUMER

(Continued from page 44)

fabulous—figure seems to extend about half a block. Yet, this king-sized Marilyn looks slimmer than she does on the average-proportioned screen used for "Niagara."

Just when the girls were getting ready to relax and throw away their reducing menus, up came a word of warning from Helen Rose. As M-G-M's chief designer, she wasn't anxious to drape her beautiful costumes on a bevy of hefty honeys. "3-D is super-realistic," she warned, "Overweight girls cannot rely on girly-looking trim. They can be a little heavier, but they will have to get themselves in genuine shape for the 3-D camera."

So the diet has not been discarded, after all. If a girl is close to the new-style lens when a scene is shot, she's going to land practically in the laps of the audience when it's screened. Elaine Stewart, Metro's brunette threat to Monroe, can face such short-range scrutiny with no fears.

The same height as Marilyn, Elaine is constructed more delicately: 5' 6 1/2", 118, 34", 25", 36". Preparing for her 3-D debut in "Lucky Me," Doris Day (5' 5 1/4", 116, 36", 25", 36") always a fine, healthy figger of a girl, has shed four pounds. And Debra Paget (5' 2", 104, 33", 21 1/2", 35") is a little less curvaceous than she was a year ago.

Back in the days when Rita Hayworth was Aly Khan's princess, she didn't have to worry about her figure. Where Aly comes from, the men like their women well-upholstered. But before she could make her movie comeback, there had to be a good deal less of Rita. Dutifully, she brought herself down to camera weight. In recent months, she's taken off another inch here, another there, and the tri-dimen- sional Hayworth of "Miss Sadie Thompson" is a neat 5' 6", 120, 35", 25", 35".

Luckily, newcomer Roberta Haynes didn't try to look like a local lass when she located in Samoa for "Return to Paradise." Like Aly, Samoan gents go for generous curves. In their eyes, trimly built Roberta (5' 3 1/4", 112, 35", 24", 34 1/2") was plenty of nothing. But her pleasantly average proportions are made to order for the depth photography of "Gun Fury."

Even when a pinup queen has assured herself that her appearance will get by, her 3-D troubles still aren't over. Ask Virginia Mayo, who finished "Devil's Canyon" before approaching motherhood be- gan to change the flawless Mayo figure (5' 5", 118, 34", 24", 34 1/2"). This Western movie had a weird effect on Virginia's off-screen conduct. Sharing her first close-up with Dale Robertson, she looked at him as one would naturally do, only to find that in the 3-D rushes she seemed to be staring off into space. To avoid this uncomplimentary illusion, Virginia was told to look only at the top of Dale's eyes—the closest to the camera. This trick worked beauti- fully, as a look at the rushes proved.

The difficulty was, Virginia learned it too well. A few days afterwards, she began to notice that husband Mike O'Shea and their two children were not very comfort- able while talking with her. Finally, Mike got up abruptly one evening in the midst of a conversation. He walked out of the room; Virginia quietly followed him. She caught him standing in front of a mirror, anxiously examining his left eye—which she had unconsciously been gazing at.

Once an actress has learned how to look lovingly at her leading man in 3-D, she encounters still another problem if she happens to be working in a musical. Any musical, with the arduous rehearsing its routines require, is rougher on its players than the average dramatic film. But if it's going to be viewed through polaroid glass- es, which have a slightly darkening effect, lighting on the set must be brilliant. Rhonda Fleming (5' 6", 118, 37", 36", 34") tackled "Those Sisters from Seattle" feeling fairly calm mentally—but keeping cool physically was another matter. "Red Gar- ters" has Rosemary Clooney (5' 6", 118, 37", 36", 34") sizzling under the lights.

The temperature's more reasonable on the set of a musical being shot in CinemaScope, which requires no glasses. But when Mitzi Green (5' 6", 112, 35 1/2", 23", 37") steps out in her first dance routine for the wide screen, she'll have to keep in mind the increased range of the camera. The same concern got Terry Moore (5' 2", 100, 35 1/2", 23", 35") rather rattled during her CinemaScope debut, "Beneath the Twelve Mile Reef." In an early scene, Bob Wagner was supposed to chase her through a park, caressing her, after a tussle on the grass, kiss her. During the first rehearsal, Terry ran too fast. Next time, she was too slow.

The third time, with cameras rolling, everything went beautifully. Wrestling on their knees, she turned and twisted her head, to avoid Bob's kiss. At that point, the co- stars were completely broken up when a fan watching through the park fence, cried out, "Oh, no! Terry, you fool, you!"

A reaction just about as implausible was required of Cameron Mitchell in "How to Marry a Millionaire." There before him were all three of the comedy's feminine stars, lined up for a simultaneous shot in the sweeping range of CinemaScope: luscious Marilyn Monroe in a low-cut red bath- ing suit; small, trim Betty Grable (5' 3 1/2", 112, 30 1/2", 35") in a halter-bra and shorts; tall, lithe Lauren Bacall (5' 6 1/2", 119, 34", 23 1/2", 35") in a sexy evening gown. This magnificent display was sup- posed to leave Cam cold (it said here in the script). But when the cue came for his line of dialogue, he announced fervently, "I'll take them all!"

"Cut," said director Jean Negulesco. "Your line is 'You haven't got anything I want.'"

"I know," Cam admitted sheepishly. "But when I looked at these 3-D dames, I guess I just lost my head."

The End

What puts the M-M-M in Monroe?

You can learn Marilyn's Beauty Secrets in the October Photoplay on sale September 9
Everywhere that Esther Goes

(Continued from page 36)

filmland folk have been shaking their heads at Esther since she first set foot inside the den of Leo, the Lion. However, no matter what the situation, there is no longer doubt in anyone’s mind that Esther will manage with ease. Although divorce rumors have cropped up annually since their wedding, Esther and Ben Gage—cheerfully admitting that they have their arguments—have managed to maintain a happy marriage and have celebrated seven anniversaries of same.

Most recently, a columnist pointed to a deplorable number of stars who leave their children at the family fireside when they travel. Hollywood was quick to defend its own, calling attention to the fact that it is highly impractical for stars to keep children closeted in hotels while on busy location stints. About this time, Esther flew to Cypress Gardens, Florida, on location with Van Johnson in "Easy to Love." She took her sons with her. Furthermore, she proceeded to set up housekeeping in a modest home in the town of Winter Haven, a few miles from the Gardens.

The studio found the house for the Gages and, fortunately, Ben was able to take time off from his work to help them get settled. Then, too, June—the Galleries' nurse—helped them stay settled.

For several days after their arrival, Benjie and Kimmie talked of going back to California soon. They'd eye their parents as if to say, “Well, this has been fun, but when do we leave?”

Esther concluded that the answer was nursery school, so that the boys might make new friends and their time would be occupied while she was making the picture. She found a school and promptly enrolled them. And as she had guessed, there was no more talk of leaving. Instead, the conversation turned to her sons’ daily activities, including the field trips taken by their classes. One was a jaunt to the local dairy where they watched the cows being milked. At breakfast next morning, Benjie gave a lecture on the visit. “And did you get them to tell you how they get this milk?” he concluded, peering into his glass. “They just squeeze it out of all those old cows!”

The nursery school also took to Benjie and Kimmie, a fact that was evidenced in a note sent home by their teacher. “We’re awfully glad your youngsters have come to stay,” it read. “We’ve had a guinea pig who had never been named. Benjie calls him ‘Squeeky,’ and Kimmie calls him ‘Chubby.’ So now, we have a choice.”

This was Esther’s second note from school. The first one came at the conclusion of Benjie’s initial day in class. A “situation” had arisen that morning and he had handled it with a touch of genius. The teacher related the details in dialogue:

Little Bobby: Who are you?

Little Benjie: I’m Benjamin Gage.

Little Bobby: What do you think you’re doing here?

Little Benjie: I’m going to school.

Little Bobby: We don’t need you here.

We got enough people.

Little Benjie: Well, now you’ve got another one.

Little Bobby: Okay, I’m a wild horse.

Chase me.

Little Benjie: Okay, I’m an Indian. And I’m going to catch you.

Esther, too, found herself in a spot of sorts soon after her arrival. In the picture, she was scheduled to portray the star of the Cypress Gardens ski show. In real life, she had tried the sport exactly once before she began rehearsals. In addition to the Cypress Gardens troupe, M-G-M had imported fifty skiers from all over the United
States, not to mention Canada, Mexico and France. It was awe-inspiring company for a beginner. Granted, when waterskiing, the ability to swim is a great asset, but only when the skier takes a tumble. Esther, who goes to the trouble of caring what people think of her, wondered how the experts would take to the idea of a novice coming in to be the star of the show. And she made a silent vow that she would give them no cause for complaint.

After a few days of practice, they were ready to film a number. A very involved one. It went on for what seemed like an eternity. Between scenes, they had no idea of the time until a bell rang to signal lunch. In the quarters, she found herself envied by some, despised by others. She was the local sensation, but perhaps it would never end. "If they can do it, I can," she'd mutter, trying to interpret the looks she was getting from the experts.

Later, on dry land, one of the skiers interpreted the looks for her. "We figured if you could do it, we could," he said, with unconcealed admiration.

"Let's get together on our signals," Esther grinned. "Then we'll all know when we've had enough."

Since Esther's sets are famous for informality, it wasn't long before she became known as "Mom"—rather than "star." Ben was "Dad." Mrs. Gage also dubbed herself "Girti Galley Slave," a name for which Van Johnson, Ginger Martin, and John Bromfield were responsible. However, Esther started it all herself when she volunteered to toss a salad for lunch one day. She was quite unaware of what would follow, whenever the clock struck twelve. What followed was Van calling, "Esther, what's on the menu? Another salad?"

Not that the cast stood over her with a whip. They merely took turns rounding up the ingredients and presenting them to her at mealtime.

Esther had more than culinary and acting duties to occupy her hours. Location trips are noted for action—everything must be jammed into as short a space of time as possible, which means that cast and crew must work like beavers. Yet, when the cameras weren't grinding, Esther made personal appearances. She studied her lines. She posed for publicity stills.

Juggling the demands on her time is old-hat for Esther, and for many other movie mothers. However, with Esther it never gets to be a matter of Career versus Children. If she can possibly oblige the press, she will do so gladly. But as busy as she may be, she never gives her children cause to feel neglected. Secure in the knowledge that they're loved and wanted, Kimmie and Benjie can understand the demands of their mother's career... and accept them in good spirits. After all, they're most important to their career, too, and if M-G-M is content to play second fiddle, it's all right with the Gage boys.

In Florida, as in California, the Gages spent their day together. Around the breakfast table, at 9:30 A.M., the kids head for school. They stay until noon, after which they head home for lunch and naps. However, they had their own headquarters at the Gage residence. In the patio outside the Williams dressing room was a sandpile and beside it there was a set of swings.

Early evenings, the boys waited for their mother to come in from the porch. While Ben was there, the trio would hike down to the corner where she made the last turn toward home and settle themselves comfortably on the porch. Benjie and Kimmie would go wading in the lake across the street, while Esther took a swim. Each night, the family had dinner together by candlelight, after which Esther would tuck her two youngsters into bed.

The Gage residence in Florida was not different from their house in California when it came to having guests drop in. Locations always breed a malady called "location fever." The troop starts out in high spirits—and then homesickness sets in. The Gage place may not have been a complete cure, but it was a home where contentment reigned. The Williams had acquired the happy habit of dropping by for dinner. To keep Esther company, they said nobly, handing her a few heads of lettuce.

There was one note of discord during the trip. It was brought about by what is getting to be known as an eternal triangle in Esther's location life... expectant mother—obstetrician—columnists. At any rate, a similar occurrence happened when Esther was filming "Pagan Love Song" in Hawaii, and began to suspect that Benjie would not be an only child. Esther would neither confirm nor deny the baby rumors until she could get back to the States and consult her doctor. However, on a Sunday night a columnist announced that Mrs. Gage was expecting. On Monday, the doctor told Esther. And other columnists let it be known that they were upset about having been scooped on the item.

From Florida, a baby rumor found its way to Hollywood, and it was intersected with the instinct of a homing pigeon. Then the telephone company made a mint. "Is it true?" columnists were calling to find out.

"I'm honestly not certain as yet," replied

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Be sure to read that TD Special Double Length Feature—"A Woman's Fury"—an exciting case of conflicting emotions—in September True Detective out now.
The idea was the perfect 100 about house time, "Okay," said Kimmie. "Don't worry about this house. We'll close it okay." "Okay," said Kimmie. "Don't you worry about the other one. We'll open it okay."

A man's idea of a perfect wife is the old girlfriend he didn't marry.
MARLON BRANDO

Benjie and Kimmie are always in on the Gage plans. Estes believes that it gives them a sense of responsibility and a feeling of security, both of which make for happy, well-adjusted adults.

The family will be opening a brand new home soon. They're building on their property in Pacific Palisades. They need more room—even more than they'd thought—and baby will have its own nursery. They'd planned the bigger house before Kimmie was born—and then decided to move into their current home in Mandeville Canyon. In fact, they'd been in the house only fifteen hours before Kimmie's premature arrival.

Prior to hospital time, Esther was busy alongside of the workers, who were trying to finish the remodeling job on the Gage residence before the stork arrived.

The majority of the workers were amazed at her energy. However, one man was bewildered. He had made the Gages a magnificent lamp. And he was at a loss when Esther saw it and gasped, "It's elegant. But it's too elegant. Would you mind taking it back and beating on it?"
"I beg your pardon," said the man.
"I want something that looks comfortable," Esther explained logically. "This house is going to be lived in."
And so will the new one. It will be lived in by the five Gages. And the most famous quintet since the Dionnes will manage nicely. Leave it to Esther.

The End

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was saying exactly what I had thought the first time I laid eyes on him—the first day Rock Hudson walked into my office.

Only then, I couldn’t capsule it as nicely as our little British friend. The name tossed me by agent Henry Willson, who brought him, sort of like Roy Fitzgerald. The name didn’t matter. But the guy did. What Willson had in tow was a young man unusually endowed with nature’s assets—six feet four, with the kind of facial structure a camera loves to explore. His dark hair was carelessly tossed...precisely the sort of thatch women like to run their fingers through.

"Green," I commented to myself, "but with possibility." His bashfulness and the look of wonder in his brown eyes cinched it. Standing in front of me was perfect Western fodder, if ever I saw it in my thirty-six years in motion pictures. Even if he couldn’t do anything, he’d add to the scenery just standing around. Then I heard a sound, like maracas. No one was doing a rumba; it was just the young man’s knees knocking.

"Do you ride horses?" I asked him.

"Sure," he answered. The actual fact that he hated horses and they hated him, came out later. At the moment I was directing "Fighter Squadron," which had to do with planes, not equines. So I put him in with the other hot pilots.

He had only one line to say. It was

"You’d better get a bigger blackboard." I can hardly forget it, because it took thirty-eight takes to get it right. I glared around my eye patch (which, since my loss of an eye to a Western many years ago, seems to have become my trademark) but I had to keep my mouth shut. Hadn’t I cast this character myself—besides having him under personal contract at $125 a week?

I also made a test with him. That turned out so well that Bill Orr, then casting director for Warners, wanted to put him in my next picture, "Colorado Territory." But the studio wouldn’t give him the sizable part unless I turned him loose from our contract. I didn’t do that, but I did take him along to New Mexico. "It’ll give you a chance to do some riding," I told him, wondering why he turned green.

At first, it was strictly a struggle between Rock and horses, whom he regarded as his sworn enemies. But he got up at four in the morning with the wranglers and had coffee and beans. He not only helped load the quadrupeds into the trucks, he was soon riding them like the Indians. There was one note of insult added to injury. When the exhausted guy fell asleep one day, a jealous gelding chewed up a liberal helping of his mane.

A wrangle between the time Rock earned his saddle sores learning how a Western is made and the incident of the teenager on the Strand. There we were in England, where I had brought him to make "Sea Devils." By chance, it was the time of the Royal Command Performance. And here was Rock—being presented to the Queen. Not bad for a country kid from Winnetka! When Her Majesty asked him about the picture he was making, tears came into his eyes.

But the events that preceded Rock’s appearance were not so poignant.

While tie and tails are obligatory, but naturally Rock had never owned such a rig. Well, others rent them, why not Rock? The only fly in that ointment was there just wasn’t anything available to fit his physique. Rock couldn’t even get into a sleeve. With that meticulous British tailoring, it takes two months to turn out a set of tails, and this was two days before the Performance. But studios, even abroad, have a way of getting things done. Somehow they shanghaied a couple of tailors, and I think they locked them up with cloth needles and thread.

When Rock grins, he’s at his best. And there stood Rock more like a cliff maybe, like the girl said, on the stage of the Empire Theater in Leicester Square—grinning at the hand he was getting. Every actor who is invited to the Command Performances introduces an act; Rock was introducing Walt Disney’s "Snow White," and he did it so well I admit pride swelled out my own stiff white-shirted front.

After the show, the guests assembled in the large foyer upstairs—to be “received” by the Queen, Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, Princess Margaret, assorted title holders and the Ladies in Waiting. A chap over a microphone came to keep the others posted on what’s going on. Rock Hudson is still not noted for making much small talk, but what came over that mike went like this: "Her Majesty is now shaking hands with Mr. Rock Hudson...I say, Mr. Hudson has evidently made a witicism, the Queen is smiling..."

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Rock's fan mail now runs about 7,000 letters a month. It seems to be a universal feeling (and I don't mean the studio I so haphazardly sold Rock's contract to) because the feeling for Rock was just as big in Europe, too. From London to the Isle of Jersey, to Brussels, where he attended the Film Festival and was treated like royalty himself—the fans followed him around. They followed him day and night, in fact—and there was nothing Rock wouldn't do to sign an autograph. Once, when the doorman at a theater shoed his "faithfuls" away, Rock walked around the corner, where they followed.

The trip to Europe was a wonderful experience for Rock, where he saw another side of the world and rubbed elbows with prominent people. A bevy of British beauties showed him the social side of London. But Rock is still far from a magpie. Like other strong, silent he-men, he just doesn't talk unless he has something to say.

There is still something of the overgrown boy in Rock, but if he seems bashful, he is certainly not backward. If he gives the impression of being shy, he can also warm up to you. Rock is very easy to handle, if you get to know him. He's not temperamental, only nervous because he wants to get it right, which makes him work too hard at what he's doing.

I believe that the old trouble, his knees knocking together, still comes back when he thinks about that test. When I signed Rock, I was under exclusive contract, with two years to go, at Warners. I couldn't use him at the studio, and I couldn't make an outside picture with him, so while Warners was wondering what to do, I turned my pact with Rock over to U. I.

Rock sat up all night with me to coach him, and pots of coffee to keep us awake, while he studied for the test he was to make there. When he got to the studio the following morning, shaky but at least sure he knew his part, he found he had been given the wrong script! In Rock's condition, that was enough to make anyone call for the smelling salts. He did the test from a new script he had never seen before. There were other tests, too, of which Rock says, "I run 'em sometimes, and I get the knee shakes all over again."

Time galloped along. And so did Rock through various parts. When the fans besieged him at a couple of personal appearances, the studio decided he was too big for small parts, but wondered if he was ready for starring ones. That was when I found myself at Universal, too.

It seems only fateful that if I should have directed Rock's first starring picture, the studio sent me some scripts, from which I was to choose one for Rock. I picked "The Lawless Breed"—in which he ages almost twenty years. I had no qualms about it; like a thoroughbred, Rock needs handling by someone he is familiar with.

Rock is restive working with strangers; so we kept the cast right in the family.

Rock did all right after that, too, with Budd Boetticher as his director, in "Semi-nole." And when I was to make "Sea Devils" in Europe, of course, I wanted my boy. The studio loaned him to RKO so I could take him along, and the co-star was Yvonne DeCarlo, with whom Rock had worked in "Scarlet Angel." Recently he's made "Back to God's Country." And now I've guided Rock through his first 3-D picture, "Gun Fury."

With the bashful boyishness, Rock has a poise of maturity that is coming out more and more on the screen. He backs it up in person, too, because Rock is a boy who can take care of himself. He has the stuff of cooperation, and you can't make pictures without that. When he insists on doing his own stunts, he winds up doing them all.

In the South Pacific, he wound up with what he considered the best job in Uncle Sam's Navy. Where? In the laundry department! Rock explains it this way: "The cooks have to have their white clothes washed, so you just tell 'em if they want better service, they better furnish you with plenty of food—to keep you strong up!"

There is one annoyance he feels might take care of itself by quietly expiring of old age. That's the story that before Rock got into pictures, he was a mailman. "Not true," insists Rock indignantly, "I was a truck driver. It's true I carried the mail for a few months in Winnetka, but that wasn't how I got into movies."

It seems the problem that Rock has anything against mailmen. But he's just stubborn enough to like the truth. And the truth is that he came to California after his Navy hitch and worked for a while in his father's electrical shop. He had actually intended to go to the University of Southern California. But because a lot of other ex-servicemen also had the same idea, the entrance exam grade was raised to a B-plus. Rock cheerfully admits he never made a B-plus in his life. So he started driving a truck, hauling beans.

Rock thinks now maybe it was all for the best. Because when he had some pictures taken, a friend sent them to a radio producer. The pictures wound up with Willson, who brought Rock to me.

I have the feeling that maybe I should have just held on to that contract, because I think Rock is of the stuff from which we will get our future Gary Coopers. The future looks ahead of him as big and wide as his shoulders. And while I don't have just held onto that contract, because I think of knowing I can always feel, "That's my boy, Rock." It's a great feeling, because he is really a great guy. The End.
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She still can't believe it's true, even though her doctor has been treating both O'Shea for more than a year with the exact same purpose; the reason parents of them. He says it was not medication but common sense that brought about fulfillment of the dream. “A sensible diet, a normal routine of living, and the normal thing happened.”

“But,” says Virginia, “I don't feel different and, even if Mike says I do, I don't look different to myself.” She does tire more easily these days, though, and is more inclined to lethargy.

Now that the first is on the way, Vir- ginia wants six children. “Children adjust better when they have brothers and sisters,” she says, “and I think it's healthier for the parents, too.”

Would they like to have the babies as close together as possible or spaced out? “Spaced out,” says Mike. “One a year.”

Mrs. O’Shea wants a girl first, largely because Mr. O’Shea wants same; he con- siders boys overrated by far. And they both favor old-fashioned names. “People are really going nuts with crazy names,” Mike points out. “Piper, Joni, Rock.”

“You know, I spent six months in Ire- land once,” said Mike, “and I never met one Derrick or one Kevin. Everybody was O’Shay or Joe or Willie.”

“I want to name my daughter something simple, like Mary Catherine, and call her Kate. I had an ancestor—ancestress, rather—named Kate O’Shea who had a little girl called Parnell,” Mike says, eyes twinkling. “So maybe if we have a son instead, we should call him Parnell in commemoration.”

“Mary Catherine O’Shea,” repeats Vir- ginia experimentally. “Catherine Mary...Kate O’Shea.” She looks pleased.

Impending motherhood has already made one welcome change in Virginia’s life—she’s taking a real vacation for the first time in years. With “South Sea Woman” and “Devil’s Canyon” finished, she plans no new pictures until after the baby’s birth; in the interim months she will stay home rather than seek out fashionable vacation spots. “I just like to sit here. People are always asking me what I do between pictures, and they think it’s funny when I tell them that I just sit. I know lots of actors and actresses who work harder at one hobby after another than they do on a picture. I love my home and my husband and our life together, and my hobby is thinking about them, enjoying them. And that’s what I do when I say I’m just sitting.” It’s a wise girl indeed who savors the present happy moment, who doesn’t take it for granted while it’s here, and then, after it’s gone, looks back on it wistfully.

There is one trip that Michael O’Shea wants very much to take before the baby comes. That trip is to the altar of St. Pat- rick’s Cathedral in New York, where he and Virginia will kneel and repeat their marriage vows before their good friend, Bishop Fulton Sheen.

In the years of their marriage, the fact that Virginia is a Presbyterian and Mike a Catholic has never been an issue. “We don’t think it matters what you call your- self. It’s true that last year Virginia took instruction from Bishop Sheen, but whether she will become a convert to Catholicism is a decision she is not yet ready to make. The possibility has met with opposition from her family and, of course, her own church; and Mike is too sensitive a guy to press the point.

Actually, it isn’t necessary for her to be- come a Catholic in order to be married in the church. As long as she agrees that her children be raised in the faith, she can be married by the Bishop and still remain a Protestant if she wishes. Also, contrary to current fable, it is not necessary for Mike to receive special dispensation for this marriage. As he and his first wife were also wedded outside the church, neither marriage nor subsequent divorce is recognized, and there is therefore no religi- ous obstacle to overcome. Now as always, religion is not a danger area in the life of the O’Sheas; they simply intend to renew their vows in the holy ceremony for the sake of the coming child.

Mike teases her a little, of course. “Vir- ginia,” he’ll ask, “what is my autographed prayer book from the Bishop doing in your heathen bedroom?” But he wouldn’t be Mike if he weren’t teasing about something, and she wouldn’t be Virginia if she minded.

They share very definite views on the care and upbringing of little O’Sheas— old-fashioned views that have nothing to do with tomes on child psychology. “First time he acts up, I’m gonna belt him one,” says Mike. “Then I’ll wake him up and tell him why.

“No, seriously, all you have to do is use horse sense. What’s wrong with most kids is their parents. A couple has a kid, and it’s a novelty to teach him tricks, like a trained dog. Guests come to the house, and right away Sam’s got to recite his little poem or do his little tap dance for the nice people. He gets used to it. Then the novelty wears off. Sam’s at the awkward age. Or they’ve got a new baby or every- body they know has heard Sam’s poem.”

“So what does this mean to Sam? He...
It isn't old enough to figure things out for himself, and nobody sits down and explains it to him. All he knows is that he used to be the center of attention and he's not, anymore. But he finds out that if he says dirty words or throws the oatmeal at his mother, he gets plenty of attention. First thing you know, old Sam's a problem child—only, he isn't. He's a normal kid with problem parents.

"Well, there are other things, too," Virginia adds.

"Yeah. The second thing wrong with kids is grandparental. First time I rap Sam and my mother-in-law starts babying him, I'm gonna belt her on the ear, too."

Virginia is unperturbed by the suggestion that her maternal parent might come to bodily harm. "She's quite strict with my brother's children," she reminds Mike.

"And that has to go, too," says Mr. O'Shea. "Kids get confused when too many people give them orders. There has to be a headquarters, and here that's us."

In case anyone is thinking of forming a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Unborn Tots, let it be pointed out that the sound and the fury of Mike O'Shea signifies nothing at all. He makes black Irish threats to his stallion, to the four dogs and, in all probability, to his beautiful wife. But there is no cowering at the master's approach to indicate that he has ever carried out one of those violent threats. Every living thing on the place, man and beast, responds to the charm of the guy, even when he's making menacing noises. Particularly then, knowing that this is how he shows affection.

It was even suggested that he'll spoil the daylights out of the baby, but Virginia doesn't think so. "Spoiling them at home just makes it more difficult for them to get along with the rest of the world. Mike's more responsible than that, and I feel the way he does. I'd rather spoil the dogs and train the children. They'll know how much they're loved and wanted—but discipline has to start somewhere, at some time. Where's a better place than at home with the parents who love you?"

Young Kate—or Old Sam, as the father calls the expected baby, with generous disregard for his own fond hopes—will grow up in an atmosphere that's astonishingly normal. The O'Shea home, one of the loveliest in glittertown, has no swimming pool, no tennis court, no standard star stuff, but it has enormous charm. Virginia and Mike live quietly, comfortably, and as decent people should. The entertaining they do is without fanfare. They're early-to-bed people, even when Virginia wasn't working on a picture, because Mike is a man who gets up at five o'clock in the morning. Habit, he says—and besides, it's the most beautiful hour of the day.

At home, Young Kate will find it difficult to learn that she is the child of a famous couple. She is doubly blessed with the parents she will have. Not because her mother is Warner's biggest star, but because her mother is so matter-of-fact about herself and her career. It isn't that Virginia takes any of the wonderful things that have happened to her for granted. She doesn't. But she is simply incapable of suffering delusions of grandeur. If Young Kate ever sees her mother putting on airs, you can bet that it will be on the screen.

She'll learn about acting from the inimitable clown who is her father. Mike O'Shea would probably find it impossible to tell a story without acting out every role—and he tells a wonderful story. He's a brilliant, entertaining conversationalist and, despite having left school in the fifth grade, one of the best-read men in Hollywood. A humble man. Young Kate will see him working about the place in faded levis, planting the honeysuckle her mother loves, repairing a fence, giving the hired help a hand with the chores. A big man, without false pride.

Young Kate will leave St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica, where she is scheduled to make her debut, for a home in which there is balance and serenity and much love. Admiral qualities, hard fought for and won, for the O'Ohioes have had no story-book time of marriage. They have had as many problems as any couple in Hollywood; the only difference is in the way they cope with theirs and the intelligent adjustments they were able to make. Because of love.

And, Kate O'Shea... to be sure to bring your sense of humor with you. There's a funny man in the house, you know. When one girlish interviewer sought his reaction to your coming, he said with a straight face that he thought puppies were cuter than babies. She actually believed him. But you won't have to know him long to learn when he says a thing like that it's just a gag. He told another writer that it was too bad your estimated time of arrival conflicted with the World Series; he was going to miss greeting you, he said. And that was his idea of a joke, too.

Then, there's the matter of that name, Sam. Your father had been visiting a Texas cattleman who had a servant named Sam. Pronounced, Texas style, Syam. Your father was delighted; he rolled those syllables around on his tongue for days. It was about that time that your parents learned about you. When a columnist called to ask what your name would be, your father solemnly said, "Ah think we'll call 'im Syam O'Shea."

And he might at that. It's going to be fun.

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Keeping a Date With Love

(Continued from page 56)

was willing to take a gamble on Rory's future in films.

And so, with the mission bells ringing in the background, they were married—for richer or for poorer—forever and five years.

They had no idea of knowing how much "richer" they would be when their five-year anniversary rolled around. There was no hint of what Rory would under contract to Twentieth and one of the fastest-rising stars in Hollywood. And they couldn't have guessed that, when next they were married, Rory would be on location thousands of miles from home in Alberta, Canada, co-starring in a CinemaScope epic called "River of No Return." Nor that Bob Mitchum would be best man and Marilyn Monroe maid of honor.

But what Rory did know, and believed devoutly from the beginning, was that theirs would be a relationship that would grow dearer, mature happily along with the gray hair and the navy blue suit. Although he couldn't know then how much dearer, how many experiences, both heart-breaking and hilarious, tempestuous and tender, would be shared.

The comfort of the words, "I, Lita, take thee, Rory," was brought home to him almost immediately after their marriage, when Rory had the company of the Navajo country in Arizona. Never had he known such loneliness. And as a guy who lived with the trees, the rivers, the sun and the sky, never had he thought he could have been married a week. To have so much happiness, then to be separated—it really leaves you with nothing.

He wanted to tell Lita how he felt. And he tried every night. But in this remote country, he was on a thirty-five-party line and the natives just couldn't resist listening in on what the "picture folks" were saying. Every time he raised his receiver, he would hear one by one they raised theirs until the connection was weakened to a whisper.

"I can't hear you," Lita would keep saying.

"What did you say, darling?"

"I can't hear you"

"What did you say, darling?"

"She said she couldn't hear you," one of the party-line listeners reported. As more receivers clicked up, Rory and Lita screamed themselves into faintness, until finally the thirty-fifth blacked them out completely. What he felt would wait. It would have to.

"Until death do us part," they promised.

And those words were never closer and never to be remembered more than during Christmas in Korea together on Bunker Hill, with the heavy and the hot of the 155-howitzers drowning out the sound of "Silent Night" and an over-conscientious Korean guard keeping them a kiss apart.

Their unit, with their longings, had been giving shows all that day. Going back to the tent for chow, remembering the happy faces of GI's watching her sing and dance, Lita had never seemed dearer, thought of him, thought of him, in fatigue and with a smudge of dirt on her cheek. After the party, they went to their separate quarters. But Rory wanted to kiss her goodnight—again—and tell her just much she meant to him—again. He was stopped at the door of the women's quarters by a Korean guard, rifle in hand.

"No-no—no men," was all the English he could say, but he kept saying it over and over very effectively.

"But she's my wife," Rory kept saying.

(Continued on next page)
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"Show him your ring, honey," Rory urged Lita, who was standing on the other side of the gun. "Look—ring—married—husband—wife."

The guard examined the ring interest-

edly. Then, in turn, showed them a ring he was wearing.

Encouraged, Rory moved in—to cold split.

"No men!" And saying, "See you on the other side, Honey," Lita stepped back into the tent hastily, rather than risk a kiss of fire.

But being separated by a rifle is as nothing compared with being 7,800 miles apart, as they were one memorable New Year's Eve.

"Forsaking all others." These words formed a number, but gossip columns seemed to forget them, and found them that terribly lonely time when they can't kept them apart for three months. From time to time, one columnist in particular raised the question, "A trial separation for the Calhouns?"

Theirs was a trying separation, but not in the way they meant. They'd spent New Year's Eve at the Ojai Inn, where they'd honeymooned this year. Lita was headlining the act at Ciro's with Billy Daniel, and Rory was in South America making "Way Of A Gauche." Some way, he was determined to get back to Hollywood before the agent could close the January 3, and applauded her from out front.

When the company finally finished the film, the Bowl games were on and there was much to be done. "Just give me an open ticket. I'll take the chance," he said.

Rory hitch-hiked through the air—7,800 miles—in 30 hours. He was too slowly he felt he was barely inching his way across the sky one cloud at a time. He sweated out waiting for the next available space in Tampa, Birmingham, and New Orleans. He landed at Los Angeles in 11:30 PM and rushed straight to Ciro's, tired, and with a three-day growth of beard, just in time for the last half of Lita's last show.

He was close enough to touch a thieving ankle as she dapped, but blinded by the lights, she didn't see him. She was leaving the stage when Billy Daniel whispered, "Nice Rory got back." He saw her turn part again, heard a happy cry, and Lita was in his arms.

His first day back at the studio, Rory saw the columnist who'd speculated, "A trial separation in Calhouns." in a voice loud enough for the whole communi-

sary to hear he shouted, "No, we're not getting a divorce."

The most "divorce" grips against the train of a gun whose wedding vows grow more sacred through the years, and who proves it when he says, "I got married to stay married," by marrying again after the trial separation.

"With all my worldly goods I thee endow" means more now too. And it's a kick for Smoky Calhoun, homeward bound through the Twentieth Century-Fox, to pass by the Texas ranch where once he fired bricks, to swing around the service station where he once gassed and lubed cars, and to turn up the palm-lined drive in Beverly Hills home—a first Hollywood home—a New England-style house, complete with swimming pool and four bath-

rooms. "I find that right interesting," he grinned. Once home, he dons jeans and puts as many screens in his house as any pioneering homesteader.

In a well-buttered neighborhood, the Calhouns are a busy pair. "It isn't that we can't have help exactly, and we do have somebody in a car full of dirty, wash woodland and windows and scrub, but the way we see it, when you do things around the place yourself, you take more interest in your home."

It was Lita who found their house, with its roomy backyard, the tall, tall trees backing the property, and the swimming pool and dressing room that were once a part of the old Will Rogers estate. The trees keep shedding into the pool, but Fiona, "The only way to get rid of that is to get rid of the trees—and that doesn't make sense."

They're Early Americanizing the whole place, refinishing and decorating it in vital dark greens and rich, red-brown paneling. After Rory finished "Pond Rider," he built a knotty-pine breakfast nook in the studio that he fitted with Robert E. Lee patterned wallpaper; converted the maid's room into a den and paneled that. He plans to build a "Western" over the garage as his own sacred domain, to house his saddles, guns, arrows and eighty-pound draw bows. The piano in the living room will be "old-fashioned" in antique red and gold leaf. Already other fifers, friends of theirs like Debbie Reynolds coming in with, "Did that crazy Valentine?"

At present they're refinishing the hall, following an attempt to get his beloved super king-sized bed upstairs. This was a colossal fiasco which might have been avoided had he not underesti-

mated his gal's canny and intuitive eye. His five years of marriage taught him how dependable that eye is. Rory had fallen in love with the bed for their first apart-

ment and wanted to buy it. "But Rory it isn't practical," she cautioned. "I'll take it over the roof," he replied, and after a great deal of struggling he did take it over the roof and through the fire escape, ripping off most of the bottom en route.

Now, the house is empty of the stages of their new home. But Lita wasn't to be denied. He kept eyeing the bed, which jumbled the whole downstairs hall. "I've got to have it," he said finally, using his nick-

name for her roving eye, "well . . . Rory?" He proceeded, without batting an eye, to saw the frame widthwise com-

pletely in two. Then the studio called him for a press party. "Then there, two wounded halves. Lita called in a carpenter, and phoned Rory on the set of "How to Marry a Millionaire." "There's a man here who can fix the bed. For sixty-seven dollars he'll have the bed mended again," she said. And heard her husband sigh happily. "I knew there was some way of getting that bed up there."

For two who came from such different worlds, they've weathered their first five years very happily. "Lita's made more adjustments than I have—to be fair," she says readily. "She was a little hot-

house flower in Texas, married now. She's coming out like a veteran, doing it."

Rory himself, admits now, a little work was first as to how she would manage the rugged life along the Colorado River. But after the first, Howard Hill, famed archer and fish-

erman who accompanied them, said, "Stop worrying, Rory. The kid's a real natural. She's used to moving in rhythm. She'll outrun trouble any time." And she has.

But she has given her some strange thrills. She was awakened with a shock one afternoon when she was napping on her cot to find twelve buzzards hovering fifteen feet over her head. "Rory?" she yelled, "What do they want from me?"

But as she says, "Rory will go to night clubs with me too now." Which, as anybody who knows Smoky Calhoun can tell you, is his real mild concession. He likes to catch the waves of the glitter bands, but as for "sitting hunched up, with your
knees jammed against a table," says he, "dodging other couples on the dance floor, and just staring across at others who are staring back across at you" he'd rather have a few friends in at home. It's cheaper and less painful. Furthermore, it seems rumors have a way of sprouting among the night club set. "Just stay out of the traffic, and you're all right," he says.

But for an admittedly old-fashioned guy he has no objections to Lita's having a career. "Why should I?" he asks. "Lita was in showbusiness long before I was—ever since she was a kid. I'm proud of her. False pride usually causes the trouble between working couples, with first one on top of the heap, and then the other. But when you love each other . . ."

"Of course it hasn't been all roses," Rory goes on. "And when we have an argument, it's real beauty. But when it's over, there's no hangover. We forget it. And that Lita—she's such a doll, forgetting's easy with her."

Looking back over their first five years together, as he sees it, plurality presented the problem. "When you marry the whole scope broadens. You have to stop thinking 'I' and start thinking 'We.'"

Thinking plural didn't come too easy at times for a guy who'd gone without it through all his early years. "I'm going out to dinner with so-and-so tomorrow," he would say casually. "You are?" Lita would reply with raised eyebrows. "Well, I have a thing to do." Then Rory would correct hastily, "I mean we're going."

And she would smile, "That's nice. I'm glad you told me."

"People are anxious to improve their circumstances, but are un

willing to improve themselves."

MARLENE DIETRICH

But how truly were they bound together as one was brought home to them poignantly when they truly knew it for the first time—when Lita lost the baby around whom they'd woven so many plans and dreams. The doctor assured her she had nothing to fear and that there could be another baby another day. But more comforting and more reassuring was a fact that this was "our" baby, and nothing could be more so.

He's ready to let the whole world know how much being bound together means to him. So much, "he's taking it in installments, a five years at a time to let it really sink in. 'They'll look a little out of style twenty years from now,' he laughs, 'and the grace, the blue suit. 'Folks will be saying, 'Aren't they a gra-a-an-n-d old couple,'" he says mimicking in a quavery voice.

But how lucky can a guy be? his tone asks—a guy who five years ago watched a girl come dancing out onto the stage of the Mocambo into his life and his heart. "If you'll trust me, I'd like to take you home," he said, and several nights later, he meant, "I'd like to take you to our home."

In his own way, Rory explained it to the minister who perform their first wedding ceremony, when he discussed their marrying again. Used to silver and golden weddings, the minister was surprised he said: "Isn't this a little soon, Son?"

"Maybe. But I still can't believe it," Rory said slowly. "That's why I want to do it over again." THE END
Come Out of that Star Spin!

(Continued from page 59)

didn't start with "I". That woman, once in awhile, were companions, not conquests.

Doris Day, who was Miss Eager Beaver of 1948 when she first marched into the public, has done her best perhaps the biggest flip-flop in the head department because of her success. Her excuse for refusing home photographs now is that she has new white clothes. But from whom didn't he?n espect, I'm sure she was all right to roll up the rug and dance, sister, dance! She won't even pose around the tennis court—unlike June Allyson, who's got no bone and her life's blood, if it will make you happy.

Doris Day has also developed a faraway manner that she didn't have at the beginning. There wasn't a more fetching blonde girl than this blonde ex-chubby-faced singer used to be. Her husband, Marty Melcher, is said to be the main spring behind the change in Doris. But it's told that even he has trouble pinning her down to any definitive style. Like when he said, "Let's go to Yosemite." Doris: "Uh huh." Marty: "When shall we go?" Doris: "Oh, some day."

You can't yet believe her publicity, apparently. There's Joanne Gilbert, who was hailed as a new Judy Garland when she sang here at the Mocambo. I missed the first night, but after reading her big success I went the second. She was great for a girl of nineteen, but this was not Judy Garland. The impetus of the raves, however, propelled her to top money in top night clubs across the country. Maybe she's a Joanne without sophistication enough for New York. She didn't pack the house there, and when she was asked to take a cut, she ducked out to her sunny screen career in California. The Lasky and TV and radio commentators who had dates with her, with egg on their faces, and no Joanne on their show.

Now Marlon Brando is quite different. He just seems to be a kind of a guy. He believes he's extremely logical with his excuse, "I'll only talk with the legitimate press." But he has never explained what he means by "illegitimate." And this idea of refusal is a noble one for his revolutionary rascal. Or to call columnists and say, "I've just married Movita," then hang up. And if the caller isn't Marlon, then the hoofer does an away dance.

They say that winning an Oscar went to Gloria Grahame's tousled blonde head. But I don't think so. Gloria has always been vague. You talk to her and she's miles and miles away. But she's always been grateful for good reviews without believing, "This is it, I don't have to do any more." But Gloria was confused, almost sick with the excitement of winning an Oscar. And when she came out of the spin, she called everyone who had complained, to apologize. How humble can you be?

There've been lots of murmurs against the Oscar. There's much excuse for her that she used to break her neck to be pleasant to everyone and doesn't have time now. But if this blondshell were to try to be nice to everyone who wants to be nice to her, she'd really have to be five people. Imagine, after "How to Marry a Millionaire," Marilyn had eighty-seven interviews! Sure, she keeps everyone waiting on the set—that's our Marilyn. She just can't seem to get ready. But if she is more seldom since her success, it certainly isn't in the head department.

British Dick Burton is another new star accused of taking it big. But he has a kind of humor, which can be a life and popularity saver. When a columnist wrote that he was wearing a bigger size in hats, he asked his wife to measure his head, and reported back to the patter, "By golly, you're right, my head has grown an inch!"

Gene Kelly has his detractors who say he has always been snooty. But there's a difference between conceit and concentration. And he'll never interrupt on him when he's setting up a scene. He just doesn't see you. Anyway, I guess Gene can afford to be high-hat from now on. He cleared half a million dollars in eighteen months' tax exemption abroad.

Charlton Heston was friendlier the first year, although I haven't had too much to do with him. He's been busy and so have I. But some of the lady stars who spell their names in lesser lights, report that Charlton snubs them. They say he's okay with top-notchers like Susan Hayward and Betty Grable.

If anything, Betty Grable has become more home-folksy since her success. She made the grade and she doesn't have to impress anyone. She's kept the same group of people, who serve as her dresser. But she just can't be bothered with publicity or the press. This doesn't mean a shedded head, and you can't say she's still collecting $300,000 a year. Wouldn't you love to be stuck like that?

The other day, at Robert Stack's cocktail party, I met David Levin, movie critic. He came up to me and asked him, "Why did the British go overboard for Danny Kaye at the Palladium?" "Because," said David seriously, "he followed Mickey Rooney—whom the Brits die for.

But Danny is reportedly not quite as popular with royalty these days. And you can trace it back to the time he posed for up-in-the-air photo with his arm around the Duchess of Kent's chair. Unfortunately, she was in it, and that simply is not done in England, my dear. I guess Danny has learned that if you are going to be losing your royalty, you're losing yours over royalty, you'll remain more friendly with them.

Tops, of course, in this kind of snobism, is that of the son that old swashbuckler, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. When you phone his home in Kensington, I'm told, his butler answers, "Sir Douglas Fairbanks' home, even though you've got to Court Register for our Doug as 'Mr."

But you have to hand it to this Hollywood boy. He did get Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh to dine with him. But he too apparently lost his head with a stable company, and allowed the news to leak into the press, causing doawagers to choke into their tea and crumpets.

My name is me. I don't know Rosemary Clooney before she came to Hollywood, but when I met her at a Santa Monica beach home, she seemed a nice, average person whom you wouldn't pick out of a crowd. But she signed a contract with a broken dates with irate reporters in Gotham. I can't judge her too harshly on that score, because I broke a date with Rosey myself when I had laryngitis. She even the score by cutting through with me

But it's hard to understand why Miss Clooney dropped friend Jackie Sherman overboard, after her big hit at Paramount in "The Stars Are Singing." Jackie, who was less of money, was like a godmother
to Rosemary in the early days of her struggle. Rosie had free run of her apartment at the swank Hampshire House, and Jackie even worked as her secretary at the time to make a good showing of success for the singer. I don’t know whether it’s because Rosemary can now afford to pay for these luxuries herself, but anyway, Jackie doesn’t Come-on-a-Her-House any more.

It was a combination of career and Marcus Goodrich that re-shaped Olivia de Havilland’s personality. Now that he’s gone, she sounds like the old Livvy. But she listens with her eyes, not her ears, or vice versa, I can never quite tell which. I only know that she isn’t quite with you, and that’s always disconcerting.

For awhile there, Anne Baxter was impossible. You know the type, always on the run just as you get set to say something. But when she tossed John Hodiak out of her life, she took the bit, not to mention the cigar, between her teeth, and tried to keep the lady in her. You’ll never do it, Annie. Something between the old Anne and the new would be right.

Like Shelley Winters; no matter how many expensive dresses she buys Shelley will always look overdressed. When I saw her at a fashion luncheon the other day she wore a high-necked, long-sleeved, blue silk dress, with long blue gloves and a bunch of orange blossoms and blue veiling atop her head. But all she accomplished was an imitation of the Squire’s lady in the country about to open a charity bazaar. But for all that and for all the temperamental shenanigans, Shelley has always been very humble and respectful towards talent—and that includes her husband, Vittorio Gassman, touted by his bride as the greatest actor in all of Italy.

Except at the very beginning, when he was making “Wuthering Heights” for Sam Goldwyn—no one knew him here then— I have always found Sir Laurence Olivier a completely pompous personality off the screen. Poor Vivien Leigh, she not only couldn’t cope with the demands of success, she floundered and sank under the heavy burden. Her collapse was due to trying to keep up with Olivier. She reminds me of Robert Walker, but I hope she’ll be able to pull out of it.

It was never a swelled head with Bette Davis—she just grew more irritable with success. Whereas Heddy Lamar’s rush to the heights was accomplished with a rush of mis’ries born of a belief that life still owed her something. Can you think of anything she hasn’t had?

Cary Grant has remained more or less the same during the last decade, although there’s usually a cynical, half smile on his lips—a “Who cares?” attitude. .. Farley Granger, who was so eager, is now so bored. But there’s no change with Virginia Mayo. This gal is a dream! And Alan Ladd is as thoughtful today as when no one except Sue knew or had faith in him. And Bing Crosby—he’s the same casual, exasperating, but wonderful guy. .. Greg Peck? His success went to his marriage—or is it merely the dangerous age? No bigger bat for Robert Taylor, who prefers his wife with the big shots in Hollywood. Ann Blyth hasn’t changed an eyelash—always kind—she practices her religion, never preaching it. .. No change for George Sanders—he was always a clinker in my book.

It’s interesting that the two biggest sweethearts in Hollywood are the two biggest hits on television—Lucille Ball and Donald O’Connor. Can it be there’s no room for a swollen head or time for temperament in the faster medium of TV? It’s something for movie star bigheads, who might get bogged on the beach of yesterday, to think about.

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THE END
Life Begins With Marriage

(Continued from page 61) to his wife. "That, Frederica Jacqueline Wilson Robertson, is your Mother's Day present!" said Dale in his soft, Oklahoma drawl "I figure to make an expert fisherman out of you," he added, "so look out, other men unmercifully flung at them ever-lvin' spouses. But not Jacqueline.

To her it signified that two years of marriage had mellowed Dale into a true one-eyed man, who finally wanted to shadily with her not only his everyday life, but his hobbies as well. For Dale, a man's mission to the core, had gone on record early in the marriage, that at least he would never survive. The Robertson's celebrated that day simply—in the pattern established a year earlier. First a fine steak dinner, and then they shopped around for a movie. At the end of the evening's excursion, Dale offered to take Jacqueline to Hollywood Boulevard (both are avid movie patrons) they noted that an unnamed majorey preview was an added attraction.

Dale's long cussed laughter as the credits unfolded on the screen—Betty Grable and Dale Robertson in "The Farmer Takes a Wife."

"What do you know?" said Dale.

To commemorate that second anniversary, Dale presented to Jackie, a gold watch with a leather foldup sports stool and a box for his fishing gear, while Dale gave Jackie a beautiful dress and matching purse to wear. The recriminatory breath of spring mink stole her parents had given her as a wedding gift.

"I'd rather you'd pick out your own dress," Dale had told her. "Even if you offered me one as much as $2000, I'd refuse it. Big demand for pictures of boys and girls 6 months to 18 years old. Let your child, too, have this wonderful opportunity to be presented to the nation's leading advertisers. (Not a contest. Send ONE small photo for our approval to Dale Robertson, Point child's full name and age and parent's name and address on back. Picture returned in 60 days if not accepted.)"

Jackie remembers gratefully. There've been some changes made in the erstwhile jackhammer operator, bulldogger and prize fighter. The Ephraim of Oklahoma colt had taken a little longer than most to be gentled into double harness.

If you were driving through the GI house community of Reseda in the San Fernando Valley looking for a bona fide movie star your chances of finding one would appear slim. Nevertheless, that is where the marriage took place. It's some twenty-five miles from fashionable Bel Air. It's a long way from Hollywood to Reseda in more ways than one. For Dale Robertson is not Hollywood. And this is apparent to the spectroscopist. Dale $200 (down and $58 a month) emphasizes it. There are no fish-tail Cadillacs, no swimming pool, projection room or tennis court. But there, directly across the street, is Reseda Park ("biggest backyard any star's home can boast") with space for Dale's favorite softball games and room to romp his dogs—Chief, the German shepherd, and Radar, the pointer.

And in the home, baby Rochelle, amazingly advanced for her fourteen months, darts around the house with the agility of a wry two-year-old.

"I'd always heard the first year of marriage with its personality adjustments was the hardest," Jackie sighs, "I'm told it's the first three. Five more to go! You know, in our case, I just don't believe it. I think all the stress and strain is behind us. Dale and I knew so little about each other and so little about marriage two years ago. Marriage is lots more than champagne toasts and dreamy Waltzes. And really nobody can tell you—you've got to find out for yourself."

An expert marriage counselor, studying Dale's and Jackie's personality traits and backgrounds, could have told them, back in their wedding day, May 19, 1951, that the going would be rough for awhile. Even without the use of a crystal ball he might have prophesied that short temper and separation and eventual reconciliation. But these two two-speeders truly love each other, and that's why they are together.

Experts know that marriage, particularly at its beginning, is a state of "antagonistic co-operation." The sexes are different, and there will be problems, likely to be conflict. In looking at Dale, the expert would arrive at some conclusions and then he'd want to study his early life. Physically, Dale has the range, broad-shouldered, and brawny, the chiseled, sensitive though strong features of a prize fighter—which Dale has been in his time. His gray-green, Moody eyes suggest long, strong, rangy lashes and the kingly bind. His eyes are the kind of eyes women love. The flirtatious eyes, the flashing grin, the gift of Irish blarney tossed off by a rare kind of courtly southern gallantry (he still kills 'em) means that Dale has had more than his share of attention "from the fillies" ever since he pulled the pigtail of the little girl in front of him in the first grade. Even then, his type of personality with an aggressive, outdoorsy, outspoken personality, while his deceptively gentle Oklahoma drawl masked plenty of stubbornness and iron will.

It's the kind of personality which frequently precipitates the male rebellion against a mother with dominant strength of character. And that is what Dale, youngest of three sons, had in his boyhood. His mother, though loving like a slightly older sister instead of mother to Dale.

As he explains, "Mother had a fiery nag back there in Harrah, Oklahoma. It was a hot, dusty, high-lown. Mining his mother was restless at her end of her pregnancy. So she mounted Prince and took off cross country, sallin' over fences and ditches in the moonlight. Knowing her fourth child to be a girl, she just galloped Prince right on past the house and straight up to the hospital. If that Prince hadn't been such a fast horse I'd have been born right in the saddle."

As a youth, Dale and wiry Melvin Robertson, was a high wire man for the electric company—a restless man, unhappy in the confines and responsibilities of marriage, and when Dale was six his parents separated. Dale and Robertson, a capable, independent woman, offspring of many generations of western pioneer stock, supported and reared the boys. Dale's father, a man who, in addition to the petty government, Dale was codified by two maiden aunts.

The Robertsons are a clannish, close-knit and sentimental family. Not a week goes by without Dale's phoning his mother. Dale still

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talks and acts as if he'd never left the sagebrush and wind-swept sand hills.

For a short while in his late teens during the war, Dale's heart was drawn to a girl in Oklahoma about whom Hollywood has learned little. They married, lived together briefly, and parted with a quiet divorce. Explains Dale, "It was one of those things which just didn't work out. She was a fine girl, but I'd rather not discuss it. I guess the truth is I just wasn't ready for the responsibilities of marriage and raising a family, and when things didn't work out we decided it was better to part."

After that there were girls aplenty—how could there help being with such a super-charged male personality as Dale's? But there came a gala night, April 14, 1951 ("I'll never forget that date," says Dale), when the ex-bulldogger found himself a bit out of his element. He'd been invited to a dinner party, and the sophisticated conversation fluttered around confusedly in rapid-fire language. Dale's gray-green eyes lost themselves, and at some length, in a pair of eyes of the identical color. They belonged, of course, to nineteen-year-old Jackie.

The youngest of three children, Jackie was much indulged by loving parents who tended to keep her young, even for their tender years. Where Dale rebelled against a strong mother, Jackie, a sensitive, proud girl, was dependent on her parents, docilely following the pattern they established, yet able, by feminine tactics, to get her own way. She is the daughter of Broadway actress and silent star, Faire Binney, and the niece of another silent picture star, Constance Binney. Born in Paris, educated at eastern finishing schools, Jackie followed the family theatrical tradition and had already had a small part in a film.

Two more basically diverse personalities can scarcely be imagined than Jackie and Dale; yet they fell deeply in love on that Saturday night. Dale phoned her on Sunday, took her for a drive Monday, proposed Tuesday, and they were married three weeks from the day they first met.

Marriage counselors studying this young pair would have noted the serious clash in personalities and advised a much longer period of courtship, particularly since Dale is the son of divorced parents, has been divorced himself. They would have recognized Jackie's dependent and too sensitive nature, her desire to be the center of attention, her need to have decisions made for her. And the experts would have insisted on a leisurely honeymoon so that the newlyweds could get to know one another in a tranquil atmosphere.

Instead, Dale made his first and most serious error. He selected Santa Barbara for the one-day honeymoon because a horse show was in progress. So they spent the day inspecting thoroughbreds! Next day he was back on the movie lot.

But it wasn't his fault that he already had a house for his bride. Now, every new bride wants a hand in selecting furnishings for her first home. Installed as mistress in Dale's bachelor cotage the Reseda, Jackie found a completely furnished house—even to the decor in the master bedroom—wallpaper featuring horse heads in masculine hues. The only thing she may have desired a bit more elegance in her honeymoon domicile—one closer to her friends, but she was content. "It keeps the rain off," Dale had told her, "and when you're in love, what more do you need?"

Jackie found she needed experience in dealing with the butcher and the baker. She was completely untrained for her duties as a homemaker: had to start by learning to make coffee. Dale, with the example of an extremely competent mother, found this a trying period. In addition,
unpunctuality bothers Dale, and Jackie in those days was perenially unpunctual. Jackie for her part recognized immediately that Dale's fundamental concept of wedded bliss did not coincide with hers and so, like many a bride before her, resorted to gentle nagging in an effort to remake Dale closer to her heart's desire.

"If there's one thing an outdoor man can't stand," Dale remarked gloomily at the time, "it's to have a woman a-anggin' at him all the time. I don't like to be questioned too much. Such as 'What time will you be home for dinner tonight?' How do I know? I don't blame a woman for dislikin' housework—I'm sure no help in that department. But if a wife dumps her household woes on a husband—they'll sure end up arguing. The minute a woman makes a man feel he's hooked by his suspicions, begins the 'Don't do this. Don't do that' routine she's bustin' up a perfectly good marriage."

As a man of controlled emotions with a talent for composure, Dale, during those early days, found that his moody periods upset his wife. Jackie expects me to be a little more attentive and a little more conscious that she's around. I may not act like it but I'm very conscious of her. Sometimes I sit silent for long periods thinking things out, just as you would riding alone in the Oklahoma back trails. But Jackie misunderstands. I've explained to her that these moody periods are part of the Irish in me, have nothing to do with her at all.

All these differences in viewpoint, large and small, are in the past now, both the Robertson ads—buck though they lasted, life was pretty rugged for both. Yet Holly's days are over and we're in for a long, happy married life. Here's to those who married the right one.

BON VOYAGE! Jeanne and Dean Martin made up for the fun they'll be missing while he's in Europe by having a wonderful whirl in New York before he left. Jeanne had to stay home because of expected baby.
Mario Lanza Answers Back

(Continued from page 51)

veloped a pouch, and I said: "Too much wine, my boy." The answer was: "No, Hedda, food," he declared. "And asking of food . . ." As if on cue a waiter entered with a huge tray of hors d'oeuvres.

"You idiot!" I screamed. "I told you I was on a diet and not to tempt me."

I got it all for you," he howled, "and your best—caviar, paté de foie gras, and truffles. You're under a spell. I'm going into strict training for a concert tour. I'll be gone eight weeks. And you don't know it! I picked July and August, the hottest time of the year. Why didn't you go to England for the coronation?" I asked.

I thought, "It was more important to sell myself back to my own country first. I've taken a lot of chances; I feel that I owe a lot to people who've rained loyal to me through all this."

I had a fabulous offer from England—$300,000 to sing there during Coronation week. You must be in mind that it is not worth $300,000 offered to me to sing a week in England; and I told the agent so. I took that lesson from Caruso. Then I was asked to sing for several years his average salary, he always denied, saying: "But I do know what my pictures have been. It was flattering when Metro asked for $13,50,000. That was what they used to say my pictures were worth."

Did you know that the Great Caruso brought in $19,000,000 first year of its release? I've got the facts; and the four pictures I've done took in $40,000,000. I don't maintain that I'm the greatest star; but I'm among the first three top draws in every country.

"Come on, let's get down to facts. What was your trouble with Metro?"

"For a year I screamed about not wanting to do 'Because You're Mine,' and demanded it as long as possible. In it I was a little boy and something of an idiot. It was not the kind of picture to slow 'Caruso' and foisting it on the pub— wasn't fair. I was right. Critics the world over said, 'This is no vehicle for Mario.'""I peremptorily took my way number into the film. And that I think I've done a fine and helped save it."

"My biggest beef with Metro was that studio wanted to be commercial, and I wanted art. But we worked under pressure; they didn't mix. I rebelled because my sincerity to the public and my peer. I believe I'm qualified to speak. While we were making 'Big Brass' at Metro I thought I had no chance of making a success with it. They didn't have it exploitable value. Doing a picture was an inspiration and all we worked. Under pressure the picture was shot in thirty-one days. Was in all but twelve minutes of the film. If I could do that, I figured I was qualified to speak out my mind and follow 'Caruso' with another big artistic picture with boxoffice value. But the front office didn't dig my angle. I was told. You were successful the last time out. So just keep on being successful. Just keep on doing pictures."

"But, Hedda, of all the millions of people in the world, God gave this voice to me. Let's say it's not really mine. I'm just the keeper of it. And to the keeper goes the responsibility, which is not easy to shoulder. I love smoking and wine, for instance, but they affected the voice. My thrill is in performing. When I sing I like to think that tired people are transported into a world of illusion, for a little while escape reality."

It was beginning to understand Mario. I saw him as a man who would sacrifice a fortune battling the heads of a powerful studio for the sake of artistic integrity. Yet, he was the same fellow who used his God-given voice to sing, without pay, for a dying child. And for the first time I noticed that he never said "my voice." It was always "the voice." It was as though he considered "the voice" something apart from the man.

"Why didn't you do 'The Student Prince'?

"I read the script," he said. "Usually one is allowed twelve to fourteen weeks for the musical recordings alone. We made them in two weeks. Most every number was done in just one "take." Had that never happened before. Ask Costa."

"It was the greatest thing Mario ever did," said Costa.

"Metro wanted to make a few buck, and had to make a good picture," said Mario. "The worst thing that can happen to a man is that those in control of his destiny fail to believe in him. I say, "Take back your money, but believe in me." The producers used to listen to my advice. But when I became a big star, they said, "We'll take the reins in on this so-and-so." Did you know that no technical adviser was going to be used on the picture until I told in the name of Costa myself."

"Then I was asked to play the part as a Prussian. Such a character didn't match the voice. You don't just toss a song in a musical. You sing it as if you're going to appear on the screen. But the studio couldn't see it that way. Call me immodest. But I felt that I was being treated cheaply when I was boxoffice Tiffany."

"Why did you keep silent and refuse to be interviewed all this while?"

"Because I had nothing to defend," Mario said. "If I'm honest, I don't defend. Had I made a statement, it would have confused people even further. Even now, I can't tell you that truth because so many things are still in litigation, Haskins and Sells, one of the best auditing firms in America, is now going over our records."

It says that they're the most mixed-up accounts the firm's ever seen. But what was I to say? I've not been tied up in any residuals. I don't go back night clubs. Primarily I'm a family man."

"Well, what have you been doing with your time the past year?"

"Putting together one of the greatest repertoires of my life," he said. "Let Costa tell you about it."

"Most people in the operatic field sing mostly well-known numbers," said Costa.

"But in masterpieces, there are pages and passages unknown and wonderful material. Somebody has to be interested enough to find it. You can't buy the music, but many libraries have these selections. Mario has an instinct for looking through music and recognizing the great but unfamiliar material. Most famous singers wouldn't dare
June exclaimed. "It was romantic," she said. "I love the way Mario sings and tells me his story of the song so you would understand what I've been fighting for."

Mario flopped to a chair and said, "For those kind words I should do for you? Drop dead?"

"Then continuing on a serious note, I wanted to tell you to hear me sing and tell me the story of the songs."

Mario said, "No champagne," I said. "I thought you were kidding." "But this is a special occasion," he argued. "We started this thing together. Remember, back in 1943 we were yelling about me and opera. You gave me a magnificent challenge, and I'm happy that you would do it."

He seemed to be completely familiar with every detail of the picture. Before every scene, he would explain the scene, graphically and warmly, that led up to the singing. Often, as if thinking I didn't quite believe him, he would turn to his conductor, "Wasn't that right, Costo?" Always Costo nodded his agreement.

The music seemed to transport Mario to another world. I don't think he can hear the voice he was listening to, so long as it was good. But the voice happened to be his own. Frequently he would point out something especially beautiful in the lyrics of the songs, or at some especially good note raise his fist to gesture subconsciously victoriously. Suddenly he yelled, "We got caviar, champagne, friendship, music, what more do you want?"

"That's the secret of Mario's great appeal," said Carlo. "He's a romantic, a restrained singer. Did you ever hear a boy and girl in a boat? I sing softly at first, but I can get louder later."

"You appreciate the lyrics as well as the music," I said to Mario. "I thought so."

"A song must be a happy marriage between the lyric and music. My job is to tell the story of the words. Caruso is a legend because he sang every word. A critic once wrote about me, "It’s singing unreasonably well as if it were listed in the dictionary.' And I can’t do otherwise."

"When you are returning to pictures, I asked. "I’ve got to get back on the road and meet the people again."

For complete details, see the announcement of the STRIKE IT RICH—BIG PAYOFF contest in September TRUE STORY Magazine, now at newsstands, and watch and listen to:

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The phone just before she died. The cute little monkey with the big brown eyes and questions that came at you as fast as machine-gun bullets. Hodgkins disease, which killed her, is a form of blood cancer.

So I'm going to give the money I'll raise at the concert to the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund in her name.

"What about a career in opera?" I asked.

"You always said that was what you were aiming for."

"If you've seen Cinerama, you'll know that its greatest scene is that done by the La Scala Opera Company. It gave me an idea. I'd like to do an opera in its entirety in that medium, using subtitles or good English translations of the lyrics so that everybody can understand the words. You could do that in Cinerama, eliminating the usual repetitions of opera.

"I think I could sell such an opera, because I'm the first classical singer who ever sold a million copies of one record—and the first singer of any type to sell a million album records. We all had the same crack at the market. Finally, I want you to understand that my quarrel has not been with artists, but with executives who try to make you perform according to their way of thinking. I can sing to people only when they believe in me. You always have; and I hope you won't change. An artist needs the faith of his audience."

I closed my notebook and was preparing to go when Betty said, "Hedda, you can't leave that saying hello to our little girls. They've been waiting to see you."

Colleen and Elsa, dressed primly in organdy and with red ribbons in their hair, were ushered in. Elsa, aged three, immediately went into a ballet dance. "She's a tough one," Mario said. "Listen to what a deep voice she has. Say, 'Be quiet,' to Aunt Hedda, Elsa." The child replied.

And hearing the deep voice coming from such a tiny little girl broke Mario up. She kissed her father and resumed her ballet step, whirling about the room with her hands held over her head.

Then Betty brought in their newest, the son and heir, Damon. "He's already wearing clothes made for two-year-olds," said Mario proudly. "And look at that strong—as steel. His life is already dedicated to being an executive hunter. But instead of Africa, he'll do his hunting in Culver City."

"Now I've got to show you one thing more," he continued. "Come down to the garden with me." I followed him down a flight of steps to his gym. Weights, dumbbells and other exercise equipment were scattered everywhere. Mario ducked into the boxing ring and pointed out that the ropes were made of white velvet. "We go all the way," he laughs.

"The whole family followed me to my car. Betty was carrying the baby. The two little girls waved. The California sun was sinking low over the scene; but for all its brilliance, it was not as bright as the smile on Mario's face. And my own heart was smiling too."

"They got him down for a spell, but didn't lick him," I thought. "He'll have his turbulent moments always, because he's a highly emotional guy; otherwise he couldn't sing as he does. He's learned his lessons the hard, expensive way. But he's gained a new integrity. Hollywood will never be able to win him; he'll be back bigger and better than ever."

He puts goose flesh up and down your arms and gives a tingle to your spine when he sings, and those top notes are no longer unheard. As I drove down the hill toward home, I wished that little Ray Fasano had lived to glory in his future, which I feel will be far greater than anything he's done in the past.
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Short Cut to Beauty

(Continued from page 55)

months. Then a model here and there tried it. And like many changing, not only Hollywood-originate styles, it then began coming back to us, via Paris. But it wasn’t really launched until a couple of months ago, when Jeanne Claire went wild, and redheaded women everywhere felt the same way. Yes, the dignified Jeanne Claire! Look at the picture of her. Have you ever seen her looking so dashing and sexy? And what a change in attitude from two years ago! She used to be a little cock-eyed, and the Marriage Broker! At that time, Twentieth Century-Fox had a hard time with her. They wanted to crop all her hair this fall, and get her out of her usual frilly, too-little-linkie look. But as soon as she saw the Model, Jeanne cried, she hated her own appearance so. But when her fan mail began pouring in, all telling her how much smoother she looked, how much more attractive she was—and how much her body—and her whole life style to approach. And this is the point. This is the whole point of fashion. That’s where we girls have all it over men. They really never know about it. And when a girl makes a fashion change, they can never experience the sheer fun of looking really different from one year to the next.

But even so, lots of girls do not realize that there’s a whole new style of beauty as there are in clothes. A girl like Liz Taylor will always be a page-setter. A girl like Jeanne Claire will always be an original. A girl like Jeanne Claire typifies many of us. A little different in the style, but try it. The really exciting news about Hollywood—new, new, extra-short hair cuts are two things: one, it increases depth and form. It helps, unless you are terribly, terribly daring, like Leslie Caron and Jeanne Claire, if your hair is naturally curly. Liz Taylor’s is, of course, very definitely so. Jeanne Claire is, and there. If so, too, small and straight styles will be out. Ursula Thiess’s, Terry Moore’s and Joanna Gilbert’s—and Deborah Kerr says her mop has a small bend in it. But Jan Sterling is straight as string, and we’ll admit her to be perfectly right. It is going to make a terrible example of that.

If you want to get your own hair cut in this high-style groove, here are some rules. Look at the pretty faces illustrating the flowing, shapely and decide which looks most like your own. Note, then, that the most elaborate of these cuts is Jeanne Claire’s, the simplest Liz Taylor’s; and next simplest belong to Mona Freeman and Ursula Thiess. Next, before you cut so much as one lock, face these facts: if your hair is naturally curly, but not naturally curly, these cuts cost a fortune in time and money. Either way, they must be cut on an average of once a week, not necessarily an over-all cut, but some cutting. In the case of straight hair, which has been given a permanent, it means cutting off the waves ends each time. So if you are not the prettiest and most chic girls on screen, is—or was—the example of this. When she first cut her hair, she went too far. Unlike Mona Freeman, a natural curly-head, when she cut it, she didn’t do it. She looked boyish. She looked mannish. She wore her hair straight and slicked down, with the back of it cropped close. She did, that is, just one day until Paul Douglas saw it and let out a howl that could be heard from Hollywood to Philadelphia. Paul’s pet, or else, and Jan, who adores Paul, put ribbons and bows on all her head till her cut grew enough to become a poodle clip. This one, she had experimented, because the hair was so short the curls had to be set tight. Paul is still howling, but less so, as her hair grows longer. It is getting almost back to cover-the-ears length now. But she has experimented, because the hair, a little darker, it is infinitely more becoming.

Stewart Granger wasn’t this violent about his Jean’s hair, when she came in a little small boy. For one thing, Jean didn’t get her first boy cut for a long time. She had light brown locks, that is, but her hair was so long the curls had to be set tight. Paul Grant insisted.

So, if you have a husband or boyfriend to consider, think of his reaction even before you’ve faced the curly or straight decision. Paul Brinkman, Jeanne Claire’s husband, is delighted, not only with Jeanne’s short hair, but with her new purple, orange-red. And on her, this color that would be almost impossible on any other one, is truly gorgeous.

And this is the decision. Try that, if you want to. Unlike cuts, these can be changed in a day, if need be. Generally speaking, you shouldn’t try a drastic change on your own. A professional hairdresser will do it for one reason only, and she can look down on your hair—and its shade—and you can’t. But it’s fun and easy to experiment with temporary rinses or to step up your natural color one or two shades.

Now that you’ve made up your mind on all these factors and decided that a short, short hair-do is for you—proceed with caution. Your strongest move is to be sure you get a good hairdresser with these pages in your hand. She’ll help you decide which star’s hair-do will be most becoming to your particular type and shape of head—important—she’ll know which style will be easiest to handle with your texture of hair.

Of course, if you’re the girl who always cuts her own hair, or who has done so because hair and when you may want to attempt this one yourself. But remember, this seemingly careless simplicity takes more skill than daring. If you cut your hair before a three-way mirror that permits you to see front, sides and back all at the same time. Good sharp manicure scissors are best—though there are bold girls who use the old-fashioned straight razor. Regular scissors cut too much.
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twice, it, as in Ursula’s case an almost-every-evening date with a man as handsome as Bob Taylor comes up. Except for these top-knots, both beautiful Ursula and pert Joanne, wear their hair as nearly straight as natural waves will permit. The effect is delightful.

Every one of these girls washes her hair at least three times a week, and when shooting most of them have it shampooed daily. This gives the light delicate look to their haircuts, and since they are so short, they dry almost instantly.

Also remember, if you are cropping your locks, that the big idea is not to look like anyone else, but very much like yourself. You may want to make the change as radical as did Jeanne Crain, or as conservative as did Deborah Kerr when she lightened her red hair into its present golden blonde. Incidentally Deborah adores this way, and so, fortunately, does her husband, Tony Bartley. Her cut is longer than it appears, as she pin-curls it tightly every morning, so that when brushed out it will barely cover the tops of her ears. However, the longer length, curled up that way, gives it “body,” which is effective around her delicate face.

Another point to note is that you have the chance of creating both a long and a short effect, simultaneously, if you desire. Not Terry Moore’s cut for this. It has massed curls above Terry’s forehead, straight sides, but is cut low on the nape of the neck. Gorgeous, if you’ve Terry’s pertness. The same thing is true of Mona Freeman’s lovely short cut.

The greatest thing about these cuts is that you can be you as never before. Your crowning glory can be distinctively you, May Jones, as Liz Taylor’s is Liz. The men in your life will generally adore it, because they think it looks “completely natural.” Don’t tell them it takes daily, if non-costly attention. Remember, what they don’t know can bring you a lot of fun—particularly in the romance department.

(Liz Taylor is in “Elephant Walk,” Deborah Kerr’s in “From Here to Eternity,” Jeanne Crain’s in “Dangerous Crossing,” Joan Simmons’ next is “She Had to Say Yes,” Ursula Thiess will be in “Gammer’s Moon,” and Terry Moore’s in “Beneath the Twelve Mile Reef.”)

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OLD IN THE DARK MAGIC LEAF A Touch of Silver Bright Sensational
ALL I DESIRE—U-I: Slick drama. 1910 period, of a broken marriage, with Barbara Stanwyck as the errant wife returning to Richard Carlson, two grown daughters, a young son. (A) August

AMBUSH AT TOMAHAWK GAP—Columbia, Technicolor: Lively, gory Western. Excuses John Derek, John Hodiak seek hidden loot. (F) July

BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS, THE— Warners: Spectacular but shakily plotted fantasy of a revived prehistoric monster attacking New York. With Paul Christian. (F) August

BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOON—Warners. Technicolor: Slow but amiable tune-film of love and family problems after World War I. Doris Day, Gordon MacRae, Billy Gray. (F) June

CINERAMA—Cinemascope Productions, color: No story, plenty of excitement. Amazing technique with huge curved screen now showing in New York, Detroit, Los Angeles, Chicago. (F) January

COLUMN SOUTH—U-I, Technicolor: Audie Murphy defends the Union cause, tries to avert Indian warfare in the Southwest. Brick but distinguished Western. (F) August

COUNT THE HOURS—RKO: Acceptable suspense yarn. Held for murder, John Craven's cleared by Teresa Wright, Lawyer Mac Carey. (F) June

CRUEL SEA, THE—Rko, U-I: Splendid British version of the best seller about a convoy escort and her crew. Jack Hawkins excels as the captain. The story includes three typical, touching World War II romances. (F) August

CRY OF THE HUNTED—M-G-M: Mild action tale. Barry Sullivan as pursuer, Vittorio Gassman as fugitive are both sympathetic. (F) June

DANGEROUS WHEN WET—M-G-M, Technicolor: Light, gay musical. Esther Williams, set to swim the English Channel, is tempted to break training by Fernando Lamas' courtship. (F) August


DESSERT SONG, THE—Warners, Technicolor: Gordon MacRae, secret leader of an oppressed desert tribe, duets with Kathryn Grayson in a nice old-fashioned operetta. (F) July

FAST COMPANY—M-G-M: Trim, gay race-track comedy, with trainer Howard Keel and horse-owner Polly Bergen leading, romancing. Heirress Nina Foch chases Keel. (F) July

FRANCIS COVERS THE BIG TOWN—U-I: Some laughs, though the talking-mule gag wears thin as Francis helps Donald O'Connor become a racket-busting burglar. (F) August

GIRL NEXT DOOR, THE—20th Century-Fox, Technicolor: Tuneful, likeable love story of artist Dan Dailey, singer June Havier. (F) July

GREAT SIOUX UPRISING, THE—U-I, Technicolor: Union vet Jeff Chandler wins Faith Domergue, foils Lyle Bettger's trouble-making in a routine horse opera. (F) August

HOUDINI—Paramount, Technicolor: Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh team engagingly in the colorful, rumbling biography of the famed magician and his partner-wife. (F) August

I BELIEVE IN YOU—Rko, U-I: Tender, convincing English movie. Probation officers Cecil Parker and Celia Johnson help two young delinquents, who fall in love. (A) August

IT HAPPENS EVERY THURSDAY—U-I: Cheery, homespun story starring Loretta Young and attractive John Forsythe as a couple who buy a broken-down small-town newspaper. (F) July

JAMAICA RUN—Paramount, Technicolor: Turid murder mystery. Skipper Ray Milland's opposite lovely Arlene Dahl, plantation-owner. (F) July

JUGGLER, THE—Kramer, Columbia: Real Israel backgrounds give force to an absorbing though slightly formless drama about a mentally upset DP (Kirk Douglas) who finds peace and love (with Milly Vitale) in the new nation. (F) August

LAW AND ORDER—U-I, Technicolor: Ambling Western. Marshal Ronald Reagan comes out of retirement to lick Preston Foster. (F) June

LETS DO IT AGAIN—Columbia, Technicolor: Exuberant romantic comedy with music. Jane Wyman sparkles as Ray Milland's about-to-be ex-wife, Aldo Ray's a likable Other Man. (A) August

LONE HAND—U-I, Technicolor: Neat, likeable open-spaces melodrama. Little Jimmy Hunt thinks Pop Joel McCrea has turned handid. (F) June

MAN ON A TIGHTROPE—20th Century-Fox: Sly, picturesque, suspenseful tale of a small circus' escape from Red Czechoslovakia. Top portrayals by Fredric March, Gloria Grahame. (A) June

MOON IS BLUE, THE—U-A: Delicious footloose with saucy scenes, deftly delivered by Maggie McNamara, as a belligerently good girl, William Holden, as a baffled bachelor, David Niven, as a gentle philanderer. (A) August

NEVER LET ME GO—M-G-M: Slow-starting but adventure-filled at the finish. American newcomers Clark Gable smuggles his Soviet bride, G. Tierney, out of Russia. (F) July

PICKUP ON SOUTH STREET—20th Century-Fox: Rough, rowdy, entertaining crook-spy ya Richard Widmark's a pickpocket involved w/ Jean Peters, unwittingly a Red courier. (A) July

PONY EXPRESS—Paramount, Technicolor: Western. Charlottesville, Forrest Tucker the first riders carry the mail. (F) July

REMAINS TO BE SEEN—M-G-M: Slipshappy leque murder mystery, co-starring Van Johnson and singer-heiress June Allyson. (F) July

SALOME—Columbia, Technicolor: Lavish, well made, superficial Biblical epic. Rita Hayworth Stewart Granger look handsome; Charles Laughton, Judith Anderson show their skill. (A) July

SANGAREE—Paramount; 3-D, Technicolor: Eileh Dahl, Fernando Lamas are bandits in a blowby, over-ploted adventure-romance set 18th Century Georgia. (F) August

SCARED STIFF—Wallis, Paramount: UJA standard Martin-Lewis farce has the boys baffle ghosts on Liz Scott's behalf. (F) July

SPLIT SECOND—RKO: Tense action story, capped convict Steve McNally captures Keith And and Jan Sterling as an Adlaiú looms. (A) July

STALAG 17—Paramount: Wry clowning and bitter hunt for an informer highlighted a disjoint study of GI's in a Nazi prison camp. William Holden's excellent. (A) August


TAKE ME TO TOWN—U-I, Technicolor: Brav sentimentio comedy of the Old West. Ann Sheridan a dance-hall queen adopted as a mother Sterling Hayden's three kids. (F) August

TITANIC—20th Century-Fox: Taut, skilful dramatization of a real event. Aboard the door luxury liner, Barbara Stanwyck and Clifton Webb are an estranged couple, Bob Wagner and Audra Dalton are young romancers. (A) July

VANQUISHED, THE—Paramount, Technicolor: Uncouicking meller-drama, Confederate vet in Payne defeats his town's ruthless boss. (F) August

WAR OF THE WORLDS—The, Paramount, Technicolor: A Martian invasion with stunning special effects, negligible human angle. (F) July

YOUNG RESS—M-G-M, Technicolor: Stately manner of Tudor England, Jean Simmons is the ture Elizabeth I, involved in court intrigue a hopeless love for Stewart Granger. (A) August
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PHOTOPLAY

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PHOTOPLAY IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY by Macfadden Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y. EXECUTIVE, ADVERTISING AND BUSINESS OFFICES at 210 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Editorial Branch Offices: 221 South Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal., Harold A. Wiser, Director of Advertising, Irving S. Mahaner, President; Phil K. B. Oglesby, Vice-President; George E. Sclioenfeld, Secretary and Treasurer. Advertising offices also in Chicago and San Francisco.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: $2.00 one year, U. S. and Possessions; $2.50 one year, Canada; $4.00 per year all foreign.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: 6 weeks’ notice essential. When possible, please furnish serial-imprint address together with present address. Address change can be made only if we have your old address, as well as your new address. Write to Photoplay, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 210 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

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PHOTOPLAY 1953 VOL. 44, NO. 4
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Readers Inc...

SOAP BOX

I want to voice my opinion on talent . . . of some of the younger stars . . . Audrey Dalton and Bobby Van are sensational. Usually I don’t care for British imports (with the exception of Deborah Kerr), but Miss Dalton is so talented and quietly beautiful . . . As for Bobby Van, I think his dancing and singing in “Small Town Girl” was really good . . .

ELIZABETH BASS
Chicago, Illinois

Could you please tell me why everyone swoons over Tah Hinter, Rock Hudson and all the other young guys? . . . I’d much rather see men like Jimmy Stewart and Stewart Granger . . . They are my idea of top swoon guys . . .

JANE OLSON
Detroit Lakes, Minnesota

I would like . . . to thank Miss Doris Day for the wonderful reading material in the August issue of Photoplay. It was the best story . . . that has ever appeared in any movie magazine. But I think she made one error . . . when she implied she was not a very good actress . . . she’s one of the best actresses, the most talented singer and dancer, and cutest girl in Hollywood . . .

A DORIS DAY FAN
Detroit, Michigan

---

I think if Terry Moore marries Bob Wagner it will be the worst disaster in Hollywood . . . Bob should marry someone like Debbie Reynolds. She’s sweet and innocent.

JAN ELLIOT
Pescadero, California

. . . I saw “Young Bess” and I truly believe the director, producer, cameramen etc., not forgetting actors and actresses, are all to be congratulated . . . ought to be on top of the list of nominations for Academy Awards. Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger were just too wonderful for words . . .

BARBARA BRUSH
Seaside, Oregon

After seeing “Girls of Pleasure Island,” I think Peter Baldwin is one of the top stars in Hollywood . . . His acting ability far surpasses most of the so-called “Top Billers” . . . Being a Stanford graduate shows that besides being very good looking he has the intelligence to really go places . . .

SHIRLEY BOND
Peoria, Illinois

(Continued on page 6)
It's the screen's biggest 3D Jamboree!

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ROMANCIN'

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The screen’s big-star, big-story, big man-woman excitement in 3D

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the kiss-starved temptress of the tiger-country and the flame-hearted safari-soldier of fortune!

The Diamond Queen

Presented by Warner Bros.

All in thrilling Color!
Readers Inc...

(Continued from page 6)

be so great as to break up a good marriage.
... if they had been able to live ... a normal life, their values of what is important and what is of secondary importance would not have gotten confused.

B. B.
Detroit, Michigan

CASTING:

... you should co-star Elizabeth Taylor and Rock Hudson in a romance picture. They would make a cute young team.

DONNA GREBER, BONITA MONTGOMERY
Tilton, Illinois

I saw "Desert Song" a few days ago and enjoyed it very much. I think Steve Cochran is a wonderful actor. I would like to see Steve and Marilyn Monroe together in a movie ... They both have looks and talent.

JANE SPEAR
Lapine, Alabama

There was a letter in the August photo-
play that said Glenn Ford and Susan Hay-
ward should be the stars of a remake of "Gone With the Wind." We thoroughly agree that Susan Hayward should play Scarlett O'Hara, but we don't agree about Glenn Ford. How about Charlton Heston for Rhett Butler?

Another letter said that Jane Powell and Stewart Granger should play in a picture together. Ugh! They're completely opposite.

SUSAN AND PATRICIA CURTIS
Concord, California

My favorite movie star is that handsome hunk of man John Derek ... He has ten times the looks of Tony Curtis, Farley Granger and Tab Hunter ... Why not cast him with a glamorous beauty such as Liz Taylor, Debra Paget or Elaine Stewart ...

GAIL WARREN
Ottawa, Canada

Handsome team: Derek and Elaine Stewart

Why doesn't U-I star Piper Laurie, Audie Murphy and Joel McCrea in a Western movie? They would be super ... Please let Audie kiss the girl at the end.

JUNE KNIGHT
Hammond, Indiana

... Why doesn't some studio make Zane Grey's "Nevada" with George Montgomery playing Nevada and Janet Leigh or Debra Paget playing Hattie Ide, Debbie Reynolds as Rose and Carleton Carpenter as Marsie?

ROSE BEVERAGE
Cedar Grove, Maine

QUESTION BOX:

Who is going to play Helena in "The Silver Chalice"? What parts are Van Johnson and José Ferrer going to play in "The Caine Mutiny"?

ROBERT MORGAN
LaGrange, Georgia

"The Silver Chalice," which will be re-
 leased by Twentieth Century-Fox, has not been cast as yet. Van Johnson will play (Continued on page 10)
Maryk and Jose Ferrer will play Greenwald, the attorney, in "The Caine Mutiny."—Ed.

What were the children's names who played in "Take Me to Town?" Oldest, Corney; middle, Petey; smallest, Bucket.

Elaine Logan
Walla Walla, Washington

Lee Aaker played Corney; Harvey Grant was Petey and Dusty Henley played the role of Bucket.—Ed.

In your July photoplay your editor said that the guy who flew the helicopter in "Battle Circus" was William Campbell. In all movie programs it was Robert Keith. If Robert Keith didn't fly the helicopter what part did he play?

Judy Doolittle
Wauconda, Illinois

William Campbell flew the helicopter. Robert Keith played Humphrey Bogart's superior officer, the doctor.—Ed.

... My sisters disagree with me on a little matter pertaining to Marilyn Monroe. I said that she is married to Joe Di Maggio. They said she is not married at all. . .

Mary O'Neill
Chicago, Illinois

There have been unconfirmed rumors that Marilyn and Joe are married. Marilyn was married and divorced, in her teens.—Ed.

Could you please tell me if Audrey Hepburn is Katharine Hepburn's daughter? If not, does she have a daughter?

(Mrs.) Phylli Davis Mattoon, Illinois

Katie didn't have any children by her one and only marriage.—Ed.

We have just seen the picture "Winter Serenade." We would like very much to know if Vera Ralston did her own ice skating in the picture.

Sherrie Ferrara, Marlene Sterling
Yuba City, California

Indeed yes. At thirteen she won the skating championship of her native Prague.—Ed.

Could you please give me a few facts about Richard Egan who plays Alexis Smith's husband in "Split Second"?...

Stella Szymanski
Buffalo, New York

Richard is 32, 6' 2½" tall, with brown hair and eyes. And he's single.—Ed.

(Continued on page 12)
Now...for the First time, a Home Permanent brings you "Instant Neutralizing!"

Amazing New Neutralizer acts instantly!
No waiting! No clock watching!

And New Lilt with exclusive Wave Conditioner gives you a wave far softer...far more natural than any other home permanent!

NOW...Better than ever! An entirely different BRAND NEW Lilt

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Beauty experts say you can actually feel the difference!

Yes, you can feel the extra softness, in hair that's neutralized this wonderful new Lilt way!

No test curls needed, either! Yet new Lilt gives the loveliest, most natural, easiest-to-manage wave...even on the very first day.
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FROM HERE TO ETERNITY

COLUMBIA

The best-seller about the peace-time Army becomes a movie of great substance and power, with good performances by Burt Lancaster and Montgomery Clift—and astonishingly fine work by Frank Sinatra. Hardly a recruiting poster, since it pictures some vicious or brutal men in positions of command, the story doesn't slight the proper spirit of the service. Lancaster plays a hard, just, efficient non-com; Clift, so quietly stubborn a character that even mistreatment can't kill his devotion to the Army—home and family for him. Sinatra’s tough little soldier turns from a humorous into a tragic figure, but always is thoroughly likable. In the two rather sordid love stories, Deborah Kerr and Donna Reed can't manage to define personalities left shadowy by the script. Set in Hawaii in 1941, the film uses many handsome location shots.

Verdict: Bitter, forceful, unforgettable (Adult)

I, THE JURY

THE, A., 3-D

The first of Mickey Spillane’s Mike Hammer thrillers to reach the screen is a slam-bang melodrama with an interesting new star and the most impressive 3-D camera-work yet seen. Biff Elliot, curly-haired, classic-featured, but convincingly tough, manages to keep Mike sympathetic while greeting most male characters with a punch in the midriff and being greeted by most female characters with a ready kiss. Biff’s out to avenge the murder of a wartime buddy. His sleuthing gets him tangled with a ring dealing in jewel robberies, numbers play and yet more unsavory rackets. The plot’s on the frowzy side, followed and enjoyed more easily if you don’t try to sort out the loose ends. Peggie Castle’s elegantly poised as a blonde psychiatrist; Margaret Sheridan is Biff’s Girl Friday; Preston Foster, the cop who checks on the private eye.

Verdict: Gory, preposterous, amusing whodunit (Adult)

LATIN LOVERS

M-G-M, TECHNICOLOR

Poor Lana Turner!—cursed (it says here) with beauty and $37,000,000. The familiar woes of the heiress who can’t be sure she’s loved for herself alone are given some laugh-arousing twists, but the title’s justified by plenty of ardent love scenes. Lana thinks her logical mate is John Lund, who has $48,000,000. Yet she can’t bring herself to marry him. She trails him to Rio de Janeiro hoping they’ll both feel more impulsive in the electric Brazilian air—and there she meets Ricardo Montalban at his most romantic as a rancher who doesn’t at all object to Lana’s millions. The treatment’s a little heavy-handed, but snickers, songs and sambas come frequently enough. The funniest moments feature Lund’s psychiatrist (Beulah Bondi), Lana’s psychiatrist (Eduard Franz) and Lana’s psychiatrist’s wife (Dorothy Neumann).

Verdict: Gay foolery about love and money (Adult)
ROMAN HOLIDAY

PARAMOUNT

In a year when British royalty has made dramatic headlines, this story of a princess on a toot is happily timed. Gregory Peck is the American newspaperman who escorts princess Audrey Hepburn on her escapade in Rome, seeing her at first just as an exclusive story. This is Hollywood’s oldest plot, but it’s presented with such humor and suavity that it’s a delight throughout. Audrey, a delectable newcomer with a youthful, gauche grace, makes you believe in the girl who wearsies of representing her unnamed country at endless state functions. Out for a little incognito fun, she meets a debonair American. Peck, after a series of luscious roles, rejoices in this assignment, and Eddie Albert has a fine time as a bearded but not very Bohemian photographer, on the receiving end of much comedy. Authentic Roman backgrounds add flavor.

Verdict: Romance—light, leisurely, entrancing (Adult)

ISLAND IN THE SKY

WARNERS

John Wayne draws a strong, adventurous role in a saga of the men who are in comradeship on the latest frontier—the air. The fliers involved are with the Army Transport Command, bridging the winter Atlantic in World War II. Ice sends Wayne’s ship to a forced landing in an uncharted section of northern Canada, and the film cuts suspensefully between the crew’s struggle to survive and the search planes’ determined efforts to find them. Human beings are at their best when in conflict with hostile nature, instead of with each other, so it’s easy to accept the thesis that fliers are splendid fellows. But this leaves the characters without individuality—except as provided by the actors’ own personalities. The situation’s taken care of by an excellent cast—notably Wayne, Lloyd Nolan, James Arness, Andy Devine, Wally Cassell.

Verdict: Simple, vigorous tribute to fliers (Family)

THE BEGGAR’S OPERA

WARNERS, TECHNICOLOR

Co-producer and star, Laurence Olivier presents a choice tidbit for special tastes. It’s based on a musical story of 18th Century England, that lusty, lawless era when highwaymen were public heroes and their hangings were festival occasions. Olivier’s seen first as a robber in the black and destined for the gallows. Among his fellow prisoners is a beggar who has written an opera about his exploits. This is the bulk of the picture, a glamorous, swashbuckling tale in sly contrast to the sleazy reality seen in the prologue and epilogue. Dorothy Tutin is demurely charming as the highwayman’s wife: Daphne Anderson, engagingly blowzy as the jailer’s daughter, whom Olivier woo for strategic reasons. Other colorful wenches and rogues drift in and out. No pro as a singer, Olivier still has a voice suited to the airy antique ballads.

Verdict: Picturesque, ironic echo of the past (Adult)

More reviews on next page
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By Patrice Munsel


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MOVIES

(Continued from page 15)

INFERN (20TH CENTURY-FOX, TECHNICOLOR, 3-D)

Again, clever use demonstrates that 3-D can greatly heighten the impact of action yarns. Robert Ryan stars in an excellent example of the species. Always an able performer, he's better than ever as a rich man thrown into mortal danger when he breaks a leg while prospecting for manganese. His wife and his wife's lover (Rhonda Fleming and William Lundigan, scoring smartly in unusual roles) abandon him to supposedly certain death in the arid mountain-desert country of the Southwest. But Ryan, heretofore a surly character spoiled by his inherited wealth, summons unsuspected ingenuity and courage in order to survive. The picture switches effectively between his struggles in the awesome scenery of the Mojave Desert and the guilty couple's enjoyment of civilization's comforts, as they plot to mislead search parties. As an old desert rat, Henry Hull's in on the violent ending.

Verdict: Crackerjack 3-D film has you in there pitching with its hero

PLUNDER OF THE SUN

(WARNER)

In atmosphere, this mystery yarn recalls the memorable Bogart film "The Maltese Falcon." Though in quality it doesn't quite make that league, Stranded in Havana, Glenn Ford agrees to smuggle a small package into Mexico, only to find himself ensnared in a dangerous hunt for lost Zapotecan treasure. Also in the chase are an unscrupulous fat man (Francis L. Sullivan), his lovely ward (Patricia Medina), a crew-cut menace (Sean McClory). And an alcoholic, man-chasing heiress (Diana Lynn) further complicates matters for Glenn. Events keep moving fast; the characters are both decisive and cryptic; and the locale (Oaxaca, Mexico, where the film was actually shot) is handsomely exotic.

Verdict: Distinctive action yarn with vivid background details

DANGEROUS CROSSING

(20TH CENTURY-FOX)

Jeanne Crain has a good dramatic role in this mystery set on board ship. She's an heiress bound on a honeymoon and plunged from happiness into desperation soon after the voyage starts. Her bridegroom, whom she married on brief acquaintance, disappears; no one on the ship ever saw the two together; she's told that she has only a reservation for a single stateroom, under her maiden name. Michael Rennie does a sympathetic job as the ship's doctor, who comes to Jeanne's aid when she momentarily doubts her husband's existence and her own sanity. Carl Betz naturally gets little footage as Jeanne's husband; Marjorie Hoshelle (Mrs. Jeff Chandler) is outstanding in the supporting cast.

Verdict: Neatly worked-out puzzler with steady suspense

(Continued on page 103)
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No wet sponge. No watery make-up drying out on your face.

No loose powder. Can't spill, because it's powder and foundation in-one.

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LAUGHING STOCK

Two Hollywood glamour dishes were dis-
cussing the marriage of an over-forty movie-
queen to a handsome actor in his mid-
twenties.

"Such an age difference!" purred one.
"Fifteen years!"

"Only five, dahlin'," fanged the other.
"He aged ten years after the wedding!"

Sid Miller's definition of a genius—some-
one who can convince his wife she looks fat
in a mink coat.

Two movie kiddies passed a street corner
where a crowd of people were looking at the
eclipse of the sun through smoked glasses.
"See," said one, "It's just like father was
saying at dinner last night. The public's
mail about this three-dimension thing."

Teeing off in an exhibition golf match,
Jerry Lewis flipped to the spectators,
"Watch carefully now. At no time do my
feet leave my body."

Two movie dolls were discussing sleeping
pills and one said, "I can't understand why
anybody would want to take a sleeping pill."

"Really," snapped the other, "Why should
you understand, my dear. After all, you are
a sleeping pill."

A baby grand piano was being delivered
to the home of actor Richard Erdman. A
couple of neighborhood kids watched the
movers for several minutes and then one
wide-eyed, "That's a big one—but where's
the antenna?"

Ed Wynn's observation: "A parrot is the
only one who repeats what he hears in
Hollywood without trying to make it a bet-
ter story."

The guy who marries Marilyn Monroe,
says Alan Wil-on, doesn't have to worry
about being henpecked. She'll never wear
the pants.

Bob Hope says he has discouraged marital
squabbles in the Hope home by a simple
formula—"I lay down the law to my wife
but I accept all her amendments."

Comic Jack Kirkwood says he went to a
Hollywood party that was so ritzy even the
garbage was catered.

Ben Gage startled the audience by chasing
a model down the runway while Esther Wil-
liams was emceeing a fashion show.

"My wife gave me permission to chase
them," Ben finally quipped, "but not to
catch them."

Chill Wills on comedy relief in Western
movies: "The only way you can be funny
in one of those hoss operas is to do a swim
dive into a water trough."

*See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel" on your
local TV station
Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the easy, natural continental look of this new “Capri” style. No nightly setting necessary.

What a casual, easy livin' look this “Minx” hairdo has... thanks to Bobbi! Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents always give you soft, carefree curls like these.

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These hairdos were made with Bobbi... the special home permanent for casual hair styles

Yes, Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is designed to give you lovelier, softer curls... the kind you need for today's casual hairdos. Never the tight, fussy curls you get with ordinary home or beauty shop permanents. Immediately after you use Bobbi your hair has the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And your hair stays that way — your wave lasts week after week.

Bobbi's so easy to use, too. You just put your hair in pin curls. Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. A little later rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out — and that's all. No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed.

Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion — if you can make a simple pin curl — you'll love Bobbi.

Everything you need! New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. $1.50 plus tax.

Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. Neutralizing is automatic. No curlers, no resetting.
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Hollywood Whispers

BY FLORABEL MUIR

Film folk have been wondering whether Lana Turner and Lex Barker would get married while in Europe, but recent reports from across the ocean would indicate a cooling off of their hot romance. One of their friends who dined with them in London reports that Lex just sat pouting while Lana appeared bored. The fact that Lana's mother was around, as were Lex's two children and Lana's daughter Cheryl, gave the gathering a domestic look. In a fit of annoyance, Lana is said to have told a friend, "This guy has to go." But Lex isn't a guy who comes or goes on order.

On the other hand, Arlene Dahl, who used to be Mrs. Lex Barker, and Fernando Lamas, who used to be Lana's best boyfriend, seem to be getting nearer to marriage. When they did "Sangaree" together, Arlene was loud in her praise not only of Fernando as an actor but also as director. She insists that he direct her in films planned by Arlene Dahl Enterprises. When a gal and a fellow click in their working hours, it's a safe bet they'll click at their own fireside as well.

Wiseacres are certain the Shelley Winters-Vittorio Gassman marriage won't be a lasting one, but Shelley says they're wrong about it. She did tell a columnist, however, that she couldn't see herself as a wife trailing her husband around. "I've worked too hard to become an established actress to throw it all away," she says. Vittorio has acting interests in Rome and Shelley wants to stick to Hollywood work. And Shelley is crazy about her baby, while Vittorio shows some impatience at her preoccupation with little Vittoria.

Greta Peck's postponement of her trip to join Greg in Europe while he works there has cynics believing their marriage is over, although an actual divorce may be put off indefinitely.
LISTERINE STOPS BAD BREATH

4 times better than chlorophyll or tooth paste

Nobody—not even your best friend—will tell you, when you're guilty of halitosis (bad breath). And, when you do offend . . . good-bye romance!

Isn't it foolish to take chances when Listerine Antiseptic stops bad breath instantly, and keeps it fresh and sweet and agreeable usually for hours on end?

Four Times Better than Tooth Paste in Clinical Tests

In recent clinical tests, Listerine Antiseptic averaged four times better in reducing breath odors than the two leading tooth pastes, as well as the three leading chlorophyll products, it was tested against.

No Chlorophyll Kills Odor Bacteria Like This Instantly

You see, Listerine Antiseptic instantly kills millions of germs, including germs that cause the most common type of bad breath . . . the kind that begins when germs start the fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth. And, research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer depending upon the degree to which you reduce germs in the mouth. Brushing your teeth doesn't give you any such antiseptic protection. Chlorophyll or chewing gums do not kill germs. Listerine Antiseptic does. Use it night and morning, and before any date where you want to be at your best.

Every week
2 different shows, radio & television—
"THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE & HARRIET"
See your paper for times and stations

The most widely used Antiseptic in the world

...and for COLDS and SORE THROAT due to colds . . . LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

The same germ-killing action that makes Listerine Antiseptic the extra-careful precaution against halitosis, makes Listerine a night and morning "must" during the cold and sore throat season!
I GUESS JANE POWELL shocked her fans because they expected her always to behave as if she were in a Joe Pasternak musical . . . Sometimes Gloria Grahame can't attend a party because she literally has nothing to wear . . . I'm sure that a few years from now we'll look back at the 3-D advertisements as cornball: “Every girl will feel as if she's in the arms of Robert Mitchum.” Hmm . . . José Ferrer and Rosie Clooney are married, but I can't believe it!

Howard Hughes continues to fascinate me . . . Almost every time I pass the closed Trocadero on the Strip, I yearn for the good old nights at the Troc . . . Ask an actress her age and nine times out of ten she'll guess it wrong . . . “Return to Paradise” proves that all Roberta Haynes needs to be a star are the right roles . . . “The average man is more interested in a woman who is interested in him than he is in a woman—any woman—with beautiful legs.” Know who said that? None other than Marlene “Legs” Dietrich.

Make what you will of it, but Jean Simmons told me that when she was single she used to sleep in pajamas, but since marriage she sleeps in nightgowns . . . Heard in the hall at M-G-M, an executive shouting to his secretary: “Where’s that list of people I call by their first names?” . . . Corinne Calvet about a certain person: “Her language is foul. She uses three-letter words all the time!” . . . Rita Hayworth’s been well described as a lazy girl who likes to work.

When Kathryn Grayson takes off her dress, the dress looks plenty empty . . . I feel I can’t go wrong with a Hepburn picture because I like both Katharine and Audrey . . . Romance is certainly going out of going to the movies. People don’t hold hands in theatres any more. They’re too busy eating popcorn and candy . . . Joan Crawford has a certain elegance about her now that makes it hard to believe her as a poor girl . . . I have a suspicion that Guy Madison would love to act sophisticated . . . I know it’s difficult to believe, but Betty Grable doesn’t know many movie stars. She has never met Clark Gable, for example, or Ava Gardner or Lana Turner.

Esther Williams and her Ben can tumble right out of bed into their swimming pool, if they care to . . . Beverly Drive shows signs of becoming like Hollywood Boulevard, which has become like Forty-Second Street, which went Coney Island . . . “Sometimes when I get up at five-thirty to go to work,” says Susan Hayward, “I think it would be nice to have an oil well going for me. I understand they don’t mind a bit.” . . . Errol Flynn is getting cynical. He claims: “A pessimist is a man who thinks all women are wicked; an optimist is one who merely hopes so.”

Girls on any beach reveal more than Lili St. Cyr does in “Son of Sinbad” . . . When Marie Wilson’s husband asked her if she wanted to see “Shane,” she asked, “In what?” . . . I’m a Clark Gable rooter from ‘way back. No one else on the screen can hold a woman with the authority Gable does . . . Terry Moore is enthusiastic about whatever she is doing—acting or kissing.

I think more of Donald O’Connor since he started going with Marilyn Erskine . . . Take a tip: Marilyn Monroe has two song hits in “River of No Return.” Wait’ll you hear The Monroe sing “I’m Gonna File My Claim” and “Down in the Meadow.” The end! . . . I know that the Johnson Office objected to a bedroom scene in “Executive Suite” in which Shelley Winters, wearing a negligee, has some racy dialogue with Fredric March. The censors finally okayed the scene—same negligee, same dialogue—if it were played in the kitchen instead of the bedroom. That’s Hollywood for you!
Magic control for those "Calorie-Curves!"

Imagine! Hidden "finger" panels plus new non-roll top that slim, firm and control you without a single seam, stitch, bone or stay!

*Just as the hands of a sculptor* fashion beautiful contours—so the invisible "fingers" of Magic-Controller smooth and mold your figure and control those "Calorie-Curves."

Introducing

Newest Playtex® Magic-Controller...

The Panty Girdle with Garters

The latest Playtex advance. Playtex Magic-Controller Panty Girdle with 4 detachable, adjustable garters!

The magic starts at the top, making your waistline smaller, higher. Hidden "finger" panels support you naturally from waist to thigh... control those "Calorie-Curves" as never before! All without a seam, stitch, bone or stay! From new non-roll top to garter tab, Playtex Magic-Controller is all latex, one piece and wonderful! It washes in seconds and you can practically watch it dry! Whether you wear the smallest size or the largest—you'll think you've lost a full size!

Feel that soft-as-a-cloud fabric lining—see the lovely textured latex outside.

Playtex Magic-Controller® Panty Girdle with 4 detachable, adjustable garters.

Look for Playtex Magic-Controller in this newest SLIM Playtex tube. At department stores, specialty shops everywhere. $7.95 FABRIC LINED PLAYTEX GIRDLES from $4.95 FAMOUS PLAYTEX GIRDLES FROM $3.50 Extra-large sizes slightly higher. Playtex... known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube.

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Hollywood Party Line

BY EDITH GWYNN

This has been a month of "first times" in one sense or another—and though no world-shakers, they sure were plenty of fun. The first "first" was a rip-roarin' Buckskin Premiere of "The Charge at Feather River." Not only was it the first big 3-D Western, but it definitely marked Guy Madison's return as a screen star in the complete sense. He already had a terrific following with his "Wild Bill Hickok" radio and TV series, and when he rode to the preem astride his white horse, and in full "regalia," the whoops of the fans proved this "Guy" is s\w o\n stuff, too!

Most everyone was told to and did turn up for the show in Western garb—after getting invitations delivered personally by full-blooded Indians in native costumes. Even Jack Warner, head of the studio that made the picture, arrived all rigged out and armed to the teeth as a U.S. marshal. Yvonne De Carlo and Joan Weldon came as dance-hall gals. Some starlets wore cowgirl outfits. Loudspeakers blared out recorded Indian war cries and the beat of the tom-toms gave the sidewalk snoopers lots of rhythm as they peered at arriving celebs.

James Brown, Andy Devine (Guy's sidekick), Donna Lee Hickey (who has been tentatively named May Wynn for her top role in "The Caine Mutiny"), Gene Barry, Kathleen Hughes and others arrived in an old stagecoach. Cameron Mitchell hardly recognizable with his beard, Rory Calhoun and Lita Baron, Tab Hunter, Chuck Connors, Maureen O'Hara, and many more.

Joanne Gilbert gave her very first "real party" in Hollywood when she took over the Champagne Room to cocktail for the cast she'd just finished working with in "Red Garters," and also a bunch of her friends. Joanne's date was Danny Arnold; Dawn Addams twirled with Tab Hunter. Suzan Ball was there on crutches; Shelley Winters, on a diet, was watched by Vittorio Gassman, who sipped and sipped.

Another first—well sort of—was the preem in Beverly Hills of "Stalag 17." And Beverly Hills is a place where such goings on don't go on! And for this Prisoners of War story, it surely was the first time a group of real former PW's were gathered and "escorted" to the theatre by femme stars like Rosemary Clooney, Jan Sterling, Pat Crowley. Rosie Clooney had become José Ferrer's bride just a couple of days before, but she was keeping a promise to her brother, Nicky, that she'd be on hand.

Saw lovebirds Marilyn Erskine and Donald O'Connor. Marilyn in fluffy white topped by a white ermine stole. Jane Powell and Gene Nelson got a big cheer from the fans outside—surprised the scribes who've had some mighty hectic "pan mail" concerning them. Jane Crawford, in pale blue with an all-over design of white, was with Cesar Romero. Star Bill Holden came with his ever-lovin' Brenda Marshall, natch! Vera-Ellen was back with blond Russ Severin, Dick Anderson with Barbara Warner, Mitzi Gaynor with time-and-again date Jack Bean.

Terry Moore looked like a livin' doll at the huge soiree the Charlie Morrisons tossed for the Nat Herzfelds. Sun-tanned Terry was in a cocktail-length, strapless dress of rose-beige silk, slim skirted. At first glance it seemed the dress had no back at all! But actually, it was laced, criss-cross and corset-fashion with narrow strips of the silk from the waistline up and from side to side! Debbie Reynolds was in the "doll division" also—in a dress of blue. Seems to be her favorite color. Debbie was with Hugh O'Brian, who'd grown a fantastic head of hair and a huge mustache for a new picture. He was ribbed all evening.

"Bathing" in champagne in a room which was a bower of white flowers, Rhonda Fleming, her red tresses set off by a stark white, sheath-type lace dress; Huntington Hartford; Susan Zanuck with Jay Robinson; Craig Hill with Molly Dunne; Xavier Cugat and Abbe Lane (she'd forgotten some of her petticoats and kept saying, "Don't let me stand in front of any lights!"); Elaine Stewart and John Grant.

And here is a dinner party that must have been a first for the Cornel Wildes, Mel Ferrer and others who attended it at Marrakech, North Africa, while shooting "Saadia." An official of the city tendered them a feast and here's Mel's description: "For the main course, you reach inside an entire barbecued lamb and tear off whatever you want. This is topped off with milk and almonds. Next, whole doves baked in pastry!" Wanna try that on the neighbors?
THE BOLDEST BOOK OF OUR TIME...

Honestly, Fearlessly
On The Screen!

"There was one thing he wouldn't do... even for a woman!"

BURT LANCASTER  MONTGOMERY CLIFT

"Prew was a hardhead, ...the tougher it got, the better he liked it!"

DEBORAH KERR  FRANK SINATRA

"He's such a comical little runt. He makes me want to cry while I'm laughin' at him..."

DONNA REED

"Her and them sweaters. Looks colder'n an iceberg, but I know who taught her the score..."

"Sure, she's nice to him. She's nice to all the boys..."
They dropped in to Mocambo—and out of this world. It was our photographer’s cue to start shooting.

HELLO, YOUNG LOVERS

F or a long time now, Hollywood has been waiting for Aldo Ray and Jeff Donnell to set the date. But not only won't they commit themselves on when they’re going to get married, these days they’re not even saying for sure that they will.

But as Photographer Jack Albin said, when he caught them in this exclusive series of shots at Mocambo late one night, “Sometimes a picture’s worth a thousand words.” And no matter how much Jeff and Aldo might like to deny that they’re serious about each other, here’s sure proof. These two are telling the world that they’re in love!
LUSTRE-CREME is the favorite beauty shampoo of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood stars... and you'll love it in its new Lotion Form, too!

MARILYN MONROE says, "Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo." When America's most glamorous women use Lustre-Creme Shampoo, shouldn't it be your choice above all others, too?

Now! Lustre-Creme Shampoo also in New Lotion Form!

NEVER BEFORE—a liquid shampoo like this! Lustre-Creme Shampoo in new Lotion Form is much more than just another shampoo that pours. It's a new creamy lotion, a fragrant, satiny, easier-to-use lotion, that brings Lustre-Creme glamour to your hair with every heavenly shampoo!

VOTED "BEST" IN DRAMATIC USE-TESTS! Lustre-Creme Shampoo in new Lotion Form was tested against 4 leading liquid and lotion shampoos... all unlabeled. And 3 out of every 5 women preferred Lustre-Creme in new Lotion Form over each competing shampoo tested—for these important reasons:

* Lather foams more quickly!
* Easier to rinse away!
* Cleans hair and scalp better!
* Leaves hair more shining!
* Does not dry or dull the hair!
* Leaves hair easier to manage!
* Hair has better fragrance!
* More economical to use!

POUR IT ON—OR CREAM IT ON! In Cream Form, Lustre-Creme is America's favorite cream shampoo. And all its beauty-bringing qualities are in the new Lotion Form. Whichever form you prefer, lanolin-blessed Lustre-Creme leaves your hair shining-clean, eager to wave, never dull or dry.

Prove it to Yourself... Lustre-Creme in new Lotion Form is the best liquid shampoo yet!
Husbands like to come home to wives who are not all fagged out from housework. That's why so many husbands encourage wives to shop at Stanley Hostess Parties for the many wonderful products Stanley provides to save time and work in housekeeping. Dusters, Mops, Brooms, Brushes, Waxes, Polishes, Cleaning Chemicals, as well as a wealth of attractive items to improve personal grooming.

**Why husbands love wives**

**TO SHOP AT STANLEY HOSTESS PARTIES**

*Be sure you have these and other work-savers featured at Stanley parties*

- **AMAZO MOP** Extremely absorbent.
- **FURNITURE CREAM** Super quality.
- **WINDOW CLEAN** Cleans quicker, better.
- **E-Z CLEANER** Keeps woodwork spotless.
- **E-Z GLOW WAX** To keep floors beautiful.
- **FLOOR CLEANER** and Wax Remover.
- **TAN SWIVEL MOP** To keep floors dustless.
- **E-Z BROOM** For easier sweeping.

**Originators of the Famous Stanley Hostess Party Plan**

(Copr. 1953 Stanley Home Products, Inc.)

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**Impertinent Interview**

Anne Baxter: The lonely one

"Why are you crying, Anne?"

Anne Baxter and I were sitting on the terrace of the Carlton Hotel in Cannes, on the French Riviera, sipping aperitifs and watching some U.S. battleships floating proudly on the blue Mediterranean. Suddenly a few strains of violin music came floating across to us and an Italian tenor sang a popular Neapolitan tune called "Ungrateful Heart." And Anne began to cry.

She shook her head sadly as I asked the question. And I thought, "Hmm—ungrateful heart. Do those tears mean she's sorry she left John Hodiak?" I put my thought into words.

"Listen," Anne said, "he's singing about a girl named Catari—that's Katrina—and how madly in love he is with her—and, oh, can't you see?"

And then I knew why the tears. Anne was lonesome for her three-year-old daughter, Katrina, still in Hollywood then, but due to join her later.

"But what about you and John?" I wanted to try to get an answer. Again she shook her head. But her gesture and her sad, sad eyes made it clear that these two will never hit it off again.

"If you're sure you'll never go back to John, do you think you'll marry someone else soon?"

"I certainly can't say yes. And I don't think it's fair to myself to say no."

Her answer was evasive, but I don't believe it was deliberately so. It's just that her heart is too unsettled to be seeking a new love. I, for one, feel that there will be numerous romances before she dons a wedding band again.

Anne wasn't dating when we were in Cannes . . . and not because she couldn't have. Men clustered about her. But she wasn't ready. Not yet.

Yes, she cried that day. But this girl isn't running away from anything. She's moving steadily forward—toward a better life for herself and for Katrina.
NEW TANGEE

looks lovelier...feels lovelier...

and it STAYS PUT!

Instantly your lips feel soft, fresh, youthful because Tangee is extra rich in lanolin...base of the most costly cosmetic creams. No harsh chemicals to dry or irritate your lips...and so easy to apply.

For hours and hours and hours that fresh look STAYS PUT...thanks to Tangee's new miracle ingredient, Permachrome! In 9 thrilling new shades—from fabulous Pinks to the most glorious Reds.

NO MATTER HOW MUCH YOU PAY, YOU CANNOT BUY A FINER LIPSTICK THAN NEW COLOR-TRUE Tangee LIPSTICK WITH PERMACHROME—EXTRA-RICH IN LANOLIN
Prell SHAMPOO
LEAVES HAIR
'Radiantly Alive'

Try thrilling Prell just once and you'll fall in love forever! That's because Prell does such wondrous things for your hair... leaves it angel-soft and smooth as satin... gleaming with a young-looking, exquisite radiance you never knew it had!
Yes, radiance comparison tests prove Prell leaves your hair gloriously, "radiantly alive"—more radiant than any leading cream or soap shampoo! You'll love Prell's emerald-clear form, too—it's wonderfully different! So easy to use—no spill, drip, or bottle to break. So economical—no waste. So handy at home or traveling. Try marvelous Prell this very night—you'll love it!
Will they will? Or will they won't? For months that had been the chief question every time the names Rosemary Clooney and José Ferrer came into the conversation. And they came into the conversation often—wherever Hollywood, Broadway and Tinpan Alley personalities stopped for a chat.

And then suddenly—whammo!—Rosie and José were married. And nobody had to speculate any more.

On July 13, just a week after José's second wife, Phyllis Hill, divorced him in Juarez, Mexico, he and Rosemary said their "I do's" in a judge's chambers in Durant, Oklahoma.

Like everything else these two do, their marriage had to be crammed into an already over-crammed schedule. José was singing the lead in the musical, "Kiss Me Kate," in Dallas, Texas, and Rosie had rushed down from Hollywood to see his opening after having finished work on Paramount's "Red Garters." They made up their minds, drove the ninety-six miles from Dallas to Durant, and that was all there was in the way of a wedding trip.

Honeymoon? No time for that! They had to hurry back to Dallas in time for José's curtain. And they had other obligations. Their first as Mr. and Mrs.—on their own wedding day (Continued on page 106)

Rosie and José couldn't find time for a honeymoon. They had so many other things to do!
False Impressions: After endless tests, they finally selected a long page-boy wig with bangs for Robert Wagner to wear as “Prince Valiant.” Kids Bob, “All the others made me look like—Alexis Smith!” . . . Robert Taylor’s red eyes and sneezing fits on the “Knights of the Round Table” set had his London studio losing its mind. The second he stopped working he was fine again. Finally, they discovered Bob was allergic to his Sir Launcelot wig, so they hurriedly made him a new one out of synthetic hair! . . . A package addressed to D. Day was delivered to D. Day. It was supposed to go to Doris, however, and Dennis received it! The contents? Pink lingerie!

Heart Throbs: Donald O’Connor’s wearing a wide happy smile again. Petite Marilyn Erskine is the reason and she’s a good match for our boy in the talent, wit and charm department. Marilyn can cook too! . . . Scott Brady and Elaine Stewart yakking it up at a Ciro’s table for two, printed this sign on the back of a menu and propped it up against a sugar bowl: “This isn’t a romance, but—we like it—we like it!” . . . Tab Hunter confessing to his pals that he hocked everything but his new convertible to fly to Dallas State Fair and see Debbie Reynolds in her stage production of “Best Foot Forward.” . . . Yvonne DeCarlo and Turhan Bey have rekindled their romance into a feeble flame! . . . The new craze to wear no lipstick has been taken up by Gon-

The Month in Hollywood: Obliging Marilyn Monroe and Jane Russell wore plunging necklines when they leaned way down to put their signatures, hand and footprints in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theatre . . . Deserving news that Mrs. Spencer Tracy was named "Woman of the Year" for her untiring efforts in behalf of deaf children . . . (Continued on page 98)
I think the more completely natural your beauty appears to a man, the more he responds to it.

MY BEAUTY SECRETS

BY MARILYN MONROE

- It’s a rare night when I don’t get nine hours sleep, and more often ten, and I usually get a nap in during the day, too. It’s a real crazy week when I don’t wash my hair at least five times, and when I’m working, I shampoo it daily.

  I once in a while drink a glass of wine, but I never have anything stronger, and I usually get a nap in during the day, too. It’s a real crazy week when I don’t wash my hair at least five times, and when I’m working, I shampoo it daily.

  I once in a while drink a glass of wine, but I never have anything stronger, and I usually get a nap in during the day, too. It’s a real crazy week when I don’t wash my hair at least five times, and when I’m working, I shampoo it daily.

  For my breakfast I have two raw eggs beaten up in a glass of hot milk. That’s all. For lunch I have a green salad, sometimes with a little chicken shredded in it, or tongue, and a light French dressing. For dinner I have a small, rare steak or a couple of small, rare lamb chops and one green vegetable. I never eat desserts.

  I get letters asking me how I keep my skin so clear, and I’m sure many of the girls who write me expect I’ll come up with some name of a miracle cream or lotion. Well, let me tell you that while cream and lotion can keep your complexion soft and smooth, they can’t hide the dullness that over-eating and over-drinking, particularly of alcoholic drinks, will give your skin. And there’s nothing like your face scrubbed clean with good soap and water, the glow you can only get from plenty of rest, an easy-to-digest diet, and cleanliness, cleanliness about your face, figure, hair and clothes. I honestly know what I’m talking about.

  When a man looks into your eyes, he doesn’t like looking into an over-heavy mess of mascara and eyeshadow. On screen, I do have to make up my eyes considerably, but offscreen I use eye make-up so that it looks completely natural. Following the same principle, I use natural-colored fingernail polish, but I do use bright red toenail polish. And I use toilet water, lavishly.

  Subtlety, that’s what. Men like sweet scents, I believe, but they don’t like to be so overwhelmed by a perfume that instead of thinking of you, they are thinking “What’s that she’s wearing?” Personally, I like to seek out a fragrance that isn’t too popular but which is (Continued on page 76)
Can a virtuous innocent play a bad girl? Or to use a more familiar simile, can a leopard change its spots? And to get right down to cases, can professional sweet girls like Debra Paget, Jeanne Crain, Mitzi Gaynor, Pier Angeli, Piper Laurie, Janie Powell, Deborah Kerr, yes, and even Margaret O'Brien, kick over the traces and emerge as scintillating sexpots? The answer is a big passionate yes!

I thought I was seeing and hearing double yesterday in the Twentieth Century-Fox Cafe. Debra Paget was lunching with her younger sister, Lisa Gaye—and don't be thrown by the difference in name. Everyone in Debra's family has a different last monicker, including her parents! But now I'm concerned with the difference in Debbie. Her hair was bright brash yellow. Her lips were made up to achieve a provocative pout. And the girl who boasted barely a few months ago that she had never been kissed, was flaunting a blinding five and a half carat diamond ring on her engagement finger, and sighing sexily, "I'm so happy."

Well, there's nothing extraordinary in having a ring—if the guy who gave it to you intends to marry you. But Debbie, who was never mysterious before, went into a double-talking routine of "Maybe we will and maybe we won't. And I can't tell you his name but he's wonderful and I'm so happy." Now I've been around this neck of the woods for some considerable time and it seems to me that when a gal won't talk, it means there is something to hide. I hope in Debra's case she'll have her ring and the man, too. (Continued on page 113)
Look what's happening to some of the nicest girls in Hollywood. It's proof that dignity has nothing to do with "It"

It'll be tough to recognize the new Deborah Kerr you'll see in "From Here to Eternity"

"Mmm," is the good word, since Mitzi Gaynor gave up sweetness for socko sophistication.

If Piper Laurie has turned into a spitfire, Len Goldstein still seems able to tame her.
Here is the true picture of the man who has twice failed to find the happiness he needs

BY GEORGE ARMSTRONG

THE STORY
JOHN WAYNE HAS NEVER TOLD

It was one of those hot, muggy days of early summer. Despite the heat, one of the chambers occupied by the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles was filled to capacity. The case being tried was listed in the legal record as Wayne vs. Wayne, a hearing for temporary alimony and other issues concerned with an eventual cross-filed separate maintenance and divorce action to be contested at a later date.

The principals in the proceedings were (1) a tall, attractive brunette woman in her mid-thirties named Esperanza Baur Wayne and (2) a massive hulk of a man well-known throughout all of the world as John Wayne, movie hero extraordinary and the idol of millions of lovers of reckless adventure.

The leading characters would no doubt have been enough to guarantee S.R.O., but the details of the litigation were of such an astonishing nature that they alone would have filled a courtroom even if the litigants had been just plain Mr. and Mrs. Smith.

You read the facts in the papers at the time, of course. Mrs. Wayne wanted $9,000 a month to keep eating and content until she came back to court for final action. She also wanted a fee of $40,000 for her lawyers—and an additional $20,000 for private detectives to keep an eye on her husband.

For twelve days Mrs. Wayne and her counsel spoke of derelictions and rights, at each day's end piling another monetary (Continued on page 78)
These Hollywood men of muscle

MEET

THE

CHAMPS

ROCK
HUDSON

ESTABROOK

BERNARD

SCOTT
BRADY

DEWEY
MARTIN
Nervous, eager, hopeful that two years of drama lessons might finally be paying off, Tab Hunter, unknown and unsung, was about to be interviewed for a leading role. “Step in here,” director Stuart Heisler told him. “Take off your shirt.”

Tab was startled at this command. In his one movie up till then, “The Lawless,” all that movie-goers had seen was the back of his blond head. But this time they were scheduled to see a lot more. His 173 pounds (as fans now know) turned out to be well-distributed over his six-foot-half-inch frame, with its forty-inch chest, thirty-one-inch waist.

Heisler was convinced that Tab could get by with a castaway’s scanty garb in “Island of Desire.” So the newcomer joined the long list of movie heroes who’ve made good by giving away the shirts off their backs.

Burt Lancaster has always been a stand-out in this department. Spotting a magazine
photograph of him with his imposing chest bared, a fellow actor was once heard to remark, “Hah! There’s Burt without a shirt again.” The gent was just jealous; if his proportions matched Burt’s (6’ 2”, 185, 44”, 30½”), he’d be only too willing to show them off. Or take Tony Curtis (5’ 10”, 150, 39”, 29”)—and what girl wouldn’t if Janet hadn’t gotten there first? He’s the original beefcake boy, so dubbed in a Sidney Skolsky column when Tony credited his first success to some photos in which he wore only bathing trunks.
Marlon Brando (5' 10", 170, 42", 30") scored his most sensational hit in a thoroughly torn shirt, and his toga in "Julius Caesar" grants an excellent view of the bulging Brando biceps. Present-day male clothing, with its padded shoulders and casual drape, isn't so generous; underneath it, many a handsome shape goes unappreciated. Jeff Hunter, for instance, looks rather slight fully dressed, but the tropical locale of "Sailor of the King" gave Jeff (6' 1", 172, 41", 30") a chance to prove that he's up there with the muscle men.

Like the sleek or voluptuous, petite or statuesque pinup girls, the beefcake brigade comes in a fascinating variety of sizes. Virile young Dewey Martin (5' 9", 160, 40", 30") admits he's only two inches above average height. At the other end of the scale there's the strange case of Rock Hudson. Studio statistics now claim that he's six feet, four. Noting that Rock towers over even such lanky stars as Jimmy Stewart, this writer once questioned the official measurement (then only six, three). Back came the astonishing answer: "Rock's really six feet, five, but he's terribly self-conscious about his height, so would you please say he's six, three or six, four?" It seemed kind then to oblige a shy guy, but now that Rock's gained more confidence he probably won't mind seeing the awful truth in print for the first time.

Rugged Rock (6' 5", 190, 44", 32") has an appetite to match his size, so he resorts to swimming, riding, tennis and golf to stay in shape. And an eye-pleasing shape it is as revealed in "Gun Fury." (Continued on page 102)
Anything can happen when you’re twenty-one and ready for love.
Pier Angeli came swinging onto the set of “The Flame and the Flesh” very early, as she does every morning. Pier does not walk; she swings along, as if she can’t contain the bouncing spirit that bubbles right out of her heels and seems to leave a little trail of silent laughter behind her.

This morning, there was a special vibrancy about Pier. She sang out at everyone, “Good morning, good morning.” This was Pier’s very special morning! It was her twenty-first birthday, that extra-special birthday when a girl knows she has left childhood behind her and that all of life is waiting ahead. And in answer there came a big shout, “Happy Birthday, Pier! Happy Birthday, Anna!” (Pier does not like the “acting” name to be used personally . . . she still prefers to be called by her real name, Anna Maria, or just Anna. Those who knew, shouted “Anna,” others “Pier.”)

Everyone crowded around her with hugs and kisses and gifts. Lana Turner, producer Joe Pasternak, Carlos Thompson, the electrician, the grips. They all had remembered their little pet, Anna. There were many gold charms for her bracelet; a little gold folder with (Continued on page 94)
MAYHEM, UNLIMITED

BY CORINNE BAILEY

There's been a new kind of invasion of Europe going on—by a convulsion of nature otherwise known as Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis. The staid Britishers have found themselves sitting right on their much vaunted dignity. The French, in self-defense, thought of starting a new Maginot line.

However, before going over to turn Europe into a madhouse, this mayhem, unlimited, did give some serious thought to their disrupting effect on international relations. Jerry's last words were, "We're going over on the Queen Elizabeth and coming back on the Liberté, so nobody will be mad at us." Dean's parting pearl of wisdom was, "I'd like to fly over, but my arms will get tired."

Wherever they go, whether they're wowing the audience at London's Palladium or trudging through Europe, Martin and Lewis take over with the greatest of ease. They do the same thing everywhere, even in America.

They go to a night club, and right away, what happens? Martin and Lewis's presence in the room is like a fakir's piccolo to a snake. They know they will be called on and not be able to resist making like the irrepressible clowns they are. AGVA (American Guild of Variety Artists) frowns on performers giving their talents for free. So last year, they paid $10,000 in fines to AGVA. Jerry sighs, "See? We're damned if we do and we're damned if we don't. People would say we're stuck-up or stingy or something."

It may seem incongruous, but this brace of buffoons regard their home life just the way the average Joe, who heads for an office every day, does. Only, being Martin and Lewis, there's more of it! Once, when the Lewises had fourteen springer spaniels they didn't think they had (Continued on page 108)
Even their private lives have that lunatic flavor. But don't be fooled. There's method in the Martin and Lewis madness.
She's the Marrying

Rita Hayworth is in love again! And when her passionate heart begins turning flipflops nothing else is so important to her as being with the man who's the cause of it all.

This time it's Dick Haymes. Dick is still married to Nora Eddington, who gave up dashing Errol Flynn to become Mrs. Haymes. However, Nora tells me her marriage to Dick has been washed up for some time, so there will be no problem if Rita has the patience to wait until he's free again.

Hollywood, as usual, is agape with surprise at this new romantic turn. Everybody's wondering how it happened. How did these two discover each other?

I inquired of Nora, and she assured me she really doesn't know. "When I left Dick, he was desolate. Maybe Rita caught him on the rebound," she purred.

Proximity is notoriously Cupid's closest ally. With Rita and Dick, proximity played its part when she was starring in "Salome" at Columbia and he was making "Cruising Down the River" there. They met sometimes during the luncheon hour at the Naples restaurant nearby.

Dick was then in the painful process of breaking up with Nora. Rita was being seen at night with handsome young Manuel Rojas, the Argentine polo player, and gossips were busily wagging tongues. But Rita explained it, "There is positively no romance in my life right now. I just like to go out to dinner once in a while."

Then came the big night of March 25 at the Stork Club in New York, where a party got under way after the premiere of "Salome." Dick had been on a personal-appearance tour to promote the picture, "All Ashore." He wound up in New York just in time to be invited to the premiere and the party. Rita went with a publicity man and Dick staggered it. They got together and
Some girls manage to live alone and like it. But not Rita Hayworth. She's a girl who has to have a guy to call her own.
The best way to find out something, I figure, is to go right to the source and ask a lot of direct questions. And since I wanted to know what Guy Madison—the new Guy Madison—was like now that he's back in the movie business again, I decided to find out from Guy himself. I tracked him down while he was at work on Warners' "Rear Guard," and put my questions to him point-blank. He gave me his answers the same way—straight from the shoulder.

Here's what our interview (there were moments when Guy thought of it as an inquisition) sounded like, as we lolled under a big, shady tree during a lunch break and made our way through a couple of man-sized chicken-fried steaks:

Q. You're a fraud, aren't you, Guy Madison?
A. Wow! I thought this was supposed to be a friendly interview. What do you mean by that?
Q. Nothing unfriendly, you can be sure. But, in the first place, your name isn't even Guy Madison.
A. That's right. It's really Robert Mosely.
Q. And, in the second place, although you're in Hollywood, you're not really of it.
A. Well, I'm not much of a party boy, if that's what you mean. I never was one for running around town. I have some chums that I see frequently—Lita and Rory Calhoun, Andy and Doagie Devine—pals with whom I have common interests.
Q. But as far as the rest of Hollywood's concerned, you've been pretty (Continued on page 110)
If there was any lingering doubt in the minds of moviegoers about the allure and appeal of the new Jane Powell, here is proof positive. As a grown-up girl in her twenties, Janie has felt, and reasonably enough, that she could do better than the homely little-girl parts she's been given. Moviegoers
agreed with Jane—and in a poll this Spring readers of PHOTOPLAY showed their agreement in a vote overwhelmingly in favor of a Janie grown up and mature. So she proceeded to act in accordance—now she is wearing more sophisticated clothes, she has given her hair a new and glamorous short cut. On screen you'll see a new Jane in "Three Sailors and a Girl." Off the screen you'll see the new Jane too. When she was photographed at the Desert Inn, Las Vegas, where she was doing a night-club stint, there was no doubt about the new Janie—being very, very appealing!
Trouble came like a stranger to Tony and Janet—and found them facing it together.

"It would have thrown me for a loop," Janet Leigh says about the expected baby she lost—the baby she and Tony Curtis had hoped for so earnestly and long—"I would just have curled up and died except that Tony was so absolutely wonderful about it."

The long letter he wrote her from Hawaii, where he was on location with the "Beachhead" company, the night he heard the sad news from Janet's mother via trans-Pacific phone, was, Janet says, "the kindest, most understanding, most wonderful letter I have ever received."

Tony had phoned her the night before, on July 6, her twenty-sixth birthday.

"How are you?" were his first words, and he sounded concerned even though she had assured him every time they had talked since she left him in Honolulu to fly back to California, and to work in "Prince Valiant," that everything was going normally and well.

"I'm fine," she told him again, "just fine," trying to voice as much conviction as she had earlier when Tony had phoned, but trying against odds this time. She was fibbing—just a little. She didn't feel well, really. She hadn't been sleeping, she felt strangely queasy and "very un-hungry," and birthday or no birthday, she felt upset and lonely, not like herself at all.

She blamed it all on the loneliness. Not that she and Tony had never been separated before. "Separations," she will tell you ruefully, "have been the story of our married life."

But now, with the baby coming, with so much to talk about, so much to plan and share, it seemed wrong that they couldn't be together. (Continued on page 85)
Every day's a lovely day for June Allyson, who once thought she was through with pictures.

She was about as big as a minute, sitting in the tall chair with her name on the back, reading a story someone had written about her. "Hey," she said, "We'll have to correct that. He says I'm five feet, one. I'm five feet, one and three quarter inches tall—and very sensitive about my height."

None of the busy people around her looked intimidated. No one seemed to mind, either, that it was cold out there on the back lot at U-I and that sullen gray clouds hung low overhead. This being the movie-making business, the cast and crew of "The Glenn Miller Story" were happy as clams about the whole thing. They had been waiting for just such a day to shoot some foul-weather scenes for the picture.

"Okay," said the assistant director, "Let's go." Magically, rain began beating furiously down on the top of an ancient touring car, mired to its axles in man-made mud. As the cloudburst continued, rivulets formed and slowly ran downhill toward the chair in which the blonde atom sat. A man—it might have been a grip, the producer, whoever won the race—waded over to her, held out his arms, and asked, "May I?"

He lifted her ninety-four pounds high into the air, clowning it up, then cradled her (Continued on page 91)
BY RICHARD LEON

It took her Richard to convince Mrs. Powell that she didn't want to quit!

Louis Armstrong plays that golden horn in "The Glenn Miller Story"

June and co-star Jim Stewart welcome Mrs. Miller, wife of late bandleader
A sense of humor, like Charlotte Austin's, is a solid date asset.

Spikes and heels at a picnic? Never—on Susan Zanuck.

Terry's feminine—and a good sport. And that rates dates.

Most guys like girls who are natural—like Debbie Reynolds.

Some Wagner Date Tips

- Of all the noble American institutions including the Fourth of July, hot dogs, fried chicken and football, I rate dating as just about the finest. And I'm probably as qualified as the next lad to discuss it, though I confess I didn't pay much attention to girls until I was an old kindergarten alumnus of six. Even then I knew that the best thing about a guy...is a doll. And I believe that "gentlemen prefer blondes" isn't the whole truth. As far as I'm concerned, I prefer them all. And have—ever since I was in the first grade in Detroit and met a certain Miss Dodo Booth.

  She was terribly beautiful with curly hair the color of caramees and we went flying around on my tricycle and were quite an item. In fact it was a very big "thing" between Dodo and me. Naturally we were engaged to be married.

  When I was nine, we left Detroit and I was considerably downcast because I had to leave behind several romantic attachments—particularly a little brunette next door. But when Mother explained they had girls in Hollywood I brightened amazingly. And then I was in the dumps again when I was sent to military academy. Reason? No girls.

  Well, I'm nothing if not accommodating and so here are my own personal dating beefs:

  LITTLE MISS DO-NOTHING. Even if a girl is blessed with Betty Grable's legs, Piper Laurie's mouth, Debbie Reynolds' natural effervescent charms and Elizabeth Taylor's fabulous blue eyes—if she doesn't know anything about (Continued on page 89.)

Wish You Had a Date?

BY BOB WAGNER
LOOKING TOWARD WINTER

...looking like a star! Here, fall excitement makes a winter wardrobe, too! Hollywood's Vanessa Brown, now in Broadway hit, "The Seven Year Itch," shows off some versatile velveteens by Korday. The tops come in all colors: gold, gray, cobalt blue and black; both skirts and the at-home pants, in purple, capucine orange, black. Turtle-neck
Certified Star Fashion Values for October,
Certified for: Quality, Style, Value, Price

All Photoplay Fashions shown on these pages can be purchased in person or by mail from the Hecht stores listed on page 86. To order by mail, use coupon on same page.

Photos by Dan Wynn

Connie SHOE CREATIONS

Glynis Johns co-starring in Walt Disney's Technicolor movie "The Sword and the Rose"

Gals in the sixteenth century never "had it so good" as gals today! How they would have loved glamorous Connie Shoe Creations. Styles for daytime and dance-time, crafted with expensive touches that make the cost hard-to-believe. Connies can't be beat for fashion and value.

695 and 7.95

Wohl Shoe Company • Saint Louis, Missouri
A Division of Brown Shoe Company
PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS

LOOKING TOWARD WINTER
Looking forward to winter's busy schedule, Vanessa has a wardrobe ready. (Left) This smart sheath dress with shiny black buttons slips on and off quickly. A Brielle Creation in beige or gray Wool-o-Tweed, new American Silk Mills fabric; pebbly wool boucle on the outside, soft rayon backing inside. 10-18. $25.00. Johansen suede pumps, MM bag, Kayser gloves. Dressed for anytime, (above) anywhere, all winter—Vanessa in three-on-a-match separates by Nardis of Dallas in Wyner Sag-No-Mor wool jersey. Silver, blue, camel, white. Sleeveless blouse, matchbox jacket, trimmed with Roman-striped ribbon. Slim, lined skirt, $12.99; jacket, $16.99; blouse, $8.99. All, sizes 10-18. These fashions can be purchased in person or by mail from Hecht Co. Stores on page 88. To order by mail, use coupon on same page.
LOOKING TOWARD WINTER

Continued

MONIQUE VAN VOOREN, new brunette beauty now in RKO’s “Tarzan and the She-Devil,” proves a fashion classic can be new and exciting! Beloved coat-dress in crease-resistant rayon gabardine has push-up sleeves, svelte lines, leather belt. Navy, green, red, brown. 10-20, 12½-22½. The Versatiler by Carol Crawford. $10.95. Glentex scarf

MONIQUE MODELS another classic-with-a-difference: this easy-on coat-dress does “button-button” act, with big, shiny ones down front and on pockets, to match shine of patent belt. Blue, green, brown, royal or wine shadow check menswear rayon with dramatic, white over-plaid. All-season dress by Kay Windsor. $10.95, in sizes 10-18
Your glamorous key to the New "Outer-Look"...the New Formfit "Under-Look"

Today's Outer-Look features a slim, fluid line—bust subtly rounded, midline gently nipped, hips smoothly elongated. You feel so sure in Formfit's Life Bra and Life Girdle—with the Under-Look you need to capture this new Outer-Look! Working together, Life Bra and Life Girdle coax your curves into line with heavenly freedom and comfort.

A dazzling array of styles, fabrics, elastics to choose from—all tailored with Formfit's fabulous flair for beautiful fit! At any nice store. New 1100 Series High-Waisted Life Girdle shown, $13.50 and $16.50. Other styles from $7.50. Life Bra shown, $2.50. Others from $1.25.

The Formfit Company
Chicago, New York
LOOKING TOWARD WINTER

Continued


NEW:
SPECIAL BONUS FEATURE

DEBBIE REYNOLDS

That Reynolds sparkle is getting around! After finishing "The Affairs of Dobie Gillis," Debbie rushed to Dallas for stage debut in "Best Foot Forward," then back home to film "Susan Slept Here"
Photoplay

PICTURE GALLERY
When two weeks with pay roll round, most people head for the mountains or the seashore. But not Murph! This soldier-at-heart spent his spare time as an instructor in the Texas National Guard. But he's back now—and Hollywood has him—in “Tumbleweed”
Who said men were scarce in Hollywood? Terry, of all people! With guys like Nicky Hilton, Greg Bautzer, Al Besselin and Bob Wagner, who's with her in "Beneath the Twelve-Mile Reef," calling, we'd say Terry wins easily as the most dated girl in town!
SUSAN HAYWARD  Hollywood was surprised when Susan suddenly went off on that dream trip to Europe. But it was shocked when, shortly after her return to Hollywood and work in "The Gladiators," the redhead announced her separation from her husband, Jess Barker.
STEWART GRANGER  When you're headed for a Hawaiian holiday with your wife, it's no fun to have work jinx your plans. Especially if your wife's Jean Simmons. But Stewart Granger and Jean will head for hulaland anyway—as soon as he's completed "Beau Brummel"
Getting back to a horse is great for Alan Ladd. But even greater, for a guy who’s been working and holidaying abroad for months, is getting back to his own side of the Atlantic. Ladd’s on location closer to home, in Canada, where he’s working in “Saskatchewan.”
ESTHER WILLIAMS This Florida cow wasn’t at all surprised to meet a mermaid in her pasture! As a matter of fact, she found Esther “Easy to Love.” After this film, Esther will be swimming in her own backyard. She has a date with the stork the end of November
It was a torrid day when Marilyn Monroe and Jane Russell, those sultry sirens of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," left their marks in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theatre. But it wasn't the heat that got the spectators. It was the humanity. Even the cement melted!
She's Engaged

A wedding of special interest to Washington society will take place this fall when popular Ann Eppard marries James Gallagher. Jim fell in love at first sight when he saw Ann in church one Sunday. Three months later, Ann said yes.

She's Lovely

No wonder Ann caught Jim's eye! She's adorably tiny, slim and graceful as a ballerina . . . with a complexion that's "pretty as pink ivory," says one of her friends.

She uses Pond's

Like so many attractive girls, Ann never misses a nightly cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. "Since I've been using Pond's Cold Cream, I've become convinced that creaming is the only way to get your skin really clean," Ann says. "Wait till you see how clear and fresh and glowing Pond's Cold Creamings leave your skin!"

"Your skin can look clearer, finer—almost overnight," Ann says

Cream away that muddy, "pore-y" look, that harsh "feel." To have the clear, fine, silken look that makes a girl's skin so appealing, you must get off more than just surface dirt. You must get out the insidious dirt that hardens and sticks in pore-openings.

Pond's Cold Cream is specifically designed to soften and lift out this embedded dirt that encourages large pores and blackheads. This deep-down cleansing is why Pond's Cold Cream makes your skin look so much fresher in color, finer, smoother in texture.

This way of using Pond's Cold Cream can transform your complexion!

1. Cream brisk little circles upward from throat to forehead. This Pond's circle-cleansing releases embedded dirt. It stimulates lazy circulation. Tissue off well. 2. Now, a snowy "rinse" with fresh fingerfuls of Pond's Cold Cream. This time, tissue off lightly—leaving invisible traces of cream for softening, protection.

Remember—a Pond's Cold Creaming every night! You'll find no other care has ever done your skin such quick, see-able good! Get Pond's Cold Cream in the large jar today. Nicer to dip into—and compared to the smaller jars, you average a third more cream for your money!
“My Beauty Secrets

(Continued from page 34)

flower-like. It doesn’t exude from your
skin until a man is very close to you.
When he does, he will be so
subtle and unfamiliar that he thinks of
you, maybe not being aware of the
fragrance for what it is.

I think human hands are very beauti-
ful. And I think they should gently
whisper, “Hold me, hold me.” I’ll take
tempting shapes with no ragged cuticle,
and hands kept soft with lots of lotion—
delicately perfumed and a touch of
nail polish. But conversely, I think feet usu-
ally aren’t pretty, so I use a vivid polish on
my toenails, so that they will look saucy.
Except for walking, and standing on what
else can they do?

I don’t believe any girl thinks in terms
of beauty care, except when she’s thinking
of charming some man—or some men.
Anyhow, I don’t. So why not the fact
that men love to run their fingers through
your hair and keep it so that it will be a
constant invitation to them to do just that?
But if it looks as though it is so
carefully set I don’t make the
risk your whole decorative scheme men
will inhibit that impulse. They will also
recoil, if when they do obey that impulse,
their touch hair-writhing, I can say
I am constantly amazed by the number
of girls who don’t know that absolutely
clean hair is the easiest to manage.
Now that we have permanents within the reach of
girl’s purse, either at home or in a
beauty parlor, there is simply no excuse
for any straggling locks on the part of
straight-haired girls. For natural curl-
heads, it has always been a cinch. I sup-
pose the old girls of our mothers’ generation used to make
“I’ve just washed
my hair, so I can’t do a thing with it.”
came from the fact that they washed it so
carefully.

Why I can remember in one of the
“homes” I had while growing up, that one
of those ladies used to wash her hair only
once in every three weeks and she really
took care of it.

I try to find a shampoo that is mild
because of my bleaching—and I dry
my hair by hand, but never directly in the
sun for the same reason. I dry it partly
with a big brush and partly with
air-drying. Before it is quite dry, I rub a touch
of toilet water into it. Then I set my pin
curls in big loose waves.

One thing practically every actress in
Hollywood possesses, and which I think
is the best possible beauty possession, is a
professional, standing hair dryer. I got
mine some seven years ago from
my mother, and so can you, from one in your
home town. This way they cost about $95. I
know that’s an awful amount of money—but
it is the investment of a lifetime. You see, a
dryer is absolutely standard, the latest model,
like a car showroom with
automobiles. The “used” model you can
generally has nothing the matter with it,
except that it shabby from beauty parlor
and the newest type. But the thing is that
with this sort of dryer right in your home,
you can pop under it for ten minutes or so.

Then all you have to do is take the pins
out of your hair and give it for
just two minutes of brushing, and the man
of your dreams, will think your hair is that
a-way just naturally. For working girls,
like me, I think this is heavenly, and for
married girls, absolutely basic strategy.

The idea of putting pin curls in your
hair, early morning, and walking around
the rest of the day with those hairpins up
under a net seems to me as dated as the “rats”
our grandmothers used to wear.

I carry a very tiny, but stiff-bristled
hairbrush with me wherever I go, and
distinctly when no man is looking, I brush
my hair. During the day, I honestly think
beauty “secrets” should be kept. I don’t
more think you should use a lipstick,
powder, deodorant, or hairbrush in public
than you would take a bath in public.

I’ve been known to bathe, “I took a
bath this morning.” Certainly, you al-
ways do it, without thinking about it or
talking about it. And I think that
should be an absolute hygiene requirement.
I always put a little perfumed bath oil
in my tub—or when I shower, I dash on toilet
water. That’s standard.

Next standard is to use a good deodorant.
Third standard is to see that your legs
and underarms are hair-clean. Fourth standard,
for me, is to rub my legs, feet, arms and
paunch with cold cream and
as a scented, for the sake of your
quality. I always put a little perfumed
bat oil in my

The New

Scientific

proof that
taking
“ENNDS” Darotol Tablets
suppresses odors of “difficult days” within the body itself!

Recently,” Nurse Rhoad explains, “a leading medical journal reported tests
in which use of a certain chlorophyll
derivative exceeded all expectations in
suppressing odors associated with
menstruation. In my experience,
“ENNDS” Darotol Chlorophyll Tablets
act to prevent such odors, as no past
method ever did. And they’re safe!

Never before has it been so easy to
avoid embarrassing body odors at that
certain time. All you do is take 3
or 4 pleasant-tasting “ENNDS” daily —
a few days before and continuing
throughout your menstrual period!
You see, “ENNDS” actually reduce the
formation in the body of certain
odor-producing substances—substances
particularly offensive at the time of
menstruation. Thus act to keep you free
of these odors at this time.

Enjoy this odor protection between
your monthly periods, too—by taking
1 or 2 “ENNDS” Tablets every day!
You can get “ENNDS” everywhere.

Try size only 49c. Larger sizes save
even more! Also available in Canada,
For free booklet: “What You Should
Know About Menstruation” (mailed in
plain envelope), with “ENNDS,”
Dept. T5, P.O. Box 222, Murray Hill Station,
New York 16, N. Y.

“ENNDS” Darotol Chlorophyll
derivative
found in
“ENNDS”

SAFE EYE-GENE
EYE-OPENING TEST TRILLS MANY!

Eyes so tired you want
to close them for relief?... 
Clear, sparkling eyes
are fascinating; 2 drops of
soothing EYE-GENE
in each eye floats away
tired, strained, irritated look and feeling
in seconds—dramatically lights up your
whole face. Safe—guaranteed—

EYE-GENE is like a tonic for your eyes. Use it
every day. 35c, 60c, $1 in handy
eye-dropper bottles at Drugstores.

Make your look a look that
sells.

(You can see Marion Monroe in “Gentleman Prefer Blonds” and “How to
Marry a Millionaire”)
Mrs. Theo Croner of New York does a lot of housework but manages to be pretty as a picture.

"I wash 1400 pounds of laundry a year... but I'm proud of my pretty hands!"

If you ever meet Theo Croner, be sure to shake hands. You'll notice that hers are as soft and pretty as a pair of hands can be.

Yet Mrs. Croner (just like yourself) washes almost a ton of laundry every year. And plenty of it the hard way — by hand!

She's grateful for detergents, of course. Those miracle suds really chase grease and dirt. But detergents are a problem, too. That same grease-cutting action could send the natural oils and youthful softness of her hands down the drain, too.

Throw out detergents? Not Theo! She's found a way to keep hands lovely despite all harsh cleansers. It's a simple trick. After every chore, smooth pure, white Jergens Lotion on, right away.

You won't see any sticky film. Being a liquid, Jergens Lotion doesn't just "coat" the hands. It penetrates — helps replace softening moisture. (It has two ingredients doctors use for softening.) This is why more women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world.

Theo will tell you that Jergens is the reason her hands are so attractive. Her husband may not know the reason, but he appreciates it!

So keep detergents in your house (there's nothing like them). Just keep Jergens Lotion handy, and use it after every chore. It's such an easy habit, and so important to a woman.

Use JERGENS LOTION — avoid detergent hands
The Story John Wayne Has Never Told

(Continued from page 39)

...demand atop the pile already stacked on the judge's bench. And during those twelve days John Wayne sat on a hard chair in that courtroom and listened in mortification and fear to the obscenities and rumbles of his world as it threatened to come tumbling about his ears.

It was during those twelve days that John Wayne, a father of four, and reckoned to be a reasonably mature adult, really grew up. He has been a different man ever since. He will never be the same again. During those twelve days John Wayne took stock of himself, for as he heard the charges against him he, more than likely for the first time in his life, estimated the true values of his money, his standing in his profession, his friends and his loves. He pit it rather simply when he stated to an associate: "I never knew I was so rich and interesting."

Public feeling for John Wayne as a person, and not just a movie star, was established on the opening day of the trial. Wayne had never known or thought about it. He had always considered the nice things people said of him just a result of publicity, most of which he never read. And he hardly believed the tributes. Forcing his way past the heavy crowds jamming the court corridors every day, though, made him a believer.

The tribulations of John Wayne began twenty years ago when he was an ex-football player working as a prop man at the Fox Studio, hoping one day to get some sort of better job or get into a line of work less casual. The word散terer meant little to him. Actually, all he was interested in was getting married to Jose- phine Saenz, a girl with whom he’d been keeping company since he was a college freshman. The brokerage business could have had him easy in those days if he’d been approached, or the automobile business. But he was literally tapped on the shoulder by a girl who wanted to be in front of a camera and he only took the work because it paid better than propping.

When he did marry Josephine Saenz it was a reckless step. He had no real belief that anything could last, but the affair was sure he’d need be adept at saying, "They went that-a-way" with conviction. But he wanted to marry so badly that he swallowed his fear of that little glass eye on a red camera each day and shut it out of his mind. And he only took the work because it paid better than propping.

Actually, although he was married to Josephine for more than ten years, John Wayne never got to know much more about her than he did the day he met. He waswed. In the first place he was too busy making a living, for his fee was small during all those years and he had to keep hopping to keep abreast of his growing family. In addition, he was married to four children. An intimate of Wayne's said at one time that he was never able to figure out why Duke and Josephine were divorced. "They never even had an argument," he said. "Everything was fine—then it was all over."

And to this day John Wayne himself can't give you a sound reason for the break-up of his marriage. His wife, once among the columnists have said, though, that the reason was neglect. And they blame it on the fact that Wayne worked so hard he never had any real contact with his wife and kids—and found his recreation with the stout lads who rode with him in the movies. Josephine has confidentially reported from time to time that it was mainly a difference in religious belief and Duke's dislike for the social activities she thrived on. At any rate, divorce came and it was bitter to Wayne. It cost him all of the ambition he'd been building for ten years. He ran away, went to Mexico to escape the questions and what he earnestly felt to be the disgrace of divorce. And he left almost as broke as when he married.

In retrospect, John Wayne's romance with Esperanza Baur, whom he calls Chata, was not nearly as exciting as it has been pictured by magazine writers. Actually, as far as Wayne was concerned at the time, it was something better than being lonely and it was fun in the first few weeks. A terribly shy man with women, Wayne courted Chata in the way Emily Post would suggest. He sent flowers, brought small gifts and treated her to luncheons and dinner parties. He wrote her letters by the dozen alone. But he didn’t like any other girl after a few months the thing got to the stage where Miss Post would have insisted on a proposal, so they got married instead.

The marriage lasted seven years. But it was doomed from the beginning. And the reason was simple. A man can’t buy happiness. That’s what John Wayne tried to do. He tried to buy it, he tried to negotiate for it, he tried to pretend it was there, he tried to put up with it. But nothing worked, because if ever two people were temperamentally unsuited they were John and Chata Wayne.

Most men would have accepted defeat early and packed, but Wayne was more afraid of divorce than a wrong marriage. He had no intimation of how distasteful divorce could be at that time; he was just against it on moral grounds. And he was a little afraid that he’d be alone again.

So he hung on and carried off the pretense of happiness as casually as a character in a Noel Coward play might have done in a similar circumstance.

Ask anyone who ever spent any time at the Wayne home and you’d probably hear that he was a victim of that old moth-eaten adage, "Home is where the heart is." His mother, they say, ran the house and her daughter's life. That sounds as reasonable as necessary, but it isn’t quite true. The truth can be stated much more simply. Incompatibility. Absolutely incompatible.

Chata Wayne was not a rich girl before she married John Wayne. But as soon as she was married the Wayne influence took hold. The soft-eyed little girl became overnight a lady of means, a woman the butcher, the grocer, the banker and Wayne’s friends had to deal with warily. Little men have poked fingers in John Wayne's chest and told him off, and even though he could have broken them in two he took it, his only reaction being one of astonishment that someone could be so sore at him.

And a little woman can glare at him and he’ll run like a rabbit. It’s certainly not cowardice. It’s a concession to his real-

SPECIAL GREASELESS TREATMENT FOR
Blackheads Oiliness Enlarged Pores Flaky Skin

Many a girl has her worst skin troubles when "looks" count most!

Abruptly, the oil glands start to overwork. The skin turns sluggish. Dead-skin flakes begin to build up in oily layers over the pore openings. Then, large pores, even blackheads, are on the way.

Now Pond's recommends an effective, greaseless treatment for these "Young Skin" problems: oiliness, enlarged pores, blackheads, flakiness. It's quick, easy—and it works.

Give your complexion this "YOUNG SKIN" TREATMENT every night

Cover your face, except eyes, with greaseless Pond's Vanishing Cream. The cream's "keratolytic" action loosens, dissolves off dead skin flakes. Frees the tiny skin gland openings to function normally. After 1 minute—wipe off. Rinse with cold water.

Hundreds of girls with "Young Skin" problems tested this treatment. Improvements showed within 2 weeks! Oiliness disappeared. Blackheads, large pores decreased. Often blemishes cleared away.

"Young Skin" doesn't like a heavy make-up! A touch of greaseless Pond's Vanishing Cream makes a fresh, un-shiny base. Really holds powder!

87
Why Dial Soap protects your complexion even under make-up!

Dial clears your complexion by removing blemish-spreading bacteria that other soaps leave on your skin.

No matter how lavishly or sparingly you normally use cosmetics, when you wash beforehand with Dial Soap, the fresh clearness of your skin is continuously protected underneath your make-up.

For this mild, gentle Dial Soap washes away trouble-causing bacteria that other soaps (even the finest) leave on skin. Dial does this because it contains AT-7, known to science as Hexachlorophene. It clears skin of unseen bacteria that so often aggravate and spread surface blemishes.

**works in a new way!** Until Dial came along, there was no way of removing these bacteria safely and effectively. These pictures taken through a microscope are proof.

No. 1 shows thousands of bacteria left on the skin after washing with ordinary soap. (So when you put on make-up, they are free to cause trouble underneath.) No. 2 shows how daily washing with Dial removes up to 95% of these blemish-spreading bacteria.

**and dial is so mild,** you'd never guess it gives such benefits. Doctors recommend it for adolescents. With Dial, your skin becomes cleaner and clearer than with any other type of soap. Let Dial protect your complexion all day—even under make-up.

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P. S. For cleaner, more beautiful hair try New Dial shampoo, in a handy, unbreakable squeeze bottle. Contains AT-7.

DIAL DAVE GARROWAY—NBC, Weekdays
When planning a blind date for Sue—
  □ Choose a lad you like □ Brief the dater
You figured Steve's the answer to any gal's blind date prayer. 'Cause Steve collects be bop (grade A); keeps everyone spellbound for hours with those albums! Everyone except Sue, you discover. Her hobby's photography, remember? Moral: choose a couple with kindred interests, and brief the dater about each other, so they'll be set for conversation. To set a gal at ease at problem time, Kotex is the answer; gives softness that holds its shape.

If you'd hoist a receding chin, check—
  □ Your hat □ Your hairdo □ Your necklace
If your profile tends to backside, check the 3 items mentioned above. Keep your hat simple, forsaking all angles. Your hair? Soft—(and shorten that mane!) Also, duck the draped or cowl neckline; definitely not your dish. Come "those" days, you can build up your confidence—via one of the 3 absorbencies of Kotex. Try Regular, Junior, Super.

To add greenery to your allowance—
  □ Try tantrums □ Present a statement
Shrewish tactics won't budge Dad. For "green thumb" results in wallet care and feeding—present a statement of your living costs; offer to meet Dad halfway by foregoing a few luxuries, phone sessions. Of course, as to "certain" needs, it pays to buy the finest ... Kotex. For what's more important than peace of mind—with the extra protection this napkin gives?

More women choose KOTEX® than all other sanitary napkins

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Hazy about what happens and why—at "that" time? Read "Very Personally Yours"—the new, free booklet filled with easy-to-understand facts, plus lively illustrations (by Walt Disney Productions). Hints on diet, exercise, grooming ... do's and don'ts a girl should know. Send for your copy today. FREE! Address P.O. Box 3434, Dept. 3103, Chicago 54, Ill.

ization that he can be wrong. One of the highlights of his court appearance was his shame-faced admission that he and Chata had engaged in a few physical encounters. When accused by her attorney of having taken a whack at her, Wayne hung his head in the best Ringo Kid fashion and stammered: "The only time I lifted my hand to my wife was to defend myself."

As the years progressed, John and Chata Wayne's marriage grew more and more troubled. One by one the cronies he'd drunk with and played poker with for years drifted away. And finally the home became just a house, a neat orderly house with no cigar butts or poker chips lying around, no visitors but Chata's friends and no more mutual love than is found in a hotel.

Even today Hollywood isn't aware of the number of times John Wayne left his wife—or she left him. But it was at least a dozen. Friends of the actor hated to ask questions and Wayne was never free to volunteer bulletins on his marital status, so it became routine to ask him to spend the night when he was calling on a churn, and began to show signs of drowsiness. During the last two years of his marriage Wayne slept in more strange beds than a barnstorming bandleader.

But John Wayne's best refuge was south of the border, in Mexico. It was to Mexico he'd fly when he had no place else to go and couldn't get into his own front door. And to questions about the possibility of a rift in his marriage, he had the stock answer that everything was fine, he was just on his semi-annual vacation. But no one was around late at night when Wayne was alone and would pick up the telephone and tell his wife he was lonely and would like to come back.

The handwriting became legible on the wall in November, 1951, but nobody got wise. For days Wayne had strolled about his huge home in the San Fernando Valley trying to make up his mind. His wife and his mother-in-law were in the house, but he seldom saw them and they never spoke. His problem was immense—and there seemed no way out.

There was also the matter of money. No actor made more—and no actor paid out more. It was becoming like a treadmill that kept turning but never got anywhere. Late one evening, Wayne wrote a short note saying that if Chata wanted to, she knew where to find him. He packed a bag, caught an airplane, and the next night he sat beneath the stars in Acapulco determined to sweat it out.

He sat beneath those same stars for two months and nothing happened. And then the Christmas season came around. Mexico celebrates Christmas with great enthusiasm, and everywhere Wayne looked he saw the cheer that is universal at that season. It was everywhere but in the house Wayne had rented as a retreat. So on Christmas Eve, 1951, Wayne gave in. He flew to Mexico City early in the morning and took the afternoon plane to Los Angeles. But there was no reconciliation and the next night found him back under the stars at Acapulco.

John and Chata made one more try for happiness. It was called a second honey-moon by the papers. Wayne was to make a picture in Honolulu in mid-1952. Through the medium of friends he had persuaded Chata to see him, and they talked for several hours about their differences. Finally, almost as in the old days, she ran to his arms and they embraced and promised one another they'd stop all this silliness and begin all over again.

"I've got to leave the day after tomorrow," Wayne said. "But you come along. We'll go to the same places in the islands..."
My Skin Thrives on Cashmere Bouquet Soap
...because it's such wholesome skin-care!

Says Complexion-lovely
Shirley Chandler

Read How This Pretty, Young Airline Stewardess Was Helped by Candy Jones, Famous Beauty Director

“An airline stewardess meets over 7,000 people a year,” says Miss Chandler, “so a smooth, naturally lovely complexion is a must. In New York’s Conover School, Candy Jones taught me how to get one—with Cashmere Bouquet Soap. She advised using it daily, for gentle, wholesome skin care. My skin thrives on it! That whipped-cream lather is so mild . . . so fragrant. I carry my own Cashmere Bouquet on all my flights.”

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2. Relax at bedtime. Take a beautycare bath with Cashmere Bouquet Soap, then a lukewarm shower.

MORE LATER, Candy
TEENS ON THE TOWN

Hollywood is a lot of different places to a lot of different people. To some, it's glitter and ermine and champagne. To others, it's blue jeans and a gardened terrace overlooking a fragrant, quiet canyon. And to teenage stars, Natalie Wood and Bobby Driscoll, it's a town made to order for the kind of zestful, eager living that young romancers yearn to find.

Any time they can spare from their zooming film careers—and it's not much, for both young stars are very much in demand—Bobby and Natalie take off on an energetic whirlwind of relaxation.

They're as hep a twosome as any you can see around town. "He's a real dreamy date," says Natalie. Returning the compliment, "She's a real crazy kid," says Bob.

1. It's a date! And if anyone else wants that phone, he'd better be patient. Natalie and Bob have lots to say—they haven't seen each other for hours.

3. A quick change in the locker room and our teen twosome's all set for a whirl around the rink. Neat, thinks Bob. Natalie just prays she'll stay upright.

5. All that exercise calls for more. The Palladium's just the place. And you guessed it. They never missed a dance!

6. Even a hurricane comes to rest eventually. And it finally dawns on the non-stop steppers that a quiet sit-down over a cool drink is in order.
2. First stop Music City to hear the latest recordings. Dig that number, beams Bob.

1. But Bob's a good skate and with his help, Vat learns to keep her feet on the ground.

The "moisture-shield" in gentle, new Fresh is an extra-effective astringent. This acts as an invisible shield to protect clothes and stop embarrassing odor.

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gentle new deodorant has moisture-shield to keep underarms dry!

Instantly—Fresh Cream Deodorant forms an invisible shield to protect you and your clothes.

Wonderful news! Gentle new Fresh with "moisture-shield," used daily, ends the problem of perspiration moisture which stains fabrics and causes unpleasant odor. Yes, you're really protected with Fresh!

For the new Fresh formula is superior in anti-perspirant action—acts instantly like an invisible shield to keep you from offending—your clothes safe.

University scientists have proved that gentle new Fresh has up to 180% greater astringent action than other leading cream deodorants . . . and it's the astringent action that keeps underarms dry.

Try this creamy-soft new Fresh today. Regular or Chlorophyll.

Fresh is a reg. trademark of the Pharma-Craft Corporation. Fresh is also manufactured and distributed in Canada.

Fresh keeps you Lovely to Love
Marrying Kind

(Continued from page 49)

Years ago, Cohn had stood looking on when Rita announced all for Victoria Mature, after dissolving her marriage to Edward Judson. Then, when Vic was off on naval duty in the cold North Atlantic, she transferred her affections to Orson Welles, and this looked like the real McCoy for a while. She tried to change her personality for Orson, snipping off her lovely red tresses and bleaching them to a washed-out blonde shade she let Orson saw her in two in a silly magic show and went the whole gamut by allowing him to direct her in a picture that laid an egg.

It wasn't long after she'd sloughed Orson off that Rita's earth-shaking romance with Aly Khan exploded on two continents. Her career as a film star was tossed away like an old shoe. Harry Cohn stewed in vexation over her loss of the biggest boxoffice bet Columbia had ever owned. While Rita played on the Riviera, Harry helplessly counted the money they were losing every day she ignored work.

Aly couldn't slip a plain golden ring on Rita's slender finger immediately because his then current wife wouldn't let him, but that minor barrier did not cool their torrid love. Rita had little thought for the tongues that wragged in disapproval. She acted as if she never intended to return to Hollywood and the movie job that had earned her more luxuries than even Prince Aly could give her.

But if Rita's career proves anything it proves this: She can fall out of love as swiftly and completely as she falls in. And inevitably the day dawned when the cool blue waters of the Mediterranean and the green hills rising from its shores no longer looked as attractive as her own Hollywood. There, a steady weekly paycheck awaited her, certainly a pleasant prospect than the pile of unpaid bills that she was accumulating as Aly's Princess.

Love lay dormant in Rita's heart during the months when she was trying to decide whether to divorce Aly. With dickering over finances went on among lawyers before she finally got her divorce in Nevada. But no one seriously believed that this fling for fame was permanently done with love. They just weren't in the cards that life always dealt her.

And if Harry Cohn hoped for this, even he must have realized that it was a vain track. No, it's for she lost. Rita and Dick Haymes returned to California from New York. They were together constantly but arranged their dates cleverly, avoiding publicized night spots and the prying eye of the professional gossips. They would dine together at the Bel Air Hotel and pass long hours at the Naples where their blazes had started to smolder.

When Rita finished "Miss Sadie Thompson" (as it became then, and incidentally is the finest job of acting she has ever done) she decided on a vacation in New York. She boarded the train at Pasadena. Dick was there too, wearing denim slacks and carrying no luggage. Apparently he'd come to kiss her goodbye. He was seen getting on the train. But no one saw him get off.

"Probably Rita had his things along with her own luggage," Nora Edington surmises. She has been watching this romance with mild amusement. "Dick showed up in denims just to throw the press off the track. Not that I have the least hard feelings in the matter. I'm willing to get a divorce if that'll help them to get married."

It was almost immediately after Rita and Dick returned from New York that one more snare appeared in the tangled
fabric of their romance. Dick was suddenly faced with the possibility of deportation. An Argentine citizen, he had neglected to clear with the proper authorities when he went to Hawaii to join Rita while she was there on location. Although stories circulated at the time implied that he was being accused of draft evasion, there was no foundation in fact for these. He had attempted to enlist in the US Army, he said, and was rejected because of hypertension.

This development, while it cast a shadow over the romance, in no way deterred it. Nora, at that time, said she was quite sure that Dick and Rita were eager to marry as soon as possible. Dick, Nora said, was urging her to get a quick Alabama divorce to make that possible. But her lawyer had advised against it.

Nora's plan when she talked with her was to obtain her divorce in Nevada, contingent upon settling her money matters with Flynn. And to Rita and Dick openly dating in New York, even staying at the same hotel (though separated by several floors), this must seem desirable.

A Nevada divorce would of course clear the way for Dick to marry Rita before he goes abroad. If Nora should sue in California they would be required to wait a year before they could be legally married. And if I know Rita she'll be Mrs. Dick Haymes long before that.

The End

No Sad Songs

(Continued from page 54)

Before he hung up, Tony reiterated the earnest advice he had given her just before they said their goodbyes—only six days earlier, that had been, and it seemed an eternity—in their hotel suite at the Royal Hawaiian.

She must rest. She must take really good care of herself. She must take it easy. "Because," he told her again, "we have more to think about now than just ourselves. We have to think about the baby." Janet promised to be good. And she had been good, she really had. She had turned down all sorts of gay invitations, rested at the apartment, and at her mother's, relaxed determinedly while waiting for her picture to start.

She would take it easy. And Tony, she told him before they hung up, must keep his promise too—to telephone every other night, not every night. There was the budget to think about, now that the Curtis's soon would be three.

And Tony promised. But he didn't keep his promise.

The very next night he placed a call to their home number, just at the time, strangely, that Janet was being admitted to St. John's Hospital for emergency surgery.

"I just had a premonition," he said later, "that something had gone wrong.

When he couldn't get an answer at their apartment he called his mother. She had talked with Janet earlier in the day, but everything had been all right then. But Janet had told her, too, that she would be home that evening. At this, Tony called Janet's mother, who had just come in from the hospital. The doctor had told her that everything was all over. There would be no baby—not this time. But Janet would be fine. She broke the news to Tony, as gently as she could.

It was then that Tony sat down and wrote the letter. He was terribly, terribly sorry, he said, because he knew how disappointed Janet would be. "I would be disappointed," Janet thought as she read. It was Tony's hurt she was worrying about; he loved children so.

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and had been beside himself with happiness when they thought they were to have a baby of their own.
But she was not to worry. After all, she was the one who mattered. It was her health that was really important.
And they were still young. They would have lots of babies. Four babies, Twins!
There was more, lots more, but words written for Janet’s eyes alone.
Janet says she will always keep that letter, to remind her how close two people can be, especially when they are in trouble.
After the joyous three weeks they had just spent together, trouble came like a stranger to these two.
Their trip to Honolulu, agreed to on a wild impulse at the very last minute had been the most exciting few days they could remember, a real second honeymoon. Last year Tony went on suspension to be with Janet in Colorado where she had been at work on a picture.
They had had their vacation, six days in Las Vegas, three weeks in New York—more time off from work than they had had together since they were married. ("It was the vacation that did it," Janet had gurgled when she first learned that a baby was on the way.)
Tony had to go to the islands for "Beachhead" and was upset. He hates flying, but didn’t want to leave Janet a minute earlier than was necessary, especially since there was a possibility, just the barest possibility so far, that she was pregnant.
"Take the boat and if the studio will let me have the time, I’ll go with you," Janet said impulsively.
They would have five relaxing, sun-baked days on the boat. It wouldn’t matter if she had to turn right around and fly back to work the minute the Lurline docked. It would be worth it, just for the boat trip.
"Crazy!" Tony said, but set about getting reservations as soon as Janet’s agent said she was clear.
The next few days were a madhouse. Getting reservations so late proved an almost impossible hurdle. They actually went abroad with Janet booked into a single cabin on A-deck, Tony sharing a double on D-deck with a more foresighted passenger. The D-deck room was on only too happy to trade for Janet’s airier, flossier quarters, however.

Also, at the last minute, Tony insisted that Janet have a pregnancy test. He wanted to be sure, Janet thought it was too early to tell, but had the frog test anyhow. The results, she was told, would not be available for several days. They wouldn’t know, they thought, until Janet got back to California. She gave the laboratory her maiden name, Jeannette Morrison, just in case. She didn’t want any publicity.

But somehow the positive results of the frog test upset, "I guess," Tony muttered when Janet’s studio, her agents, and twelve dozen columnists began bombarding the Lurline with frantic queries about her pregnancy, "we got a talkative frog."
"Can’t even think things anymore," was Janet’s reaction, and she felt just a little bit cheated. Every woman should have the privilege, she thinks, of doing her own announcing about anything as important as her first child.

But once the first flurry was past, they were happy and relaxed, swimming every day in the Lurline’s swimming pool, gossiping with their good friends, the Van Johnsons, who also were aboard, making wonderful new friends, going to the movies on shipboard to see “The Naked Spur.”
"They gave me top billing over Jimmy Stewart," Janet says. She didn’t know whether to be flattered or embarrassed.
The docking in Honolulu, a three-hour frenzy starting at 5:00 A.M., was, Janet
How to
LOSE Weight
Without Dieting or Hunger!

Music is one of Yvonne De Carlo's major interests. Yvonne says: "Ayds helps me to lose weight and look and feel better while I'm doing it."

Yvonne in a recent picture. "I have many friends—Hollywood film stars—who feel about Ayds just the way I do," says Yvonne.

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Board of buyers from the Hecht Co. Stores, Washington, D. C., review PHOTOPLAY Star Fashions shown in this issue. Left to right; J. Willard Nalls, Divisional Merchandise Manager of Ready-to-Wear; Miss Muriel Heathcote, misses sportswear buyer; Lou Etelson, budget dress buyer; Miss Mary Forsythe, Cotton Shop buyer; and Miss Irene Deutch, misses better dress buyer

Where To Buy

PHOTOPLAY's Certified Star Fashion Values

For October, on pages 60 to 65:

All fashions shown this month are available in person or by mail from The Hecht Company in Washington, D. C.; Silver Springs, Maryland; Arlington, Virginia. To order by mail, use coupon below. Print name and address and enclose check or money order, or indicate whether you wish item sent charge or C.O.D.

SEE THEM IN THE MOVIES

Now, for the first time, you can actually see PHOTOPLAY fashions on the screen in your neighborhood movie! See the special fashion-show film, featuring all the clothes in this issue, in the Universal-International newsreel now playing at your local theatre! In this short, you'll see U-I's glamorous Lori Nelson and PHOTOPLAY's Fashion Editor, Jessica Bradt, watching a fashion showing of this month's PHOTOPLAY Star Fashions. You'll also see Lori with Tony Curtis in U-I's "All-American"

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Fact she sent me into a complete state of shock. I was getting visions of arranging a meeting. And then I noticed the man waiting for her at the foot of the slope. Too bad. In my mind and heart was “the first of things I would do,” wouldn't run into this girl—minus boyfriend, of course.—let me know, will you? Grooming can be overcome. If there’s one thing that makes me flip it’s the character, bore pleasing—try now, like the chi-chi type of fashion model with white, white face and a gash of red, red mouth, the one usually draped against an Egyptian pyramid. She’s the type who goes in for a long cigarette holder, is the epitome of how-tiresome-can-life-get, who holds her coffee cup as if she’s afraid of it and who nibbles at food with neither warmth or gusto. I used to go to a daze when life was the same way. Such a duller buries all her natural appeal and spontaneity in a mess of artificiality.

If a natural girl full of honest enthusiasm, one who can have herself a ball at the Palladium enjoying a good dance band and is still having fun at closing time. Of course, this doesn’t mean a victim of perpetual untruths who goes around laughing like a zombie.

**THE TOO-TAGER BEATER.** She’s the type that forgets that men invented courting. Too early in the game she decides the Boy in Her Evening is the Man in Her Life. Men still shy away from the direct approach. Like instance, Daisy, meets Horace on a party, decides he’s for her after three minutes of chitchat, phones him the next day to invite him to a twosome dinner in her apartment. Such meat-cleaver techniques get a girl nowhere. A friend of mine told me that on the third date he was having dinner with a girl. When the waiter asked her how she liked her rice, she turned to her escort and said, ‘’Thrown at me on the 888th floor when she was a bird dog scent to quod of quail. When they decide, ‘’This is it,” she forgets to look in her eyes and is already inhaling the imaginary fragrance of orange blossoms. What’s more embarrassing is the girl who sizes up a man and then starts to snag herself a son-in-law. Smart girls are never too aggressive in chasing after a man.

On the other hand, the girl who’d like a date but doesn’t cause much phones at six for a seven o’clock dinner date is committing one of the deadliest dating sins. I, for one, can’t make plans too far in advance (my work schedule won’t let me), and I’ve gone without a house sometimes and say “Let’s go to the beach.” I’m delighted if she’ll grab a bathing suit, and afterwards is agreeable to some Harlem–Gotham–Bucktown or a thick rare steak at the House of Murphy or a collection of enchiladas, tamales and tacos at the Casa Cienega.

But if she expects every date to be a real happening at Café de Giro’s or Romanoff’s or the Mocambo, she’ll have to find herself another boy. After all, I’m operating on $35 a week (that’s what I’m allowed by my business manager who happens to be my dad). In some plush spots that will hardly cover a steak dinner, drinks, tax and tips. But about once a month I like a big evening if there is someone my date and I want to see—Billy Daniels, Sarah Vaughan, Peggy Lee or Bill Ekstein at a night club.

**GOOD HUMOR ISN’T JUST AN ICE CREAM.** One of the first things I look for in a girl is a well-developed sense of humor. I like to kid, affectionately, to play practical jokes and in return enjoy being ribbed myself. And an expert in this department is Charlotte Austin, who can catch any gag, no matter how high-flying, and toss it right back at you.

That’s one reason I like to be with show people—their wonderful sense of humor. When I was a child I was around with a girl who was attending a finishing school. I couldn’t keep up with her crowd’s activities and report clear eyes and wide awake on the set so early in the morning. It was a shame when I had to leave a party that showed great promise. And I was afraid to discuss my work for fear they’d think, “All R. J. does is yak about.”

But with a crowd interested in acting it’s fun to chase around to movies—domestic and foreign—and then get into hot arguments over who was “with it” and who was losing. And you can catch her on a stroll to the nearest coffee pot and tear the picture limb from limb. That’s why I’ve enjoyed dating such girls as Gloria Lively, Tony’s Harold’s daughter, Carol Lee Ladd, who’s Alan’s daughter, Melinda Markey, who’s Joan Bennett’s, and Michele Farner who calls Gloria Swanson “Mom.” It figures that a girl who isn’t interested in films would find these gabfests boring.

**HOLD THAT LINE.** Some boys think the easy road to popularity when boy meets girl is a well-developed line. Lots of girls think so too. But I disagree. And I’m embarrassed by the girl who just must be the life of the party and gets louder and louder as the evening wears on. When I was with such a girl—a shoe kicker-offer—I was reminded of myself at my fourth birthday party. I got more and more excited until I began to spin like a top and found myself in the back of my mother grabbed me I burst into tears.

The wild girl at the party is just displaying a sad lack of judgment. And a pet dis-like the girl who huddles with her girlfriend and yak-yaks girl talk by the hour. Also, the girl who spends the evening babbling about what a heartbreaker she is, forgets that intelligent listeners need a fine trait in anyone. The loud talker, the flirt, the domineering gal are all types men would like to see “get lost.”

**EATING MANNERS.** There are a bunch of dating sins which go way beyond good taste and one of the worst is that displayed by the lass who purposefully lays her open compact on the table and proceeds to do an all-over job from forehead to backbone. A bit of brotherly advice to girls is: Never, never use a comb in public. A few disarranged curls are a hundred times better than a man get to a female running a comb through her hair.

Once on a date a girl discovered a chipped nail and put down her fork and nonchalantly began peeling the enamel. Thinks she took one of those little board book and began filing the nail. I cringed. She was the same girl who asked me to carry her evening bag. Every half hour she wanted something out of it. A dinner jacket isn’t tailored to hide a bulky evening bag, and I felt as though I were packing a gat!

Other dating poison includes being a poor conversationalist about the evening’s arrangements; expecting expensive entertainment; wearing conspicuous clothing; rating “zero” for effort in grooming; “cat-chatting” maliciously about other girls’ clothes, figures, personality, etc.; handing out flattery in wholesale quantities going on endlessly about other dates; letting a man know too soon where he stands with her and forgetting that an air of mystery is very appealing to any man.

Finally, I hope you won’t take what I’ve said too seriously. Just remember that that salty song from the “South Pacific” score—“There’s nothing like a dame”—is tops with me!
Lovely Weather for June

(Continued from page 57)

in his arms like an infant. "Mustn't get her little feet wet," he teased.

"Ouch!" exclaimed his animated burden. Quickly he put her down on a dry island of earth. "Why, Junie, what's the matter?"

His concern was real.

Miss June Allyson, star, rubbed the offended area of her anatomy. "What's the matter?" she echoed in mock indignation. "I sat on that pencil in your shirt pocket—that's what!"

And, laughing, she ran up the hill to take her place for the coming scene. Obviously, she was happy, and just as obviously the U-I gang was happy to have June around. A member of the publicity department, who has been exposed to her share of temperament, said fondly, "How can you help liking a girl who knocks herself out to do everything you ask? She makes the job seem easy."

You never heard her called "Miss Allyson," except in jest—and you never saw her alone for one minute. Co-star Jimmy Stewart slogged through the mud to stand beside her and talk until he was urged to get into some dry clothes. A grip with whom she was having a running gag got his licks in. Director Anthony Mann came up and kissed the top of her head.

This is a far cry from the taut, fraught girl about whom retirement rumors circulated only a few months ago. Except that they weren't rumors. "I honestly thought I was tired enough to quit and be plain Mrs. Richard Powell," she says. "I wanted to stay home and have two more babies instead of making pictures, but Richard said, 'Now, simmer down.'"

When the simmering-down period was passed, it turned out that June wasn't tired of making pictures at all. She had simply reached a point of complete dissatisfaction with the roles she was playing. She felt that these should be her best years and that the most was not being made of them. June is no phenomenon, no accidental star. True enough, her talents are varied and her physical assets many—the elfin charm, the petite air, the warm, husky voice—but it took more than all this for her to achieve stardom. A knowledge of herself and her limitations, liberal application of intelligence and courage.

She proved that she knew herself best when she was given the script of "Two Girls and a Sailor" to read. She saw immediately that it was wrong. She was to

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Play a beautiful, giddy girl while gorgeous Gloria DeHaven, for whom all great things were being predicted, was to be her plain, quiet sister. Now, it must be admitted that June had had a secret hankering to be the beautiful siren type up to that point, but she was realistic enough to see that no movie audience was going to be convinced that she was glamorous and Gloria DeHaven was not.

Deeply troubled, she took her problem to her soundest advisor, one Richard Powell, "Himself," and asked sensibly, "which is the better part?"

"For me, I think the plain girl.

"Well, you're certainly plain enough!" reassured that even-voiced man.

"But Richard, what am I going to do? How can I make them see it?"

"I think you'll find a way," he answered.

So she did it; she took up the scissors and knocked off her shoulder-length golden tresses. With her crowning glory gone, "I was the plainest girl that ever happened," June recalls with relish. Then she presented the study where, before M-G-M executives, could pick themselves up off the floor, she was asked to be tested for the role for which she was now unquestionably suited.

June won—and the picture made her a star. More often, and especially in recent years, she has lost her fight for the right type of role. "For one thing, I could never say no," she admits. "I still can't. But roles, they could never knock off the girl who wanted to turn down 'The Stratton Story.'" She even offered to go on suspension several times, but she ended up taking jobs for which she felt miserably unsuited.

It was for this reason and only this one that June declined to renew her contract with M-G-M. She neither asked for a raise nor was given a salary cut, as has been rumored; money was not an issue. She knows well enough what an important factor the studio has been in her rise to the two天地s of gratitude are quick to come to her lips.

Purely and simply, June left Metro because she wanted to choose her own story material, which she could do only if she became a free-lance actress. When her husband, upon whose judgment she relies, approved of the move, June's mind was made up. And for once she stuck to her guns. But when her release was worked out, she cried for two days, after all, so easy to leave after ten years.

The new arrangement has turned out beautifully. It has been said that a childless couple has only to adopt a baby to be blessed, with one of their children. June and her urge to have the "right" roles is somehow similar. She had barely attained her new free status, had just signed with U-I to do "The Glenn Miller Story" when she offered an acting plum in its star-studded "Executive Suite." June could only be more delighted if the director's name were Dick Powell.

This is one of the most important projects in June's future: to work professionally with her husband, whose first directorial venture, Split Second," was such a smash success. There are plans afoot; Mr. Powell will work very much to do a picture in the direction of the fabulous Gibson Girl of the early 1900's, and Mrs. Powell entertains the fond hope that she'll be invited to play the title role. "I have a feeling, though," she says, "that he will say 'June, don't play the part.' The thought of competing with the sultry and statuesque Jane appeals to her sense of the ridiculous. It will certainly be one kind of part or another, since June is busier now, working harder than she was under contract, and she thrives on it—except that she misses being with the children. Pamela and young Richard do hope to work with their industrious parents, but it's still a very long day until June sees her small fry again at seven or so in the evening.

By then, of course, they've already had their acting ambitions, to which Dick wants to add more animals and June, more children.

"I can remember when I felt like a wallflower if I didn't go to a night club a couple of times a week," she says. "Now I work seven days a week, and that's enough for me."

The last time we went, whenever that was, it was just smoky and dark and noisy. I'd much rather have dinner at home, alone or with friends, and run off a movie later if I want to."

Now, more than ever, she encourages the quiet routine that they both prefer. Aside from the fact that they are too tired for giddy activities after a day at their respective jobs, June has reason to see that her husband gets the rest he needs. After a "virus" was properly identified as a ruptured appendix almost too late to save his life, it was predicted that Dick would be in the business of getting married possibly for a year. Then the people who make predictions did a quick double-take because, the moment he could get around again, Dick jumped in harness at the head of an independent production unit at RKO. His wife, who was not surprised, simply went on praying and taking care of him when she could catch the guy.

Richard is, of course, a man of enormous energy and intelligence. It is safe to say that if he hadn't entered the world of entertainment, he would have been equally successful in any other field—he has that much imagination, that kind of drive.

"It's fantastic," June said recently. "Richard will say, 'In five years I want things to be like this,' and then he starts doing it. It won't take him long about it or worry. You can be as sure that it will happen as you can of the sun rising tomorrow."

Happily Dick is a strong man as well as a wonderful one, though the horror of that near-fatal illness is still fresh in his wife's mind, the spring has long since been back in his walk, and zest for life strong in his heart.

However, in his family, no question about that, even though Mrs. Powell does cut a pretty cute figure in her own tailored slacks. He knows more about more things than anyone else in June's experience, so she's happy to let him take over. He's the financial wizard with a sound head for figures, the fashion expert who selects her clothes with a lively and knowing eye. He listens to her problems and encourages her to find her own solution. He's a perfect father, a wonderful husband, a delightful companion.

In fact, you could write it in chalk on the fence and put a big heart around it like that. And imagine by the way that two hearts—and vice versa. Hard as this is to believe in Hollywood, even that wouldn't put the double-whammy on the Powells. Every marriage is a beautiful thing, and every situation getting their way. The End
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Ready for Love

(Continued from page 45)
pictures of London, so she would remember this special occasion; beautifully painted ceramics; so many lovely things for Pier to cherish.

Pier, who can get highly emotional over a bird or a puppy, cried all morning—she was happy, even better than that—she knew she would come to be remembered, just so happy! And in between the happy tears there would be laughter, because someone was always coming up behind her to sing a snatch of "Happy Birthday."

But the day wasn't over yet. In England, everything stops for tea at four o'clock. Sure enough, along came the tea in due course. But with it came a huge cake—blaze with twenty-one candles! "Oh, Anna, Anna," Pier said to herself, "you are a lucky girl!"

Although she had been between tears and laughter all day, Pier's birthday celebration didn't really start on the set. The best thing of all, the secret that she brought out to think about during the day, had really happened at the best time, the very start of the day, when she first awoke and realized that today she was twenty-one. Kirk Douglas was actually the first to speak to her that morning. He had phoned from Rome, where he is making a picture himself, to wish Pier a happy birthday.

What a wonderful, happy day to remember was Pier's thought as she tucked herself into her bed that night at the Savoy Hotel. And as she drifted into sleep Pier didn't know the best was yet to come!

The next morning was a Saturday; no reporting to the set that day at Elstree. When the phone rang that morning, Pier didn't know it was still a continuation of her birthday. Not only a continuation, but so much better! It was Kirk Douglas again, but this time he wasn't calling from Rome. He had just come in to London, and what he said was, "I couldn't make it yesterday. But let's pretend it's still yesterday, and your twenty-first birthday, because I have come in to spend it with you."

Pier shrieked with delight. First, Kirk hurried over to the Savoy, and before they knew it, it was lunchtime. So Kirk took Pier and her mama to lunch, still celebrating.

That night was theirs, too. At the Caprice, an Italian restaurant, Kirk and Pier dined; they laughed between mouthfuls of scampi (Italian fried shrimp) and antipasto. Later, Kirk had to fly back to Rome for his picture, "Ulysses." But before he left, Kirk gave Pier a beautiful ring as a birthday gift.

"Seeing the two of them that night emphasized the contrast between the worldly-wise, handsome man of thirty-six and the delicate little girl who still looks a very unworldly eighteen.

He tells a story that points up the contrast perfectly. "We were in a night club when we were in Rome," she says, "and there was a table of people we knew. To us they said things like, 'Oh, Kirk, you're wonderful'... 'Oh, Pier, you look so sweet.' But while we were dancing, Kirk said to me, 'You know what they really say, as soon as we leave?'... 'Oh, look at that Kirk Douglas, so old, with that sweet little ring!'"

Pier knows what they are saying about her friendship with Kirk Douglas. And she has some thoughts on the subject.

"They have been mean to Kirk in America. What do they say? 'Pier should open her eyes; he is a man of experience!' This 'man of experience' business, it makes me laugh! Many girls have fallen in love with a man of experience; some of it has been good, some bad. I pray it is all for the best. You can never know how things work out."

Pier will not say that she thinks she is in love with Kirk Douglas. But what she has just said, "Many girls have fallen in love—" shows how she is thinking.

Pier goes on, "He has been wonderful to me. He is kind, polite, thoughtful; that is what I like in a man. There are so many things, little things that are big things—attention to me, am I comfortable, am I happy, is everything all right? So many young people today, they are interested only in themselves and how they look. Kirk knows I am not like that. Whatever happens to me, or to him, we write each other. Once in a while, we talk together on the phone. To have such understanding. This is the thing that people cannot see. And if you have to listen to people talk you can kill yourself!"

"You see, I look very young; eighteen or nineteen at the most. I am not grown up in the same way an American girl is. I have been through a war; for six years we suffered. I know what it is to be without eating for three, or four days. I know now that suffering is sometimes good for you. But it made me not want to grow up; I was afraid. In one way I wanted to, in another I didn't."

That is the reason why, to Pier, her

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twenty-first birthday meant even more than to most girls. Because it was the preceding year that had helped little Pier, or little Anna, grow up. Eight months before, she had worked in a picture called "The Story of Three Loves" with an actor named Kirk Douglas. Kirk became fascinated with this little girl who is such a study in contrasts. She is all the sunshine and light of the Italian temperament that even childhood suffering has not dimmed. And underneath all the color, there is the shade of great mood and emotion shining in her gray eyes. No, she is not like American girls, this Pier Angeli; so much younger in some ways, so eternally older in others.

Kirk Douglas saw what was wrong with this part-child, part-woman. He saw, and understood that she had been hurt and was afraid. Pier tells herself, "One day Kirk told me, 'Anna, you should grow up. It is good for a girl to grow up, at twenty-one. You should go out, talk to people. You have a big mountain in front of you, but if you reach the top, the other side will be beautiful.'"

That is what has happened to Pier this past year; she reached the top, she has found the other side beautiful. And she believes this is so because of Kirk Douglas.

Pier says, "I was always mixed up. A boy tells you he loves you, but how can you know if he means it? You are like a little girl who has no way of judging these things! For six months, I was crying. It was very hard to take. Mama used to say, 'Don't do this, don't do that,' because she wanted me to be safe and protected. And I was saying, 'Yes, Mama, yes, Mama, whatever you say.' But then I said, 'Mama, a girl should be allowed to go out by herself. I am old enough to be entitled to ask if I may go out tonight. I wouldn't do anything bad. If you will give me the key, I will be home at eleven-thirty.'"

This may come as a shock to some American teenagers; but it is true that Pier never went out alone—without Mama, that is—until she was almost twenty-one. And to stay out until eleven-thirty, even then, was a great privilege. Pier says, "Mama did this, she gave me the key. And it gave me confidence in myself, and in the people I was going with."

It isn't, of course, that Mama was keeping Pier under lock and key, or doing her an injustice. Mama herself would tell you that she wanted for Pier only what will make her happy. It's just that Pier was raised by European standards; and Pier did not question her mother's wisdom.

What does Mama think, then, of Kirk? "Mama," says Pier, "doesn't think he's right for me. She likes him as a person, but for me she thinks there should be a younger boy, not a man who was married before and has two children. She also says, 'He is a man of lots of experience.'"

Pier doesn't gripe at this; there is a serious look on her face when she adds, "Mama finally said, 'You are on your own. If you have to think of anything, at least think it over three times!'"

And to this, the grown-up Pier adds, "All mothers who love their children are a little jealous when they start to live for themselves. But she is good and she will get used to it. She understands it is not good to stay tied forever to your mother."

Not that Pier Angeli plans to jump into a marriage that practically everyone feels would not be right. Pier is more level-headed. She is willing to give herself a chance, to see what time brings.

She says, "Everything takes time. I will not say, 'I will never get married so soon!' But I think of my career first; there is lots of study. When I was a little girl and wanted only to be a ballet dancer, would I have dreamed that today I would be in London, making a picture? So many things can happen, but not at the moment. Everything is so immature yet!"

"In this life, if you have everything to start with, sometimes you don't appreciate what you have. Things have come to me little by little; I have the house in California, and the car. But sometimes I even get nervous, when I want everything and it's not there. Then I realize this is no way to be."

In Pier's dressing room at Elstree there is a picture of Kirk on the dressing table, and a snapshot of the two of them in Rome. Pier looks at the picture and says, "I was always dreaming; now I can see those dreams become a little of reality. Every Sunday I go to church and pray that everything should come out all right. I don't want just marriage; I want the kind of love that should go with it, that keeps you not only loving, but liking and respecting each other. If I get married, I'll be married only once!"

"I can wait. Time will tell. I feel just wonderful, very happy and relaxed." And that's Pier Angeli today.

But there is a sequel to Pier's story, and what has happened to her in less than a year. Something has happened to Kirk Douglas, too! She explains it, "When Mr. Pasternak saw him in Rome, he looked at Kirk and said, 'How you've changed!' You see, Kirk was confused, too; he was searching for something. Before he was all tightened up. Now he is calm and relaxed. Others have said this, not only I. I am very happy about this!"

Evidently Pier believes she is not the only one who reached the top of the mountain and found the other side beautiful. And, as she herself says, time will tell!

THE END

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Glynis Johns

High-pitched, husky, haunting voice . . . eyes that are almost slanted . . . provocative mouth . . . these have made Glynis Johns a distinctive personality to moviegoers. But Glynis takes a disparaging view of her own appearance. "I look like a frog! In fact, Dick calls me Froogie," "Dick" is Richard Todd, her co-star in "The Sword and the Rose."

In February of 1952, she acquired an American husband, David Foster, a young businessman. David, too, has a cosmopolitan background. He was born in England of American parents, and brought up mostly in England. His path crossed with hers at least once while they were children. "We went to the same Sunday school," Glynis says, "but we don't remember each other. David's sister remembers me, though—I used to wear a terrible pixie hat that she loathed!"

Glynis' closest friends, of course, belonged to her own world. Stewart Granger was among them: "I'll never forget how nice he was to me when I was fourteen, in pictures. I know his moods; he's almost a brother."

Glynis had just graduated to grown-up roles with "The Invaders," when, at eighteen, she was married to actor Anthony Forwood. Their son, Gareth, was born the following year. But the usual hazards of a youthful marriage were too much for the couple. Wiser now, she can see them in retrospect: "After all, you're one person at one age—and an entirely different person at another." Within five years, the Forwoods were divorced.

Briefly, Glynis later found herself attracted to Michael Wilding, while he was sharing a yacht with Granger. Mike, too, is now simply numbered among her old friends; she likes him for his easygoing, even-tempered quality. Jean Simmons joined the circle as Mrs. Granger, and Glynis was the couple's house guest on a visit to Hollywood. Both girls enjoyed the outdoor life there; they'd put a stack of records on the player and swim to music. "We practically perfected an Esther Williams stroke!" Glynis laughs. More seriously, she makes only one comment on the gossip-haunted Granger marriage: "They love each other very much."

The next time Glynis herself thought she had fallen in love, she was naturally more cautious. She became
engaged to the noted English producer Anthony Darnborough. It was lucky that they didn’t rush into marriage, for through her dates with Tony real romance entered Glynis’ life. At a party given by a friend of his, she met her forgotten Sunday-school acquaintance, David Foster. About that time Glynis and Tony broke their engagement, but they remained good friends.

Then David, an executive with the Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company, returned to New York. The new romance might have ended right there, if the Broadway theatre hadn’t played Cupid. Glynis got an offer to star in New York and promptly accepted. “But I wasn’t really planning to get married,” she says. “When I left, Tony cabled David to look after me!”

David followed instructions. Midway in the play’s one-week New York run, Glynis became Mrs. David Foster, and the English actress began turning herself into an American housewife. But both she and David recognized Glynis’ career as an essential part of her; there was no thought of giving it up. Her first good offer was from Walt Disney, for “The Sword and the Rose,” to be shot in England. It was too choice to turn down, and three months after their marriage the Fosters again found an ocean separating them—for part of the time, more than one ocean. As export manager, David was sent on a tour of Central America and the Far East.

Their future looked disheartening—and then, suddenly, everything was fine. This time, it was David’s company that played Cupid. He was transferred to the London office! Glynis insists this was all a coincidence. But David’s father, who is chairman of the board, just might have intervened. Married a year, the Fosters were honeymooners in terms of time spent together. Now they could settle down and get better acquainted.

Happily, movie producers also proved cooperative with true love. Fans were pleased to hear that Glynis would team with Todd again in Disney’s “Rob Roy.” But it was the off-screen teaming that delighted her. British-made, the forthcoming picture didn’t take her away from her husband. “Now we’re together!”

Sad news that Fred MacMurray lost his lovely wife, Lili, after a prolonged illness. Fred's selfless devotion during their seventeen-year marriage was beyond description . . . Glad news that Clark Gable finally has a smash hit in "Mogambo" and so deserving . . . Disturbing news that the Jeff Chandlers are incompatible again, with the big fellow leasing a Westwood apartment to live in solo.

Little Women: Every man from eight to eighty (including Cal) was watching them shoot "Son of Sinbad," a Technicolor extravaganza. One hundred and eighty bleached blondes wore a smile—and a string of beads. Mari Blanchard who is a blonde, naturally wore a brunette wig! There was the tall, sensuous stripper, Lili St. Cyr, whose voice is being dubbed, but the body is all Lili's. Obviously someone forgot that Sally Forrest is a real dancer when they pasted on her costume. The Johnson office made them reshoot her number! Dale Robertson's Oklahoma drawl coming out of that oriental get-up, was the end!

Another Chance: Jack Briggs (he was Ginger Rogers' third husband) has a new wife and they're expecting their first baby . . . Talking of Ginger, she and husband Jacques Bergerac are wonderfully happy. Devoted wife Ginger spends her leisure hours grooming her bridgedroom for a screen career at Metro . . . Zachary Scott now married to actress Ruth Ford, legally adopted her daughter whose real father is European actor Peter Van Eyck. . . . Phil Terry, husband number three on Joan Crawford's list, is married again. He now owns a beautiful home on Lido Isle and commutes to Hollywood and film work.

Seen and Heard: Jane Powell and Gene Nelson holding hands throughout "The City Is Dark" preview at the Pantages Theatre, while the audience applauded Gene's first dramatic triumph . . . Ricardo Montalban and wife Georgiana have been married ten years, have four children, are holding hands whenever Cal sees them . . . Hollywood hysterical note: An eager-beaver writer called M-G-M and requested to be first on the interview list when Ann Blyth expects a baby. At the time, Ann was still on her honeymoon! . . . Portrait of a happy man: John Derek who finally secured his release from Columbia. Now all he wants to do is take ugly pills and become a director! . . . Sign on a Hollywood theatre marquee: John Wayne in "Trouble Along the Way." Also, "The Lady Wants Mink." Someone must have been reading John's personal publicity!

Salt and Pepper: While Leslie Caron's husband is in the Coast Guard, she attends a Beverly Boulevard cooking school. Every week she receives a prize package to sample . . . There's
nothing Russian about Barbara Rush and Jeffrey Hunter except their wonderful Beef Stroganoff. Saturday nights they whip up a huge bowl for Bob Wagner, the Dale Robertsons and other friends who happen to drop in...

Personal to Virginia Mayo: You used baking soda, honey, instead of baking powder in that cake you baked for Michael O'Shea. He loves you, so he ate it!

Cross Roads: Just as Cal predicted last month, Betty Grable was surprised in surprise only by Betty Hutton (who had a similar experience) when her contract was canceled. Like La Hutton for Paramount, gams Grable has been a top money maker for Twentieth Century-Fox for seventeen years. She asked for her release after refusing to do a loan-out musical at Columbia. This is a day of come-hard, go-fast in Hollywood. Would Betty's studio have acted otherwise if Marilyn Monroe hadn't been around?

Boxing Gloves, Anyone? They kissed and made up when "Red Garters" finished shooting, but you can bet that Rosemary Clooney won't be making another movie with Gene Barry. Insiders say Gene has a talent for rubbing people the wrong way; it's unintentional and he isn't even aware of it... Elizabeth Taylor supposedly said that Michael Wilding made his "first" and "last" picture with Joan Crawford when he made "Torch Song." Hollywood is mystified over the reason... Action in "Rage of the Jungle" has nothing on the "rage" Ann Sheridan and Glenn Ford felt for each other. Glenn, it seems, claims that Annie's tardiness on the set held up produc-

The Ricardo Montalbans have nothing to hide—including their love for each other.
INSIDE STUFF

She's afraid someone might take one foot of film away from him!

Magnificent Misfit: Cal hereby declares a "Roman Holiday" to shout the praise of this charming picture. It isn't 3-D, wide screen, or in Technicolor, but now we know why every Hollywood star was so curious about Audrey Hepburn! So help us, several studios snubbed this new cinema enchantress because she lacks classic beauty and her teeth aren't perfectly shaped. Director William Wyler was merely searching for talent and, oh brother, he really found it!

Paging Pinkerton: Elizabeth Taylor faces a dilemma. She just doesn't know what nationality she is, so she's appealed to M-G-M's legal department to straighten out the tangle. Born in England, lovely Liz automatically became an American by marrying Nicky Hilton at the age of nineteen. Having divorced him and married Britisher Michael Wilding before she was twenty-one, she believes she again became English. Now that she is twenty-one, Liz wishes to choose her country. "I want it to be America," she says firmly.

Clothes Horse: Other stars are green with envy. A clause in Jane Russell's fabulous contract gives her the right to keep any gown that has been designed for her to wear in a picture. But the ironical part is, Jane has no clothes sense and knows it. She'd rather wear slacks and sweaters than sequins and sables!

Sacred Trust: Although he isn't a Catholic, Gary Cooper has such respect for his daughter's religion, he accompanied Maria and his estranged wife to an audience with the Pope. By joining forces with the Christian group conducted by Jane Russell's mother, David Brian's found the peace and happiness he's long been seeking. It's a long drive each Sunday, but William Holden wanted his sons to attend the same church in Pasadena where he received his religious teachings.

Honeymoon Blues: When Dale and Jackie Robertson were married there was only time for a one-day honeymoon. But Dale made a promise that they would have a real honeymoon at Banff and romantic Lake Louise soon. Well, two years and two months later they finally got that Canadian honeymoon. It was beautiful and dreamy as friends and travel folders had promised, but not as they had planned. It was more like home week at Twentieth—the company of "River of No Return" had arrived to location there. Then to keep them further company, a special teen-aged travel tour checked into the hotel, starry-eyed to

A promise fulfilled. And not even some unexpected interruptions disturbed Jackie and Dale Robertson, having a heavenly time on their delayed honeymoon at Banff, Canada.
It will take more than rumors to separate the Charlton Hestons, often careers apart

find Dale Robertson an unscheduled attraction. Cute girls though, and ever so polite thanking Jackie for being such a good sport and letting Dale dance with all thirty-six of them!

'T Ain't Necessarily So: Charlton Heston was tied up with the filming of "Bad for Each Other," when his talented wife, Lydia Clarke, received a hurried call from New York to try out for a stage play. She flew East and the rumors flew everywhere. "The Hestons are parting." Nothing of the kind! These two are very happily married and intend to stay so. Prologue: Lydia got the part and Heston will be spending a lot of time in New York this fall.

Lowdown from London: Hollywood hears from across the Atlantic that even actor Leo Genn (who is a British subject) resented the attitude of the local press toward Alan Ladd's making "The Big Jump" in England. Always the gentleman, Alan remained kind, courteous and said nothing... His Hollywood friends are distressed by reports drifting back about Errol Flynn. He seems to have lost incentive—added weight detracts from his wonderful physique and his handsome facial features have changed. So say those who have seen him recently. We wonder why and hope it isn't true.

Dog Tales: Zsa Zsa Gabor and her French poodle wear the same hair-do, but her bark isn't worse than pet pooch's bite... The puppy that director John Huston gave to Audie Murphy when he made "Red Badge of Courage" has grown to the size of a small pony, so Pappy got to work and raised the roof on the dog house.
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Meet the Champs

(Continued from page 43)

A male idol has to watch his figure as carefully as a female star does—if he wants a figure worth watching. You’ll often find Jeff Chandler (6’4”, 190, 46”, 34”) tearing into a rare steak while wistfully eyeing a nice, rich, forbidden dessert at the next table. To counteract an occasional eating binge, Jeff relies on golf and gym workouts.

Boxing is the favorite method for keeping in trim, and plenty of stars can prove that their muscles are useful as well as decorative. Tony Curtis got his start in fisticuffs on the New York streets, having to establish a beachhead in one neighborhood after another as his family moved around the big town. Later, he got more formal training, learned the control of his body that helps to make him a convincing fight hero in “All American.” Scott Brady (6’2”, 175, 42”, 32”, starring in “El Alamein”) and Ricardo Montalban (5’11”, 170, 42”, 30”, now in “Latin Lovers”) both put on the gloves frequently. So does fellow Latin, Fernando Lamas (6’1”, 175, 44½”, 31”), who was intercollegiate boxing champ back home in Argentina. A versatile athlete, Fernando needed no double to keep pace with Esther Williams in “Dangerous When Wet.” He once won the free-style swimming championship of South America.

Rory Calhoun’s boxing background is equally impressive. In college, he fought fifteen Golden Gloves bouts and never lost one. Before he scored in movies as a lusty outdoor type. Rory (6’3”, 193, 42”, 32”), was a forest-fire fighter, a logger, a miner, a track driver, a cowhand. He’ll be right at home in “River of No Return.” John Bromfield (6’1”, 184, 44”, 32”) also has picturesque experiences behind him. Another collegiate Golden Gloves champ, he was, that time, a tuna fisherman off the California coast when Hollywood discovered him. A lady agent saw John on a wharf, mending nets, and decided his splendid muscular development would be highly photogenic. It is—in Esther Williams’ new film, “East to Love.”

Tab Hunter and Burt Lancaster, of course, both excelled in specialized athletic fields. Tab was a figure skater of near-championship calibre, and he still spends a lot of his spare time on the rinks. In “Gun Belt,” he looks at ease on a horse with good reason: He began riding in the horse shows at the age of eleven, and he’s even gone in for the dangerous sport of jumping. Burt’s athletic skill, which landed him a circus job at nineteen, is put to frequent use in movies. Between pictures, he does daily tumbling workouts with partner Nick Cravat.

Some of Hollywood’s muscle men have had to work hard to get those husky shapes, as well as to keep them. Incredible as it seems, Cornel Wilde (6’3”, 180, 40”, 30”) was a skinny, sickly youngster, until he went in for fencing in high school and college, winning city and American amateur championships with the foils. With this talent, he’s been pretty well typed in swashbucklers, but the sense of timing and precision it gave him came in handy when he had to learn the aerialist’s art for his prize role in “The Greatest Show on Earth.”

Another adventure-yarn king, Richard Todd (5’10”, 170, 41½”, 34”) also battled illness as a child. An attack of rheumatic fever might have left him an invalid but he rebuilt his strength first with exercises, later with bicycle and horseback riding. Eventually, his parents were horrified to find that Dick was even going in for roughneck games of rugby. The boy who might have been an invalid achieved a fine war-time record as a commando and a paratrooper. Now vigorous sessions with trainer Paddy Ryan keep Dick in shape for his prize role in “The Sword and the Rose” and the forthcoming “Rob Roy.”

An actor faces one hazard when he acquires a beautiful set of muscles, however. People are likely to be so dazzled by the muscles that they don’t recognize him as an actor. But Lancaster did score one for his beefcake colleagues when he kept his shirt on and won an Academy Award nomination for “Come Back, Little Sheba.” But he’s gone right back to the shirtless class since, with “His Majesty O’Keefe,” and his fans don’t seem to be doing any crying about it. Lex Barker, (6’4”, 200, 44½”, 34”) has made a career of displaying his muscles as Tarzan. Any time he gets restless and begins to feel he’s frustrated as an actor, he remembers what an earlier Tarzan, Johnny Weissmuller, once said in the correct jungle-man dialect: “Me no get Oscar. Me get fortune.”

THE END

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BY THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

102
THE ACTRESS

(3-6-34)

Actress-writer Ruth Gordon tells the story of her own girlhood in a Massachusetts town. With Jean Simmons playing Ruth, Spencer Tracy, her father, and Teresa Wright, her mother, it's a nostalgic tale loaded with talk—but all of it fine, cracking talk, full of wit and sense. Jean's wholly endearing as the ardent theatre fan intent on being an actress, though her dad wants her to be a gym teacher. Tracy, however, has the edge in the beautifully balanced role of the grouchily breadwinner, dreaming of his adventurous youth as a seaman in all the ports of the world. Newcomer Anthony Perkins scores as Jean's beau.

Verdict: Delightful picture of youth, ambition and family life (Family)

BIG LEAGUER

(3-6-34)

For once, a baseball story emphasizes personal factors. The title is misleading; Edward G. Robinson is training a bunch of youngsters who only hope to make the big leagues. Longing to become rookies with the N. Y. Giants, they're weeded out as weeks go by. Outstanding among them is Jeff Richards, Tall, heavy-browed, appealing. Jeff plays a natural-born ball-player hampered by family worries. Other trainees are also convincing: Richard Jaeckel, as a cocksure pitcher; William Campbell, as a braggart New Yorker; Lalo Rios, as a spunky Cuban. Vera-Ellen's miscast and wasted as Robinson's niece.

Verdict: A real "sleeper"—likable players in a heartfelt story (Family)

SO THIS IS LOVE

(WARNERS, TECHNOCOLOR)

To play the late Grace Moore, Kathryn Grayson dyes her hair a discreet, becoming blonde and sings a variety of songs. The career Kathryn retraces went from the musical-comedy stage to opera, so the music shifts between Youmans and Pucini. As in most movie biographies, the story struggles; romance gets short shrift. As suitors, Merv Griffin and Douglas Dick have vague roles. Playing Kathryn's apart-

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ment-mates in early New York days, Joan Weldon shows a porcelain beauty, and Jeff Donnell caricatures a would-be artist.

Verdict: Mild musical with pleasant songs, slim plot (Family)

SECOND CHANCE
(B.K.O.; TECHNIRCOLOUR, 3-D)

A colorful star trio and a picturesque locale enliven a straightforward melodrama. The 3-D cameras explore village squares and mountain heights around Taxco and Guernavaca, Mexico. Supposedly, the story takes place in a mythical South American country where Linda Darnell has fled to live down gangland connections. She's a potential witness, and Jack Palance is sent to kill her. The gunman, however, has designs of his own on Linda. Faced with a choice between death and Palance, she finds a defender in Robert Mitchum, as a touring American prizefighter. The action has a real “cliffhanger” finish.

Verdict: Vigorous crime thriller with striking backgrounds (Family)

VICE SQUAD
(U. A.)

Unpretentious and fast-moving, this account of a day in the life of a police captain provides solid entertainment. Edward G. Robinson is at his most competent as the officer dealing patiently with small matters and large. He befriends a harmless psychopath; he outwits a fortune-hunting fake nobleman; and all the while he's trying, through dogged detail work, to catch a cop-killer and forestall a bank robbery. Paulette Goddard's activities are the sole excuse for the title; she's amusing as a brazen dame who operates an “escort service.”

Verdict: Crisp, workmanlike salute to the police department (Family)

WAR PAINT
(U. A.; PATHE COLOR)

It takes a good movie to do justice to the terrible splendor of Death Valley, and this Indian-fighting story fills the bill. Robert Stack leads a small group of cavalry troopers on a mission to a powerful chief, carrying a treaty that may bring peace to the territory. But some Indians mistrust the white man's promises, and their harrying reduces the numbers of the troop, until the mission is in peril. Thirst further threatens the soldiers; so does mutiny, when a few (led by Peter Graves) discover gold. As young Indians, Keith Larsen and Joan Taylor may be villains—but they have a point!

Verdict: Good, grim Western (Family)

MISSION OVER KOREA
(COLUMBIA)

As men fighting the unequal battle at the outbreak of the Korean war, John Derek and John Hodiak underplay effectively in a simple story of bravery. But pilot unarmored observation planes, the eye of the pitifully limited defending force. Combat scenes are realistic, propol, overshadowing the slight romantic interest carried by Maureen O'Sullivan, a Hodiak's wife, and Audrey Totter, as a Army nurse wooed by Derek. However Derek's character illustrates a double theory: The correct way to become hero is to obey orders. ?? ? Chief: the story's pathos rises from emotion that the audience itself will bring to the theatre, drawn from reality.

Verdict: Unassuming war film, sometimes touching but lacking in depth (Family)
THE KID FROM LEFT FIELD  
(20th CENTURY-FOX)

Imagine a bunch of tough ball players taking orders from a nine-year-old kid! Billy Chapin, the kid in question, learned baseball from his dad, Dan Dailey, a former big-leaguer discredited by his violent temper and reduced to selling peanuts. After Billy's suggestions (actually Dan's) turn the last-place Bisons into a winning team, owner Ray Collins appoints the boy manager. It's an amusing notion, but the movie fails to make the most of it. The love interest goes to Anne Bancroft, as Collins' secretary, and Lloyd Bridges, as third-baseman.

Verdict: Sentimental, slow-moving baseball comedy (Family)

A BLUEPRINT FOR MURDER  
(20th CENTURY-FOX)

A carelessly plotted mystery teams Joseph Cotten and Jean Peters. Jean portrays a sleek widow with a stepson and a stepdaughter; Cotten, her brother-in-law, fond of Jean at the outset. But when the little girl dies suddenly of an unidentified ailment, showing symptoms like those that attended her father's death, suspicions are aroused. Acting reluctantly on a tip from friends Catherine McLeod and Gary Merrill, Cotten begins sleuthing to find out whether Jean is poisoning her co-heirs to gain wealth.

Verdict: Weak whodunit (Family)

FORT ALGIER  
(U. A.)

A typical Yvonne DeCarlo movie introduces Argentine star Carlos Thompson to American audiences. Carlos proves to be a dashing Latin with an engagingly humorous look and a good command of English. Estranged sweethearts, he and Yvonne are reunited when she, a heroic French spy, is assigned to a mission in North Africa, where Carlos is stationed with the Foreign Legion. Both combat an Arab rebellion plotted by Raymond Burr, who has designs on the oil wells.

Verdict: Foolish but amiable (Family)

THE MOONLIGHTER  
(WARNERS, 3-D)

It's surprising to find names like Fred MacMurray and Barbara Stanwyck attached to so minor a movie. Fred's a cattle rustler whose night-time forays account for the title. Barbara, once his girl, has decided to settle down and marry his supposedly respectable brother, bank teller William Ching. But Fred returns, bent on an odd sort of vengeance. A harmless hobo, mistaken for the rustler, has been lynched in Fred's place, and Fred's after the Lynchers. Outlaw Ward Bond diverts his attention to a robbery.

Verdict: Pointless Western (Family)
(Continued from page 31)

was to act as host and hostess at a cocktail party in honor of Olivia de Havilland, who will be appearing in Ferrer's next Broadway production, "The Dashing Hour."

How did it happen? Here is the inside story of the Clooney-Ferrer wedding with the events beginning Saturday, July 11, in Dallas, Texas.

"Would you like to get married this afternoon?" asked José Ferrer.

"Gee!" wailed Rosemary, "I don't think there's time. It's already afternoon and you have a matinee plus an evening performance today."

After a year-and-a-half of transcontinental friendship José was free to pop the question. "How about Monday then?" he pursued. "We'll drive up to Durant, Oklahoma, and get the judge to marry us? It's only a couple of hours away. We can be back in time for the evening performance."

"I'm sold! Monday sounds great!" said Miss Clooney.

Sunday came and went. During the entire day Rosemary felt as if she were sitting on a keg of atom bombs awaiting for the explosion. She was in a daze—whenever she came out of it, she found herself holding her breath. She was dying to tell the news to someone, but she didn't manage to get out of the fog long enough to say anything coherent.

And, Monday morning, July 13, at 7:00 a.m. Rosemary and José, accompanied by Kurt and Ketti Frings, drove to Durant, Oklahoma, for the wedding.

Sixty hours later, Rosemary, now Mrs. José Ferrer, was sitting beside the pool in the back yard of her recently-leased Beverly Hills home. "I'm still in a daze," she said, "and I still haven't been able to catch my breath to say anything to anybody."

"Why didn't you tell us you were going to get married?" asked a close friend of Rosie's who happened to be at her home.

"And why Durant, Oklahoma?"

"We picked Durant because we didn't have to wait," said Rosie. "And I didn't tell you or anyone else because we honestly didn't know!"

"Were you scared?" asked her friend.

"Sure. I was about to drop my teeth. But not because of the wedding—I don't think. I knew that when we got to the County Seat we'd have to take our blood tests. I took along some smelling salts because I didn't want Joe to know I was scared of needles. He was urging me on, but when I looked over his shoulder and caught sight of the needle it looked like one of the Bengal lances! Then it was my turn. That's when I was scared! I felt faint. But Joe smiled and I didn't seem to need the smelling salts."

An hour later, Rosie related, they were in the Court House standing in front of the Judge. Seth Shoemaker, was his name, and he and the clerk, Dewey "Red Pap" Currin, plus the Frings and Joe Schreibman (Rosie's agent) were the only ones present.

"I felt detached," said Rosemary, "like a goldfish floating around on the outside of the fishbowl looking in at the people. Then the Judge said, 'I pronounce you man and wife,' and Joe kissed me. That woke me up out of my daze!"

Rosemary recalls she was still a bit bewildered when they started back for Texas. "I fell asleep as soon as we got in the car," she said. "At Denison, Texas, we stopped for something to eat. I was kind of dizzy so I don't remember what we ate. I do remember that Joe looked at me across the table and I started to giggle. I giggled the rest of the day!"

As soon as Rosy and Joe arrived at the hotel in Dallas, Rosie went straight to her rooms to change and José went up to the presidium that had been previously arranged. Though the party was Miss de Havilland's, the reporters were after José like eager hounds after a rabbit.

"Where's your wife, Mr. Ferrer?"

"She's upstairs changing."

"When'd you get married?"

"This morning."

"I bet you're too excited to remember what she wore," said a female reporter.

"Excited I am," said José, "but I remember. She wore a suit, made from material I bought in England a year ago!"

"One glass of champagne later," Rosie says, "the party was over and it was time for Joe to go to the theatre to make up for the night's performance of 'Kiss Me Kate'."

"Joe was supposed to make his entrance to straight music, but word of the marriage was out, and as he stepped through the wings, the orchestra started playing 'Here Comes the Bride,' Dum, Dum, Ti Dum. I've never seen Joe embarrassed—but that night he blushed. He had a prop in his hand, a book I think, and he covered his face with it as he walked on stage. The audience cheered and laughed so long he had to exit and make another entrance."

"In fact," said Rosemary, "Joe realized

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for the first time that the entire play is all about marriage! The audience laughed all night long to the lines because now they had special meaning. It also broke up the cast because they laughed in all the wrong places!"

After the performance that Monday night (their wedding night) Rosemary and José, with the cast who had come down for "The Dazzling Hour" rehearsal, finally got together at the hotel for a champagne party to celebrate the wedding.

The very next morning Rosemary hurriedly flew back to Hollywood to attend the premiere of Paramount's "Stalag 17" and to move into her newly-leased house—the one she rented for herself just before the marriage. "I've never had so much happen to me in such a short period of time," said Rosie. "I haven't even unpacked yet—and this week we're moving around the corner to Joe's new place. He just bought a home for us two blocks away."

The phone beside the pool rang. It was Mr. Ferrer calling from Dallas, the operator said, "The afternoon check-in," explained Rosie. "Hi, sweetheart," she sighed into the phone, "I dreamt about you last night..."

A faint, "Yes... what'd you dream" from the phone.

"I dreamt we were both on the road with Stan Kenton!"

Brief silence, then, "What was I doing, turning the pages for Kenton?"

After the phone conversation, Rosie said, "We're going to have a much smaller telephone bill now that we're married. Of course we still talk about three times a day but last summer it was from London and Paris to Hollywood!"

"With Joe calling every day from abroad I get to know the transcontinental operators real well. Whenever Joe couldn't get through to me, they'd say, 'Sorry, Miss Clooney, but the lines are down! You'd think they had nothing but hurricanes over there!"

Forty-eight hours after her arrival back in Hollywood, Rosemary had not yet found time to send out thank-you notes for all the wonderful messages of happiness her well-wishing friends had sent; telegrams, flowers, cases of champagne, letters, notes, and phone-call messages had piled up on the dining-room table and overflowed onto the floor. But Rosie was sure she'd find time to get them all sent out before José arrived next Saturday.

In the two days before his arrival, all she had to do was tape two shows Thursday day, two shows Friday, and do four publicity layouts. Saturday morning, of course, she wanted to take in the baseball game on the Paramount lot after seeing her picture, "Red Garters."

"But I've got to see that game," said Rosie. "It's my team vs. the writers. Since my trip to Texas they've pulled in some ringers on us and I've got to go down and check up on their references. Those writers! You just can't trust 'em. They'd steal home plate and actually take it home with them if you'd let 'em. Besides, my opponent has won two out of three of the past round robins and if we win this one we get to keep the cup!"

In between radio, television, baseball and motion pictures, Rosie hopes to start a family and have a honeymoon! "Joe will be here in a few days and we'll have four days together at La Jolla. That's not the honeymoon, though. 'Cause he'll be working. But we'll have two days in Canada next month—no work, no nothing! That's going to be our honeymoon!"

"As for children, well I want a family—six will keep us busy enough, I think."

THE END

---

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(Continued from page 47)

enough pets, so they acquired a boxer named Champ, a miniature poodle, Figaro by name, and a cat called Melvin. That's why Jerry used to cackle, "No birds or gold fish!"

Jerry and Patti are both kid and animal crazy, and the Lewis menage now consists of their two small somethings: three Springer spaniels: the original and famous Mr. Chips, lady, Prissy, and their puppy, Dignity.

It was really Patti who got Jerry started on the Springer spaniel mania. It will be five years next Christmas season that the two of them were walking down New York's Sixth Avenue in the after-midnight snow, following a Martin and Lewis performance at the Copacabana. It was two days before Christmas, and Patti started to cry in a sudden spell of homesickness for her native Gary, Indiana. They stopped in front of a pet-shop window, and soon both were laughing at the antics of a tiny Springer Spaniel. The next day, Jerry went back to that Sixth Avenue pet shop and bought the puppy for Patti's Christmas gift.

By now, Mr. Chips' numerous, handsome progeny are widely scattered through various homes in Holly wood and environs, as pets and friends. Chips himself, the daddy of them all, is a lofty and legendary character. No dog ever led a life like his. Among other things, Jerry gets lonesome for him while on tour, so Chips has been airmailed all over the U. S. A.

A typical Jerry Lewis production featuring Chips took place on Martin and Lewis' last tour. Playing in Chicago, Jerry summoned Chips, who arrived like a potentate. TWA gave him a seat on the plane. He was met at the airport by a chauffeur 's limousine and given a room at the Ambassador East—a corner room, overlooking Lake Michigan. On the huge dance floor, Chips would sit by the windows and contemplate the lake by the hour. He has been introduced from the floor in clubs from New York to Miami; Chips has always been like a Maharajah, gracious and imperturbable.

There's plenty of living going on at the Martin home, too, where there are three German shepherd dogs and five children. Four of the boys got married recently and brought their bride home to meet their mother, Betty. Since they live right around the corner with their mother, they just take it for granted that they have two homes. Craig, who is thirteeen, is at the top of his game, and he's the apple of his father's eye. Claudia, Gale and Dena (feminine for Dino) are forever baying away in the basement or riding a bike through the streets.

Now, Dean and Jeanne's own little Dino, going on two, is slated to have a sister, any day. Dean, who says, "I've called the shots five times out of five," is so sure it's going to be a girl that they've already picked out her name: Jamie.

The expected baby did not influence the Martins' reconciliation after their dramatic month's separation earlier this year. Jeanne, who wisely knew that what de- clared to be divorce and separation were two of them, said, "I didn't want to tell Dean about the baby after we separated." But, when the news was broken by the newspapers, she admitted, "It helped us make up our minds a little faster."

There is solid proof that all is very well with the Dean Martins in that Dean, instead of staying in Europe with the rest of the cast, flew the full three months because Jeanne's doctor wouldn't let her take the trip, made arrangements to be back sooner than the others, in mid-July, a full month before the baby was due.

Even during the separation, neither denied being deeply in love. The time apart was a time for each to test himself to see if they couldn't come to understand, and overcome, their differences. Dean says, "It's just fine, now. She has learned something, and I have learned something, and we have worked out our problems together."

Dean is no man-about-town. He both wants and needs a home, and home is what he hurries back to. Dean is ready to relax when he comes in through the front door. But Jeanne, like many a young wife, needs recreation instead of relaxation at the end of the day. And their separation has given them both an evaluation of each other's needs.

Jeanne is the lovely, cool Germanic blonde whose beauty has made her accustomed to adulation. Underneath Dean's usual, rather chilly, Italian warmth that requires appreciation and great responsiveness he has no memory for dates, but a great one for moments. Anyone can give a token birthday gift; Dean would rather give a token in memory of their first kiss. He may forget an anniversary, then come up with a fabulous gift to mark something special and intimate that has happened between the two of them.

Last Christmas, he could have ordered Jeanne the most expensive mink coat in town over the telephone, and let it go at that. Instead, his gift was one, that said, "I have been thinking of you," was a precious and breath-taking antique pendant from Italy, like something out of a regal collection. It took months of planning, a jeweler, resetting it with fabulous stones of Dean's own choice.

Jerry, too, doesn't need any special date to shell out gifts; only with him, wants to show his own good fortune to each every one. One of Jerry's great joys in living is to do things for others. Admire a pair of cuff links he's wearing, and they're as good as yours. He'll take them off and give them back to you. With Jerry, there's just one string attached to a gift. He has to see the pleased expression on your face when you get it. One more thing; if he has any idea you might wish to have something, Jerry will surprise himself at your feet begging you not to.

Martin and Lewis like to give each other gifts, too; usually a mad inspiration of the moment. While making "The Caddy" they gave each other a golf club; Jerry's is a brassie because it's in his father's handwriting. Jerry's is a brassie because he has to give a child a blowtorch to play with in a haystack. Jerry promptly had a smashup, which almost finished wrecking a trick knee he injured in childhood. Dean's is a golf club, but he's been in his golf club for three weeks, which he didn't find funny at all. A steel brace still goes over that leg when anything strenuous is in the offing.

Jerry's accident happened just when Dean was to play in the Bing Crosby charity golf tournament at Pebble Beach—an event that meant as much to Dean as the Coronation to Queen Elizabeth. It was, in fact, the first invitation, after the war, for Dean to be able to accept. But he canceled his plans with the nonchalant comment, "Aw, it doesn't make any difference." It was Jerry who couldn't stand it. So he ordered a silver trophy, inscribed: "To my partner: This is the trophy you would have won at Pebble Beach if it hadn't been for me."

Dean shoots golf in the middle seventies. But one of Jerry's newest somethings is to be a real professional and shoot with Snead in the sixties. Like sand in the desert,
golf has a way of seeing into everything that concerns Dean.

With all their side-line interests and hobbies, it’s a deep, dark mystery how a Martin and Lewis movie ever gets finished, but somehow they all come in on schedule. Even their famous home movies, de-

mented as anything Martin and Lewis can perpetrate, have a method to their madness. With $66,000 invested in camera equipment, each movie takes a month to shoot and costs $3,000 to $4,000. The cast (Tony Curtis, Shelley Winters, Janet Leigh, Jeff Chandler, anyone else who may be handy!) works several evenings a week and on Sundays from eight in the morning until late the next morning.

Of course, those are the Sundays when the Martin and Lewis Aristocrats don’t have a ball game at Sawtell Veterans’ Hospital. This is the team that started on a sand lot and includes Dale Robertson, Jeff Chandler, Tony Curtis, Peter Lawford, Denny Arnold and Mack Grey. "We get our name, Aristocrats," Dean explains carefully, "because we look like bums in our baseball suits."

A bore is someone who keeps talking when you are interrupting.

RED SKELTON

In making the home movie satires, one of Jerry’s eyes may roll dementedly—but the other is on an ultimate goal of directing. Whether it’s possible to keep him behind a camera remains to be seen, but Martin and Lewis’s own producing company, York Pictures, is ready to take the chance. Hal Wallis, to whom they’re under contract, has told Jerry he can co-direct any time he’s ready.

Dean heckles, “I am not gambling with my money. If Wallis wants to let him, all right.”

They themselves may be completely lacking in inhibitions, but a more orderly business (if that’s the word for it) was never on the cards. Every record of every show, 16mm prints of all their TV shows and movies plus the scripts (the TV ones are full of holes from their ad libs), every press clipping is kept. A vault is to be built in Jerry Lewis’s home to hold the record of the Martin and Lewis madness. Ask them a question: “Where were you on July 16, 1947?” and the record might show: We were at the Steel Pier, Atlantic City, weather was clear and hot, grossed so much—and the ocean registered seventy degrees."

It’s a solid business, carried on in a buffet. The Martin and Lewis set spreads to all parts of the Paramount lot when the boys are working. Between takes on “Money From Home,” you could find Jerry, the business tycoon of the team dressed in a jockey costume, in Bungalow 110, signing letters and disposing of last minute details before the European trip.

In the adjoining bungalow, Dean is rehearsing a song for their last TV show. The mail arrives with a card from Bing: "Still can’t find anyone who knows you." Bing Crosby, in Europe himself, was having 100 percent vacation. It’s not anything special but it’s the stuff that perpetrates, and the country’s short respite. On September 26, the Martin and Lewis tidal wave hits the New York Paramount again, then back to Hollywood, where life at times, is almost normal! The End
That Guy—Madison

(Continued from page 50) much a male Garbo. I never see you in Romanoff’s or Ciro’s or the Mocambo. How come?

A. I was put all through that routine when I first started in pictures. You know—going to a party or a night club merely on the chance that I'd be standing within focus, talking my lines, and being easy to find. But now.

Q. And now?

A. Now, I guess you could call me the solitary type. Or maybe just a hick, I don't know. I just know I'm happier hunting or fishing than I am mixed up in the big-city stuff. Whenever I get the chance, I like to head far for the Catskill rivers and hunt quail or jackrabbits or duck.

Q. Just like that?

A. Just like that! I keep my car stocked with gasoline so I can take off whenever the mood strikes me. And that's likely to happen while I'm driving along Sunset Boulevard or having dinner or getting my hair cut.

Q. And how does Gail—your wife, Gail Russell—fit into this solitary picture? What does she think of your just taking off that way?

A. Gail? She's used to it by now.

Q. Well then, how did she react to your moving into a separate apartment while you were making this picture? You said it was so you "could concentrate better on your work." I think, didn't you? But you know, a fellow can't help thinking that all this solitary stuff might have something to do with the break between you and Gail that we hear so much about. Did it?

A. That's a subject that's personal to me. Just as your life is personal to you, I know that everybody feels that whatever an actor does—or thinks—is public property. But I can't agree. And I think your readers are adult enough to go along with my attitude.

Q. Fair enough. And I remember that when you and Gail were first married, four years ago, you had the same attitude. Everybody was speculating wildly—wondering whether you were married or not. And you and Gail didn't announce it until you were absolutely settled down.

A. Gail has always felt exactly the same way that I do about privacy. So I'm afraid that what you choose to call the "big problem" in our marriage is going to stay the big problem.

Q. Well then, let me ask you a general question. Do you believe in marriage?

A. Yes, very much.

Q. What ideas do you have about marriage?

A. I haven't any.

Q. Married four years and no ideas?

A. I'm sure if you think it over, you'll agree that there's no set formula for a happy marriage.

Q. What's your definition of love?

A. Love is when you think only in terms of giving to the person you love, without expecting anything in return other than the happiness you can provide for that person. If you get your kicks out of doing and giving and making someone happy, that's the greatest.

Q. Should a wife follow her husband wherever he wants her to go?

A. That all depends. I've been on a couple of hunting trips in the Rockies where I wouldn't think of taking a woman. I wouldn't even dream of asking her.

Q. But doesn't she have any say in the matter? Shouldn't she be asked along, even though you know it's going to be a rough trip?

A. Well, if a man really wants his wife with him, he'll ask her to come along. And
I guess she ought to go, because, after all, she married him, didn't she? But in the case of a really rough hunting trip, he ought to leave her at home because she might get hurt and she'd only slow him down. And she shouldn't get upset, knowing all that, if he doesn't ask her.

Q. What qualities do you admire most in a woman?

A. Honesty, beauty, brains and a sense of humor.

Q. Which do you prefer, the gadabout or the stay-at-home type of mate?

I like a wife to be interested in the home, of course. But I also think she ought to be ready, willing and able to take a trip to the moon with me if I ever decide to build a rocket ship.

Q. Well, that seems to sum it up, so let's get on to another subject. Why do your friends call you Bink?

A. Andy Devine dubbed me that because I kept mispronouncing the word "bank" in a "Wild Bill Hickock" TV script. The line was supposed to be, "Let's lay low here and surprise those barn robbers." I kept calling them barn robbers. Why, I'll never know. And Andy picked it up.

Q. Do you actually come from a place called Pumpkin Center, California?

A. I was born in Bakersfield. There's a suburb—I doubt whether the people of Bakersfield would really call it a suburb; it's just part of the town—anyway they call it Pumpkin Center. I usually say I hail from Bakersfield except when Andy De- vine's asked me. And I come from Pumpkin Center. Andy gets a big kick out of it because it makes me sound like a hick. Which I am.

Q. For a hick, what do you think of yourself as an actor?

A. Not too much. I've never once pretended to be a good actor. You know I just happened into this business by accident in the first place.

Q. Now let me get that story straight again, just for the record. You were in the Coast Guard when you got your film break, weren't you?

A. Yes. It was back in '42, and there I was, a sailor down in San Diego. A buddy sent a picture of me that was in a Navy magazine to a talent agent named Helen Ainsworth. Helen invited me to Hollywood and introduced me to David Selznick. He gave me a part in "Since You Went Away" the very afternoon I met him. And he signed me to a contract for when I got out of Service. I didn't know the first thing about acting, but wouldn't anybody be a fool to turn down a nice, fat motion picture contract with the fabulous Mr. Selznick?

Q. There was a fantastic amount of publicity that broke about you when you made such a hit in "Since You Went Away." How do you explain it?

A. It was fantastic all right. The only way I suppose it is there was a sort of wartime publicity about leading men at that time. It seemed as though the studios felt they had to apologize for actors who weren't in uniform. Then I came along and was still in the Navy and did my part in "Since You Went Away" on a seventy-two-hour pass. So they went all out.

Q. You've been in pictures eleven years and have made only two pictures besides this one, "Rear Guard," that you're at work on now, right?

A. That's right.

Q. What were they?


Q. Which did you like best?

A. I guess my favorite, so far, is "The
When OVERSMOKING or "something you ate" causes ACID INDIGESTION OR HEARTBURN... remember millions get fast relief with TUMS FOR THE TUMMY

CRAVE at Feather River." It’s in color and in three dimensions. Gordon Douglas is a great director, and the cast’s terrific—Frank Lovejoy, Helen Westcott, Steve Brodie, Daily and all the rest. But "Bear Guard" may turn out to be even more exciting. It’s 3-D too, and it has another swell cast—Joan Weldon, Harvey Lembeck and James Whitmore.

Q. For a hick, as you like to call yourself, you seem to be doing okay, huh?

A. Now, yes. But it was rough sledding for a while, you know.

Q. Why do you think that was?

A. You know how it is with quick overnight successes. I guess I just wasn’t quite ready. The fact that I was more at home on a horse than in front of a camera must have showed through.

Q. But you’ve been doing just fine in TV, haven’t you?

A. I can’t complain about the “Wild Bill Hickok” pitch at all.

Q. No, and neither can anybody else. Despite what you’ve said about not having too great an opinion of yourself as an actor, everybody who’s anybody says your TV work has turned you into a really topnotch performer. And your rave notices for your last movie, “The Charge at Feather River” prove that.

A. They’re being too generous. All I’d ever hoped is that I can come across with a likeable personality. And that when I speak my lines I can keep the hick out of them enough so people will understand what I’m saying.

Q. Got a particular movie actress in mind that you’d like to be saying those lines to? Who would you like to work with most—Rosemary Clooney, Lana Turner, Betty Grable, Jane Russell, Marilyn Monroe?

A. Hey, I can’t answer that! I might get a chance to work with the very one I didn’t pick.

Q. All right then, how about this one: Five years from now, do you think you’ll have made your greatest success as a movie star or a television star?

A. Ask me five years from now!

Q. When did you start planning for your long stay away from movies, before TV brought you back into the public eye as a star?

A. It wasn’t as grim as people think. I toured for a time with a few stage plays—"John Loves Mary" and "Light Up the Sky." And for the past two and a half years, I’ve been up to my ears in movies, making TV films at a mad pace, so there’d be a half-hour of material ready for the "Wild Bill Hickok" series every week. And Andy and I record three "Wild Bill" radio shows a week for the Mutual Broadcasting System. So there hasn’t been much time for loafing.

Q. Do you find it much different being a star for TV and a star for the films?

A. I sure do. Working in movies, I get to pay as much attention to my leading lady as I do on TV to my horse! The Exo

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"Lady" Label

(Continued from page 37)

I don't know whether the chicken came before the egg, or the cart before the horse. But the crack in little Miss Paget's nineteen-and-three-quarters-kissed armor was first visible when she moved with her family into a big ten-room house in the Hollywood Hills. She announced to her startled mamata that from now on she would have a bedroom all to herself. (This was the first request of the eighteen-year-old Victoria just as soon as she became Queen, if you remember.) But Matuer was due for more surprises! Her darling Debra decorated the walls of the inner sanctum and pink, with a strawberry pink velvet bedspread. Anchors away, me lads. Paget's in the open sea.

Jeanne Crain was never mousy. Let's just say she was conservative. She had an airy fairy quality as though her feet were never touching the ground. But Jeanne came down to earth with a determined bang when she saw what lack of inhibition and plain sex was doing for Marilyn Monroe. Before Mmmm, it was a losing battle to get Jeanne of the long light brown hair out of her peasant dirndls and petticoat. White blouses into glamour gowns befitting a star. As for trimming the untidy hair, not even director Joe Mankiewicz could manage to snip more than an inch, and to do that he gave Jeanne the choice role of Annabel Higgins in "People Will Talk" with Cary Grant.

But I actually walked past Jeanne at a party the day after she dyed her crowning glory a gory red, cut close to her head in the latest shingle. Fortunately, Paul Brinkman was there. "What happened?" I asked Miss Paget. Jeanne laughed and there was nothing elf-like about this woman-sized chuckle. "It was time for a change," she said. "It was in the latest fashion," (Such was the talk of a Mexican government officially madly in love with the beautiful Irish movie star."

"It's the only thing she has," I thought. "She's going to live a little."

Maureen O'Hara was a devoted wife for ten years. There were rumors—but she always denied them. Then she made a picture in Mexico. And there were more rumors—but these were different. There was talk of a Mexican government official madly in love with the beautiful Irish movie star.

I'm not blaming Maureen. She really tried with "The Man from the Alhambra" and was unhappy for years before making the serious decision to separate from him. Sure she's jumped over the traces now. But I don't believe it will be too long—or for too long.

What the hell told me Deborah Kerr would play Karen Holmes in "From Here to Eternity" I screamed, just as loudly as when I heard Van Johnson was cast as Mark in "The Caine Mutiny," Deborah, the most ladylike of all the ladies we have imported from Britain, playing the lecherous Karen? Someone was crazy. But it seems it was me. This is what I mean about an innocent playing a bad girl. Deborah's married and the woman of two, and she has a spiritual look on her face that has nothing to do with acting. But when you see the movie you'll see a sexpot who is really convincing.

The European press themselves shocked at the change in Pier Angeli. And they blamed it, of course, on Hollywood. But little Pier merely decided she was grown up and could handle her own affairs without advice from Mama, who had not only insisted on chaperoning her on all dates, but made the poor girl telephone...
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TV-RADIO ANNUAL
1953

Gene Tierney was always a lady no matter how rough the going with her marriage or career. So I was kind of surprised when a friend wrote from Paris with the news that Gene was being seen everywhere, all the time with Prince Aly Khan. She must be pretty sure she is going to succeed Rita as Princess Aly, or I know she would be more discreet.

When girls from the frozen north start to thaw they melt so fast they're in danger of drowning. Two unfrozen female examples Ingrid Bergman and, more recently, Arlene Dahl. "I'm madly in love with Fernando," Arlene called to me, almost weeping when I intimated the Landa-Dahl romance could be to publicize their pictures. "I have never been in love before," she continued. When I pressed about the date of their marriage the beautiful redhead replied, "I'm superstitious. So is Fernando. If I give a date, something might go wrong. I hope nothing does, for Arlene's sake more than Fernando's. This Latin has been in love before. And Arlene never was, not even with Lex.

When Anne Baxter dies again for her art, you'll know she's had enough of the sex build-up hoopla. When other girls with fairer hair and bigger bust measurements landed roles she could have done better, Arlene decided to re vamp her personality. From the quiet ultra-dignified type, Arlene, with one swift smack at the conventions, took to cigars (but only for publicity—she can't stand the things!), blanched her brown locks, expressed a loud opinion on everything and acted like Betty Hutton at a jam session. But I think she's had enough. Now I think she's ready to be the old young Miss Baxter and stand or fall on her acting ability—which is considerable.

To revert to Janie Powell for a brief paragraph. I wonder whether she will stop sowing these wild oats when and if she becomes Mrs. Gene Nelson? Sometimes you can't stop when you start running. Especially downhill. Her hair is getting more and more bleached and the face is changing. I just hope Mr. Nelson really loves her.

Diana Lynn is a dolly who took her name from the Goddess of the chase. And I guess she wishes she'd never heard of the lady! She reckons the divorce from Joe Lindsay cost her $50,000 in community property. Diana has been on a male merry-go-round ever since. But with Lynn, as with Baxter, love can't hold a candle to ambition. But I once said that about Ingrid Bergman, too, and everybody knows how that guess worked out.

What it seems to boil down to, is that the really smart gals can put aside that "lady" label whenever they feel like it—so long as they keep it within fingertip reach, just in case the time comes when it's wise to tack it back in place again.

The End
October True Story Magazine At Newsstands NOW

James Arness; Moon, Andy Devine; J. H. Huns, Alfalfa; LeRoy, James Lydon; Hoot, Harry Carey, Jr.; Stavoski, Hal Baylor; Lovat, Sean Murphy; DeAmmici, Wally Casselly, Walrus; Godfrey, don Jones; Capt. Turner, Frankafen, Major Dillon; Robert Keys; Lt. Corl, Sunner Getchell; Sgt. Heminger, Regis Toomey; Miller, Paul Fox; Gilchrist, Jim Duigan; Rene, George Chandler; Hitch, Louis Jones; McHugh, Wilson, Ben Steele; Snarcho, Danny Hickman; Guator, Tom Conners; Hoppy, Carl Switzer; Stanish, Cass Gidle, Breezy, Guy Anderson; W%%%%%%%%%%

KID FROM LEFT FIELD, THE—20th Century-Fox. Directed by Harmon Jones; Larry Pop Cooper, Dan Dailey; Marian, Anne Bancroft; Christy, Chapin, Pete Helvo, Lloyd Bridges; Whacker, Ray Collins; Billy Lovat, Richard Egan; Bobo Noonan, Bob Hopkins; J. R. Johnson, Alex Ger, Jerry Barnes, Walter Conn; McDaniell, Fees Parker, Tony, George Phelps; Hyams, John Gallaudet; Larson, Paul Salata.

LATIN LOVERS—M-G-M. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy; Patricia Taylor, Lena Turner; Roberto Santa, Ricardo Montalban; Paul Chevrier, John Lund; Grandfather Santos, Louis Calhern; Anne Kelso, Joanne Golden; Dr. Louis Y. Newman, Edgar Franz; Woman Analyst, Renal Bondi; Zerco, Joaquin Garay; The Worlds GREATEST FEMALE, Mrs. MacDonald; Dr. Newman, Dorothy Neuman; Mr. Camberly, Robert Burton; Christina, Rita Moreno.

MISSION OVER KOREA—Columbia. Directed by Fred F. Sears; Capt. George Slueman, John Hodiak; Lt. Pete Barker, John Derek; Kate, Audrey Totter; Nancy Slueman, Maureen O'Sullivan; Sgt. Maxie Steiner, Harvey Landbeck; Corp. Slueman, Richard Egan; (Capt.) William Chalm: Mr. Docherty, Reason; Singing Soldier, Richard Bowers; Lt. Jerry Barker, Todd Karnus.

MOONLIGHTER—WARNERS. Directed by Robert Shayne; Stella, Dir. Andrew; Fred MacMurray; Cole, Ward Bond; Tom Anderson, William Chiung; Sheriff Dave, John Dierkes; Miss Andrews, Merritt Les, Strassberg; Jack Egan; Glen Ughnaburg, Charles Halton; Fred, Norman Lovett; Chl. Mott, Sam Phut; Mrs. Anderson, Myra Marsh.

PLUNDER OF THE SUN—Warner. Directed by John Farrow; Al Colby, Glenn Ford, Julie Barnes, Diana Lynn; Ava Lee, Patricia Medina; Thomas B, Frances L. Sullivan; Jefferson, Sean Meade; Paul Concato, Eduardo Noriega; Ubaldo Nuino; Don Villarcal, Capt. Berenson, Charles Rogers; Tacho Mangofto Luna; Bartender, Juan Garcia; Torret, Mona Barrie; Catler (American Count), Douglas Dumbrille.

ROMAN HOLIDAY—Paramount. Directed by William Wyler; Joe Bradley, Gregory Peck; Princess Anne, Audrey Hepburn; Irving Radowitch, Eddie Albert; Mr. Hennesey, Hartley Power; Ambassador, Harry Reems; Williams, Countess Varegh, Margaret Rawlings; General Princo, Tullio Carmagnini; Mario Falcone (the barber), Paolo Carlini; Giovanni, Claudio Ermelli; Charwoman, Paola Borboni; Tissack Driver, Alfredo Rizzo.

SECOND CHANCE—RKO. Directed by Rudolph Maté; Russ Lambet, Robert Mitchell; Charlie, Linda Darnell; Larry, Cappy, Jack Palance; Conductor, Sandro Giglio; Esco, Rudolph Hayos, Jr.; Mr. Woburn, Reginald Sheehan; Mrs. Woburn, Margaret, Leslie, Malher, Roy, Roberto Hernández, Salvador Baguez, Fernando, Mauricio Jara; Maria, Judith, Delphi, Dan Seymour; Manuela La Pasada, Fortunio Bonanova; Dawson, Millburn Stone, Riceo, Abe Fernandez.

SO THIS IS LOVE—Warner. Directed by Gordon Douglas; Grace, Moore, Kathryn Grayson; Buddy, Van Johnson; Sarah, Benay Balint; Griffin; North Olise, Joan Waldon; Cad, Moore, Walter Abel; Aunt Laura Stabler, Rosemary Denham; Camp, Henrietta Van Dyke, Jeff Donnell; Daisy, Brooklyn, of Douglas, Douglas; Mrs. Moore, Ann Doran; Edna Wallace, Margaret Field; Mary Gardner, Abel Alberton; Dr. Marigot, Fortunio Bonanova; Maria Montogomery, Marie Windsor; Grace Monet (3rd old), Noreen Corcoran, Unseen Expert, the Szyms; Mrs. Wilson Green, Lillian Bronson; John McCormack, Ray Kellogg; Otto Kalk; Ray Kelten, Mario Oliveri; Gotti, Casaza, Mario Sletten; Arthur Bodansky, Charles Meredith; George Gershkoff, William Boyett.

VICE SQUAD—U.A. Directed by Arnold Laven; Captain Darnaby, Edward G. Robinson; Mona, Paulette Goddard; Skyn, K. T. Stevens; Jack Harrington, Porter Hall, Marty Kuselbach, Adam Williams; Al Jones, Edward Braun; Froshka, Jack Adler; Vicki, Joan Vohs; Pete, Lee Van Chef; Ed. Imlay, Dan Ross, Carol, Mary Ellen Kay.

WAR PAINT—U.A. Directed by Lesley Selander; Lt. Billings, Robert Stack; Wenimus, Joan Taylor; Sergeant Clarke, Charles McGraw; Tefano, Peter Gravas; Tazik, Keith Larson; Jeb, William Pullen; King, George Bureau; Huber, Douglas Kennedy; Alton, Walter Reed; Corporal Hamilton, Charles Nolte; Martin, James Parnell; Perkins, Paul Richard; Charlocky, John Doucette; Sergeant Grady, Robert Wilke.

REDSUAY—M-G-M. Directed by Joseph Ruttenberg; Stephen, James Cagney; Elf, Allon Archer; Fido, Howard Duff; Dixie, Grace Moore; Bob, Richard Egan; Bi; Ed, Chuck Connors, Hopper, Carl Svutet, Stanish, Cass Gidle, Breezy, Guy Anderson; Golden, Tony DeMarco.

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AFFAIR WITH A STRANGER—RKO: Dreary drama of playwright Victor Mature's career and marriage to Jean Simmons. (A) September

AFFAIRS OF DOBIE GILLIS, THE—M-G-M: Shallow farce about two giddy, likable college kids (Debbie Reynolds, Bobby Van). Some nice dancing. (F) September

ALL I DESIRE—U-I: Slick drama, 1910 period, of a broken marriage, with Barbara Stanwyck as the errant wife returning to Richard Carlson, two grown daughters, a young son. (A) August

ARROWHEAD—Paramount, Technicolor: Harsh, vigorous Western pitting scout Charleston Heston against Apache Jack Palance. (F) September

BAND WAGON, THE—M-G-M, Technicolor: Grandest musical in years. Has been film star Fred Astaire tries a comeback opposite Cyd Charisse in a show staged by wacky genius Jack Buchanan, Nanette Fabray, Oscar Levant. (F) September

BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS, THE—Warners: Spectacular but shakily plotted fantasy of a revived prehistoric monster attacking New York. With Paul Christian. (F) August

CHARGE AT FEATHER RIVER, THE—Warners: 3-D, WarnerColor: Fast, well-photographed Western. Guy Madison and Frank Lovejoy rescue two white girls captured by Indians, (F) September

CINERAMA—Cinemascope Productions, color: No story, plenty of excitement. Amazing technique with huge curved screen now showing in New York, Detroit, Los Angeles, Chicago. (A) January


COLUMN SOUTH—U-I, Technicolor: Audie Murphy defends the Union cause, tries to avert Indian warfare in the Southwest. Brisk but undistinguished Western. (F) August

CRUEL SEA, THE—Rank, U-I: Splendid British version of the best-seller about a convoy escort and her crew, Jack Hawkins excels as the captain. The story includes three typical, touching World War II romances. (F) August

DANGEROUS WHEN WET—M-G-M, Technicolor: Light, gay musical, Esther Williams, set to swim the English Channel, is tempted to break training by Fernando Lamas’ courtship. (F) August

DESSERT SONG, THE—Warner, Technicolor: Gordon MacRae, secret leader of an oppressed desert tribe, duets with Kathryn Grayson in a nice old-fashioned operetta. (F) July

5,000 FINGERS OF DR. T., THE—Columbia, Technicolor: Wildly imaginative but clumsily executed musical fantasy. Little Tommy Rettig dreams he’s jailed in a weird castle. (F) July

FRANCIS COVERS THE BIG TOWN—U-I: Some laughs, though the talking-mule gag wears thin. Francis helps Donald O’Connor become a racket-busting reporter. (F) August

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES—20th, Technicolor: Roustabout, laugh-filled musical, with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe looking lush as show girls on the prowl in Europe. (A) September

GIRL NEXT DOOR, THE—20th, Technicolor: Unassuming, tuneful, likable love story of artist Dan Dailey, singer June Haver. (F) July


HOUDINI—Paramount, Technicolor: Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh team engagingly in the colorful, rambling biography of the famed magician and his partner-wife, (F) August

JAMAICA RUN—Paramount, Technicolor: Lucid murder mystery. Skipper Ray Milland’s opposite lovely Arlene Dahl, plantation-owner. (F) July

JUGGLER, THE—Kramer, Columbia: Real Israel backgrounds give force to an absorbing though slightly formless drama about a mentally upset DP (Kirk Douglas) who finds peace and love (with Milly Vitale) in the new nation. (F) August

JULIUS CAESAR—M-G-M: Magnificent, true-to- Shakespeare film of the dictator’s death and the assassins’ fate. Brilliant acting by James Mason, John Gielgud, Marlon Brando. (F) September

LET’S DO IT AGAIN—Columbia, Technicolor: Exuberant romantic comedy with music. Jane Wyman sparkles as Ray Milland’s about-to-be-ex-wife; Aldo Ray’s a likable Other Man. (A) August

MAIN STREET TO BROADWAY—M-G-M: Star-loaded but shapeless tribute to the stage. Tom Moreton’s a would-be-playwright. (F) August


MELBA—U-A, Technicolor: Lavish with music, light on plot. Patrice Munsel sings thrillingly, sacrifices love for her career. (A) September

MOON IS BLUE, THE—U-A: Delicious foollery with saucy lines, deftly delivered by Maggie McNamara, as a belligerently good girl, William Holden, as a baffled bachelor, David Niven, as a gentle philanderer. (A) August

MIDNIGHT—Paramount, Technicolor: monster. (A) August

PICKUP ON SOUTH STREET—20th: Rough, rowdy, generally entertaining crook-op yarn. Richard Widmark’s a pickpocket involved with Jean Peters, unwittingly a Red courier. (A) July

REMAINS TO BE SEEN—M-G-M: Slaphappy burlesque murder mystery, co-starring Van Johnson and singer-siressen Jane Allynson, (F) July

RETURN TO PARADISE—U-A, Technicolor: Wildly South Sea tale of a drifter (Gary Cooper), a native girl (Roberta Haynes) and a bigot (Barry Jones). Lovely location shots. (A) September

RIDE, VAQUERO!—M-G-M, Anscocolor: Gunman Robert Taylor deserts his bandit boss (Anthony Quinn) to aid homesteaders Ava Gardner, Howard Keel. Colorful, but marred by pretentious touches. (F) September

SAILOR OF THE KING—20th: Jeff Hunter scores in a stirring war story as a seaman attacking Nazi ship, Michael Rennie and Wendy Hiller team in a romantic prologue. (A) September

SCARED STIFF—Wallis, Paramount: Up-to standard Martin-Lewis farce has the boys battling fake ghosts on Liz Scott’s behalf. (F) July

SEA DEVILS—RKO, Technicolor: Good-natured adventure of Napoleonic days. Rock Hudson’s a sniveller; Yvonne De Carlo, a sly. (F) September

SHANE—Paramount, Technicolor: Beautiful classic saga of the frontier. Alan Ladd’s fine as the stranger who joins the farm household of Var Helian, Jean Arthur. (F) September

SHE HAD TO SAY YES—RKO: Weak homosux comedy. Bob Mitchum is a country doc; Jean Simmons, a foolish philanthropist. (F) September

SOUTH SEA WOMAN—Warner: Rostering tal tape of two marines (Burt Lancaster, Chuck Connors) and a girl (Vigilia Mayo). (F) September

STALAG 17—Paramount: Wry clowning and bitter hunt for an informer highlight a disjointed study of GI's in a Nazi prison camp. William Hol den’s excellent. (F) August


SWORD AND THE ROSE, THE—Disney, RKO, Technicolor: Flavorsome, amusing romance of Tudor princess (Glynis Johns) forced into a royal marriage, then saved by her dazzling true love (Richard Todd). (F) September

TAKE ME TO TOWN—U-I, Technicolor: Breasts sentimental comedy of the Old West. Ann Sothern’s a dance-hall queen adopted as a mother by Sterling Hayden’s three kids. (F) August

THUNDER BAY—U-I, Technicolor: Stand-in action story. James Stewart and Dan Duryea as offshore oil in Louisiana, court Cajun girls Joan Dru, Marcia Henderson. (F) September


WAR OF THE WORLDS, THE—Paramount, Technicolor: A Martian invasion with stunning special effects, negligible human angle. (F) June

WHITE WITCH DOCTOR—20th, Technicolor: Robust jungle thriller, sending a heroine out (Susan Hayward) and a gold-hungry hunter (Er bert Mitchum) deep into Africa. (F) September

YOUNG BESS—M-G-M, Technicolor: Stately man of Tudor England, Jean Simmons is the luscious Elizabeth I, involved in court intrigue a hopeless love for Stewart Granger. (A, August

A—Adults  F—Family

BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see PhotoPlay for months indicated. For this month’s full reviews, see page 14.
New Design Modess is wrapped in a whisper-soft fabric that’s smooth, gentle ... cannot chafe ... stronger, more absorbent than gauze!
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   for best prize-winning entry in the entire contest!

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Here's exciting news—on two counts. First, Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women, now contains fine cold cream. It's the only leading beauty soap that brings you this precious ingredient. Second, this wonderful new Camay brings you a wonderful new Camay contest—20 chances to win as much as $11,000 in cash! It's so easy. Just try new Camay with cold cream. It's at your dealer's now in the same familiar wrapper. Then finish this sentence in your own words, using 25 additional words or less: "I like new Camay with cold cream because..." Read the simple rules at the right, and send in as many entries as you like. Just be sure that you send three Camay wrappers with each entry.

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It destroys enzymes that cause tooth decay and bad breath—

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...and you get 25¢ for trying your first tube!

New protection against tooth decay and mouth odor—Ipana with enzyme-destroying WD-9!

We're so sure you'll like it better than any other tooth paste, this quarter is yours for trying it.

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And good news for your gums! Brushing teeth regularly after meals with new Ipana containing WD-9—from gum margins toward biting edges—helps remove irritants that can lead to gum troubles.

What's more, Ipana also brings you a refreshing new minty flavor preferred by thousands of men, women and children in actual taste tests.

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NEW WHITE IPANA
Contains Enzyme-Destroying WD-9*
*Ipana's special type of Sodium Lauryl Sulfate

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Cover: Piper Laurie is in U-P’s “The Golden Blade” and RKO’s “Rangers of the North.”
Color Portrait by Christa. Clothes by Saks Fifth Avenue

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NOVEMBER, 1953 VOL. 44, NO. 5

"TAKE THE HIGH GROUND!" is to the training camp what "Battleground" was to the shooting war! From the same great studio, M-G-M...and from the same famed producer, Dore Schary!

In vivid, realistic color by ANSCO

Starring
RICHARD WIDMARK
KARL MALDEN
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Story and Screen Play by MILLARD KAUFMAN
Directed by RICHARD BROOKS
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Amazingly effective protection from underarm perspiration odor—just use new Mum daily. So sure, so safe for normal skin. Safe for clothes. Gentle Mum is certified by the American Institute of Laundering. Won't rot or discolor even your finest fabrics.

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Hollywood Whispers

BY FLORABEL MUIR

Lana Turner is a gal who's come in for more than her share of gossip ever since she first hit Hollywood. And this year, it's been open season on her and her romance with Lex Barker. While Lana and Lex have been blithely (and sometimes not so blithely) going their own way together in Europe, the whole town's been speculating on whether or not they'd ever actually tie the knot. And any smart operator who had been taking bets on the question would have wound up very, very wealthy indeed. Because almost everybody felt that these two would never reach the "I do" stage.

"Nothing good ever comes of those rebound things," people said. Or, "They'll bore each other to death before they hit these shores again." Or, "They'll come back hating each other."

So what do they do? Take themselves off and get married in Turin, Italy. And now there are a lot of wisenheimers around town who are getting indigestion eating their own words.

The names of Gregory Peck and Audrey Hepburn have been linked in Europe following the friendship that blossomed while they were making "Roman Holiday" in Italy. Greg told friends that he admired Audrey for her great talent and that he thinks she's a lovely girl, but he only smiled when asked if she had touched his heart. His wife Greta continues to live in Hollywood with their three children. Greg wants his eleven-year-old son

(Continued on page 6)
“HI! I'm Pat Crowley

I haven't been in Hollywood very long but here I am a star in Paramount's new picture "Forever Female." You KNOW all the other stars in the picture but you probably don't know me from Adam! Well, maybe from Adam because I'm a girl. And that's what "Forever Female" is all about... girls and naturally men. Jeepers, isn't that what everything is all about? But in "Forever Female" we've got a new—and very funny—slant on it.

First, there's a TRIANGLE composed of three big stars... Ginger Rogers as a glamorous Broadway actress; Paul Douglas as a producer and Ginger's last year's hubby; William Holden as a playwright and Ginger's this year's hobby. Then I step in and throw the whole thing into a QUADRANGLE! WOW!"

FOREVER FEMALE

starring
GINGER ROGERS
WILLIAM HOLDEN
PAUL DOUGLAS
AND INTRODUCING PAT CROWLEY

Produced by Pat Duggan
Directed by Irving Rapper • Written by Julius J. Epstein and Philip G. Epstein
Suggested by J. M. Barrie's play "Rosalind"
A Paramount Picture
FREE
(OF EXTRA COST)

FREE CHIP-PRUF CUTEX

YOUR BEST BEAUTY BUY

GUARANTEED

THE LONGEST WEARING POLISH REGARDLESS OF PRICE

REGULAR 15c POLISH
REGULAR 59c POLISH
CLEAR RED (A Bright True Red)

PROVE TO YOURSELF: THE BEST COSTS LESS!

To introduce STAY FAST—Creamiest, Longest-Lasting Lipstick Ever Created...

We’re Giving You a Free Bottle of new Chip-Pruf Cutex Polish GUARANTEED* to be the World’s Longest-Wearing!

For a limited time only—a special beauty bonus of Chip-Pruf Cutex—FREE with your purchase of new Stay Fast Lipstick! See for yourself how long-lasting Stay Fast stays on and on... how its “Moisturizing Action” keeps lips smoother, softer! And for beautiful fingertips you’ll love Chip-Pruf Cutex, guaranteed to be the world’s longest-wearing nail polish. Get your FREE bottle of Chip-Pruf Cutex when you buy America’s finest new lipstick.

ONLY 59c (plus tax)

CHOOSE FROM A WIDE RANGE OF BEAUTIFUL COLORS

Hollywood Whispers
Continued

Jonathan to join him in Europe for the Christmas holiday, so he isn’t planning to be back in Hollywood for some time. He says he would like to take Jonathan skiing in Switzerland. Piquant-faced Audrey Hepburn is the talk of Paramount lot right now. The studio bosses feel she’s sexy enough to compete with Twentieth’s Marilyn Monroe. Audrey was engaged to marry Jim Hansen, an English businessman, but after those days and nights working on the film with Peck under blue Italian skies Jim got his ring back. He isn’t giving up, though. For Jim knows that Greg will be tied up for months to come in films in far-off Europe and Audrey’s in Hollywood making “Sabrina Fair.” Jim doesn’t think that distance lends enchantment, so he’ll be around to catch Audrey on the rebound he feels pretty sure she’ll experience.

Gwen O’Connor is still trying to keep in close touch with Donald, although they’re divorced and he’s been going with Marilyn Erskine. When Donald was flat on his back with the virus that forced him out of “White Christmas” and threatens to keep him out of movies for a while, Gwen called him regularly every day. Apparently she can’t live with him or without him.

Milton Rackmil, bossman of both Decca Records and of Universal-International Studio, is showing who seems to be more than casual interest in Joan Crawford. Insiders claim this is the real thing and a couple of columnists predict an early marriage, but Joan just shakes her head while Rackmil talks about taking a jaunt around the world. Joan told me she won’t marry again if the right man can’t be found. Being single, she said, is not full life for a woman, not even for glamour star. She feels that a career, no matter how successful, can’t provide the rewards a good marriage can.
From the black-gold border to the gulf, they were holding their breaths... the marauding machete-slingers, the dice-girl, the wildcatter, and the lady with the lying-green eyes... THEY HAD CROSSED HIM ONCE TOO OFTEN AND NOW HE WAS BLOWING WILD!

**The Gringo Giant was mad!**

**GARY COOPER**

**BARBARA STANWYCK**

**Blowing Wild**

Filmed amid the smoldering excitements of modern Mexico—and presented by Warner Bros.

**Gary Cooper**

**Barbara Stanwyck**

**Ruth Roman**

**Anthony Quinn**

Winner of this year's Academy Award for 'Best Supporting Actor'

**New Glory for Gary!**

Winner of this year's 'Best Actor' Academy Award

**Hear Frankie Laine sing 'Blowing Wild'**

The ballad featured in the sensational musical background by Academy Award composer Dimitri Tiomkin

Co-starring Ruth Roman Anthony Quinn

A United States Pictures production

Produced by Milton Sperling

Distributed by Warner Bros.

All its thrills more thrilling with WarnerPhonic Sound
Hollywood Party Line

BY EDITH GWYNN

There were two "topics a" in Tinseltown this month—one, fashion, one, party patterns—and for days, arguments about the former, and gasps about the latter, were heard all over town. Of course Item One means the Dior dither over whether this French couturier will again be able to dictate to American gals (as he did with the "New Look"), this time to raise their hemlines to "knee-length!"

There's one bright streak in the fashion idea: Even if American women do go en masse for that unflattering edict, they won't have to throw out whole wardrobes as they did when that ole "New Look" changed every line from neck to hem! After all, many a gown, suit-skirt or dress can be shortened (in many ways) without being cut off and rendered suddenly unseemly should the fad (if it takes at all) die a quick death!

A few stars, notably Jeanne Crain, hopped on the publicity band wagon, posed in short, short skirts, declared the furore was all too, too exciting and that they liked the idea, etc. But I can tell you there isn't one top Hollywood designer with a kind word for this latest French foible—and our designers are tops! The Parisian dressmakers garner reams of newspaper space promoting "high-style" horrors year in and year out, but Filmville goes right on creating chic and lovely clothes! In the midst of all the hub-bub, Humphrey Bogart cracked, "If skirts go higher and higher and necklines keep plunging, they'll eventually meet. And as long as the curves are all right, who cares?"

"Topic A," Item Two was the sensational dinner dance given by millionaire architect-builder Hal Hayes, at his hillside house. He wined and dined 350 of the town's social and filmies. Two sumptuous buffets, three bars, the complete Ted Fio Rito band, thousands of orchids, especially fowled over from Honolulu, decorated the place. But the sensation of the soirée (and for a week afterwards) was the house itself! Nothing like it has ever been seen hereabouts—and a really graphic description of the place is impossible.

Very few of the hordes of celebs who dined at tables set for eight on three separate "terraces" (including a roof-garden) had ever been there before. Days later some were still in a haze at the fantastic house, which seems to lean off the hill, its glass walls glistening in the moonlight; the giant eucalyptus tree which starts under the suspended living room and grows right through three floors, spreading its top boughs over a corner of the roof! The swimming pool, most of which is indoors—winds its way out to a wall of rock, planted with the most fabulous tropical blooms.

Some of the guests included John Payne and about-to-be bride, Sandy Curtis, Ann Miller (with a new short hair-do and Bill O'Connor), Kathryn Grayson, the Van Johnsons, Mrs. Gregory Peck, the Van Masons, Pete Lawford, Howard Duff with Gussie Moran on his arm, Nora Flynn and Scott Brady, Mari Blanchard, Nancy Sinatra, Terry Moore with Nicky Hilton, and oh, so many more.

Another "something slightly different" was a real hoedown tossed by John Carroll and Lucille Ryman, who announced their bust-up the very next day! This shindig at their vast acreage in the Valley, started at three o'clock in the afternoon and ended long after three in the morning! Two hundred gathered on the Carroll lawns where trees were strung with lanterns for the outdoor barbecue. After swimming, roping contests, singing and such, there was dancing to a band that featured everything from "square" to round.

Enjoying the fun were June Allyson and Dick Powell, the Andy Russells, Esther Williams and Ben Gage, Marilyn Erskine and Don O'Connor, Rhonda Fleming and spouse, Alice Faye, the Rory Calhouns, Arlene Dahl and Fernando Wolitziansen, Mala Powers with Gig Young, Elaine Stewart with Roland Gammon—to name a few! When the party started, Carroll exclaimed, "If things get slow, I'll let loose our herd of forty cattle and let everyone brand his own steer for excitement!" But things never got slow!

Space being short, we can only mention the wonderful opening Marge and Gower Champion shared at the Coconut Grove with Joan Crawford, Milton Berle, Katie Grayson, Debbie Reynolds, Mitzi Gaynor with fiance Jack Bean at ringside. A week later, Joanne Gilbert rebowed at Mocambo, scene of her first singing success. On hand to greet her were her pa, Ray Gilbert, Kathleen Hughes with Lance Fuller, Rosie Clooney, Joan Crawford, who gave a party for ten, including Jeff Chandler.
Velvety, clinging

Angel Face

by POND'S

It's powder and foundation in-one! Goes on smoother than powder... stays on much longer! More flattering than heavy make-ups!

So easy to use! No greasy fingers No wet sponge No spilly powder! Angel Face goes on with a puff!

---------- new glamour in 5 seconds!

The Angel Face "Mirror Case"
For your handbag—with mirror and puff.
7 lovely Angel Face shades. Only $1 (plus tax)

Angel Face also comes in the attractive blue- and-gold box at 89c, 59c (plus tax)

More girls use Angel Face by Pond's than any other make-up!
The most **talked about** complexions in Hollywood are given regular **Lux Toilet Soap** care.

Just about every Hollywood star uses Lux and will tell you so.

They use it because *they're convinced*—because they really believe Lux Toilet Soap is as **mild and fine** a soap as you can buy. **Ann Blyth**, of course, uses Lux Toilet Soap—and isn't her complexion really something? Use Lux care—and Lever Brothers makes a money-back guarantee that **you'll be glad you did**. Incidentally, you can see Hollywood stars every Thursday night on the Lux Video Theatre.
Somewhere they had lost touch with each other. Now, Jeff Chandler knew it was time to say goodbye ...

When Love Is Just a Memory

BY DIANE SCOTT

• They're apart, Jeff and Marge Chandler, in spite of repeated tries to stay together. But together theirs is no longer an enchanted evening. Regardless of what you may have read, and may continue to read, this is the end of the story for two fine people who loved so much they were married twice, just to be sure they belonged to each other.

On a quiet palm-lined street in Hollywood in a Colonial house there's the lovely redhead named Marge. And across the city, on Wilshire Boulevard in a furnished apartment—furnished yet bare—there lives an often lonely guy named Jeff.

They've missed happiness, the Jeff Chandlers, by so little. And now there's time—too much—for each to ponder how and where and why and when their marriage reached this point of no return.

"There's nobody else," Jeff says, his voice heavy and slow. "Not for me. And I feel sure there's nobody else for Marge. Certainly she gave no indication. This isn't what I want. It isn't what Marge has wanted. But it just seems there's no other way for us.

"I'm terribly sad it hasn't worked out. We've known great happiness. But we're just one of those couples who've never quite made it on the long pull. You can call ours a near-miss."

And he echoes in a sense what Marge had said. "We could have had so much. But I think this is better for both of us. It's the only (Continued on page 86)
Acclaimed the Greatest Step Forward in Entertainment History!

about CinemaScope

No. 1 shows how the flat ordinary screen is dwarfed by the newly created curved Miracle Mirror Screen.

Nos. 2, 3, 4 show how CinemaScope's superior new Stereophonic Sound enhances the scope of audience participation.

No. 5 shows how the new Anamorphic Lens creates infinite depth and life-like reality to engulf you in the action on the screen.

about The Robe

The supreme novel of our time as it was meant to be seen, heard, lived! The Miracle Story "reaching out" to encompass you in its awe-inspiring spectacle and breathtaking grandeur.

BURTON • JEAN SIMMONS • VICTOR MATURE • MICHAEL RENNIE • Ernest Thesiger • Leon Askin

Screen Play by PHILIP DUNNE • From the Novel by LLOYD C. DOUGLAS

Directed by HENRY KOSTER
**LET'S GO TO**

**FOREVER FEMALE**

PARAMOUNT

Lacking the flair and crackle of "All About Eve," this story of a stage actress clinging foolishly to youth still has warmth and humor of its own. As Bette Davis did with the earlier film, Ginger Rogers pulls out of a slump to show she hasn't lost any bit of her deft touch with both comedy and drama. A long-popular star desperately in need of a good play, she latches on to William Holden, a struggling young writer, and charms him into wrecking his script by revising the youthful heroine role so that she can play it. Her schemes are threatened by a younger actress (a sympathetic version of Anne Baxter's Eve) who's convinced that she, not Ginger, is right for both Bill and his play. Pat Crowley, non-glamorous but appealing and full of gusto, makes a striking movie debut in this part. As Ginger's sardonic ex, Paul Douglas is invaluable.

Verdict: Witty tale of the young and not-so-young (Adult)

**THE CAPTAIN'S PARADISE**

LOPERT

Teaming voluptuous Yvonne De Carlo with Alec Guinness, the distinguished British actor, seems a weird notion. But it works out neatly in this comedy about an ingenious bigamy, Alec's skipper of a boat that plies between Gibraltar and Tangier—and he has a wife at each end of the run. At Gib, he's the conservative Englishman, sedately wed to the slightly dowdy Celia Johnson, a model housekeeper and cook. In Tangier, he's a gay dog, enjoying perpetual festivities with Yvonne, a luscious dancer whose sole duties are to be decorative and affectionate. However, trouble enters paradise when the housewife decides she'd like to step out occasionally, and the playgirl develops a yen to stay home and cook. It's heavier-handed than most Guinness films, but funny enough, and Celia (remembered for "Brief Encounter") is a delight.

Verdict: Marital farce with unusual angles (Adult)

**THE ALL AMERICAN**

Exciting grid sequences and a likable performance by Tony Curtis, who looks his most attractive, combine to boost a rather weak story into the entertainment class. Tony's a football star from the wrong side of the tracks. When his parents are killed in an accident en route to see him play, he decides to give up the game and concentrate on studies. Intent on becoming an architect, he transfers to a swank college, where he's snubbed for his "sharp" clothes and haircut and persecuted for his refusal to lend his football talent to the school's always-losing team. Lori Nelson's wasted as the dean's secretary, who befriends Tony. Richard Long gets even shorter shrift as a caricatured upper-crust type. Also on hand are Mamie Van Doren, as a flip waitress, and Gregg Palmer (the rechristened Palmer Lee) as a classmate of Tony's.

Verdict: Okay for Curtis and football fans (Family)
THE GOLDEN BLADE

We're back in old Bagdad with a light-hearted adventure yarn that gives Rock Hudson plenty of swashbuckling to do and finally gets Piper Laurie back into the lively mood of her first hit performance. This film hasn’t the tongue-in-cheek charm of “The Prince Who Was a Thief,” but it does have an innocent fairy-tale manner that’s disarming, unabashedly employing magic. The blade of the title is a miraculous sword that renders Rock invincible. He’s come to the “Arabian Nights” city to find and take vengeance on the unknowns who murdered his father. Behind all the villainy is George Macready, plotting to grab power and marry his hulking son to princess Piper. Steven Geray’s comedy role as owner of the second-hand store where Rock finds the sword is a tip-off to the non-serious intentions of this action-romance.

Verdict: Affable Persian horse opera

GIVE A GIRL A BREAK

Sparked by the Champions and Debbie Reynolds, a pleasing musical focuses on the rivalry amongst three girls who covet the lead in a stage revue. Gower, director of the show, wants to yank ex-partner Marge out of lazy retirement; her ambition does revive. Bob Fosse, his assistant, has romantic reasons for favoring unknown, inexperienced Debbie. Composer Kurt Kasznar has a similar yen for ballerina Helen Wood, but she’s the devoted wife of Dick Anderson, whose career conflicts with hers. Taughtly, the story’s kept light, so it doesn’t interfere with the music. Debbie has her best opportunity to date, presenting a picture of eager youth, while newcomers Bob and Helen score with their dancing skill. But the Champions live up to their name, especially in a dazzling rooftop routine that breaks out of the cramping backstage atmosphere.

Verdict: Gay tune-film with a pat plot

DEVIL’S CANYON

A prison movie with a Western switch suggests that some pretty eccentric justice was dispensed in the Southwest of the 1890’s. To stop gunfighting, Dale Robertson is given a life sentence for a double killing clearly done in self-defense. Then Virginia Mayo, as a bandit, is sent to the same, otherwise all-male prison. A fellow convict is brutish Stephen McNally, Virginia’s lover and the brother of the man Dale shot. Here are the makings of a hot situation, and the plot comes through with satisfactory violence. However, the prison’s alleged toughness is never shown convincingly, and Virginia is hampered by over-genteel dialogue. The brightest spots are provided by Arthur Hunnicutt, as a garrulous cell-mate of Dale’s. Though shot in 3-D, this movie may also be shown in a 2-D version; check your local theatre.

Verdict: Some thrills, in a routine jail film

More reviews on next page
“My Skin Thrives On Cashmere Bouquet Soap
...because it’s such wholesome skin-care!”

Says Beauty Director
CANDY JONES
Head of the Famous Conover School in New York

“As a beauty director,” says Miss Jones, “I always recommend Cashmere Bouquet Soap, because I consider it the most effective complexion-care. It’s wholesome for the skin, and it leaves a look of natural beauty—the kind that no amount of make-up alone can achieve.”

Do as beauty expert Candy Jones advises. Use fragrant Cashmere Bouquet Soap regularly. Its rich lather is so mild and gentle, leaves your skin with such a naturally fresh, radiant look...you’ll be saying, “my skin thrives on Cashmere Bouquet Soap!”

MOVIES

TAKE THE HIGH GROUND!
(M-G-M, ANSCO COLOR)

With admirable simplicity and a high quota of laughs, this comedy-drama takes you along with an average group of young Americans through sixteen weeks of basic training. Richard Widmark’s the professional tough drill sergeant who brow beats the draftees so unmercifully and coolly that at least three consider murdering him. It’s a part Dick could do in his sleep, but he stays wide awake and creates a deeply sympathetic character. Among the kids he finally turns into well-disciplined infantrymen is Russ Tamblyn, one of Photoplay’s “Choose Your Star” winners last year. Carleton Carpenter, Jerome Courtland and Robert Arthur are others outstanding.

Also on the receiving end of the sergeant’s sarcasm is Elaine Stewart, another “Choose Your Star” winner from 1952. She plays a beautiful, pathetic bar-girl who attracts both Widmark and Karl Malden, warmly likable as a gentler non-com. In a limited role, she’s promising.

Verdict: Familiar stuff, freshened by smooth lines, expert acting. (Family

DESPERATE MOMENT
(RANK, U-I)

Authentic backgrounds filmed on location in Germany add force to a routine chase story. Dirk Bogarde, beginning life sentence for a murder he didn’t commit, breaks jail to find the real killer. He’s aided by his sweetheart (Mai Zetterling), and both again make use of the wartime underground experience.

Verdict: Suspenseful but hackneyed tail set in striking locales. (Family

MARTIN LUTHER
(DE ROCHEMONT)

The story of the founding of Protestantism has been given a thoughtful and profoundly emotional film translation. Shot in Europe with the backing of the Lutheran Church, it traces the deve
Bobbi is perfect for this casual "Ingenue" hair style, for Bobbi is the permanent designed to give soft, natural-looking curls. Easy. No help needed.

Only Bobbi is designed to give the natural-looking wave necessary for the casual charm of this "Cotillion." And you get your wave where you want it.

What a casual, easy livin' look this "Minx" hairdo has... thanks to Bobbi! Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents always give you soft, carefree curls like these.

Everything you need! New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. $1.50 plus tax.

Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the easy, natural look of the curls in this new "Capri" style. No "nightly settings."

NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS ON THIS PAGE!

These hairdos were made with Bobbi... the special home permanent for casual hair styles

Yes, Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is designed to give you lovelier, softer curls... the kind you need for today's casual hairdos. Never the tight, fussy curls you get with ordinary home or beauty shop permanents. Immediately after you use Bobbi your hair has the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And your hair stays that way — your wave lasts week after week.

Bobbi's so easy to use, too. You just put your hair in pin curls. Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. A little later rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out — and that's all. No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed.

Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion — if you can make a simple pin curl— you'll love Bobbi.
What solves your family gift problem?

- Charge 'em to Dad
- I.O.U.'s

You'd plant really different (and wonderful) presents under the family tree? Write I.O.U.'s! One to Mom, promising you'll take over some household chore daily—for 3 months. To Dad your pledge to deliver 20 shoe shines on demand. And Sis? She'll prefer the present to future service; get something glamorous, "grown-up." But one day you can do her a service—by helping her to get the sanitary protection that keeps her confident: Kotex. Those flat, pressed ends prevent revealing outlines!

Want to winterize your chassis?

- Add anti-freeze
- Change oil

Snow weather sets your teeth a-chattering? Heed both hints above. Keep your radiator (circulation) "het up" with such "anti-freeze" as outdoor sports, wholesome meals, ample H2O and juices. And chapp-proof your pelt; change to richer beauty creams. On "those" days, you'll radiate poise with the comfort Kotex gives: softness (holds its shape!), plus extra protection to thaw all chilling doubts.

More women choose KOTEX® than all other sanitary napkins

"'T. W. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Which of these "steadies" does most for you?

- Romeo & Juliet
- Kotex and Kotex belts
- Moon 'n' June

Made for each other—that's Kotex and Kotex sanitary belts—and made to keep you comfortable. Of strong, soft-stretch elastic... they're designed to prevent curling, cutting or twisting. So lightweight you'll hardly know you're wearing one. And Kotex belts take kindly to dunking; stay flat even after countless washings. Why not buy two... for a change!

MOVIES Continued

ments that led Luther first to attempt a reformation within the Roman Catholic Church, then to leave his monastery and openly oppose higher authorities. The title role, involving many inner conflicts, is a difficult one, but Niall MacGinnis handles it superbly. Sacred music and beautiful camerawork help recreate 16th Century atmosphere.

Verdict: Fine religious drama (Family)

THREE GIRLS FROM ROME
(I.F.E.)

Light and engaging, although loosely constructed, this Italian film follows the romantic fortunes of three seamstresses. When exquisite Lucia Bose is promoted to a mannequin's job, her truck-driver boy-friend turns sullenly jealous. Wistful, moody Cosetta Greco's in love with a stuffy, faithless character. And Liliana Bonfatti, a sprightly half-pint with a yen for tall men, snubs a little jockey who really loves her. Thanks to the best job of dialogue-dubbing so far, all the lines are heard in colloquial American.

Verdict: Amiable, rambling close-up of Italian working girls (Adult)

SHOOT FIRST
(U.A.)

Reminiscent of an early Hitchcock whodunit, though not quite in that league, this made-in-Britain thriller goes about its suspenseful business briskly. Joel McCrea stars as an American officer stationed in England. Believing he's killed a man by accident, he panics, tries to dodge the police, tangles with the spies who actually committed the murder. Wild as it sounds, it's all worked out logically. Evelyn Keyes has only a stand-by role as Joel's wife. Roland Culver makes a stalwart Secret Service man, while Marius Goring and Karel Stepansky play enemy agents. But the most sparkling sequences feature Herbert Lom as an elegant little Polish exile, fighting gallantly and discreetly to guard England's atomic secrets.

Verdict: Fast, crisp spy chase, with interesting backgrounds (Family)

(More reviews on page 20)
Beautiful Hair

BRECK

THERE ARE THREE BRECK SHAMPOOS FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS

Each one of the three Breck Shampoos is made for a different hair condition. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. The next time you buy a shampoo ask for the Breck Shampoo for your hair condition. A Breck Shampoo will help bring out the soft, natural beauty of your hair.

The Three Breck Shampoos are available at Beauty Shops and wherever cosmetics are sold.
Sandpaper Hands feel Caressable in 10 Seconds!

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

NEW! Cashmere Bouquet French Type Lipstick!
Stays Moist! Stays Bright! Stays On!

25¢ and 47¢

99 River Street
(U. A.)
The Mickey Spillane influence spills over into another fast-paced tale loaded with fisticuffs and killings. Though the creator of Mike Hammer had nothing to do with this opus, John Payne’s an equally surly hero as a cab-driver victimized in two frame-ups. Bitter because injuries ended his promising ring career, he isn’t helped by the complaints of his money-hungry voluptuous wife, Peggie Castle. When she’s murdered by her bandit lover (Brad Dexter), Johnny’s on the spot. A young would-be actress (Evelyn Keyes, badly miscast) gets him into another jam; he’s her innocent accomplice in a scene she stages to impress a producer, Frank Faylen, as John’s cab-dispatcher pal, and Jay Adler, as a fence, provide sturdy support in minor roles.

Verdict: Rough, tough, implausible suspense drama (Adult)

East of Sumatra
(U.S., Technicolor)
Such able actors as Jeff Chandler and Anthony Quinn have a hard time with the flamboyant dialogue this adventure yarn hands them. Quinn is ruler of the island where engineer Chandler starts a tin-mining operation. Friendly relations with the natives are broken up by the bungling of Jeff’s officious superior (John Sutton), who’s brought along his fiancée (Marilyn Maxwell), an old flame of the engineer’s. The situation deteriorates further when the chief’s half-native intended (Suzan Ball) falls in love with Jeff, and the action winds up in a wild duel between the two leaders.

Both Jeff and Suzan look mighty decorative in full color. It all might have been fun if written with the light touch such a tall story deserves.

Verdict: Dead-pan thriller of fantastic faraway places (Family)
THE JOE LOUIS STORY
(U.A.)
A newsreel directness of style marks this account of the ex-champ's career. Coley Wallace, a huge fellow with a delightful grin, looks so much like Joe that there's no jarring when actual shots of the great fighter himself are used for ring sequences. Hilda Simms plays Marva Louis with quiet charm. But the surprise is scored by handsome young James Edwards (seen in "Home of the Brave"), who sacrifices his hair to portray wise old "Chappie" Blackburn, Joe's devoted trainer. As shapeless as real life, which it follows closely, the story line's pulled together by the narration of Paul Stewart, cast as a sports reporter.
Verdict: Unassuming, convincing tribute to a ring hero (Family)

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS
(ARLAN PICTURES)
Here's the essence of sophistication, a brilliant selection of short stories interpreted by top-ranking Italian and French stars (dialogue in both tongues, English titles). Fancifully, the tales are strung on the spiel given by young Gerard Philipe at a knock-'em-down sideshow, with puppets representing those sins. In tone, they range from the hilarious "Gluttony"—a startling switch on the traditional traveling-salesman joke—to the pathetic "Pride," in which Françoise Rosay and Michele Morgan are dead-broke aristocrats frantically trying to keep up appearances. Any movie-goer who comes sniffing for the sensational will wind up properly embarrassed after the final episode, revealing a mythical "eighth" deadly sin.
Verdict: Highly polished triumph of wit and ruthless insight (Adult)

ROME, 11 O’CLOCK
(TIMES FILM)
Out of true and tragic headlines Italian movie-makers have built a strong and affecting film. Two hundred girls line up and struggle on a staircase, waiting to apply for a typing job that pays miserably by American standards. And the structure collapses under them in a scene of horror. Why some of the girls needed the job, how the catastrophe changes their lives—these factors are surveyed in interlocking dramas. Carla del Poggio, wife of a long-unemployed working man, blames herself for starting the rush. Lucia Bose has forsaken her rich parents for love of a poor artist (Raf Vallone). Lea Padovani, weary of life as a fancy lady, wants honest work. Other vignettes are equally arresting. Trying to knit its various elements, the story drags, but it has urgent reality. English titles concisely translate the Italian dialogue.
Verdict: Pitiful cross-section of poverty's effects on Rome (Adult)

You’re looking at the most popular bra in America!

It's Exquisite Form Style 505 - The miracle bra with double-uplift control — the secret of its fabulous success. Stitched under the cup... reinforced under the cup, for the most beautiful uplift that stays on the up-and-up. See for yourself how this fabulous bra shapes you to an exquisite figure... how it holds you, molds you gently, firmly, comfortably. Ask for style 505 at your favorite store—today!

A, B, C and D cups in fine broadcloth, acetate satin and nylon taffeta.
Bandeau styles: $1.50 and $2.00
Long line styles: $2.50 and $3.00

Exquisite Form
BRASSIÈRES

The Bra that's a beauty treatment
Special, Greaseless Corrective for Oily Skin Blackheads Flakiness

A girl's complexion is often her own worst enemy. Especially in the teens—just when parties and "dates" are so important!

All at once, the oil glands begin to overwork. Then, your skin grows too sluggish to get rid of its day-to-day accumulation of dead skin cells. So, the dead skin flakes build into a greasy layer and "choke" the pore openings. Your skin grows "muddy." Pores begin to enlarge. Soon—blackheads are apt to start cropping out.

NOW—Pond's recommends a special greaseless treatment for these "Young Skin" problems: oiliness, large pores, blackheads, flakiness. It's quick, easy, and it works!

Just cover face, except eyes, with greaseless Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave on a full minute. The Cream's "keratolytic" action loosens, dissolves off clinging dead skin flakes. Frees the tiny skin gland openings to function normally.

After 1 minute, wipe off. Rinse with cold water. Now—see your "new" look! Greasiness is gone. Your skin looks brighter, cleaner!

"Young Skin" doesn't like heavy make-up. A sheer touch of greaseless Pond's Vanishing Cream makes a fresh, un-shiny powder base.

Amazing fellow, this Crosby. Supposedly a singer-comedian, he now proceeds to toss off a straight dramatic performance that an actor with the most elegant classical training couldn't match. In much more serious vein than his Oscar-winning "Going My Way," Paramount's "Little Boy Lost" presents him as an American foreign correspondent searching for his small son, who disappeared during the war. Filmed in Europe, the picture calls on many talented French players to keep pace with Bing. Tender, dark-haired Nicole Maurey makes a brief role effective as his wife, a French singer brutally executed by the Nazis for her resistance work. Claude Dauphin is a Frenchman similarly bereaved, instrumental in forcing Crosby to face the fact of Nicole's death. Georgette Anys has one unforgettable scene as a laundress who helped spirit lost children beyond the Germans' reach. Equally memorable is Gabrielle Dorziat, speaking with the tart wisdom of age as a nun who heads the orphanage where the trail stops. And frail, huge-eyed Christian Fourcade is utterly unaffected and infinitely touching as the waif who may or may not turn out to be Bing's son.

Such a story could have been a maudlin, sobby affair. But it's done with great delicacy and balancing touches of humor, thanks to its star's personality and director-scenarist George Seaton's skill. (Remember his "Miracle on 34th Street"?) For Crosby, singing comes as naturally as talking, so the few songs don't contradict the otherwise realistic style. They're right at home in a movie of unusual grace.
Nobody—not even your best friend—will tell you, when you’re guilty of halitosis (bad breath). And, when you do offend...good-bye romance!

Isn’t it foolish to take chances when Listerine Antiseptic stops bad breath instantly, and keeps it fresh and sweet and agreeable usually for hours on end?

Four Times Better than Tooth Paste in Clinical Tests

In recent clinical tests, Listerine Antiseptic averaged four times better in reducing breath odors than the two leading tooth pastes, as well as the three leading chlorophyll products, it was tested against.

No Chlorophyll Kills Odor Bacteria Like This Instantly

You see, Listerine Antiseptic instantly kills millions of germs, including germs that cause the most common type of bad breath...the kind that begins when germs start the fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth. And, research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer depending upon the degree to which you reduce germs in the mouth. Brushing your teeth doesn’t give you any such antiseptic protection. Chlorophyll or chewing gums do not kill germs. Listerine Antiseptic does. Use it night and morning, and before any date where you want to be at your best.

Every week
2 different shows, radio & television—
"THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE & HARRIET"

See your paper for times and stations

The most widely used Antiseptic in the world

...and for Colds and Sore Throat due to colds...LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

The same germ-killing action that makes Listerine Antiseptic the extra-careful precaution against halitosis, makes Listerine a night and morning "must" during the cold and sore throat season.
Tampax does so much for you!

We might have said: "Tampax is sanitary protection the wearer can't even feel."

We could have said: "Tampax avoids embarrassing odor."

We thought of saying: "Tampax is so easy to dispose of."

But Tampax does so much for you that it's difficult to single out any one advantage. We want you to learn about Tampax, know about Tampax, try Tampax—because we honestly believe it makes "those days of the month" much easier for women.

Tampax is worn internally. It's not only invisible, but actually unfelt, once it's in place. No more bulky external pads—no more belts, no more pins. You can even wear Tampax while you're taking your shower or tub.

And how refreshingly different it will be to have sanitary protection that's so small you can actually carry a month's supply in your purse. Do try Tampax! It's available at drug and notions counters in 3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.

IMPERTINENT INTERVIEW

BY MIKE CONNOLLY

"How come you don't date and become a part of Hollywood's night life like the other starlets, Debra?"

Debra Paget flashed those huge, slanted, super-long-lashed, sultry eyes at me. "I'd rather make my mistakes the way I want to make them, that's why," she answered.

"Whatever that means."

"It means just what I said. It means that I'm sick of being asked why I don't go out with this actor or that actor. It means that I don't want to go out with every Tom, Dick and Harry. It means that when I see the man I want I'll go after him!"

Various advisers have told her that if she doesn't go out with this fellow and that she'll never know the right man when he comes along. Debra continued. But Debra, who, by the time she turned twenty last August had already chalked up five years in films, knows her own mind. She disagrees: "Girls who go out all the time are the ones who make mistakes when it comes to picking mates. Look, for instance, at the first marriages of people like Liz Taylor and Terry Moore!"

That's what Debra means when she says she'd rather make her mistakes the way she wants to—"instead of going out and getting confused! Actually, if I enjoyed night-clubbing and 'living it up' I would. But I don't like it at all. I just don't enjoy night clubs and big parties. I prefer my own family. It's a big family and we have a wonderful time together."

We were sitting in the living room of the sprawling ten-room Paget home on Hollywood Boulevard. The family had been bopping around in shorts and pedal pushers and sweaters when I bounced in unexpectedly, and there had been a mad cover-up flurry. Maggie Gibson, Debra's mother, had asked me to phone first—but I forgot! However, now everything was serene and relaxed and I was meeting the Paget mob: Debra's mother; her father, Frank Griffin; her brother, Frank, Jr.; her sisters, Lisa, Tela and Meg; her nieces and nephews, Jeneene, Kim, Gayle, Bennett and Frank.

"Lisa doesn't date either," Debra grinned, "and she's eighteen!"

She showed me her bedroom and the enormous seven-foot-by-seven-foot bed in which she and her mother sleep—"because Daddy snores, and so he has to sleep alone!"

All Debra wanted to do was talk about her sister Lisa: "Lisa has a devil in her eyes and laughs all the time and plays tricks on me—I wish I could be like her!"

All Maggie wanted to do was talk about her daughter Debra. "She's a religious girl but she wants to be sexy on the screen too, so there you are. She's had good training. You probably know that I used to be a dancer in burlesque in Chicago. I was what's called a tassel-tosser. As a matter of fact, Debra herself could do the same bums and grinds that Jane Russell does in 'Gentlemen Prefer Blondes' when she was two years old. She still does. It's good exercise, you know.

"Well, what I'm getting at is that Debra doesn't date, from choice. She knows that she may make mistakes, just as other girls have made them. But I'm inclined to think there's less a chance that she will, because I brought her up in the rough-and-tumble life of burlesque. She saw a lot of things there that most girls her age don't know about. Debra is wise to the ways of the world!"
The deep secret of Dry Skin care

by Rosemary Hall
BEAUTY AUTHORITY

There’s no mystery about the problems of dry skin. The flakiness, the “grainy” look it gives make-up, and the little dry lines that hint of wrinkles are all too familiar to many of us. The puzzle is why more women don’t learn how lovely dry skin can be.

Dry skin, with proper care, is apt to be far more delicate-looking, clearer of blackheads, enlarged pores and blemishes than any other type. And the finest care I can recommend is a single cream so effective that a five-minute application really gets results — Woodbury Dry Skin Cream.

The secret of Woodbury Dry Skin Cream’s success is literally a “deep” one. All face creams, naturally, contain softening ingredients, but many simply grease the surface of the skin. Woodbury, however, also contains an exclusive ingredient called Penaten which carries the lanolin and four other rich softening oils deep into the important cornum layer of your skin.

5-minute facial — that really works

Smooth rich Woodbury Dry Skin Cream into your skin with gentle upward strokes. Leave it on for 5 minutes, then tissue off. Your mirror will reflect a fresher, more youthful look than you’ve had in years. Penaten helps the oils penetrate so quickly that five minutes does the trick — provided you do it faithfully every day. And if you’ll act now while the sale lasts, you can get the big $1.00 size Woodbury Dry Skin Cream for only 69¢ plus tax — so little for such priceless results!

Eleanor Parker writes a "thank you" note

Dear Helen —

Thanks for saying I looked nice in my latest picture! And I’ll report, since you ask, that I use Woodbury Cold Cream. It has an ingredient called Penaten (exclusively Woodbury’s) which makes the cream penetrate deeply into pore openings and cleans and softens more thoroughly than any cream I ever used. (And now the dollar size is only 69 ¢ !)

Try it. You’ll find Woodbury Cold Cream leaves your skin so fresh and soft.

Thanks again,
Eleanor
Bob Hope visited a mess hall in Korea where the menu included powdered milk, powdered eggs and powdered potatoes. "We didn't have to eat it," says Bob. "They just blew it at us."

Two Hollywood children got into an argument. When the controversy got good and hot, one said angrily, "My father can lick your father."

"Are you kidding?" leered the other. "Your father is my father."

Gilbert Roland, talking about an oil heiress in "The French Line," flips, "I'm a man of character. I couldn't love a woman for her money. I'd just love her money."

Guy Lombardo has a new definition for a Hollywood home: "A swimming pool entirely surrounded by divorces."

Willy de Mond, the Hollywood hosiery king, answers the "How are things?" query with a standard line: "I'm still giving the women a run for their money."

Joe E. Lewis at the Mocambo: "My mouth always gets me into trouble, but it's such a handy place to keep my teeth."

Overheard: "In Hollywood, wedded bliss occurs when a couple agree—on a divorce."

Fay Wray's moppet, Bobby, beamed over his new Boy Scout uniform and bragged, "Look at the short-sleeved trousers."

Jimmy Stewart, playing the life of Glenn Miller, was asked how they were going to age him for the part. "That's easy," said Jimmy, "Just keep taking off the make-up."

Marie Wilson, filling out a publicity questionnaire came to the question, "What is the characteristic your husband likes most about you?" She wrote: "He likes me because I'm good to my mother."

A movie starlet complained about her husband, wailing, "Since we got married, he always takes me every place."

Movie fur designer Al Teitelbaum calls a star's business manager a mink eradicator.

*See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel" on your local TV station.
Ava Gardner and dozens of other M-G-M stars know that shiny stockings pick up ugly highlights, make lovely legs look unshapely. That's why M-G-M stars wear Bur-Mil Cameo stockings on the screen and off. Cameo's exclusive Face Powder Finish glamourizes their legs with a permanently soft, misty dullness.

And Cameo adds more Leg-O-Genic glamour with Wonder Topnylons—the top stretches for new comfort, the stockings fit beautifully! Personally proportioned Bur-Mil Cameo nylons give up to 40% longer wear by actual test, too!

Cameo Wonder Top nylons...$1.50
Other Cameo nylons from $1.15 to $1.65

BUR-O-MIL
CAMEO STOCKINGS
WITH EXCLUSIVE
FACE POWDER FINISH

A PRODUCT OF BURLINGTON MILLS
WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCER OF FASHION FABRICS

BUR-MIL, CAMEO, FACE POWDER FINISH AND LEG-O-GENIC ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF BURLINGTON MILLS CORPORATION.
SOAP BOX:
We have just spent almost a full day watching the shooting of "The Glen Miller Story" on the campus of the University of Colorado and would like to say something about the warm and human personalities of June Allyson, Dick Powell and Jimmy Stewart. Miss Allyson talked and joked with us several times during the day...
When her husband arrived on the scene she introduced us... They posed for pictures and signed autographs for as many as time would allow...
Since these are the first movie stars we have ever seen in person, it left us with a very good impression of Hollywood and its population.

Meredith Fanselow, Marcia Gilbert, Caroline Stanford
Boulder, Colorado

...I'd like to speak a word in favor of David Wayne. He did such a beautiful job in "O'Henry's Full House" as the little tramp. It seems to me that, one role excepted, Hollywood has never given him a chance to show what he can do. He is a fine comedian with wonderful timing, but I wish they'd give him a role he can get his teeth into...

Mrs. Thomas W. Button
Coldwater, Michi

Please have a heart and print a picture of the one and only Howard Keel. It seems as though Hollywood does not appreciate a great guy like Howard. He has great talent, looks, personality, and oohh, what a dynamic smile...

Dorinda-Lea Cantrell
Beckley, West Virginia

I have just seen the movie "Shane" and I think it is one of the best pictures I have ever seen. The acting is wonderful and the story itself is magnificent. You could use so many good adjectives to describe this movie that it would be impossible to put them all down...

E. Mills
Chester, Pennsylvania

Why do we see so little of Mel Ferrer? I think he is an excellent actor, a man of real distinction and charm, and what sex appeal! I saw "Lili" twice and enjoyed it so much—think Leslie Caron and Mel make a wonderful, unusual couple. There is so much grace, passion and tenderness in their dance together and most of their scenes...

Anne P.
Bangor, Maine

Open letter to Frank Sinatra:
I'm a fan of yours and have been for a long time. In fact, ever since I was knee-high and saw "Anchors Aweigh." I know a lot of your fans, just as I, have been pulling and rooting for you all the way...
...have just heard "From Here to Eternity" and thought it was great... Not only that, but raves are coming from all directions on your splendid acting in the motion picture of the same name. They say you'll never have to sing again—but we wouldn't miss that for the world... We're glad to see you getting the break you deserve...

Irene Shlottani
Anaheim, California

I'd like to thank Hedda Hopper for her exclusive interview with Mario Lanza. I am just one of his many fans... all hoped for a real down-to-earth report on when we can again thrill to his wonderful voice...
...And Hedda has given it to us...

Florence Rosenfeld
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I have just seen "Houdini" starring handsome Tony Curtis and beautiful Janet Leigh, who were never better. The movie was just wonderful as Tony and Janet made an ideal team!...

Linda Russell
Long Beach, California

I think that Cameron Mitchell is tops...
I have watched him rise from just bit parts to almost the whole show, such as in "Powder River" and "Man on a Tightrope." They were both just wonderful. Let's see a picture where he is not just a costar... but where he's the whole picture...

Sally Dahl
Pittsburgh, California

My personal opinion of Sheilah Graham who wrote "Come Out of That Star Spin" in September is very poor. She was unjust. No one has a right to say such things about top-notch stars... she can't possibly know all about their lives, feelings, thoughts or how they live... So why doesn't Sheilah mind her own business?... she's the one who should come out of the "Spin."

Cindy Carson
China Lakes, California

My friend and I have just seen Marilyn Monroe in "Niagara." We thought she was "real George." We wish people would quit criticizing her for the way she dresses and acts. In our opinion (we think all males will agree with us) we'd rather have more Marilyn Monroes and fewer Ann Blyths.

We like you just as you are, Marilyn. Don't change!

J. D. and T. W.
Magnolia, Arkansas

Susan Hayward is a great actress. She is always in great movies. As far as her private life is concerned, she knows her husband and would only get a divorce as a last resort. Her fans don't know him, she does!

Shirley McClure
Beloit, Wisconsin

I have just seen "Pickup on South Street" and, believe me, if this is Richard Widmark's and Jean Peters' first picture together, it shouldn't be their last. I don't think Hollywood could find any two to play the roles better than they did. Come on. Let's see more of them together...

Joan Harpeland
New York, New York

CASTING:
Robert Wagner and Piper Laurie would make a perfect team in an adventurous movie together. Also, why not Debra Paget and Jeff Hunter as opposites?

Jean and Lorettal
La Crosse, Wisconsin

I think Hollywood should turn out another rugged, dramatic picture similar to "Ruby Gentry" with my two favorite stars, Arlene Dahl and Charlton Heston. Wow, what a movie they could make!...

Becky McKaughn
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Why don't you co-star Ann Blyth and Alan Ladd in a picture? They would be great together!

Helena Lasimone
Providence, Rhode Island

Haven't you noticed a slight resemblance between Jeanne Crain and Hedy Lamarr? I think they would be ideal in sister roles...

Susan Shapiro
Elmhurst, New Jersey

28
Cornel Wilde and Elizabeth Taylor would make a perfect team in a picture. Cornel so handsome—Elizabeth so gorgeous (sigh).—BARBARA SHARON JEFFERSON
Barboursville, West Virginia

QUESTION BOX:
I would like to know if Lucille Ball and Bob Hope played together in the movies....
—Lucy Locco
Trenton, New Jersey

They co-starred in the 1949 version of Shirley Temple’s “Little Miss Marker”—“Sorrowful Jones.”—ED.

My girl friend and I are having a bet. I think Rock Hudson played with Susan Cabot in a Western. She thinks Audie Murphy or Dale Robertson did. Which one is right?
—BEVERLY BUTTS, GAIL HEAVEN
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Audie Murphy is the man. He and Susan co-starred in “The Duel at Silver Creek” and “Gunsmoke.”—ED.

My mother and I had a disagreement on who played the male and female roles in “Frenchman’s Creek” about nine or ten years ago. I said Joan Fontaine played the female role and my mother said either Maureen O’Sullivan or Maureen O’Hara. I do not remember who played the male role.
—MRS. J. L. DURDEN
Marcou, Georgia

You win. And Arturo de Cordova was Joan’s costar in this picture.—ED.

Would you please tell me if Edward Arnold is any relation to Lionel Barrymore? They resemble each other, I think.
—A VERY CONSTANT READER
Fort Worth, Texas

No, they are not related.—ED.

Could you please tell me how many times “The Desert Song” was made? Who played opposite Dennis Morgan in the 1945 version?
—NANCY WALTER
Port Arthur, Texas

“The Desert Song” was made three times. Irene Manning appeared opposite Dennis Morgan in the 1945 version.—ED.

Could you please tell me the name of Rachmaninoff’s music played in the first story in “The Story of Three Loves”?
—MISS M. ZIKOWSKY
Burlington, New Jersey

That was Rachmaninoff’s Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini.—ED.

Will you please tell me if Polly Bergen is Dean Martin’s wife?
—JUNE CHAPMAN
Bloomfield, Indiana

Polly is married to Jerome Courtland, Dean’s wife is Jeannie Rigger.—ED.

(Continued on page 31)

DONNA REED says, “Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo.” In fact, in a mere two years, Lustre-Creme has become the shampoo of the majority of top Hollywood stars! When America’s most glamorous women—beauties like Donna Reed—use Lustre-Creme Shampoo, shouldn’t it be your choice above all others, too?

For the Most Beautiful Hair in the World
4 out of 5 Top Hollywood Stars
use Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Glamour-made-easy! Even in hardest water, Lustre-Creme “shines” as it cleans; leaves hair soft and fragrant, free of loose dandruff. And Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with Natural Lanolin. It does not dry or dull your hair!

Makes hair eager to curl! Now you can “do things” with your hair—right after you wash it! Lustre-Creme Shampoo helps make hair a delight to manage; tames flyaway locks to the lightest brush touch, brings out glorious sheen.

NOW in new LOTION FORM
or famous CREAM FORM!

Pour it on...or cream it on... Either way, have hair that shines like the stars! Lustre-Creme Shampoo in famous Cream Form—27¢ to $2, in jars or tubes. In new Lotion Form—30¢ to $1.
Why I still
CHARGE ONLY 10¢
for my nail polish

Even though it is the only nail polish in the world containing
the miracle chip-proofing ingredient... PLASTEEN

S EVEN years ago, I introduced the nail polish bearing
my name to the women of America. Since then, this
nail polish containing PLASTEEN has appeared on
millions of gleaming finger-tips. Without question,
women love it! They love the way PLASTEEN makes
polish go on easier... adds an exciting new brilliance
to nails... eliminates chipping found in ordinary nail
polishes.

Nail polish with PLASTEEN is also formulated to
offset harsh effects of daily contacts with detergents.
Certainly many of you would be glad to pay more for
this polish, and other nail polishes have not hesitated
in raising their price.

In creating this nail polish, I have always felt that I
have an obligation to the millions of satisfied users
throughout America who buy my nail polish with
PLASTEEN. My price still remains at 10¢.

Sincerely,

Helen Neushaefer

Helen Neushaefer, Inc., College Point, N.Y. • Los Angeles • Toronto
I have just seen the picture "The Desert Rats" . . . In my opinion James Mason . . . stole the show. My brother and I got into a slight argument concerning the narrator for the picture. I say it was Michael Rennie and he disagrees. Could you tell me who the narrator was?

MARTY DOUGLAS
Loft, New York

It was Michael Rennie.—ED.

Could you please tell me the names of the pictures Doris Day and Gordon MacRae have co-starred in? Also if they sang "Look for the Silver Lining" in one . . .

SHIRLEY SPRAGLING
Fairbury, Nebraska

Doris and Gordon co-starred in "The West Point Story," "Tea for Two," "On Moonlight Bay," "Starlift," and "By the Light of the Silvery Moon." Jane Brewer appeared with Gordon in "Look for the Silver Lining," the title as well as the theme song of the picture.—ED.

Are José Ferrer and Mel Ferrer brothers? I say they are and my buddy says they are not. Also if the scenes between Robert Mitchum and Susan Hayward in "White Witch Doctor" were shot in Africa.

ROBERT DUNEL
Reading, Pennsylvania

The two Ferrers are unrelated. All the background shots for "White Witch Doctor" were shot on the spot in Africa. But the Mitchum-Hayward scenes were made back home in Hollywood.—ED.

My cousin Janet Weigand and I say that Ava Gardner and Zsa Zsa Gabor are sisters. Keith, her brother, and Charles, my brother, disagree . . .

ROBERTA RINKENBERGER
Gridley, Illinois

The brothers are right. Though Zsa Zsa has two sensational sisters—Eve and Magda—Ava is not related to her.—ED.

When Photoplay wrote the story, 3-D Pinup Girls (September issue), I wondered whether it gave the height of the stars with high heels or in bare feet.

JANET ALLYS
Detroit, Michigan

Those were the bare facts.—ED.

I would like to settle an argument between my sister-in-law and myself. She said that Kathleen Crowley played opposite Robert Wagner in "The Silver Whip." I said it was Audrey Dalton. Which is right?

LOIS A. PAYE
Anniston, Alabama

Your sister-in-law wins!—ED.

Enriches your hair with beauty

... instead of drying it

TWICE AS MUCH LANOLIN is the reason

Gives hair twice the twinkle. Leaves it so manageable your comb is a magic wand! Even in hard water, gets hair so clean you can feel the difference—soft and sweet as love's first kiss. Come on, give your hair a fresh start in life . . . with the shampoo that gives you twice as much lanolin as any other leading brand. Try it today.
Pamper your beauty with new Camay!
Wonderful for complexion and bath!

Here's wonderful news about complexion care! Now Camay contains fine cold cream. And Camay alone among leading beauty soaps brings you this luxury ingredient.

More delightful than ever before! Whether your skin is dry or oily, new Camay leaves it feeling exquisitely cleansed, wonderfully fresh. And Camay with cold cream brings new luxury to your Beauty Bath, too!

You still get everything that's always made Camay a treasure ... the softer complexion that's yours when you change to regular care and Camay, that velvety Camay lather, famous Camay mildness, and delicate fragrance yours only in Camay.

LOOK FOR NEW CAMAY IN THE SAME FAMILIAR WRAPPER. It's at your store now—at no extra cost. And there's no finer beauty soap in all the world!
You voted in record-breaking numbers in this year’s Choose Your Star contest—there were almost 6,000 more ballots than there were last year, and the total number of ballots was almost double that of two years ago! You’ve done it again—voted for the favorites you think most likely to succeed during the coming year in Hollywood. And here are the results.

Audrey Dalton, whom you saw in “Titanic” and “The Girls of Pleasure Island,” is the top favorite amongst the actresses, and her total was also more than that of any actor on the list. Audrey took a commanding lead from the first, and her rank as first-place winner was always secure through the weeks of counting the ballots.

Richard Allan is the winner among the actors, although it was only in the last ten days of counting the votes that his lead became a commanding one. For the first two weeks Dick, Byron Palmer, Race Gentry and Rick Jason see-sawed in the position of top actor. A surprisingly strong finish was that of Carlos Thompson, who was ninth during the first week of balloting and pushed steadily upward as the ballots increased in number. It was during this period that Carlos’ picture, “Fort Algiers,” was being seen, and very evidently he impressed his audiences. You’ll be seeing him again soon, opposite Lana Turner in “The Flame and the Flesh.”

A somewhat similar spurt in popularity was that of Maggie McNamara, star of “The Moon Is Blue.” During the first ten days of recording ballots, Maggie was not even amongst the first fifteen, but later she rose to sixth place. Incidentally, Kathleen and Pat Crowley are not related, and Rex Reason, your choice for eleventh place, had his name changed to Bart Roberts.

Because of the greater number of ballots, we have expanded the list of winners to twelve actors and actresses this year, instead of the usual ten. Even keeping the list to twelve winners was a difficult decision, for some of the also-rans were very close in the number of votes in their favor. Amongst the men, Tom Irish and Glen Roberts were near-winners, while Mary Castle and Patricia Hardy were close to the winners’ circle among the actresses.

As always the producers in Hollywood have watched Photoplay’s Choose Your Star contest with avid interest. There are big plans ahead for the actresses and the actors who have placed in the winning group. What those plans are—the pictures in which you’ll be seeing your new favorites—we’ll tell you in the December issue of Photoplay. And in that issue, too, you’ll find color pictures of the winners. The favorites you picked in past years—Lori Nelson and Tab Hunter last year, Mitzi Gaynor, Bob Wagner and Jeff Hunter of the year before, to name only a few—have always made great strides after this big evidence of your interest and faith. And this year once again you can look forward to progress toward stardom by the stars you chose.

Photoplay thanks each of you for your interest—and we are very sure that this year, as in the past, you will once again prove yourselves excellent judges of movie talent.

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<td>Audrey Dalton</td>
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Love in Bloom: Jane Powell and Gene Nelson have been advised to simmer down in public. Jane's advisers are not yet sure of reaction to Janie's divorce; and while Jane and Gene are deeply devoted, their lovey-dovey behavior offended some spectators. Mona Freeman's taking instruction, bent on becoming a Catholic again. If he wanted, widower Bing Crosby could remarry in his own faith—if he wanted! Jacques Bergerac must be the love of Ginger Rogers' life; she is adding weight! She explains, "A Frenchman likes his woman to be womanly."

It's Rumored: That Elizabeth Taylor's right eye is smaller, as a result of the steel-splinter injury she received on "Elephant Walk." It's untrue. They say there's trouble in Jane Wyman's household. Tain't true. Because of Hollywood's economy wave, top musical arranger Freddie Karger got the sack at Columbia after nine years there. And that's why he looks unhappy. It's reported as fact that Judy Holliday and Pete Lawford fell for each other while working in "A Name for Herself." But the truth is, she's happily married, he's playing the field; they've been together often because they're prepping night-club acts.

Behind the Scenes: When a nice regular gal like Jane Russell has hysteric—you know there's a good reason. Jane had hysteric over a costume she was supposed to wear in "The French Line." Says Jane, "It wouldn't have covered a midget." All right, so we'll tell you why Marilyn Erskine calls Donald O'Connor "Doc." He gave her a ring his mother gave him originally. Thirty-two diamonds spell out D-O-C. Marilyn didn't want to accept it, but Donald insisted—"Just for friendship's sake." Some friend! At Joan Crawford's party for Joan Evans' birthday—"Come for cocktails, dinner, and breakfast"—Jeff Chandler was the singing star of the evening. Looks like curtains on Jeff's marriage, incidentally. He even closed out his bank account in their neighborhood branch. At a preview recently, a fan said to Virginia Mayo, "You look like a young Zsa Zsa Gabor." Quick on the trigger Mike O'Shea answered, "And who do I look like—an old George Sanders?" When Rosemary Clooney became Mrs. Joe Ferrer, Crosby and Hope put on their thinking caps. The day the bride returned to Paramount after a two-day honeymoon, there was a new name on her dressing-room door; Mrs. Toulouse-Lautrec.

Million-Dollar Pauper: No longer under contract to any studio, Betty Grable was sunning by her pool and listening to the radio. "Times are tough in Hollywood," said a newscaster. "Why, even poor Betty Grable is out of a job." (Continued on page 82)
Great Scott! Another girl? Seems every time we aim the camera at Mr. Brady he's with someone different. This time his date's Anita Ekberg.

Monroe's match? That is what U-I thinks about Kathleen Hughes since "It Came from Outer Space." Her escort here is Charles FitzSimmons.
Cynical Hollywood, which can usually detect a fluff of gossip long before it hits ground, was suddenly shocked by a reporter's line in a trade paper—“What was all the excitement at the Jess Barkers' Sunday night?"

An hour after that “excitement” Jess Barker had moved out of the Van Nuys home he and Susan Hayward shared. But this wasn't learned until a week later—not even by the razor-sharp columnists who could have told you to the minute when Mario Lanza and Geary Steffen ankled huffily out of their respective homes.

Nor were the news-hungry writers aware of a much more shocking fact; it was not until ten days later that Hollywood heard reports of a violent quarrel just before Jess moved out of their house. Those who knew Susan best scoffed at this report at first.

“I can't believe Susan was on the receiving end,” said an actor who has worked with her recently. “That porcelain figure hides the constitution of a Mack truck. She wouldn't let anyone sock her—and get away with it. Personally I'd give a buck to see what Jess looks like.”

Nevertheless, the fight between the two had taken place. And Susan, securely walled from public view in her San Fernando Valley home, finally admitted it. Further, she made what many considered a belated announcement: “I plan to file suit for divorce as soon as possible. I'll leave shortly for a Nevada ranch to establish residence. My brother will accompany me and so will my sons. Reconciliation seems highly unlikely. I'm only worried about the pain this will inflict on our twin boys, Gregory and Timothy.”

By an unhappy coincidence Susan made her abrupt announcement on July 23rd—the day the Barkers were due to celebrate their ninth wedding anniversary. It was a shocking surprise to everyone. By a further strange coincidence Susan Hayward and Jess Barker ended their marriage with a "this is where I came in" angle.

The story goes that one hour after she first met the then sought-after actor he tried to kiss her as they were saying good night in front of her apartment. Recalled Jess under much happier circumstances, “Susan's partly Irish—enough Irish so she always comes out fighting. I didn't know it but I discovered right then and there that she was a woman of few words and a long, strong and efficient left hook. After the melee I looked as though I'd been wrestling with a bearcat. And I knew I was a prize chump to make a pass at a Flatbush redhead.”

Obviously Jess felt just as contrite after their last emotional parting. He has told friends that he hoped for a reconciliation after a cooling off period. On visits to the house to see his sons, he has used all his blandishments to get Susan to change her mind. But Susan, as of this writing, is adamant and saying nothing.

Though the divorce announcement was a complete surprise, studio associates recalled that on Susan's last film, “The Gladiators,” she appeared even more moody and withdrawn than usual—a haunting sadness visible deep in her lovely eyes.

“Susan,” remarked Victor Mature, her co-star, “acts like someone 100 years old. I don't know what the trouble is—we're practically on a Mister and Miss basis—but something is worrying her. We all wish we could help her, but we just don't know how to go about trying.” (Continued on page 97)

There's an untold story behind the news item which shocked Hollywood—the Susan Hayward-Jess Barker rift

SMASH-UP!

BY JANE CORWIN
As solid as the guy himself is this girl in his life. She's always out of sight when the cameras turn her way and always nearby when he needs her.

ROCK'S MYSTERY GIRL

By MAXINE ARNOLD

At an emergency hospital in Laguna awaiting the ambulance which would rush him to Hollywood, Rock Hudson—through the haze of pain and shock and anger at getting himself smashed up in such an accident—asked that two messages be sent.

One was to the producer of "Magnificent Obsession," slated soon to roll, perhaps too soon. Rock worried with a sinking heart. The other was a cable to the Savoy Hotel in London, to a lovely, vivid blonde whose importance in Rock's life had never been more significantly revealed than in his thinking of her now. "Sorry can't drive you home. Just broke my shoulder," the message read. And it was addressed to "Fortuna Divine," a gag name Rock often uses for his mystery girl. But to be complete-
ly sure that it wouldn't go astray, a second name, her real one—Betty Abbott—went on the cable too.

Betty, a niece of Bud Abbott and a script girl at Universal-International, is, to use Rock's word, "radiant." She's a striking-looking girl with warmth and understanding and a rare gift for gayety. Born to showbusiness, she's unimpressed by (Continued on page 110)
Elizabeth Taylor was getting ready. She and her husband, Michael Wilding, were due at the house of their close friends, the Stewart Grangers, at seven-thirty. It was now after seven.

“Elizabeth darling,” Mike was saying for the fourth time, “can’t you hurry things a bit?”

He was pacing the floor as usual, making an occasional visit to the dressing-room to repeat his question and to take another anxious look at his young wife, still busily engaged in the process of trying to improve her already perfect face.

“I can’t understand!” he muttered half to himself on his fifth trip. “Morning or night, it’s always the same . . . Maybe I’m being a bore, but I’m quite sure it’s rude to be late to social functions. And it’s unprofessional to arrive after the others for work.”
She's never cooked a meal, never darned his socks, but running Mike Wilding is no 'chore at all—not for Liz Taylor!

BY GRACE FISCHLER

HOME IS WHERE HER HEART IS

Liz didn't say a word. She had "turned herself off," to use her own expression, and heard nothing. This kept her from getting rattled and she was able to finish dressing not quite, but almost on time.

"Thanks for being so patient, dear," she said sweetly when finally she came into Mike's sight, all ready to go. "How do I look?"

Once again—how many times now?—Michael melted. He would have hugged his enchanting wife if he hadn't known better. She was wearing a new gown made of very crushable material.

The evening was a great success. As always, the Wildings were the focus of attention. Her beauty and naturalness, his charm and subtle wit cast a spell over the party. But since Liz had to be at work on her picture "Rhapsody" next morning, they left early.

As they arrived home Mike turned on the television set which is ingeniously built into a corner of their gigantic living room. There was a fight which he wanted to see. Liz went straight to the bedroom, where an immense TV screen faces the outsized bed, and tucked herself in.

"Darling," she called out (Continued on page 116)
Tony Curtis

Romance with a crew cut . . . hamburgers at the Waldorf . . . pressed flowers in an old wallet . . . the heartening warmth of a fire on a winter day . . . old-world charm, new-world appeal
DORIS DAY

Sunflowers in a formal garden...the lilting sweetness of the humming bird's song...first snowfall...maple syrup in a Wedgwood pitcher...ruffled petticoats dancing on a clothesline

Photograph by Engstead. Doris appears next in "Calamity Jane"
A lot of people wish they had the luck o’ Laurie, who has everything going her way—including some of Hollywood’s most eligible men!

SHE’S A NATURAL

BY CORINNE BAILEY
I f a fellow named Bing Crosby hadn’t taken the phrase, “Call Me Lucky,” and made it his personal property, says Piper Laurie, he’d like to latch onto it herself. For there’s no set of words that tells her success story better.

Among the good things that have come her way, along with the career she dreamed about, is her friendship with the stronger sex. “I have found men always patient, generous and kind,” says Piper. “In fact,” she adds, “I trust men more than I do women.”

And men more than return the compliment. Take, for instance, her long-standing friendship with Rock Hudson, with whom Piper co-stars in her current movie, “The Golden Blade.”

“Believe me when I say I can discuss anything with Rock,” says Piper, “no matter how personal. We can be serious—often are—but mostly I like to be with Rock for laughs. I can’t worry about anything long when I’m with him. He won’t let me.”

And neither will Leonard Goldstein. While this or that gallant young man dances amorous attention on little Miss Laurie, Leonard is always there, constant, unfailing, ready to move to her side. Piper sums up her relationship with the charming producer she calls “Dad” in a few words: “I never have to put on a pose with Len. I couldn’t if I wanted to; he knows me too well.

“It isn’t a romance—never was. But he is very wise about Hollywood and he tells me things I’d have to learn the hard way otherwise.”

While people are willing to accept Piper’s statement that there’s no romance with “Dad,” they’re not quite so willing to go along with the, “Nothing Serious” label she’s put on her friendship with Brad Jackson. Brad doesn’t seem eager to settle for that himself. He keeps adding high-octane fuel to the flames of romance-talk.

He’s obviously thinking of more than passing friendship—and he proved it when he took a 1,500-mile trip one weekend just to spend a few hours with Piper—from his location for “Son of Cochise” in Moab, Utah, to hers in Glacier Park, Montana, where she was shooting “Rangers of the North.”

Sure, she thinks Brad is charming, she will tell you. “And so are Rock and Leonard, too.” And sure, she wants marriage. “Yes, now. After all, these are the things that matter in a woman’s life—love, marriage, children.”

And it’s not, she says, that she hasn’t yet met a man who attracts her enough. “Oh, no,” she murmurs mysteriously, “It may be that he just hasn’t found me attractive—yet.”

The man she means may be Rick Eller, the UCLA student for whom she’s cherished a years-long crush.

But it’s more likely Carlos Thompson, whom she’s been accused of snatching away from Yvonne DeCarlo. She and Carlos were seen together constantly before he took off for Europe to make “The Flame and the Flesh.” And that, said Hollywood pulse-checkers, looked like love.

Whoever her mystery man is, there’s no doubt that if Piper wants him to be the real thing in her life, that’s the way it will work out. For Piper has a knack for getting what she wants—and apparently without even trying!
Toddy, one of Hollywood's most brilliant careers hangs in the balance. Jane Powell, long ad-
mired as a great performer and revered as the ideal of young motherhood, has taken a step, with her divorce and her romance with Gene Nelson, which may prove fatal. The circumstances are rem-
iniscent of those which toppled Van Johnson from fan favor when he married Evie Wynn. There is no more heartfelt disillusionment than that pro-
vided by the fallen idol.

Not since the sizzling Ingrid Bergman scandal have so many PHOTOPLAY readers written letters on a single subject. And never has reader opinion been so vehement or so single-minded. The jury has brought in its verdict—for now. For every letter defending Jane, there are eleven that roundly con-
demn her.

Why the furor over this particular case? One of Jane's "used-to-be-fans" (the reader's own phrase) gives the explanation: "A hundred movie stars can divorce each other in a year, and few eyes are widened. But for a sweet, sincere person like Jane Powell to divorce a faithful husband like Geary—
it's shocking!" Lana Turner or Rita Hayworth may cancel out a marriage without losing a fan; their sultry screen personalities and their colorful real-
life histories make such an action no surprise.

But Jane, as the sunny young singer of so many hit movies, as the serenely happy wife and mother, took her fans completely off-guard when she ap-
parently dropped out of character. A typical hurt reaction: "I have never heard anyone talk as coldly as she did about her marriage."

Are moviegoers willing to accept the sudden upheaval in Jane's life as evidence of a new maturity? The answers are overwhelming. And the verdict is

Not since the Ingrid Bergman incident have we received so many letters about a star as in the case of Jane vs. her public

VERDICT ON JANE
The newest bride of the McNulty clan stepped through the doorway of the rambling old white house in the Los Feliz section of Los Angeles, and twenty-eight pairs of McNulty eyes looked up and beamed at her.

Ann Blyth beamed back, intensely happy. For now, she had beside her not only the man whom she would worship forever, but she had his family, too.

His family? No, it was so much more wonderful than that. It was her family...
now, hers just as much as it was Jim's.

In one swift heartbeat, in a few beautiful moments, while a Cardinal of her faith had spoken the wedding ceremony, she had acquired not only an adoring husband, but a Mom and Pop, and five brothers, and a sister, and fifteen assorted small nieces and nephews. All these in addition to her beloved Aunt Cissy and Uncle Pat. Plus two new homes. Hers and Jim's home. And the home of the McNulty clan.

It was almost overwhelming for Ann. And the dearest realization to her, this particular evening, was that it wasn't one bit unusual. It was just another Saturday night at Mom and Pop's. A McNulty was playing the piano, as always, and other McNultys were singing, as always, and Mom was making with chords on her accordion, as always. Presently, when the littlest babies had been bedded down upstairs, the older of the McNulty... (continued on page 106)
This man Granger lives on the peak of a very high hill. From wherever he strolls on his land, or wherever he stands in his house he can look down. He can see few houses or people or other signs of life. In the summer he can see brittle, gray brush, sandy patches of wasted-away hillside, sunburned slopes of tarnished grass and an occasional stray animal. In the winter, when the rains have carried new life from the watersheds to the valleys, he can see an abundance of green, flourishing small trees and bushes alive with exotic shoots and sprays of color. And small deer feeding, and chipmunks, and in the evening, coyotes.

If Stewart Granger is an arrogant man this house on his moutaintop could be the cause of his remoteness, his separation from other people, his lordship over the natural things he sees. It is easy for even a timid man to grow superior when all competition is out of sight. And easy to carry the feeling down the turning roads to the city.

It was to find out if Stewart Granger is truly an arrogant or a medium-tempered or a mild-mannered man that I went to his house on the hilltop.

It was quite early in the morning. When I got beyond the last of the residences I came to a large white gate which was opened and began a steep climb on a newly-paved road. Ahead of me stood the house, perched like a picture-post-card Swiss chalet on an Alpine summit. It was the shade of aged, unpainted oak, and the sun glistened on the windows that seemed the entire wall on all sides. I drove into a courtyard and parked close to a low wall of natural rock that separated the property from a chasm that plunged 500 feet straight down.

Stewart Granger stood in the doorway in a pair of white shorts. He is tall and tanned and well filled the entrance. He wore no shoes, and not wishing to tackle the hot macadam of his driveway, motioned for me to enter.

I followed him into a very large living room, furnished low and for comfort, and sat in a chair upholstered in zebra skin. Above a knee-high dado the walls were clear plate glass, and above the glass hung hunting trophies: skins and heads, and over the fireplace a monstrous ram’s head. It was a man’s room, but scattered about were small implements of beauty culture and feminine bits of crystal, minute ash trays and tiny clusters of bric-a-brac that said the man lived with a woman. Predominant, though, was the ram’s head, which I learned later was the crest of the family.

Although it was very early I was offered a choice of whisky, beer, a soft drink or coffee. I chose the coffee, and in a moment a servant brought a glass decanter of the stuff simmering over a candle warming-oven. Granger apologized that it was too strong and ordered hot water. He drank it straight.

Then the man’s wife came in wearing a pink wrap-around robe. She was barefoot, too, and her hair, trimmed in the manner of an Italian urchin, was awry but very fetching. On the screen she’s Jean Simmons. On the hill she’s Mrs. Granger, so she sat, visibly content and out of the way on the floor at the man’s feet. She also had coffee, watered.  

(Continued on page 94)
What are they looking for? What is the reason for their restless searching? Why are these stars

HOLLYWOOD'S

- I’m just reading a little piece in which Mrs. James Mason says that Hollywood women are the most insecure, the most restless and dissatisfied in the world. And I’ve been thinking. Maybe this time pouting Pamela has said something! But up to now no one has had the courage to come right out with it. Yet it’s tragically true: If you lift the lid off the glamour, it’s amazing what you see under the surface of happy-go-lucky Hollywood.
LOST LADIES?

Is Marilyn Monroe restless or dissatisfied? You bet she is—both! I never met a girl more insecure, more afraid of everything. Why, she practically fainted at a banquet when she was called to the platform to receive an award. The studio man with her had—literally—to pinch her in the side to get her up on her feet. Her swaying wriggle came perilously close to a stumble before she managed to stagger to the microphone. (Continued on page 113)
Come rain or come shine, Debbie sparkles just as herself

SUNNY SIDE

Photo by Apper
UP!

- Put on the glamour act as a movie star? Not Debbie Reynolds! She's always just her natural self, thank you, and that's all to the good. Debbie's neighborhood gang never thinks of her as a movie star. Instead she's the girl in old jeans, first out on the sandlot for the ball game. And when it comes to clowning around our Debbie can outclown any three other people. Of course she does dress up now and then for a big date—but even the most glamorous clothes can't hide that Reynolds sparkle and zip. It may have been the sorrow of her young life when Debbie's jaunt to Paris to make a picture was called off—but not for a moment did disappointment dim her charms! Nor the demand for her acting services. The minute producers learned Debbie was available, they signed her for a new Hollywood film, "Susan Slept Here."
BOB WAGNER'S at the top. But from the top, it's a long way down. And with one misstep the trip can be made at jet speed. Maybe Bob recognizes this unpleasant fact. If he doesn't, let him look at the experiences of other young men who were the sensations of other years—and then, through a frightening variety of mistakes, slipped as fast as they had come up. If they could speak frankly, they'd each give Bob advice based on actual events. And he'd be wise to listen.

Van Johnson might say: "Don't let your personal life hurt your career." Not so long ago, Van stood where Bob is now. He was even a similar type: the big, friendly, wholesome, all-American boy. His publicity followed that line, often playing up his comradeship with Keenan Wynn. Then Evie Wynn divorced Keenan in Juarez, Mexico, stepped across the border and was married to Van in El Paso, Texas. Overnight, the Johnson craze ended. His fans were startled and deeply shocked to find the bachelor so suddenly married, married to his best friend's ex-wife. And so his fans deserted him.

Last year, Bob Wagner's beginning career was briefly endangered by news reports that seemed likewise out of character. He was the boy-next-door type, the most popular man at the prom. His fans had never expected to hear that he was dating a woman more than twenty years his senior. Of course, Bob and Barbara Stanwyck insisted that there was no romance involved; there was only companionship, plus an ambitious newcomer's respect for a brilliant, established actress. Nevertheless, a jarring note had been struck. The dates stopped approximately with the production schedule of "Titanic." No permanent damage had been done to Bob's popularity, but the incident stands as a warning.

So does the flare-up of headlines about his "engagement" to once-divorced Terry Moore. Of course, the story was inaccurate and quickly denied (providing more publicity for their co-starring roles in "Beneath the Twelve-Mile Reef.") But think what could have happened. It's easy to imagine such a youthful, relatively inexperienced lad being strongly attracted to such a vital, exuberant girl as Terry. It's easy to imagine them, half-persuaded by the headlines, being swept into an impulsive marriage.

The marriage itself might not have alienated Bob's fans; usually, fans are happy to share in the glow of a young romance. But, in any (Continued on page 90)
Most of us girls have to work out the rules for man-handling all by ourselves. Certain things attract all men—the trick is to find out what!

HOW TO HANDLE MEN

BY ARLENE DAHL

- I believe in being happy—and what girl can be happy without a man in her life? Just as happiness shouldn’t be left to chance, or hope, so having a man in your life shouldn’t be left to chance or hope either. A girl plans how to look from the day she’s born. She studies toward it, plans toward it, diets toward it, even saves money toward it.

But there’s nothing like romance for happiness-insurance. Girls have to have love by the same law of necessity that gardens have to have rain.

There is a bloom on a woman that comes from love such as she can not gain in any other way. And I’ll whisper you something else I know: there is a bloom on a man that comes from love, too. And he needs love, just as much as we girls do.

This being the case, I think the rules for handling men ought to be taught us even before we are taught anything like alphabets, or telling time, or even how to spell cat.

But the rules aren’t taught us. Some girls, and especially some girls’ mothers, act as if attempting to understand men is not quite nice. Their attitude is that we ought to be able to bring men to our feet by the mere fact of our existence. Well, maybe that worked when Knighthood was in Flower, when there were two hundred men to every woman. But these days, when the figures are practically reversed, it’s like trying to sell frozen food lockers at the North Pole.

Most of us girls have to work out the rules for man-handling all by ourselves, and sometimes the hard way, via heartbreak. (Continued on page 102)
Having two boys around the house is no problem to Barbara Rush. "It's as easy to raise two boys as one," she says. And a good thing she feels that way, too, since she has two—Christopher, aged almost two, and his father, Jeffrey Hunter.

"They're just enough different so that I'm never in a rut, but they also have quite a lot in common. Hank is a little too old to pull everything he can reach off the tables like Chris does, for instance—but then, Chris is a little too young to sneak off and take flying lessons without telling me. As for what they have in common, that's easy. They're both terrible hams!"

Now it can be told that Barbara and Jeffrey Hunter don't consider young Christopher the only baby born. Nor the only perfect one. He's been known to dampen a diaper, to refuse his food, to cry at night. What's more, he keeps his parents hopping by his one aim in life at present: to clear all table tops of everything that isn't nailed down. Chris is, his parents admit, a normal baby boy.

His father, known to family and friends alike as Hank, is something else again. Jeffrey Hunter is six feet, one inch and a hundred, eighty pounds of manhood. All male and a yard wide—at least, across the shoulders. He wears the pants in the family, for which Barbara is quietly happy. After all, what woman would want to be married to a child? And still he's young enough, boyish enough, to keep secrets from her. Like the flying lessons.

Last year the Hunters sensibly decided that they ought to save some money. While neither earned the astronomical salaries fans usually associate with movie stars, they both worked steadily without, somehow, saving a dime. So they turned their affairs over to a business manager. He is a rosy-cheeked, soft-spoken young man, no older than they are, and he has a real genius for saving other people's money. In order to do so, however, he has to know how they spend every penny that goes out of their bank account.

Now, at this time, Hank was harboring a small secret which he had managed to keep from Barbara, his friends and even the studio. Hank thought of everything to cover his tracks, Nobody was going to know a thing until the day he had that pilot's license to flash around casually or drop into a conversation (Continued on page 108)
YOU ARE THE IMAGE OF A STAR
Fit to make you the image of a star: keen winter clothes proportioned to fit everyone!

B elieve it or not, you've got a movie-star double! Whether you're a Georgia belle or a Midwestern miss, there's a beauty in Hollywood just like you. And whether your size is a neat Petite, a willowy Tall, a pert Junior, an all-American Miss, an average Woman's or shorter Woman's Half-Size, you'll find its counterpart in a Hollywood star. And fashion follows through! This winter there's a bigger-than-ever array of the newest styles designed-to-size: perfectly proportioned to fit your special figure (and to fit your pocketbook as well!) Find your image in the mirrored reflections of the bevy of beauties on these pages... then do yourself a big favor and treat yourself to the correct star styles your image wears... you'll find to your delight these star styles are made to flatter you!

G LAMOROUS SUSAN HAYWARD shows you how to achieve that radiant "poreless" look you admire in her screen close-ups! Just use magic Tru-Glo—longer-lasting liquid make-up created to give you that romantically fresh look all day!

Tru-Glo draws a veil of luminous color over tactile-tale lines, blemishes... draws out your true beauty. Follow the Westmore's 3 magic make-up steps. Tru-Glo comes in shades to suit every skin tone.

Only 59¢* plus tax

For truly ravishing lips... . . . Match your Tru-Glo complexion with vibrant colors of Westmore's Hollywood Lipstick! An intoxicating invitation to kisses! No smudging... stays on longer, too! Creamy-soft, velvety.

Westmore Hollywood Lipsticks
Only 59¢ plus tax (Also available at 29¢ plus tax)

Westmore Non-Smear Type Lipstick
Only 39¢ plus tax

*Available in Canada at slightly higher prices

WESTMORE Hollywood COSMETICS
Perfect fit for Lori's junior doubles (under 5'6" with slim, short waist; any age)—Joselli blue or grey tweed suit, black knit collar, matching blouse. 9-15, under $50. Air Step shoes

Just for juniors (Lori or you)—
Dress by Betty Carol of Mr. Mort in Herbert Meyer cotton tweed. Real fur cuffs, detachable. 9-15, $25

If you're petite (under 5'5", small-boned) like lovely Charlotte Austin, your good news is Birchbrook costume suit in Miron cocoa sheer wool, brown poodle. Brief sizes 10-16, under $70
Tiny Charlotte is a traffic stopper in her chic three-piece: warm coat-jacket, slim skirt, jersey blouse in matched Anglo silver-tip wools. Petites 8-16, $75. By Carl of New York.

Tall Sensation. Peggie Castle, (U-A's "I, the Jury" and "99 River Street") glimpses chic missy style in suit sized for you, 5'7" up. Grey, beige, black Verdona wool crepe. Van Mour. Talls 10-18, under $75.

Coated to a T—for tiny! Fit for Charlotte or you if you wear petite (diminutive or brief) size 8-16. Dark grey chinchilla, fly front, back belt. Carl of New York, under $80. Charlotte's in 20th's "How to Marry a Millionaire"
PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS
WHO'S YOUR IMAGE: MISSSES, TALL OR WOMEN'S SIZE?

YOU ARE THE IMAGE OF A STAR—CONTINUED

Tall Traveler, Peggie Castle, in cashmere-and-wool coat made just for "talls." Insulated lining. 10-20. Under $65. By Miss Gayle. Natural, grey, navy, red, ice-blue


For the Miss 5'4" to 5'7". Joan's Main Street storm-coat; reversible alpaca weather cloth; monk's collar. Blonde, grey, navy, black. 6-18, 7-15. About $55. with alpaca helmet

John Frederics Charmer Hats
Miss Swanson's hats by
Gloria Swanson Original Hats, Inc.
Theodor of California handbags
Joan Vohs' travel bag by Harry Doelling
Jewelry by Sperry; Gloves by Kayser
Furs by Furbelows; Wohl Shoes
Topping view: Misses-size Joan wears Aintree's "Top Brass" camel-fleece boy-coat. Huge pockets, brass buttons, low-back belt. 6-18. Under $75. Also blue, oxford, red chinchilla. Joan's in "Crazylegs, All-American"


For a quiet homebody, Rita’s been in more headlines, had more tempestuous romances than any star in Hollywood. One look at that provocative figure and it’s easy to see why Dick Haymes took a chance on that Honolulu trip to watch Rita’s colorful dance sequences for “Miss Sadie Thompson”
Lost in the Hollywoods because she looked too much like some of the big stars — Cyd proved there was no one like her when she danced into the limelight as Fred Astaire’s partner in “The Band Wagon.” Now Cyd’s busy rehearsing some more sensational dances for “Brigadoon” with Gene Kelly, her co-star.
Burt Lancaster

The one-time circus acrobat has come a long way since he deserted the high trapeze for a fling at movies. From a dramatic role in “Come Back, Little Sheba,” he swung easily into the demanding part of the thorny top-sergeant in “From Here to Eternity.”
A lot of people looked for the fireworks when Howard Keel had to put Katie over his knee for a spanking in "Kiss Me Kate." However, that didn't hurt our Katie as much as the slapping she had to give Howard. She sprained her wrist doing it!
There's something about those caballeros from South of the Border. And there's something extra-special about the one called Fernando Lamas. He is dynamic both offscreen and on (just ask Arlene Dahl!) You can see all the reasons why in "The Diamond Queen"
In a town where stars rise, shimmer briefly and then flicker out, the steady brilliance of a trouper like Barbara Stanwyck is an unusual phenomenon.

Barbara is more radiantly lovely than she has ever been before in her latest picture, “Executive Suite.”
Everybody wondered who she was when she was the True Story cover girl. Now everybody knows. Elaine is one of the town’s most exciting newcomers, and the sky’s her limit. She takes the high road to stardom in “Take the High Ground”
DALE ROBERTSON  Now whoever heard of a romantic Arab sheik with an Oklahoma drawl? Nobody! Nobody, that is, till Dale Robertson swaggered along and proved in his role for “Son of Sinbad” that glamour isn’t a matter of geography. It’s the man that matters!
Few believed that he had it in him! But when "From Here to Eternity" was released, Frankie's portrayal of the tough, fiery little Italian dogface, Maggio, stopped the presses. This time, Hollywood's bad boy is making the headlines the right way!
Now! Make-up that covers perfectly...yet looks so perfectly natural!

Yours only with Max Factor Pan-Cake® Make-Up—when you apply it by the new “Light Touch Method”!

NEVER before have so many women—women with dry skin, oily skin, normal skin—had such wonderful success with a single make-up base.

The base is Max Factor's famous Pan-Cake—the make-up that covers so beautifully. And now it gives you an even lovelier, more natural look when you use Max Factor’s revolutionary new Light Touch Method!

The directions are easy. Just be sure to use the light, light touch for make-up that's so much fresher, prettier...so much kinder to your complexion...yet covers as only Pan-Cake can!

1. Use a sponge that's really wet (just short of dripping). Rub it lightly over your Pan-Cake Make-Up—only a small amount is needed at a time.

2. Apply very lightly, quickly. Pan-Cake is enriched with lanolin, won't dry your skin. Wring out sponge; blend lightly with reverse side.

3. While face is still moist, blot lightly with tissue to remove any excess. This prevents "caking."

4. Puff on face powder generously, but lightly. Brush off surplus. (For an extra-sheer look, pat lightly with clean, moist sponge.)

Your flawless new complexion looks lovely all day long—when you put on Max Factor Pan-Cake Make-Up with the new Light Touch Method!

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MAKE-UP

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ANN BLYTH agrees... Every girl
needs a LANE in her life!

Unusual modern chest in Seafoam mahogany with roomy drawer in base. Model #2853. Also in blond oak, #2852; Cordovan mahogany, #2856. Lane Table, #240. Chest price, $79.95.

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LANE CEDAR CHEST is the gift that tells you—more tenderly than words—how much someone cares. It's a beautifully sentimental way for that someone to bring you nearer to your happiest expectations—for the future. Magically, a Lane gathers a heavenly collection of blankets, quilts, fine bed and table linens, delicate lingerie. And how wonderfully it protects them—especially the woolens! It keeps precious things sweet-smelling and fresh—safe from moths and dust—as no other storage method can. One garment saved from moths can pay for a handsome Lane!

Lane is the only pressure-tested, aroma-tight cedar chest. Made of 4-inch red cedar in accordance with U.S. Government recommendations, with a moth-protection guarantee underwritten by one of the world's largest insurance companies, upon proper application. Helpful hints for storing are in each chest. The Lane Company, Inc., Dept. P, Altavista, Va. In Canada: Knechtels, Ltd., Hanover, Ont.

Many Lane Chests at...

$49.95

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LANE CEDAR CHESTS

*5.00 higher in the West due to higher freight costs—slightly higher in Canada. ©1953, The Lane Company, Inc.
That's Hollywood For You

By Sidney Skolsky

I'll bet the works Mamie Van Doren studies Marilyn Monroe even to the still photos . . . Shelley Winters will be a modern Texas Guinan when she does her night-club act in Las Vegas. That is, if she ever does it! . . . Hollywood is a place where when the parking attendant at Chasen's doesn't know you by name, you're slipping . . . I think Jeff Chandler deserves better pictures than he has been getting recently. If they would put Jeff in a prestige picture they would have a prestige actor.

I'd say Victor Mature is as smart as any actor in town. Vic wins if his public goes out for the evening and sees him in a movie. But he also wins if his public stays home to watch TV, because he owns a chain of television stores . . . Lena Turner carries a book as if she had just been awarded a prize . . . "I don't go to see the rushes of my pictures. I've done it the best I know how, and the rest is someone else's job. And I don't like to see myself on the screen anyway." Do you know who said that? Humphrey Bogart!

For a scene in a picture, Terry Moore had to wear extra long artificial eyelashes, which required special trimming and curling. When the make-up man saw Terry sleeping in her portable dressing room between scenes, he rushed in and woke her, saying: "Pardon me, but you're sleeping on my eyes." . . . Liz Taylor and Michael Wilding both admit they're lazy as can be. They will tell you, in fact, that this is what they have in common . . . Deborah Kerr got herself miscast in the right role in "Eternity" and started off on a whole new career in the movies.

I'm amused when Stewart Granger, movie star, turns and gawks like a tourist at movie star Clark Gable . . . Rosemary Clooney's singing gets better and better, and it was fine to begin with . . . Ever notice how fake most gay party scenes in movies are? . . . Arlene Dahl sleeps in a sheer Arlene Dahl nightgown (manufactured by her) and wears an Arlene Dahl nightcap (also manufactured by her) and could be said to be an ad for Arlene Dahl in bed. I'll buy.

I wonder if Kirk Douglas is anxious to get back to the U.S. now that the eighteen months tax deal isn't working . . . Roberta Haynes is the only sex bundle I know who photographs better without make-up . . . Cowboys are getting smarter. Monty Hale now prefers Lili St. Cyr to his guitar . . . I wish Lena Horne would record "I Want to be Evil—Because Evil Spelled Backwards Means Live."

The Beverly Hills cops give out stamped, addressed envelopes in which to mail the fines for overtime parking . . . I'm still baffled by the Jane Powell-Gene Nelson romance. I didn't think they were each other's type . . . Kathryn Grayson's explanation for not rushing into another marriage: "There are some women who will take anything from a man. They say, 'He's still my Bill.' But when a man shoves me around, that's the end." . . . Actresses who should know better still talk too loud in beauty parlors . . . Gloria Graham always sleeps au naturel. She says: "I just retire as I really am. When I go to bed I'm not acting."

If you liked Montgomery Clift's trumpet playing in "From Here to Eternity," you liked Mannie Klein, who's the greatest! . . . In the Paramount commissary, Mike Curtiz was gabbing with Irving Berlin when an uninvited table-hopper came along to join them. Said Curtiz, "Please don't interrupt Mr. Berlin when I'm doing the talking." . . . Cyd Charisse has the longest, sexiest legs on the screen, and when you look at her face she is a ringer for Ava Gardner . . . I'm always tempted to ask Mary Pickford what she thinks of today's Hollywood.

Don't you be fooled. It's not 3-D that makes Howard Keel appear handsome in "Kiss Me Kate." They built up and straightened his nose with putty . . . Hollywood is a place where, after all arrangements had been made for Van Heflin to put his footprints in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theatre, the whole thing was called off. The man who mixes cement for this function was away on a vacation trip and so fame had to wait. And that's Hollywood for you!
When people discover they don’t like being away from each other, there’s only one thing to do—arrange life so they don’t have to be. And that’s just what Barbara Ruick and Bob Horton did, by the simple expedient of eloping.

They had known for months that they wanted to get married, but it took them being separated to cinch the plans. When Barbara went East last summer for some personal appearances, Bob’s farewell gift was an amethyst engagement ring. And when she returned on August 18, they knew that being engaged wasn’t enough. That’s when they started to map out their elopement scheme.

The day after Barbara returned, they called all the members of their respective families and, on one pretext or another, asked each to reserve the evening of Monday, August 24. Nobody guessed a thing. As late as Friday afternoon, Barbara’s business manager was able to say flatly that there were no marriage plans “at the time.”

And the night before “the day,” Barbara and Bob calmly ate dinner with Barbara’s father at Mocambo. They were very casual about their leave-taking, considering that they were on their way to Las Vegas—a six-hour drive—and marriage.

They drove through the night and stood in line at Las Vegas to get their marriage license at nine in the morning. “After that, we sat down and talked—I guess for a couple of hours,” Bob said. “About personal things. Including the butterflies in our stomachs. And about what we were doing. We had both been married before, you know. That’s one reason we wanted to avoid a lot of fuss. And besides, eloping made it entirely our own. Sure, we wanted to share our joy with our families—but afterwards. The vows were just for us.”

They exchanged old-fashioned wide, gold wedding bands in the chapel of the Flamingo Hotel at 5:00 P.M. on Saturday, August 22.

Immediately after the ceremony, they sent wires to their families, letting them know, at last, that what Monday night had been reserved for was a wedding dinner. They arrived back in Hollywood late Monday afternoon, barely in time to get things together for the intimate party it was to be.

Their plans at present are indefinite. Barbara may do a Broadway musical. But whether she does or not, there’s one thing Mr. and Mrs. Horton are unanimous about: they’re not going to be separated! If one is working and the other isn’t, the idle one goes wherever the working one has to be. For, much as their careers matter to them both—and they’re very serious about their professional futures—being together matters much, much more.
This is the exceptionally beautiful ring—a brilliant-cut diamond—that Marion Benton Thomas of Ocala, Florida, has worn since May.

She's Engaged to Harrison Givens, Jr., of New York. Now, by letter and phone, they are excitedly making last minute plans for their wedding in Florida, and for their home in New York. Marion, who is an accomplished pianist, is going to continue her studies for the concert stage after she marries.

She’s Lovely—with the shining dark hair, the clear, fine complexion that give her the coveted description—"a true southern belle."

She uses Pond’s—"I discovered that nothing makes my skin as thoroughly deep-down clean as a good creaming every night," Marion says. "Pond's Cold Cream does wonderful things for my skin!"

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She uses Pond’s—"I discovered that nothing makes my skin as thoroughly deep-down clean as a good creaming every night," Marion says. "Pond's Cold Cream does wonderful things for my skin!"

"Clearer, finer—that's how your skin can look—almost overnight!" Marion says.

The real cause of dull, "pore-y" skin is hidden dirt. Dirt that goes deep into your pore-openings, hardens—encouraging blackheads, large pores.

Pond's Cold Cream is unusually effective at clearing off deeper dirt that less efficient cleansings just skin over.

This famous cream is specifically designed to soften and lift out the destructive dirt that sticks in pore openings. Each Pond’s Cold Creaming cleanses deep-down... makes your skin look fresher, smoother, finer in texture.

Quick, easy, sure beauty care

1. Every night—circle fluffy fingerfuls of Pond’s Cold Cream up and out from throat to forehead. This circle-cleansing releases embedded dirt. It stimulates lazy circulation. Tissue off well. 2. Now, "rinse" with fresh fingerfuls of Pond’s Cold Cream. Tissue off lightly—leaving invisible traces of the cream to soften and protect your skin.

"Don’t forget—a Pond’s Cold Creaming every night!" Marion says. Get Pond’s Cold Cream today in the large jar. It’s nice to dip into, and compared with the smaller jars, you will average a third more cream for your money!
and doesn’t know when she’ll work again.” It’s true, “poor” Betty only collected $100,000 purse money when her horse, Big Noise, ran at Del Mar this season.

**Horizons Unlimited:** After a single-scene appearance in U-F’s “It Came from Outer Space,” Kathleen Hughes was handed a new long-term contract by her studio; her first assignment under the pact: “The Glass Web” and star billing. Nice going!

**Budget Boys:** Bob Wagner now transfers his weekly pay check to a business manager, who allows him twenty-five dollars for gasoline, lunches and dating dollies . . . Gig Young gave Gig Young a raise and you can understand why! In one week he took Mala Powers, Nanette Fabray and Sharman Douglas to Romanoff’s.

**Hollywood Believes:** That Olivia de Havilland’s lukewarm success in a mediocre play at La Jolla this summer should convince her that her heart and talents belong in Hollywood, not the theatre . . . That film town’s loss is Broadway’s gain because David Wayne was allowed to break his contract and return to the stage.

**Inside Hollywood:** At a party recently, someone asked Barbara Rush about her handsome husband, Jeff Hunter. “Where is he?” they wanted to know. Said Barbara matter-of-factly, “Baby sitting—it’s his turn tonight!” . . . Bill Holden’s wife asked the actor how he’d like to celebrate their thirteenth wedding anniversary. “Let’s do something terribly exciting,” answered the acting raven of Hollywood. “Let’s stay home!” He means it too . . . Here’s one for that special friend “who has everything.” The Four Hundred Shop in Beverly Hills now features flower-trimmed bathroom accessories of every description . . . Last day of their picture, Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz gave gold gifts to everyone who helped them film “The Long, Long Trailer.” Said the famous pair: “Now we have to go back to work—in television!” . . . Director Henry Hathaway is a task-master, which is why he makes great pictures. In “Prince Valiant” vicious hawks and falcons are used for some scenes. Cracked star Bob Wagner: “By the time Mr. Hathaway finishes with ‘em, they’ll be singing canaries!”

**Super Saleswoman:** Debbie Reynolds, who still belongs to the Girl Scouts and helps them sell cookies, always forgets that she’s a movie star too! Recently she approached Joan Crawford and asked her if she’d like a few cookies to take home to her kids. “Of course,” answered Joan, as she dug into her purse. “I’ll take a gross.” Squealed Debbie, “Holy smoke, that’s twelve dozen!” and nearly fainted.

**Short Tail:** Doris Day cut off her horse’s tail hair-do—mostly because her fans didn’t like it. So, of course, the studio needed her for retakes on “Calamity Jane” and they had to tack “horsey” back on! Guess what the retakes were? Doris Day covered with mud from “horsey” to toe!

**Party Palaver:** The biggest and most star-studded party of the year, and any year, was tossed by Mary and Jack Benny at Mocambo in honor of Vic Damone. Denying that the party was a means of announcing daughter Joan’s engagement to Vic, Benny, as master of ceremonies, said: “I don’t know anything about these things. Nobody tells me. I come home to dinner, Vic is there with Mary and Joan, they all say, “Good evening, Daddy.” Everybody turned out for this wing-ding and all got a scare when Jack greeted the guests with “April fool! Separate Checks!”

**Geographically Speaking:** There’s a scene in “Son of Sinbad” where Dale Robertson announces to Vincent Price that he’s from Persia. Dale’s Oklahoma accent came out so thick, Vincent ad-libbed: “Don’t you mean South Persia!” It ruined the take and threw the set into hysteries.
DIANA LYNN co-starring in "PLUNDER OF THE SUN"
a Wayne Fellows Production, distributed by Warner Bros.

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(all styles in satin lined, porcelain white plastic gift case shown)

"Newport" bracelet...$9.25

ON MODEL—
"Royal Queen"
3 strand Collar.
in gift case
"Royal Majesty"
2 strand Necklace.
Tarzan’s got a new mate! And this time, her name is Lana Turner. Lex Barker made her his bride in a civil ceremony in Turin, Italy, far from the Hollywood-made jungles.

It had been an on-again, off-again romance for some months, with Lana and Lex touring Europe together, but creating the impression that they weren’t sure themselves whether it was or wasn’t really love.

It was the fifth marriage for Lana, who had previously been married to bandleader Artie Shaw, twice to Hollywood broker Stephen Crane and to millionaire Bob Topping. For Lex, it was marriage Number Three. His first two wives were socialite Constance Thurber and actress Arlene Dahl.

The nuptials, in September, were a family affair, with Lana’s daughter and Lex’s two sons on hand to witness the ceremony, and to hope, with friends everywhere, that now, Lana’s statement, made when she married last, will hold: “This time, forever.”
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When Love Is Just a Memory

(Continued from page 11)

"We've known great happiness," say Marge and Jeff.

"I doubt it," says Jeff, adding, "yet I don't know. That's a hard thing to say. It's a little like saying no more babies will be born in the world. It can happen. But I doubt it very much—"

According to plan, Marge may soon be filing suit for separate maintenance. There is no reason, they both insist, to rush into getting a divorce. They say it matter-of-factly, yet as if each hesitated to break the tie irrevocably. Still, they are agreed, and have been agreed for some time, that there is no other way.

For contrary to news accounts, theirs was no sudden decision. "The last six months have indicated we can't find happiness together," Jeff states. "With an irregular relationship like ours—when you are happy one week and so unhappy the next—you know something is wrong. We would have announced it sooner, but I couldn't find an apartment that was suitable."

To both of them it's all the more lamentable that what seems to be the final chapter of the Chandler marriage should have been written—and erroneously so—as a coast-to-coast marital drama of great confusion, with Jeff pictured as the master of a hideaway apartment and Marge as the outraged little woman locking the home doors.

Marge knew about the apartment. But since I was leaving immediately for personal appearances in the East with 'The Great Sioux Uprising,' we decided to wait until I returned before making the official announcement. I didn't want Marge to have to take the barrages of questions or satisfy the curiosity of those who would descend upon her alone. I wanted to be on hand too," Jeff says.

Nobody deplores more than they do that the story leaked out prematurely and that so many inaccuracies resulted. "Somebody reported Marge as 'hysterically' trying to go, the studio to announce our separation. This was sheer fiction. Marge did nothing like that," he says. And she is equally emphatic "We were so unhappy about the way the whole thing was handled. I knew about Jeff's apartment. I wanted him to get it. But they made it sound as though he'd done something wrong, and as though I were spurning him."

Those long accustomed to making headlines out of heart-lines would find the real reason behind the final separation more colorless. A reason as old-fashioned and as new, as simple and as sadly complicated as Marge's definition. "I suppose it just comes under the Warbirds of Incompatibility."

And as Jeff says now, heavy-voiced, a memory between every word, "We've known great happiness. We have so much in common still—in so many things. But we just can't live together.

"It reminds me of a story I've told many times," Jeff adds, "but I never thought it would come home to roost. The story of a Roman Senators who was attracted to the most beautiful and alluring woman in the land. He was the envy of all the other Senators, and he and his wife were the picture of marital happiness. They'd been married ten years, when one day he left home. The other Senators couldn't believe it, and they gathered around him. How could any man leave one so fair? Finally the Senator took off one of his sandals and passed it among them, saying, 'Look at this, gentlemen. Tell me, what do you see?' One admired the exquisite workmanship. Another the luxurious fabric, another the rich coloring. Then the Senator said, 'All of you are right, my friends—but none of you can tell me where the shoe pinches...'

"Marge would have to say where the shoe pinches," Jeff sums it up.

For one thing there had been too many ghosts from past misunderstandings and from their previous seven-month-separation. "A lot of bad things that had happened kept being remembered. They were never forgotten really—they were just there in the back of the mind in reserve."

But there were many happy memories too. Where had the shoe pinched too hard for a marriage to wear? What had happened to those two attractive magnetic young people who'd met when she was under contract to Warner Brothers and he was with a small stock company? Those two who laughed together during tougher days when work was impossible to get in Hollywood. Then she was free-lancing and living on her unemployment insurance, and he was pounding the Hollywood beat of networks and agency offices—too proud to live on his. He finally connected in radio and they were married in a friend's home by candlelight, as she'd always wanted to be, and they spent their honeymoon night in a motel on Ventura Boulevard. They shared so many hilarious happenings in that first apartment with the disappearing
Mrs. Lily Rekas of Connecticut may be a hardworking wife and mother, but she's also a very attractive woman.

"I wash 9000 pieces of glassware a year... but I'm proud of my pretty hands!"

When Lily Rekas lifts a glass to toast her husband, he can see that her hands are as soft and pretty as a bride's.

Yet those hands have to wash thousands of glasses a year. (And so do yours!)

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even more thoughtful toward the public itself, when he meets it in person. Any star who doesn't show respect for the public soon finds that the attitude's mutual. Montgomery Clift broke this cardinal rule: "Don't ignore your fans."

Strong roles in "The Search" and "Red River" made Monty an immediate hit; thousands of fans were attracted by his sensitive features and his earnest manner. But their adulation he brushed off. Autograph seekers were a bore; he turned them down. Requests for interviews about his private life were an impertinence; he refused them. Personal appearances? Out of the question!

Clift expected to get by on acting ability alone. He even played "hard-to-get" with producers, turning down one script after another because it wasn't precisely suited to his own tastes. When he finally did accept a role, in "The Heiress," he turned out to be badly miscast. The picture did nothing for him or for the studio.

Again, Bob Wagner is apparently far from falling into such errors. Fans who have been lucky enough to meet him have found him thoroughly pleasant and obliging. He works hard, too, and has made a name for himself in Hollywood as a quiet, efficient producer. But he has managed to keep his private life an impertinence; he never gives interviews; he never makes personal appearances. The public may think this is an indelible way of snooting the fans.

The take-it-all-for-granted state of mind can be disastrous. Look at the strange history of Sterling Hayden, who paused ruefully: "Don't get bored with the acting business." Hayden became a star overnight in "Virginia" and "Bahama Passage." A blond adventurer of spectacular appearance, he didn't have to knock himself out learning his new trade. So he didn't. "I sloughed the whole thing off," he now admits. "I didn't even read the scripts through—just studied my lines on the set before the scene started." Casually, Hayden left Hollywood to return to the sea. War came; he achieved an excellent record in the Marine Corps and the OSS; with the arrival of peace, he drifted back to Hollywood, feeling no particular ambitions. After he'd made listlessly through three movies, Paramount gave him the old heave-ho.

Unlike Hayden, Bob Wagner didn't merely stumble into an acting career by accident. He went after it avidly and intensively, and when he was given his break he proved willing to work long and hard. But success has come to him early and in a big way. The flood of fan letters is only now approaching its peak; Bob's first really leading roles have yet to be seen on the screen. When thousands of letters tell you that personally you're wonderful, when millions of dollars in boxoffice receipts tell you that your performances are heartily approved—then, brother, you're on the spot. Then the danger point is reached; there's a strong temptation to relax and coast. But you can't coast uphill, or even on a level—not for very long, no matter how terrific your momentum. Coasting eventually takes you in only one direction—again, Bob Wagner wants to be in the top rather than to get there in the first place. It can be done. Hayden did a lot of thinking about his predicament; as a result, he changed his attitude, buckled down to work and is now in steady demand. Bob Taylor shifted to virile adventure roles and regained his boxoffice standing. Van Johnson, too, graduates from boyish parts—but his movie following never returned in full strength. Regardless of their splendid work in "From Here to Eternity," Frank Sinatra and Montgomery Clift are in the same situation: An actor like Clift has to create an audience for each picture he makes; he has no substantial, devoted public.

So lone exception is Guy Madison, who went into television to gain the experience he needed to keep him in the game. He made a triumphant movie comeback in "The Charge of the Light Brigade," and the number of Madison fans is rapidly increasing. But it was a long haul. A little more foresight, a little more caution at the outset of his career, might have made the struggle unnecessary.

At the moment, only one of these missteps seems to be endangering Bob Wagner's future. One would be enough. The case of the examples of Clift and Sinatra aren't convincing, Bob might listen to promising young actor, saying, "It's a shame that—" It's wonderful to have a big studio like T'wentieth Century-Fox behind you. Photoplay has done a lot for me, too, and believe me, I appreciate it. It takes so much. It takes the whole works. So many people be nice to you, working with you, caring who happens to you. You can't get them unless they're all behind you."

It was Bob Wagner himself who said that—one short year ago. Now he's got there. But a star needs the same help from the studio, press and fans—to stay there. If Bob keeps this in mind, he can look forward to the solid, lasting success that he deserves.

Rosie Clooney's baseball team wins the play from Nick Castle, choreographer on "Red Garters," at weekly studio game umpired by Don Hartman
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This Is Stewart Granger

(Continued from page 50)

"What's the guff?" said Granger. "What could you possibly want to know that would bring you all the way up here so early in the morning?"

"I want the answer to a question," I said. "The title is, "Stewart Granger—Is He a Man Or a Louse?"

Mrs. Granger rolled back on the floor and had her first laugh of the day. "Let me answer that," she said.

She was ordered from the room. Granger got up and walked about looking down into the wall, as if to know, he said, "Maybe I'm not the one to ask.

"Who better?" I said.

"Who says I'm a louse?" Granger asked. Then, hurriedly, "Don't answer that. It might take too long.

"Look," he said, "why don't we just talk? Ask me anything you like. Then make up your own mind.

Mrs. Granger came back in and poured us all another cup of coffee. Now she had on a crazy pair of knee-length trousers and a shirtdress. Her husband grinned in appreciation and let her remain.

There was a lull, a real thick, lull that hung on and I had a chance to remember the things I'd heard about Granger, the louse. There was an article in an English paper which had taken Granger apart for fair.

In this piece the writer had either been caught on an off day, had been suffering from boils, or just plain hated Stewart Granger. He stated that Stewart Granger's manner was making him the "most unpopular Englishman in Hollywood." But there was nothing so pernicious in Granger's manner as he plodded about his own living room.

Continuing, I recalled that the English writer had said some other very unflattering things about Mr. Granger. "His critics," said the writer, "say he is overbearing and superior. Granger is beginning to grate—and without the saving grace of success. The man who signed with M-G-M as the heart throb of 1930 is fast becoming their pain in the neck of 1933..." and then he accused Stewart of looking down on the small fry of Hollywood and "walking about as though he had lost a swimming pool or something."

It was a most unflattering article.

"Are you aware," I asked, "that some people consider you a snob and dislike you?"

"Of course, I am," Granger said lightly, "but I'm not going to let it bother me. I don't think I'm a snob. My friends don't think I'm a snob.

"My wife and I," said Granger. "subscribe to some views that might be misunderstood and lead to unpopularity. For instance, we were both tremendous movie fans when we were children. We both loved the air of mystery that hung about movie stars. We thought them being apart from ordinary people—and like them that way. And we had no inkling that we would both be in the same position when we were older. We were idolaters without envy. Our opinion hasn't changed. I think that for the good of the movie business, a star must be different; shouldn't trot about having dinner with strangers, be seen sitting on the curb parades, hang about corner drug stores and have his picture taken washing his overcoat. It seems to me that Jean and I would like to do these things, but we avoid the worst so we are snobs. Our friends know we're not—and you think people in Hollywood would understand, but apparently some of them don't."

Granger said it like a speech at first, then he sat down and spoke with obvious sincerity. His wife padded about filling coffee cups and judging approval.

"And another thing," Granger said, "that we like to stay home. I'd hate this place. I'd hate to get around, but I'm a simple man who likes his home and loves his wife. I prel to come there and have a good day's work and loll around watching television and swimming the pool, rather than go out and be seen in public. And we o friends up on week-ends for barbeque if that's being anti-social, so are fishermen and cowboys and steel workmen. They live the same way."

"Are you a trouble maker?" I asked.

"What kind of trouble?" Granger said, "There you have me," I said. "But seems to me that I have read a good deal about you quarreling and bickering with people at the studio, on the sets and such."

"Name an instance," Granger said, "and I'll stand up again.

"Let's change the subject," I said.

"Let's not," said Granger. "Well," I continued, "I heard once that you got pretty salty with a reporter one day in the M-G-M commissary."

"That I did," Granger admitted. "I was having lunch and he came and asked me if I was separating from my wife. I merely suggested that he remove himself to a warmer climate and offered to help him on his way. And I believe I suggested one of the oldtypings sempbtrons.

"It's odd," said Granger, "that even people who live in Hollywood cleave to stupid belief that the only way a man proves he loves his wife is to gaze into eyes like a spring-struck boy every moment they are together. My love for my wife is genuine, but if it takes my fire I might chase her down Hollywood Boulevard and put her with marshmallows." Jean got to her knees and assumed position of a runner waiting for the..."
of the starting gun. She knew the man better than I did and obviously believed the marshmallows were on the way.

"I'm possibly the romping kind of lover," Granger continued. "And I get pretty tired of trying to conform to other people's idea of how a man should publicly establish his affection. I suppose we've had cross words—but never in public. It's all been horsing around—stupidly misinterpreted.

"I know that a movie star is constantly in the public eye, and that the people who make his fine life possible are entitled to a more than ordinary interest in him and his personal and professional activities. He gets paid for that. But I do think that a reporter, or observer, shouldn't make his own decisions as to the meaning of the actor's conduct without first discussing it with the actor. I could walk into a department store and pick up an object I wanted to buy and if you saw me you might accuse me of being half-way through a bit of shop lifting. But if you'd stick around and watch me pay for it when the clerk came, it would be an entirely different story. If you saw me in a cafe and I gave my wife an affectionate pat on the back of the head, you, according to your choice of conclusions, could call it a tender gesture or claim I had slapped her. It's the half facts that can crucify you."

It sounded as though Jean said, "Yeah, man," but she couldn't have. She's pretty British.

"This conversation," I said, "is degenerating. You seem to be explaining everything."

"Aha!" Granger said, like he did in "Scaramouche." "It's not the truth you're after at all. It's not 'Is Granger a man or a Louise'— but 'That Louise Granger'—"

"You ask me a lot of questions, which I answer willingly, while you drink me out of coffee, and you've probably got all the answers already written down."

"I have been accused of just about everything from tripping waiters to losing all M-G-M's money on films like 'All the Brothers Were Valiant.' I know this is one of the hazards of the game, but you can't blame me for getting angry about it once in a while."

I got to my feet, saying, "I came here to ask you some questions and I have the answers."

Granger got to his feet. "And what are your personal opinions?" he asked.

"Well," I said, "I think you're a man with a good deal in his favor and your wife is very beautiful and you have a lovely home here. And I think you're a splendid actor—and so is Mrs. Granger. And I think people have been shoving you around without reason. I don't believe you've ever tripped a waiter—and I think you've made M-G-M a blinking fortune."

"Well said," said Granger.

"Well said, indeed," said Jean.

"And what's more," I said, "you are one of the happiest couples I've ever met, and . . . ."

"Why don't you stop when you're ahead," Granger said kindly. I got into my car and started out of the courtyard. The Grangers stood watching me from their doorway. There is a steep cliff at the turn of the driveway that plunges down to a rocky chasm, and only a narrow wooden rail fence separates you from disaster.

"Don't forget to turn right," Jean said. And I remembered the picture I'd seen her in where everyone in the east was dashed over just such a cliff as this. I didn't give her the courtesy of a thank you. I made the right turn quickly and roared down the mountain.

(Stewart Granger is in "All the Brothers Were Valiant" and Jean Simmons is in "The Actress" and "The Robe.")
GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES—20th, Technicolor: Rusty, laugh-filled musical, with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe looking lush as showgirls on the prowl in Europe. (A) September

GUN BELT—U. A., Technicolor: So-so Western. George Montgomery outwits outlaws, makes foolish nephew Tab Hunter go straight. (F) October

HOUDINI—Paramount, Technicolor: Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh team engagingly in the colorful, railing biography of the famed magician and his partner-wife. (F) August


INFERNO—20th, Technicolor: Gripping desert thriller, Rhonda Fleming, Bill Lundigan plot Robert Robey’s death, in vain. (F) October

ISLAND IN THE SKY—Warners: Stirring tale of fliers’ fellowship. John Wayne and his ATC crew are downed in frozen wilds. (F) October

JULIUS CAESAR—M-G-M: Magnificent, true-to- Shakespeare film of the dictator’s death and the assassins’ fate. Brilliant acting by James Mason, John Gielgud, Marlon Brando. (F) September

KID FROM LEFT FIELD—20th: Little Billy Chapin, as Dan Dailey’s son, manages a big ball team, Funny, sentimental, slow. (F) October

LATIN LOVERS—M-G-M, Technicolor: Lush, frivolous triangle—rich Lana Turner, richer John Land, gay ranchero Montalban. (A) September

LET’S DO IT AGAIN—Columbia—Exuberant romantic comedy with music. Jane Wyman sparkles as Ray Milland’s about-to-be-ex-wife; Aldo Ray’s a likable Other Man. (A) August

MAIN STREET TO BROADWAY—M-G-M: Star-loaded but shapeless tribute to the stage, Tom Morton’s a would-be playwright. (A) September


MASTER OF BALLANTRAE, THE—Warners, Technicolor: Passable Errol Flynn swashbuckler of English-Scottish war, piracy. (F) September

MELBA—U. A., Technicolor: Lavish with music, light on plot. Patrice Munsel sings thrillingly, sacrifices her love for her career. (A) September

MISSION OVER KOREA—Columbia: Superb but touchless war film. Derek and Hodak pilot small planes as fighting stars. (F) October

MOON IS BLUE, THE—U. A.: Delicious foofery with saucy lines, deftly delivered by Maggie McNamara, as a belligerently good girl. William Holden as a baffled bachelor, David Niven, as a gentle philanderer. (A) August

MONARCH OF THE SUN—Warners: Distinctive mystery in a vivid locale. Glenn Ford, Pat Medina hunt ancient Mexican treasure. (F) October

RETURN TO PARADISE—U. A., Technicolor: Winful South Sea tale of a drifter (Gary Cooper), a native girl (Roberta Haynes) and a hag (Barry Jones). Lovely location shots. (A) September

RIDE, VAQUERO!—M-G-M, Anscolor: Gunman Robert Taylor deserts his bandit boss (Anthony Quinn) to aid homesteaders Ava Gardner, Howard Keel. Colorful, but marred by pretentious touches. (F) September

ROMAN HOLIDAY—Paramount: Entrancing romance of newcomer Greg Peck, princess Audrey Hepburn. Eddie Albert adds laughs. (A) October

SAILOUR OF THE KING—20th: Jeff Hunter scores in a stirring war story as a sea maan commandeering a Nazi ship, Michael Rennie and Wendy Hillier team in a romantic prologue. (A) September

SEA DEVILS—RKO, Technicolor: Good-natured adventure of Napoleonic days. Rock Hudson’s a smuggler; Yvonne DeCaro, a sphy. (F) September

SECOND CHANCE—RKO, 3-D, Technicolor: Fast-paced, eye-pleasing, Gunman Palance trails Linda Darnell; Mitchum defends her. (F) October

SHANE—Paramount, Technicolor: Beautiful, classic saga of the frontier. Alan Ladd’s fine as the stranger who joins the farm household of Van Heflin, Jean Arthur. (F) September

SO THIS IS LOVE—Warners, Technicolor: Kath- drin Grayson retraces Grace Moore’s career, Mild but satisfyingly song-filled. (F) October

SOUTH SEA WOMAN—Warners: Roistering tale of two marines (Burl Lancaster, Chuck Connors) and a girl (Virginia Mayo). (F) September

STALAG 17—Paramount: Wry clowning and a bitter hunt for an instructor highlighted a disjointed study of GI’s in a Nazi prison camp. William Holden’s excellent. (F) August

SWORD AND THE ROSE, THE—Disney, RKO; Technicolor: Flavorsome, amusing romance of a Tudor princess (Glennis Johns) forced into a royal marriage, then saved by her dashing true love (Richard Todd). (F) September

THUNDER BAY—U. I., Technicolor: Standard action story, James Stewart and Dan Duryea seek offshore oil in Louisana, court Cajun girls Joanne Dru, Marcia Henderson. (F) September

VICE SQUAD—U. A.: Taut, well-made account of a day in the life of police captain Edward G. Rob- inson, fighting big or petty crime. (F) October

WAR OF THE WORLDS, THE—Paramount, Technicolor: A Martian invasion with stunning special effects, negligible human angle. (F) June

WAR PAINT—U. A., Pathe Color: Good, grim Western with awesome scenery, Trooper Bob Stack fights Indians, thirst, mutiny. (F) October

WHITE WITCH DOCTOR—20th, Technicolor: Robust jungle thriller, sending a heroic nurse (Susan Hayward) and a gold-hungry hunter (Rob- ert Mitchum) deep into Africa. (F) September

Some 3-D films are also being shown in 2-D versions. Check your theatre to see which is being used.
Smash Up

(Continued from page 36)
The sparkle, the rapier-like sense of humor were subdued. Instead there was a certain lassitude and pre-occupation which close associates attributed to the aftermath of an exhausting two-month European vacation, followed immediately by a terrifically demanding film role.

At the party on the last day of the film’s shooting, Susan sat alone—surrounded by her own little coterie, hair dresser, wardrobe woman, make-up man—so sullen and withdrawn that photographers didn’t even approach her.

What actually happened on that battle-filled Sunday night in the Barker menage is a secret still securely locked in Susan’s heart. Insiders are betting that even on the divorce stand Susan won’t discuss the matter. She’s a complex, unfathomable woman—an actress through and through.

Explained a friend, “To understand Susan you must disregard her fragile appearance, look carefully at her resolute, determined chin and then go back to her poverty-stricken childhood. That included the lesson that a good left hook, judiciously used, was better than money in the bank. In her early years in pictures Susan didn’t get a chance to make the most of her talents and so she was inclined to go around with her fists up—to be sulky and obstinate. For years she brooded.

“But later she found her tongue—and learned to use it as a whip lash. I know that if she were to keep her emotions bottled up too long, the final explosion would make the recent Bakersfield earthquake seem like a mild breeze. Her red-haired temper expresses itself physically—and has—with Jess many times throughout their marriage just as it does in her acting career.”

Hollywood speculated as to just what it was that Jess and Susan didn’t see eye to eye on during their last night at home together. Speculation included rumors of Susan’s interest in a male star who had recently separated from his wife. But this appears to be the most baseless of rumors. No one has seen Susan with any man, except her husband during the nine years of their marriage.

The fact is that Susan and Jess led the most secluded life of any Hollywood personalities. Totally without movie-name friends, they neither entertained nor attended the lavish Hollywood soirees. For Susan is painfully shy, a trait which she disguises in the form of brutal frankness. She is almost sullen with strangers; certainly she makes no effort to please. Even with close friends she’s undemonstrative.

Jess is much more extroverted, and this has been a source of trouble between them. The tight little circle of people who visited them socially (none from her studio) were all Jess’s friends with the exception of Martha Little, sister of an old Brooklyn schoolmate of Susan’s. A former press agent once remarked incredulously, “They have the oddest assortment of people constantly popping in. Somehow these old cronies of Jess’s are always hanging around when Susan gets home from the studio. She can never seem to find peace.” So it follows that Susan may have found some of Jess’s too-robust buddies less than amusing—and on that final night she may have told him so. Sharply and spectacularly . . . as only Susan knows how.

One thing Susan herself definitely didn’t like and that led to a long-standing disagreement was Jess’s handling of the eighteen-year-old twins. Jess dearly loves his sons, but he brought up to believe that children should be rigidly disciplined. Susan, who adores the twins equally, tends to be

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more lenten. "Oh, this discipline business," Susan once moaned in true parental bewilderment. "If anybody knows a sure-fire system I'd like to hear it. Jess thinks I'm too soft with the boys. I think he's too hard."

Disagreement, too, may have stemmed from Jess's generous way with money and Susan's deeply rooted belief that money and banks have a natural affinity. This belief was reflected in her disclaimation for expensive entertainment; in the haphazard furnishings and management of their home—a two-bedroom house in which, during the last few years, they felt crowded. Though Susan's yearly salary comes to a staggering $200,000 a year, her feeling about money was well illustrated by her comment on a fishing trip they once made to Canada. "When I think of the cost—the four of us and nurse—and those $60-a-day hotel suites! Everybody ate like a horse, too, including me. Next year we're simply going to take our vacation at the fish store. When you're traveling on studio time it's one thing, but when you're vacationing on your own—it's blood money. I've developed a habit of just not spending money."

"Spends it like molasses," Jess once wise-cracked to Susan's annoyance.

All of these assorted basic differences undoubtedly played major roles in the Barkers' explosive separation. But mostly the smash-up of their nine-year marriage is traceable to a special Hollywood malady—the long bitter battle of career versus marriage. Though Susan and Jess tried with all their might to keep their marriage intact, it began to get shaky when Jess started slipping down the ladder of success and found his masculine ego bruised and battered. Meanwhile Susan steadily mounted upward, to breathe the heady vapors of fame at the pinnacle.

Susan and Jess were caught in the old and oft-repeated Hollywood tragedy of such couples as Ginger Rogers and Jack Briggs; Heddy Lamarr and John Loder; Bette Davis and William Sherry; Joan Crawford and Philip Terry; Greer Garson and Richard Ney; Anne Baxter and John Hodick; Ann Sothern and Robert Sterling; Kathryn Grayson and Johnny Johnston; Jane Powell and Gary Steffen. In each case the wife was acclaimed a star—the husband only an also-ran, a man without portfolio in his own household. As the gap between a wife's success and a husband's failure widened in each case, unhappiness, like a torrent, poured in and divorce became inevitable.

How far such problems were from Susan's mind on a Friday evening in November 1940! She'd joined the stars entertaining GI's at the Hollywood Canteen. Jess Barker, Broadway actor, fresh from his triumph in the stage play, "You Can't Take It With You," and under contract to Co- couth, had been called in to represent the show. The canteen was filled with movie dolls and Jess lost no time in deciding that flaming-tressed Susan led all the rest. Getting a date, though, wasn't so simple. "I won't go out with you," Susan told Jess archly.

I've been reading about you in the columns, Mr. Barker, and I just don't want to add my name to that long list of dates."

Nevertheless he continued to phone, and when they began to date, female cats purled that Susie did the chasing. Bluntly honest, even then, that young lady flipped, "Why not? I just found out where Jess was going to be and somehow found myself there at the same time!"

There followed a stormy courtship between an obviously mismated and maladjusted pair and a much beloved love. Or thought so. Twice the engagement was broken off. In fact, Jess ordered a diamond engagement ring; then, during a period of stress a few days later, told the jeweler he couldn't use it. As he started to go up again and he came for the ring, the jeweler had sold it. And Susan never had an engagement ring, but many years later, Jess gave her a pair of diamond earrings as an anniversary gift.

The large diamond ring she wears (which many think is her engagement ring) has a curious history. Before she met Jess, Susan was in love with an actor whose name she does not divulge. In service, he wrote to her to have an engagement ring made. Susan let herself go. And when she told his business agent what it cost, the actor blew up. So Susan impulsively broke the engagement, paid for the ring herself, and wears it as a good luck omen. Susan's mother, a wise lady, at the time remarked, "You didn't want to be engaged—you just wanted a diamond ring."

On July 23, 1944, after Susan and Jess had known each other nine months, they were married at St. Thomas Episcopal Church. It is significant that Susan's only reported wedding attendants were her press agents, Jean Pettebone and Henry Rogers.
Unfortunately marriage did not solve the maladjustment between this pair, though the word of friction was carefully kept from the press. Few were aware that after less than two months they parted. But the separation was brief.

Try as they might, neither Susan nor Jess could resolve their marital difficulties. In public they played out the farce, but in private they were miserably unhappy. It's not generally known that they parted with rather unhappy regularity in those early days and that often Susan, in tears, went to seek a temporary haven at the home of her then press agent. Nor is it generally known that on October 1, 1947, the years after their marriage, Susan, who abhors divorce, actually sued Jess on grounds of "cruelty and grievous mental anguish."

Another reconciliation followed and she dropped proceedings, explaining at the time, "I have come to the conclusion, as has Jess, that marriage is a contract that should be lived up to and there really isn't much in life for you when you reach sixty, say, unless you have lived up to it. Our only real trouble was something that started in fun—a habit of making cutting remarks to each other in public. I don't think that's anything two married people can do even as a gag. Now I know that when I went to see a lawyer my faith had wavered and that somehow, I'd gotten off the track. Working out my marriage problems made me realize that I was growing up and maturing."

Yet the basic problems continued and later she enlarged on them. "When we've had disagreements, and we've had some real ones, I've said things that I regretted and Jess has done the same. Yes, I fight with Jess. We fight about everything. Don't all married people?"

When Susan and Jess sought help from a marriage counselor, he undoubtedly told them that even poorly adjusted couples do not fight about everything. And he must have tried to make them realize that such conduct is symptomatic of serious trouble in the union.

More serious trouble grew with Jess's inability to find acting parts, after his first spurt during the war years. As his feelings of frustration and inferiority increased he became bitter, resentful and jealous of his wife's major role as breadwinner in the family. After all, Jess is only human. He remained at home, shopping in the supermarket, supervising the household, bathing the boys, watering the fruit trees, while his ego buckled under the increasing strain of his wife's overwhelming success.

Both were well aware of Jess's difficult position. He accepted a few small film roles and TV assignments. Yet Susan realized that he would be harmed more than helped if she interceded with producers for him. And she refused to do so. Once when he was up for a good part at a studio, the casting director asked him, "What do you need a job for? Your wife's making plenty of money." But recently, fortunately, his career has taken an upswing.

Can his ascending star be the reason that Susan has decided the time for parting is at hand?

It isn't likely that Susan Hayward took time to reason logically during their last violent quarrel. A creature given to spells of laziness and furious activity, she acts on impulse. This inclination to relax and let things go is best illustrated by the incredible fact that she allowed her living room to remain unfurnished—a store house for broken furniture and outgrown clothing—for five years. Then Susan said, "Suddenly it ceased to be funny. And in two weeks I'd furnished the whole room. I'm impatient. Yet I'm lazy and let things go along without much interference, and then suddenly I'll get into the positive, firm mood and will lay down the law. You know, I lose more help that way."

Today it seems Susan lost a husband that way. Yet her few close friends insist that even though children are involved, Susan's solution—long overdue—is best for all.

Perhaps, brooding over an upcoming decision affecting their marriage, Susan became sharper, more domineering, more caustic than ever. Perhaps, then, Jess, not without some temper himself, felt that this was too much to take. At any rate she lost her temper; he more than lost his. Susan enraged, would take no more. Within minutes Jess was out of the house, and Susan had phoned her lawyer. This time there would be no reconciliation—no turning back. From here on out she and the children would go their way alone.

The way alone for Jess will be simpler, probably, than for Susan. He'll continue to see his boys and to be deeply interested in their future.

But what of Susan's future? Careerwise she has nothing to fear. What kind of man will fill the void in her heart? A dependent, subservient man, with ambition at a low level will not please her. A dominant, intellectual, strong man, successful in his business or profession isn't likely to be attracted to a domineering, career-conscious actress. It looks like lonely days ahead for the glamorous, introspective redhead. And lonely nights. After a smash-up, it's hard to pick up the pieces.

But Susan Hayward is from Brooklyn. And no one in Brooklyn was ever brought up like a hothouse flower. As Susan, herself, has said, "You had to learn to be tough and take it. You had to learn to be like a rubber ball. When you fall—bounce!"

Without a doubt, Susan Hayward, Flatbush-born and Flatbush-reared, smash-up or no, is going to bounce.

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How to Handle Men

(Continued from page 38)

But this much I know and for sure; every man you ever get to know well, teaches you at least one good rule for handling all other men. From the first man I ever loved—my father—to the latest man in my life—Fernando Lamas—I have in every instance learned some one thing about the male.

While every man is different from every other man, just as we girls are different from one another, certain things attract all of them. The trick is to find out what.

My father taught me my first lesson about men. He taught me the hard way. With a hairbrush.

I was seven years old and having a temper tantrum, my hair had had such a thing before. I didn’t have to, because until that particular evening I had got everything my little heart desired.

I was an only child, born and brought up in Minnesota, Minnesota, and I was indulged beyond belief. My parents were young and fun-loving, and everywhere they went they took me. Picnics, dancing, boating, skiing—whatever they did. I did, too. The only thing that kept me from being impossible spoiled was that they loved me so much. I immediately realized I could make them love me more by being very good. Besides, that way I could do almost exactly what I pleased, since what pleased me pleased them.

That was, until this one unenchanched evening. I was about to be a flower girl at a wedding, and for this, my mother had gotten me a lovely, full-length satin dress. It went straight down to the floor, and I just couldn’t wait to wear it.

But this special night, my parents were going out to a formal dinner, and when I saw them, so glittering in their evening finery, I decided I wanted to get into the act and wear my flower-girl dress. But when I asked them to take me with them, my father said, “No.” The more I begged and pleaded, the more he said, “No,” very kindly but firmly explaining to me why a child of seven was not wanted at a formal dinner table.

Instead of listening to these facts of social life, and learning something good thereby, I began screaming. The more I screamed, the angrier I got. Until that hairbrush hit me.

I had literally never been spanked before. I stopped my screaming out of sheer shock, but my father didn’t stop wielding that hairbrush. It hurt, of course, but that hurt was nothing compared to the hurt my dignity and pride suffered. When he had finished, my father righted me, pushed me into my room and closed the door. “I expect you to be completely quiet and asleep when we get home,” he said.

We never mentioned that episode afterward. My father had already taught me my first rule of handling men from it: a girl can’t impose her will on a man, by direct methods. If you want men to do things your way, be subtle about it. The method to get your way is to let them think they are getting theirs. And never, never make scenes! It drives them mad—and away from you, just as it did my father that evening.

The next “man” I learned from was all of ten years old, and I was nine. He used to hang around outside our gate, waiting to walk to school with me, or he’d hang about my classrooms waiting to walk home with me. I was at the stage where I had two girls, of my own age, who were my “intimate friends.” You know that stage. You think boys are pretty terrible. But your little girl friends—my, how very special they seem to you! You exchange the most unimportant “secrets” and giggle and whisper about the silliest nonsense. I was actually flattered by this boy, but I pretended I was bored, just as my two girl friends pretended they were bored by the boys who tagged after them.

Then there came the afternoon when I invited that boy into our house. I did this because I was sorry I had been snubbing him so unmercifully. This taught me the wisdom of changing pace with a man. If you want him to do a man on one thing, give in on another.

This puts you, as a girl, in a beautiful spot. The boy is not quite sure of you—and he is held by you because of that very uncertainty. He has to be credited you—and he thinks that perhaps if he sticks around, he eventually will.

But on this special afternoon, and by way of showing hospitality, I asked my “beau” to have a piece of cake which I had baked that afternoon, a little earlier. It was my first three-layer cake, with a cooked frosting, and I was proud of it. It was called, I remember, a Cinderella cake.

My boy friend ate it ravenously. The next day he brought me an Indian ring that had a chip diamond in it. Thus I learned, with practically no effort at all, that it brought me the happiness I yearned for.”

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He was much older. That is, he was four years older, which is a lifetime in your teens. I met him at a meeting of “Job’s Daughters,” a society to which my mother had belonged as a girl. I was very impressed that he belonged to Da Meloy.

He was the first boy who ever kissed me on the lips. Oh, I’d had those “post office” kisses that land on your ear, and those grabbed kisses that hit somewhere between your nose and your neck—but this was real. We stood on the porch of my house, and it was late in the evening—all of ten o’clock. It was also my sixteenth birthday. I felt his lips on mine, and his arms around me, and it surpassed any moment I had ever known.

I was without pride around him. He would call me for dates at the last moment and I would always go wherever, whenever, he asked.

Then his terrible accident happened. It was the night before Hallowe’en, for which we had a date. He was in his school dormitory engaged in a pillow fight. One of the fellows hit him with such force that he fell and hit his head on the edge of a chair. The glasses which he wore were splintered in his fall, and one of the splinters went into his eye.

For days, while I wondered whether he would see or not, I could neither eat nor sleep. Then the verdict came. He would see, but he had to lose one eye.

Until this time he had been a laughing, outward-going, popular boy. He changed into a recluse. If he would have let me, I would have married him, and devoted my life to him but he wouldn’t even see me. I wept, I prayed.

He carried that torch for five long years. Meanwhile I left home and went to Chicago to become a fashion model and assistant buyer at Marshall Fields. I turned from the wholesome Scandinavian type I had been into a slimmer, more sophisticated gal. I had quite a few dates but none of them meant anything to me, until I met a college man.

He was a student at Northwestern, and as I look back on him, I realize that he was a darling, and that I treated him rather badly. Because I let myself become engaged to him. I became engaged on the rebound. I was trying to stir the jealousy of the boy back home, or, at least, to warn him that this, if ever, was a last chance for him to make me his wife.

He didn’t take the chance. He didn’t even answer my letters.

So this was the thing the boy back home finally taught me about handling men. Give up pursuing if you see the pursuit is doing you no good. You may give all the love of which you are capable. You may lose all pride. You may try to fit your every mood into his every mood. But if he does not really want you this will have no more effect on him than tears running down a window pane. When a romance is over, let it end—completely and with dignity. And the other thing I learned from this experience was that you can mistake friendliness and even your own kindliness for love.

This latter mood applied to the college man I was engaged to. Because I didn’t want to hurt him, because I was grateful to him for being in love with me, I almost married him. But finally I had to be as cruelly honest toward him as the other boy had been toward me. I left Chicago, so that there would be small chance of our seeing one another again. I went to New York and became a photographic model and stage actress.

But do remember these rules: Before you get too interested in any man, be sure his interest in you is genuine. And before you marry any man, be sure you are in love with him, not merely flattered by his being in love with you. You can’t handle your man or your life in terms of happiness for either one of you until you are sure you have the right answer to both these situations.

In New York I met a very important orchestra leader. Up until then my dates there were merely escorts. I was vague as to what I really wanted to do with my life. Emotionally, I had been so hurt by my lost love that I wanted no other.

This man encouraged me to think seriously about a career as an actress. The most important thing about handling men that I learned from him was that men like to help ambitious girls. They enjoy giving advice and being listened to, looked up to, admired. So let a man see that he is being an inspiration to you. There is so much talk about a woman inspiring a man. This is good, too, but in your man-handling I think the former is actually wiser.

It was Warner Brothers who brought me to Hollywood for “My Wild Irish Rose.” They made me put on ten pounds for the role, and I looked like the little Minnesota girl I had been originally. And what might have happened to me if I hadn’t met Sir Charles Mendel, I don’t know. For Hollywood is very worldly and sophisticated, and there is no one in the world that is actually wiser.

Sir Charles was older than my father, and he and his wife Lady Elsie Mendel became deeply interested in me. Through
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The trouble with our marriage was that it had no reality in it. We were each in a dream world—but they were separate worlds. I stayed off the screen for eighteen months, hoping that might help to hold my marriage together. It didn't.

I really believed that I never would fall in love again. I thought I couldn't risk the pain of it. Now I know that I had never experienced the joy of love.

Fernando Lamas taught me that. Fernando has taught me that nothing is as important as love. Everything is emotional with him, and his moods are very uneven. He swings so far, from heights to depths of feeling, that I feel incredibly even-tempered and optimistic around him. From Fernando I have come to realize that reality is the only solid basis for romance.

I put him definitely on a pedestal, where I believe all women like to have a man—and where I'm sure, all men like to. I've learned a great deal from him about a great many things. He's well educated. His conversation is always stimulating, particularly so because no matter what his mood, his sense of humor always emerges.

Fernando has taught me about leisure, which is a lesson that does not come easy to Americans, and which, particularly to our sex, is most important. I no longer think that I always have to be doing something. I know that one of the richest enjoyments is just doing nothing at all.

But the most important thing I have learned is that in love, as in every other thing, it is more blessed to give than to receive. The response must be between you. If you give seventy per cent of the love in response to his thirty, that doesn't matter at all.

If you are enough in love, you won't even notice it. Nor will he. In fact, you won't be "holding your man." He'll just be held—by your mutual need, your mutual enrichment, your mutual happiness. (Arlene Dahl co-stars with Fernando Lamas in "The Diamond Queen.")
CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

ALL AMERICANS, THE — U. I. Directed by Jesse Hibbs; Nick Rossell; Tony Curtis; Sharon Gaffney; Robert Walker; Lloyd Nolan; Harry Carse; Fred MacMurray; Frank Whiter; Sam Levene; Mamie Van Doren; Cameron, Gregor Palmer; Fred Bolling, Paul Cavanaugh; Jack iPad; Herman Heinek; Zita Johann; Richard Conte; Charles Gifford; Lawrence St. James; Miles Malleson; Abigail; Bill Crawford; Principal Dance; Tutte Lemkow; The Mayor; Nicholas Philbin; Bob; Walter Chrisman.

CAPTAIN'S PARADISE, THE — I. Directed by Anthony Kimmons; Captain Henry St. James, Ale Exxe; Nira; Yvonne de Carlo; Mand; Cela Johnson; Chief Officer Rico; Charles Goldman; Lawrence St. James, Miles Malleson; Abigail; Bill Crawford; Principal Dance; Tutte Lemkow; The Mayor; Nicholas Philbin; Bob; Walter Chrisman.

DESPERATE MOMENT — U. I. Directed by Compton Bennett; Simon van Halder; Dick Bogarde; Jane de Rustam; Mai Zeltering; Robert Success; Philip Friend; Paul; Albert Lieven; Grot; Frederick Wendelborn; Beek; Carl Jaffe; Raro; Gerard Heinz; Inspector; Andre Mihkelson; Trevor Wood; Harold Ayes; Mantuan; Walter Gott; Valentin; Friedrich Jolof; Mod; Simone Silva; Beria Inspector; Fredly Mayne; Colonel Bertrand; Witter Ralls; Ship's Watchman; Paul Hardin; Ruth; Anthony, Theodore Bikel.

DEVIL'S CANYON — R-K-O. Directed by Alfred Werker; Abby Nixon, Virginia Mayo; Billy Reynolds; Dale Robertson; Jesse Garman; Stephen McNally; Frank Tannen; Arthur Hunicutt; Steve Morgan; Robert Douglas; Charles Coburn; Willard Waterman; Grot; George J. Lewis; Virgil; Whitt Bussell; Shere; Marvin Alben; Dr. Betts; James; Rel; Red; William Phillips; Joe; Earl Hollin; Stuart Whitman; Irving Bacon.

EAST OF SUMATRA — U. I. Directed by Bud Boetticher; Duke Mundine; Jeff Chandler; Lory Hale; Marilyn Maxwell; Kiang; Anthony Quinn; Myrna; Susan; Sally; John; Kay C. Flippino; Daniel Cail; John; Sutton; Baltimore; Seat Man Brothet; Paolo; Eugene Glaeser; Copy; Earl; Hamilton; Cossy; Peter; Gay; Craig; Ely; Mobil; Duke; James Craven; Add; Arab Katcher.

FOEVER PAMELA — Paramount. Directed by Irving Reper; Beatrice Paige; Ginger Rogers; Stanley Kroon; William Holden; E; Harry Phillips; Paul Douglas; Sally Carrol; Pat Crowley; Eddie Woods; James Leason; Willie Wolfe; Jesse White; Herself; Margert; Michael; Court; Gorden; George; Moglie; Playwright; George; Donnelly; Sve; Designer; Vic Perrin; Theatrical Producer; Russell Gaige.

GIVE A GIRL A BREAK — M-G-M. Directed by Stanley Donen; Madeleine Carroll; Marce Champion; Ted Sturgis; Grot; Champion; Stanley Smith; Babes; John; Miss; Helen; Wood; Bob; Don; Bob; Foley; Leo; Bel; Kurt; Kas; Burton; Flash; Richard; David; Prentiss; Wili; Himm; Helen; Cats; Malt; Joe; Dottie; Luterr; Tutte; Felix; Larry; Keating; Joan; Holland; Donna; Martel.

GOLDEN BLADE, THE — U. I. Directed by Nathan Irwin; Irmann; Rock; Prin; Victoria; Richard; Eddie; John; Irm; Miss; Helen; Wat; Gene; Ev; Bak; Kathleen; John; George; Mac; Ba; Steven; Gary; Cal; Edgar; Bar; Hand; Alice; Kelly; Anita; Erika; Val; Valerie; Jack; Sher; Victor; Ro.

JOE LOUIS STORY, THE — U. A. Directed by Robert Gordon; Joe; Louis; Cole; Wallace; Tit; M; Grachsen; Paul; Stuart; Marvin; Louis; Hila; Simms; Chappie; Blackburn; James; Mann; Sam; John; Marley; Julian; Black; But; Johnson; Mrs; Baw; Eull; Alice; Art; Carl; Rocky; Lauer; Sam; Lasitso; John; Martint; Houdini; P; Jay; Sidney; John; King; Josse; Jones; Mike; Jacob; Royal; Beal; Max; Schmel; Bud; Thorpe; Self; Ruby; Goldstein; Nick; Announcer; Ralph; Stanley; Night Club Singer; Anita; Ela.

LITTLE BOY LOST — Paramount. Directed by George Seaton; Bill; Warrington; Bing; Crosby; Pierre; Ferret; Claude; Dauphine; Jean; Christian; Fourcade; Mother; Superior; Gabrielle; Dorrotta; Lut; Garret; Nicole; Maurey; Nola; Collette; Derei; Mad-; Guillelme; Quelbeuf; Georgette; Any; Tracying; Service; Close; Chief; March; Mod; Dali; Walker; John; walker; Bawdin; Helene; Gloyd; De; Segonzac; Madame; Le; Blan; Yul; (A); Ronni; Bruce; Price; Dr; Bres; Jean; De; Valls; Neres; Dele; Se; Ma; Suzanne; Piton; Niona; Straty; Pitchman; Paul; Mauparavis; Mud; Christian; Fourse; Martin; LUTHER — Louis de Roemchentt; Directed by Irving Pielch; Martin; Luther; Niall; MacGinnis; Fier; van; Stapt; John; Rudolph; Spalv; Pierre; Lefre; Melchanon; Guy; Verney; Car;l; Alastair; Alain; Hunter; Duke; Frederich; Elector; of; Saxony; John; Bowl; Fred; John; Pope; Loo; Philip; Leaver; Candida; Alexander; Dr; Egon; Stroin; Terz; Alexander; Gauges; From; Irving; Pielch; Wissar; Leonard; White; Charles; V; Hans; Leferbe; Kari; Ronald; Gint.

MARTIN LUTHER — Louis de Roemchentt; Directed by Irving Pielch; Martin Luther; Niall MacGinnis; Fir; van; Stapt; John; Rudolph; Spalv; Pierre; Lefre; Melchanon; Guy; Verney; Car;l; Alastair; Alain; Hunter; Duke; Frederich; Elector; of; Saxony; John; Bowl; Fred; John; Pope; Loo; Philip; Leaver; Candida; Alexander; Dr; Egon; Stroin; Terz; Alexander; Gauges; From; Irving; Pielch; Wissar; Leonard; White; Charles; V; Hans; Leferbe; Kari; Ronald; Gint.

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MARY LOUIS — Louis de Roemchentt; Directed by Irving Pielch; Martin Luther; Niall MacGinnis; Fir; van; Stapt; John; Rudolph; Spalv; Pierre; Lefre; Melchanon; Guy; Verney; Car;l; Alastair; Alain; Hunter; Duke; Frederich; Elector; of; Saxony; John; Bowl; Fred; John; Pope; Loo; Philip; Leaver; Candida; Alexander; Dr; Egon; Stroin; Terz; Alexander; Gauges; From; Irving; Pielch; Wissar; Leonard; White; Charles; V; Hans; Leferbe; Kari; Ronald; Gint.

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The Family Married

(Continued from page 49)

...and all the others, and when he came back, he was stationed at Long Beach Naval Hospital, here in California. It was at Long Beach he met so many of the boys he's known in the South Pacific. And having his father around, and being the best man for so many of them, he started to help them deliver the babies of some of those lads.

Being a doctor's wife will bring problems. If you know you feel sorry for Ann. It's a bit of a rough road she's chosen for herself. It's bad enough to be married to a doctor but when he's a boy doctor, it's worse. Many's the time Ann's been to a date with the baby girl and had to break it at the last minute. And nobody could blame a girl who didn't like that and decided to get herself a more dependable man, social-like. That's what happened to Ann, when she first brought Ann to the house. She first came to a christening party for one of Dennis children, and later Jim had several of his mother's friends there. She said, 'Mom, find out where she got that.'

"What?" I asked, not thinking for a thing.

"I'd like to buy Ann one like it," says he.

"Well, all of a sudden it hit me. He'd never done a thing like that before. I looked him straight in the eye, and said, 'Why buy her a necklace? Why don't you just give her a card with all pale, with that, and didn't say a word."

"But a couple of days later, he came in with the ring. It was a real stunner. A couple of my girls and boys were here, and he told him I was saying, 'But suppose she turns me down?' One of my girls said, 'How could any girl refuse?'"

It got to be the Thursday before Christmas. He went out to Ann's, and I was still up when he came home, and he was white as death. "Mom, she took it," he said.

"Well, after that, you can imagine. It would happen, of course, that almost all Jim's friends would have their babies right then. For the first three months before their wedding in June, he was the busiest he'd ever been, and during the week before, he didn't have to be up all night three nights with very difficult deliveries."

"But that's when we all began really knowing Ann, and she's an angel just like the rest of us with our children, and sweetness of mind, and so much love. Her Aunt Cis and Uncle Pat have been heaven to her, of course, but there is more love in her than could be given to just two people. And me, I'm always been the most even-tempered and tender of my children, was made very happy by this. For as I said, I knew only the base of the demands of being a doctor's wife." 

Mom and her family don't mind Ann continuing her career.

"Why?" asked Mom. "Why should we? In any case, if the marriage makes a go of it, and the two of them can make it, we must do too. Ann and I had a talk before their wed-
At first it worried me that Jim is ten years older than she, but in many ways he's a boy beside her, and in many ways she is much more mature than her twenty-four years. And of course, it's a beautiful thing that they share the same faith. I think it is very hard when even the most loving couples do not. And it is fine, too, with that Jim knowing the discipline of medicine, Ann's learned the discipline of work too. "She has a good sound head, this Ann. She is not carried away by money or fame. And I think maybe it was God's blessing, that in the week before their wedding, they both did have everything so crowded and hard-working. Because their work will separate them many times in the future, and they learned just how hard it will be then, when the love was most on them."

"Of course," says Mom, "I barely know how they got through their wedding day, or any of the rest of us for that matter. I think the one of the family who was most excited was my grandson, Jimmy O'Connell. He was Ann's ring bearer, you know, and he was that proud of his little silk suit. Helen Rose, down at Ann's studio, drew the design for it, and I made it, out of a beautiful piece of silk that Jim had brought back from the Pacific with him, a real China silk. Jimmy's but seven, and a time we had with him, because at the wedding rehearsals, we made him walk up the aisle with Wendy Moss, Jane Withers Moss' girl, and she only four. Jimmy was that worried our other little boy would see him, and tease him. But at the ceremony, he behaved like an angel."

At the reception and the wedding you know the demands that were on Ann and Jim with something like a thousand hands to shake and a thousand friends to greet. I don't know what kept them standing all those hours, they were that tired! So I guess it is all right to tell now that when they spent their honeymoon at Lake Tahoe, they never went out of their cottage. They told us they never saw anyone, or wanted to, and they didn't much as get a newspaper. But it was over all too soon, and they came back to their lovely farmhouse at Toluca Lake. And there Jim found out Ann is a fine cook, even of gingerbread, and she made for him, Ann's studio gave her a week or so off, then ordered her away on location for 'Rose Marie.' And of course, it would be right then, with her having to go away, that Jim would come down with a touch of flu.

"But life is like that, and it's well they know it together. And the family couldn't be happier than having Jim married to such an understanding girl as Ann. It really completes us—or will, that is, when the babies come. We're very blessed."

And Ann's blessed too, bless her. (Ann Blyth is currently in M-G-M's "All the Brothers Were Valiant.")

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11. Peter Lawford 63. Jeanne Crain
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28. Diana Dors 80. Vera-Ellen
29. Doris Day 81. Dean Martin
30. Montgomery Clift 82. Jerry Lewis
31. Richard Widmark 83. Howard Keel
32. Dinah Shore 84. Susan Hayward
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39. Debbie Reynolds 91. Marilyn Monroe
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43. Marion Brando 95. Alde Day
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46. Richard Widmark 98. Robert Taylor
47. Elizabeth Taylor 99. Robert Walker
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HUNTERS’ PARADISE

(Continued from page 61)

friends. The one detail Hank overlooked was young Mr. Bamberger, the business manager, across whose desk came some checks written to a flight school in the inimitable scrawl of Jeffrey Hunter.

He immediately picked up the phone and called Barbara. "What," he asked, "is this?"

"You should’ve seen Hank’s face." Barbara doesn’t recall. "He was a little boy..."

"You’re beautiful," said he, "with your hair down..."

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our own, which we're shopping for right now. We wouldn't be able to buy it if we had gone out every time either one of us felt like it."

One or both of the Hunters must be up at dawn because of a picture in production almost always, and at such times Barbara's mother comes quietly through the early morning light from her home a few blocks away to take over in the infant department. Jeffrey left for England and "Sailor of the King" only a week after Chris was born; he has since been on a personal-appearance tour to help promote the picture. In the past year Barbara has been on location twice, in Apple Valley, Calif., for "It Came From Outer Space" and in Moab, Utah, for "Son of Cochise." Both are working so steadily that they have little time together, but the time they have is good. And what of young Chris?

"We're very fortunate to have a mother close by," says Barbara. "She dotes on her only grandson, of course, and the baby is very much attached to her. This is the only arrangement possible if I'm to go on with my career, and—"

"She should," interrupts her husband. "She's a very fine actress."

"He's my biggest fan," explains Barbara with a shamelessly warm smile at Hank. "But what I was going to say is that I wouldn't consider leaving Christopher otherwise, to give all the love in his little heart to one maid after another. He wouldn't feel secure if, as soon as he learned to love someone, she left and a stranger took her place. He and my mother have a mutual admiration society—they are mad for each other, can't bear to be separated for long, and Hank and I are just so much icing on the cake."

"You know how Hank became a doting father? It was when he first got the camera bug, and at that time Chris was so young that you just plunked him down somewhere and there wasn't much he could do about it. That was when Hank really got with the baby, when he realized what a perfect photographic model Chris was. He just shot movies to his heart's content. Then we showed them for our friends, and every one said he was a great photographer and Hank was sold on babies from then on. I think he might even be willing to have another one some day."

"Ten," says Hank. 

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Rock's Mystery Girl
(Continued from page 39)

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in Rock’s life today is
emphasized rather than minimized by the
lack of publicity given her. Betty Abbott
avoids the spotlight whenever possible, and
Rock watches with an old-fashioned and
highly approving brown eye. When she’s
with him and photographers or columnists
close in, Betty adroitly and quietly moves

out of the picture.
Betty Abbott whatever the crisis has
always been nearby. Until this accident,
when Rock was surf-riding in Laguna and
an angry breaker caught him up to bang
him on the beach with such fury that it
broke his clavicle in three places.

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No

, Sample.

SBiJl

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out

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easily,

Hollywood.

Her importance

EASY A-B-C Way

instrument This

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glamourville, and unless they merit it, by
any of those who glitter there. Her sincere
frankness, her keen intelligent eye, her
sympathetic ear and her love for laughter
all these make hers a welcome comoanionship. And what with working on the same
studio lot with Rock, and often on the same
picture, theirs is a camaraderie seldom seen

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the liner in mid-Atlantic she got a call
from him. And remembering his own
sense of strangeness at first when he’d arrived in England last year to make a picture, Rock made sure Betty would find a
welcome from home. Her hotel room was
filled with red roses and a card saying
simply, “Have fun, Fortuna.” She was so
touched by his thoughtfulness, she’d called
him transatlantic just to say thanks.
Among all those closest to him, she knew
how much “Magnificent Obsession” meant
to Rock. She would know too how much

any

possibility

of

losing

it

through this

accident would mean.

Riding back to Hollywood in the ambulance, even with a police escort trying

them through traffic, it was rough
Along with the pain, Rock’s tortured
thoughts were of this role, the most important of his career. Every male star in
Hollywood had sought to play the challenging characterization in Lloyd Douglas’s moving story.
At St. Joseph’s Hospital, as the bone
specialist examined him. Rock had one hope
and one small prayer. Namely that if a guy
named Roy Fitzgerald from Winnetka,
Illinois, had ever done anything whatsoever
to steer

going.

merit

to

“How
“Hard

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ply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for
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quently, finding it a welcome relief from
the day’s tension to wield a paint brush or
help with some homey chores or relax
over a simple home-cooked meal.
“Little things make me mad,” he said.
“I bottle them up inside me until finally
when I’m about to explode I wash down
Betty’s kitchen walls.”
Once, in a restless mood, Rock began to
wash down those kitchen walls. By midnight he’d just gotten to the ceiling, and
he’d worked off all his steam. He decided
to call in a studio friend, Roger Jones, to
help. “Come over here quick!” he said
tensely over the phone, explaining nothing.

Roger rushed over and was really alarmed
dark with no
rang the bell.

to find Betty’s house pitch
sign of life anywhere. He

When the door opened, there stood Rock,
a white sheet draped around him, a candle
in one hand, a lily in the other; in his
mouth was a printed sign saying, “Please
help me.” Resignedly, Roger rolled up his
sleeves and went to work sleepily washing
the ceiling. And what was Betty doing?
“Getting food out of the icebox, keeping us
happy with our work,” Rock grins.
Nobody would understand better than
Betty Abbott, with her knowledge of the
motion -picture business, her sensitive perception and her intuitive eye, just how
great the growing demands of Rock’s
career can be and how great is the strain
on an amiable guy who can’t say no.
From the moment Rock began hitting
the big time, well-meaning individuals
have deluged him with advice, some of it
so controversial Rock finally exploded,
r

A

“How can you know what to do?”
pal
told him, “You have to learn to pick your
people.” One Rock picked was the pretty
blonde script girl who watches helpfully
as Rock’s star rises. Who understands his
moods, his self-doubt, his impatience with
himself, and who laughs with him when
they run out of kitchen walls.

Fate could be generous now.

long, Doc?” he asked.
to say, Rock.
can’t tell until

We

we

see the X-rays. Maybe eight weeks,”
doctor said reluctantly.
“Eight weeks! It can’t take eight weeks,”
Rock groaned. “The picture’s ready to roll.”
Just then a cable was handed him.
his

“Zounds,
Igor!
Nurse Nancy Arrives
Thursday,” it read.
Rock laughed. And kept laughing. “She
always calls me ‘Igor’ or worse,” he explained. X-rays or no X-rays, he felt immediately cheered. It wouldn’t take him
eight weeks to knit back. Even Fate was
no match for Fortuna and she was com-

—

—

ing home.

Don’t mistake eczema
for the stubborn, ugly
embarrassing scaly skir
disease Psoriasis. Ap-

,

This time, however, Betty was in EngIt was her first trip abroad, and Rock
had helped her plan it enthusiastically.
When she left, he was in the hospital too
that time recuperating from an emergency
appendectomy and she’d stopped by en
route to the plane to say goodbye. Aboard
land.

Have you

miserable night without sleep. His shoulder was steeled in a plaster cast he described as fashioned “in the form of a
figure eight turned on its side two fours
the real hard way.” He agreed this would
be a heck of a way to get out of any
chore. “As a matter of fact, I like to
paint and I wish I had!”
They’re neighbors, Betty and Rock, only
about a yodel and one hilltop removed. He
drives her to work every morning; they
breakfast together at the studio. In the
evening he drops her off at her place on
Coldwater Canyon, then swings on up the
hill to his redwood -and -glass abode. When
they aren’t going out, he stops by fre-

As though bringing that happy day even
nearer, the phone beside Rock’s bed rang,
and the breezy voice of her sister-in-law
said, “This is a heck of a way to get out
of painting Betty’s room.” Betty would
have a few thousand words to say, ribbing
him on the same subject. Rock knew.
Propped up in his bed in St. Joseph’s
Hospital, with pillows mounded behind
his crushed shoulder. Rock had spent a

It was inevitable for two with such
kindred tastes and shared laughter, who’ve
worked on some eight pictures together,
to become close companions. Inevitable that
an often avowed “old-fashioned guy” as
Rock describes himself would be attracted
to the lovely blonde with the merry bluegray eyes. The girl he refers to as Magda Upswitch, Hezekiah Ormiston, or Fortuna Divine, or any combination of same.
Although in Hollywood romantic sweepstakes the pair is given no serious significance, Rock’s closer to Betty than to
of the other girls whose names are
variously itemed with his.
“Betty has such a wonderful sense of
humor,” he says. “And so much energy

any

it’s

all

I

can do

to

keep up with

She’s very intelligent, at

group

in

any discussion,

her!

home with any
And so under-

standing too. There are girls, you know,
who wouldn’t understand being asked to
help wash a car at 1: 00 a.m.,” he grins.
When Rock drove his new yellow Lincoln convertible from Detroit, he called
from New Mexico, to make sure Betty and


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Rock's always taken a dim view of the "fragile little flower" type of girl anyway. "I don't like helpless women," he says. "I like one with a mind of her own, who does things for herself. And maybe a few for me," he adds, with a reflective twinkle.

Their affection has grown with association, since their first meeting, when Rock was playing a bit part in "Bright Victory." As Rock recalls, "I was only in the first nine pages of the script. But one day when they were shooting outdoor scenes they had to wait for the sun, and Rock and Betty got into a serious discussion on acting. She was, he noted, very easy to talk to. Also, she had something intelligent to say. They didn't, however, really become acquainted until they went to Oregon on location for "Bend of the River." The company was quartered at the Timberline Lodge and Rock and Betty were often invited to shindigs arranged by the college kids who were working at the Lodge during the summer months. Betty suspects their friendship may have mellowed around an open campfire at a steak fry. "Father (as she sometimes calls Rock) ate three steaks on his own—and then I gave him mine," she recalls.

But their affinity for laughter really attracted them. As Rock observes, "She's so unaffected. She has no conceit, no ego. She cares nothing for publicity or any of the celebrity routine. So much fun, always herself, never showing off." Betty's laughter has been a boon for her on far more serious occasions too, when she's notably always standing by. When Rock was thrown from a horse in a frightening accident, and confined to bed until they could determine whether she had any internal injuries, Betty and her close friend put on a "wake" for him, gathering at his place. When Rock had his emergency appendectomy recently, out of the haze of either her pretty, merry face was the first Rock saw. Although pals insist it was the aroma of the platter of golden fried chicken she'd brought him that helped bring him back to the outside world again.

There is an association stimulated by differences of opinion too. One evening after the appendectomy when Betty

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dropped by the hospital, her quick observation eye noted immediately that Rock's radio was gone. Realizing how Rock needed it with his habit of keeping music going every waking moment of the day, and knowing his penchant for giving things away, she went to Betty, and said, "Where's your radio?" she asked. "I let a fellow have it," he said. "What fellow?" she went on, her blue-gray eyes darkening the way they do when her Irish shows. A fellow here in town, she observed.

"She was so mad," he laughs, recalling. "But just because she knew how much music means to me. Betty gets mad because she thinks I'm too soft, and I get mad because I don't think she's soft-hearted enough. Although I must say, she's far more intuitive about people than I am. Just recently, a fellow we both knew really turned out to be a big disappointment to me. I thought he was a great guy. Betty had him pegged right all the time."

Sparks are apt to fly a little too—when Rock plans some exciting adventure for them, some unusual, since they're going to do something they must do. "Fime—when?" she asks. "Oh—soon," he answers and comfortably pedaling another chorus on the piano. "They're our other plans and they're having some other plans and we're in the same boat."

Bend the River was first released about two years ago. Rock insisted they must catch it. "I know it's somewhat, yet you'll really enjoy it," he said, and I want to see him. He was in town. "When?" she inquired. "Oh—soon," he said. The other day he called saying, "I'll dress right away. There's some place we must go. What's the address?" and she wouldn't tell her. "It's a surprise," he said. They drove for miles and miles to a small neighborhood theatre away out of the edge of nowhere. "Oh no!" she said. "Bend of the River" was playing there.

As Betty has said, "I have a temper—but you just can't stay mad at Rock. When I'm angry I usually get very quiet, but you just don't do this with dear old Dad. I go in off a corner and start working at my typewriter, and he comes over and starts clowning, and eventually—I laugh.

Rock brought her an exquisite mantilla with hand-made lace from Belgium last year. Betty bought a black cocktail dress to go with it, and they went to see "Top Banana." They were sitting third row center, and they laughed so hard and loud they stopped clapping. Phil Silvers just stood there saying, "We'll wait . . ." As Rock says, "I felt about three inches high."

He had no idea what Betty would bring him back from England. But to bring her own merry self back—and pronto—would be present enough.

Betty brought him back the merriest colored argyle socks she could find, and a whole colony of leprechauns, and the admonition never to trip over an ocean breaker again when she's away. Soon after receiving Rock's cable, the studio had called urging, "Can you possibly be back by the seventeenth?" Then the connection failed and for thirty minutes Betty was wondering, "What's happened to him now?"

She got home to find dozens of red roses in front of her door with a card saying, "Igor Follows." And broken shoulder or no, within a matter of minutes Igor did. He came in slowly, walking like he was "165 years old," wearing blue jeans, moccasins, and a shoulder-hunchback. "My gosh, Father, what's happened to you?" she asked. "If this isn't typical of The Hudson? Who else but Monster would let a freak thing like this happen?"

When Betty said she must go to the studio the next day, Rock said, "If you'll drive, I'll go with you." The word went all over the lot, and in the studio commissary they were ganged. "Betty's back—Rock's up," the happy word spread.

"Magnificent Obsession" would roll, with only a week's delay. And if you ask Betty Abbott, it couldn't happen to a man from Mississippi, Rock, however, isn't so sure. "This is the toughest, most complex character I've ever attempted. When you think about Jane Wyman, Agnes Moorehead, Charles Bickford—what can I possibly contribute to a cast like that?"

Of course, Betty Abbott is the girl who could say "I love old Dad" straight in this respect too. "She's my best booster," he says. "Whenever I get discouraged or think I'm terrible, Betty says, 'Well, Father, I don't think so . . . And she's right about so many things I'd like to think she might be right about this too."

For many reasons, the Lloyd Douglas story is one close to Rock Hudson's heart. "I believe in Magnificent Obsessions. I don't make it my life's work to do it. I make it my life's work to do it. But I like what you're giving presents," he says. Much in the tone of one who believes that with today's luck he's going to have to give a lot more to balance the score.

Take, for instance, the laughter and friendship and faith of a girl called—by Rock—Fortuna Divine.

The End

A cablegram from "Nurse Nancy" in Europe and Rock knew a broken collar bone wasn't going to keep him from big role in "Magnificent Obsession"
Hollywood's Lost Ladies

(Continued from page 53)

And I've never met a girl who was taken ill as much as Marilyn—from anemia to skin rashes. A lot of it is mental. She's even been afraid to marry Joe DiMaggio because it might hurt her career. And it's not as if she were saving a fortune. Her salary is low for a movie star, and Uncle Sam and her agents get most of it.

On the other hand, take a look at one of the ladies feuding with Marilyn—name- ly, Joan Crawford. No one is more restless or dissatisfied than Joan, who has everything to make her calm—everything except a man of her own, unless that really is a romance with Milton Raikin. She never stops to say, "Look what I've done"—always, "What haven't I got?" Her house is the barometer of her insecurity. Her unceasing search for perfection in herself and her children is the clue for any psychiatrist to find the deep ineradicable streak of unrest; it reaches back into her past, clouds her present, and could destroy her future happiness.

Take that house. It was Spanish when she bought it in 1929. She has redone it every year, with false ceilings, false floors, false walls over the stained windowpanes; modern, early American, back to modern. Always changing, always trying something new. She can't keep servants because it isn't humanly possible to meet her demands. If she doesn't work for a week, she's worried. She needs constant reassurance of her importance in the Hollywood scheme of life. She writes thousands of letters a month. If you thank her on a postcard, Joan will thank you for thanking her. If only she would stop to take stock of her assets, some nice guy could catch up with her and give her the only thing that could ever make her happy—a little emotional security.

It took reports of a violent fight and the announcement of Susan Hayward's separation and impending divorce from Jess Barker to make me realize what a good actress Susan is. Every time I had talked with her about Jess she raved about her happy marriage and how one day this own would realize what a great actor he was. But she was covering up for a very uninsatistfactory way of life where she was the breadwinner, and he stayed home and cooked after the kids. Directly his career started to go again, there was no need for pretense. Susan was quite wonderful, though, during the years of their marriage. I remember when a top executive tried to invite her to see her latest picture with him in his private projection room and he pointedly did not include me. "Look, mister," said the hot-tempered redhead, "I work for you from nine to five, but on my own time my husband comes with me, or I don't go." She didn't go. Of course the classic deception of all was Janie Powell's supposedly "ideal" marriage. It's an old saying, but always true, that no one can break up a happy marriage. And that creeping paralysis known as boredom must have set in with one and Garry Stetten, before Gene Nelson damed his way into Janie's heart.

In one of her moments of desperation, Anna Turner wrote a Hollywood columnist at Lex Barker was shooting his mouth about getting married to her. When she came out of it, Lana wrote another letter saying she didn't mean a word of it. Obviously not, because a couple of weeks later Lana took Lex for her fourth hus- band. This really is a Lost Lady.

Lana and Ava Gardner don't look a bit alike, but they have a lot in common, apart from having married Artie Shaw, and both being in love—at different times of
course—with Frank Sinatra. They’re both searching for stability and happiness. But it depends on what they mean by happiness. It isn’t earning a big salary—Lana makes $5,000 a week and Ava doesn’t get much less. It doesn’t mean getting married. Ava’s had three and Lena four husbands.

Happiness isn’t fine clothes and fancy jewels. It seems to me that happiness is a self-hypnosis, plus great unsullied love of others. To the extent to which you can determine what this thing is—"This I like. This makes me happy. These people love me." You have to feel well, it helps to have some money in the bank, and you have to like your work. But above all you must love and be loved. When Ava and Lena realize this, what Lana calls the "rat race" will be over.

There was a sad rumor that Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis were on the verge of a divorce—just before she discovered she was pregnant. But I don’t believe that. Whenever I’ve seen them together they have always looked and talked like two people deeply in love. I don’t think it’s possible that a woman being frustrated and restless, living with Mr. Curtis. She might get irritated sometimes. But that’s all.

No one quite knows what made Eleanor Parker so bitter with Bert Freedb. her husband of seven and a half years and the father of her three children. Eleanor won’t talk, and Bert isn’t telling. When I questioned her to the people she’s known, he said, "There isn’t an audience of our getting back together." And that’s exactly what Eleanor said. How can you toss off seven and a half years of marriage?

Barbara Stanwyck is unhappy. But you have to hand it to Babs. She’s good-humored about her plight. There was only one time that Barbara lost her sense of humor—that was when Bob Tanat a married after they divorced Bob, and she’s been sorry ever since. Of course if she hadn’t been so anxious to work all the time it might never have happened, because she’d have been there in Italy with him.

Barbara doesn’t breathe right unless she’s working. It’s her past catching up—an orphanage, no money, and her first marriage to Frank Fay leaving a scar that will remain her whole life. But as long as she is working she has no time to fret and stew. Not so long ago when there were no picture offers for a year, she called her agent and asked, "Am I through for pictures? It’s $150,000 a picture," he told her. "Then cut it to $100,000, or to $50,000. I want to work," she replied. She said later she’d have signed for $50,000 just to work.

Greer Garson is another Hollywood actress who is unhappy unless working—even though she has a billion for a husband. A basic insecurity and a love of applause keep her hopping on the career front. Just to be a wife doesn’t seem enough. She has to be in the limelight.

And this was the reason why Vivien Leigh had that tragic breakdown. She had to keep going, even when she was ill. I had always thought she was trying to keep up with Sir Larry Olivier. And I still do. But never should have allowed her to play Blanche in "Streetcar Named Desire"—it was a stage, I mean. She’s never been really well since the loss of their baby, which she always wanted to have. So much beauty and so much sweetness and talent and So much tragedy.

She was Winter’s more subdued and, oddly enough, happier than I’ve ever known her. She seems reconciled to whatever is in store for her marriage with Victor Gussman. I’d say the first flush of ecstasy is over. She has known the baby and the career, and that seems to be enough—for the time being anyway.

Zsa Zsa Gabor reminds me of the impotent man who is always talking of female conquests, has no chance, and I guess he can never convince himself. Zsa Zsa talks non-stop about the men who are madly in love with her. But she seems to have a rest of her life. Zsa Zsa Gabor is my papers, says Portofio Rubirosa. She says he’s George Sanders, whose casual treatment of her—and all women—seems to be his major attraction for her and them. Zsa Zsa tells me repeatedly that she’s only a little singer because she can never convince himself. Zsa Zsa Gabor is my papers, says Portofio Rubirosa. She says he’s George Sanders, whose casual treatment of her—and all women—seems to be his major attraction for her and them. Zsa Zsa tells me repeatedly that she’s only a little singer because she can never convince himself. Zsa Zsa Gabor is my papers, says Portofio Rubirosa. She says he’s George Sanders, whose casual treatment of her—and all women—seems to be his major attraction for her and them. Zsa Zsa tells me repeatedly that she’s only a little singer because she can never convince himself. Zsa Zsa Gabor is my papers, says Portofio Rubirosa. She says he’s George Sanders, whose casual treatment of her—and all women—seems to be his major attraction for her and them. Zsa Zsa tells me repeatedly that she’s only a little singer because she can never convince himself. Zsa Zsa Gabor is my papers, says Portofio Rubirosa. She says he’s George Sanders, whose casual treatment of her—and all women—seems to be his major attraction for her and them. Zsa Zsa tells me repeatedly that she’s only a little singer because she can never convince herself.
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Home Is Where Her Heart Is

(Continued from page 41)
very soon, "please come in and see a wonderful show. An exciting mystery!"

But I'd rather see this fight," resisted E. D. W. and do these things, reasons Liz. And the experts aren't all the wonderful things Michael is. You can't have everything.

Wilt's ring is not well-dressed man. Either. He has been known to appear for lunch in a tieless and nondescript shirt, unmatched sports jacket and slacks and a nautical cap.

"I couldn't recognize my appearance, because I always look like this in the day-time," he said, "but my association with the drama department of M-G-M (you know they're trying to teach me English) will always be a real for him, without aambling slick, 'they're putting me to shame."

Meanwhile, if Liz teases him a little about his appearance, Michael need only remind her of all the times she has taken more trouble over how formal the occasion. Then they laugh and change the subject.

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They're that sympathetic and understanding of each other about everything—especially the smallest, Mike can't keep track of things and admittedly loses them on the beach, having to chase around the beach, sharing quarters with a couple of his friends. First of all, the friends having to answer a sudden studio call, leaving them with the overhead. Then Mike lost her copy of some key words.

It turned out to be a very expensive vacation indeed. No comment from Mrs. W. who knows how often her "bargains" could easily have been tagged extravagances.

So the two of them go on a spree. Mike because he lost his pipe or dark glasses or right in the house too. But she never forgets those mornings and evenings when he has been too busy.

There was a time, a few months ago, when Michael thought Liz was being overly attentive, possibly a bit silly about their son. "After all," he'd say, like many fathers have before him, "he's just a baby."

Mike did try to do something about the landscaping around the fairly new house, but with little success. The lawn is rather forlorn sight even today. But who cares? They do these things, reasons Liz. And the experts aren't all the wonderful things Michael is. You can't have everything.

But Wilt's is not well-dressed man. Either. He has been known to appear for lunch in a tieless and nondescript shirt, unmatched sports jacket and slacks and a nautical cap.

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Today the picture has changed. In private, Liz often giggles silently as she spies on her husband watching the baby's every move and listening intently to each sound he makes.

She has heard again and again how he draws a picture of Mike on a papa napkin as he talks about him over luncheon table, and that he always "happens to have a hand in his pocket. An old friend charmed her by repeating one of her husband's remarks about his son: "He's a very good little boy even when he wet his drawers."

The three things that fascinated Michael most was the baby's first hussle with soft food. Evidently he had thought children drank milk and nothing else until the were two. "How can he eat that revolutionist stew, I wonder, didn't eat the first meal, but he never misses watching Mike's meals when he's at home.

Up to quite recently, there was a bit of good-natured family squabbling about the temperature of the pool. Mike loves cold water, and noted that the novelty of having a pool under his window has worn off, he often goes down to the beach mornings for a vigorous swim in the sea.

"I'll engage for relaxation," he announced, "people do that, you know." He talked about this project at length, but never did anything about it. "I'm black with the cold in an indoor room of twenty-five degrees, according to her doing husband. "She likes hot water in a cold pool," h
...days ambiguously and has suggested she take a long a cake of soap and save time.

But now, at Liz's suggestion, Mikie is king swimming lessons from his dad, and of course the water must be nice and warm for so small a boy—and his mother enjoying it too.

Both the Wildings like doing things on the spur of the moment. They also enjoy just sitting and doing a lot of that when they can. But they gave that up gladly when they rushed off on that trip to England. "I've toldshow Mikie to his family.

Both are also a source of constant astonishment to each other. Mike marvels at how Elizabeth can turn on a radio program in the middle, not even knowing what it's about and then keep it going with deep concentration while she dresses, bathes or does a few chores. Her favorites are mysteries to "Dragnet" and "The Whistler," but anything that has an element of suspense intrigues her. It doesn't matter whether he knows the beginning or the end.

Liz, who admires Mike's talent for painting, would like him to turn out a masterpiece or two. He did what he calls "a disgraceful" portrait of his beautiful younger wife from a photograph—"no self-specting painter would do that"—when they were first married and after she left America.

The artist wonders what Mikie will do when he's able to recognize it. There's also a huge self-portrait somewhere in England that he wasn't able to finish it down to life-size. It could, he imagines, reveal a great deal that would embarrass the artist to any psychiatrist with whom she lays eyes on it.

When Mikie didn't produce the masterpiece she wanted, or Liz bought him a new camera. With this, she was sure she'd faithfully reproduce everything important that happens around the house.

"I was deeply moved," says Mike, "and explained that I couldn't understand anything so complicated. If she'd bought a simple one that requires nothing more than counting feet between the camera and the subject, I might have added something to the family album. But Liz insisted on the latest in equipment, bless her, and there it is, still beautifully wrapped, occupying the secret compartment in my car. I'm scared of it..." admits the husky, unmechanical actor.

The Wildings have little time for play, apart from loafing and swimming, but occasionally they do ride. Liz puts Mikie to shame, he says, since she's been as one with a horse from her childhood, as everyone will remember who saw her in "National Velvet."

"I keep thinking of Mikie when I see her prowess and ease," says Mike. "I'd have died if I'd been her parents when she was riding and jumping six-foot jumps sailback at ten. I don't know what I'll do if he has the same inclination."

Mike shares Liz's love for animals. They spoil their four dogs and four cats, some of which were rescued by Liz in studio back lots, parking lots and pounds as far away as London. Mike's favorite is Honey, a huge golden retriever, which he brought home to be a watch dog when they bought their isolated home. Honey is a source of unending amusement, as she practically eats up with affection, not for protection, anyone coming to the door. On the other hand, the "rat," a miniature long-haired dachshund about a foot long that Liz brought back from England, keeps everyone alert, even if the object of his attention is nothing but a snail.

Obviously each of the charming Wildings has a few peculiarities, as might be expected, but each seems to overlook the other's. Michael, for instance, will not go "backstage," as he calls the sets, nor does he like to frequent the noisy commissary, while she picks up his lovely wife at the M-G-M gate, then takes her to a remote place for lunch. There they can talk as ease, without interruptions.

Like most other couples, the Wildings are on a budget. They also have a business manager who makes them stick to it: so much towards paying off the house and pool, so much for domestic help, gardener, food, cleaning bills and—worst of all—so much for clothes. The man didn't know how casual Mike is about clothes, so he allowed a joint amount that would ostensibly include a certain sum for him. Liz takes care of that; she uses up most of Mike's allowance, too. This is fine with her husband, who likes nothing better than to see her all dressed up and to take a real interest in her wardrobe.

Obviously, running Michael Wilding is no chore at all—not for Elizabeth Taylor. She thinks the smartest thing she ever did was pick out a man that's "perfect, just perfect the way he is—at least for me."

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Cover: Marilyn Monroe, Twentieth star, is currently in "How to Marry a Millionaire." 
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DECEMBER, 1953 VOL. 44, NO. 6

PHOTOPLAY IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY by Macfadden Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y.
EXECUTIVE, ADVERTISING AND EDITORIAL OFFICES: at 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. 

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: 6 weeks' notice essential. When possible, please furnish stamped, self-addressed envelope with sufficient return postage will be returned.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: $2.00 a year, $3.00 for 6 years, $5.00 for 10 years, U. S. and Possessions, Canada $2.50 a year, $4.00 per year in all other countries.

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PUBLISHED BY MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y., Printed in U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Co., New York, N. Y., Member of The True Story Women's Group.

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BY ERSKINE JOHNSON*

LAUGHING STOCK

Dean Martin's explanation for the presence of a chimpanzee on the set of the latest Martin and Lewis comedy: "That's Jerry's brother. He's always on the set when Jerry is working."

A Texan, visiting Ciro's, told owner H. D. Hover, "I can't dance but, boy, I sure do like to hold them while they do."

Director Mark Robson had to SOS Hollywood for one hundred wigs, fifty hair falls and twenty-four sets of falsies when native girls in Samoa failed to measure up to the script as extras in "Return to Paradise." The wigs and hair falls were returned to Hollywood but the native gals talked Robson out of the falsies.

Kurt Kasznar divides people who complain about taxes into two categories: men and women.

Joan Davis describing a midget: "A real down-to-earth person."

Evelyn Keyes tells about three French children seeing their first torrid love scene in a movie: "Look at the man and woman talking," said the youngest. "They're not talking, they're making love," corrected the next one. "Yes," added the oldest boy sagely, "but not very well."

Solution to Hollywood's 3-D vs. curved-screen headache: Flat screens, curved actors and 3-Different kinds of popcorn.

Three little Indian boys in blue jeans and plaid shirts were watching the filming of 'War Paint' at Death Valley when a Hollywood extra, in make-up and full feathered Indian dress, stepped out of a station wagon. "Gee," said one of the wide-eyed Indian boys, "Look at the Indian."

Chill Wills complaining about one of his recent films: "The cameraman shot the back of my ears until I came out looking like a loving cup with hair."

One star to another: "What do you think of wide-screen movies?" Replied the other: "They're great—if you're a mountain."

One Hollywood cat to another about a sloppy movie queen headed for Europe: "They'll love her there—with all that food between her teeth."

Spike Jones' hefty singer, Laverne Pearson, nixed an offer to warble in opera saying, "I prefer the smell of Spike's gunpowder to that of garlic."

Sign in a bar near Paramount studio: "A bartender is the only psychiatrist who works in an apron."

*See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Heel" on your local TV station.
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Hollywood Whispers

BY FLORABEL MUIR

Tongues wagged when Shelley Winters resumed active interest in her career and went off to Canada for "Saskatchewan," leaving Vittorio in Hollywood. Afterward, Gassman flew to Rome, and Shelley's remarks about him were vague indeed. When Vittorio flew home to Los Angeles, and there was no Shell at the airport to meet him, everyone was putting two and two together and saying the marriage was over. Vittorio was sparring with reporters at the airport—when up dashed Shell. She had overslept! They departed arm in arm.

Precedent-making is Bert Friedlob's request to the courts to try to effect a reconciliation between him and his estranged wife, Eleanor Parker. Eleanor, due to go to Egypt for a film, has remained cool to his personal pleas, so Bert turned to the courts for help.

M-G-M execs are looking skeptically at their plans to co-star Ava Gardner and Frank Sinatra in a musical about that St. Louis woman from the famed song of that name. What would happen if the two decided to call it a day while the film is being shot? Would they have enough interest in their careers to carry on before the cameras while seething with the urge to slug each other in private life? With so volatile a pair no one can be sure what may develop.

Charles Drake subbed as Suzan Ball's escort.

All Hollywood rejoiced with Suzan Ball when she learned that she was past the danger with that malignant growth in her knee joint. It looks as if Suzan's romance with Dick Long is serious, while he was in Canada his friend Charles Drake subbed as Suzan's escort.

6
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“Madhouse Month” is what you can call this past one—and you won’t be wrong. So many parties, preems, movie stars making their nightclub bows in town, charity events, fashion shows (the cocktail party kind)—what a whirl!

Some eighty of the hundreds who went to the Beverly Hills opening of “Little Boy Lost” were still mopping their eyes when they reached producer Bill Perlberg’s midnight supper-dance at Chasens. Lovely Nicole Maurey (Bing’s wife in the film) was in flowing white. Mrs. Perlberg was a knockout in black starched chiffon; Jane Wyman wore black too, with a white mink jacket. Bob Cummings and his Mary; Alice Faye and Phil Harris; Debbie Reynolds with Tab Hunter; Rosée Clooney and José Ferrer; Maureen O’Hara in gold lamé; Lori Nelson with Tom Morton, to name a few.

Unusual aspect of the affair was the number of people, such as Charles Brackett, Joan Bennett and Nancy Sinatra, who brought their children to the preview and the party. Ages of the offspring ranged from eight to eighteen. Nancy had dotter Nancy and Frank, Jr. in tow—all remarked how the kid is the image of his Pop!

Next night, John Wayne and Bob Fellows premiered their “Island in the Sky.” Gave a party afterwards at Romanoff’s. Wayne brought Pilar Palette (surprised?); Vera Ellen with Richard Gully; Terry Moore, in halter-necked pale blue taffeta and silver-blue mink stole, with Nicky Hilton. Debbie Younouwho, with John Anderson, looking real sophisticated, hair piled high, long earrings, draped rose chiffon gown and mink stole. Others were the Gordon MacRae, Barbara Rush and Jeff Hunter, Dorothy Malone and Bill Holmes (bet anything they’re engaged).

What an eighth anniversary party June Allyson and Dick Powell tossed at home! Almost a hundred guests! Their patio was enclosed in cellophane and dinner was served there; but dancing was indoors. June’s dress matched the pink and white flower decorations of the house.

Real crazy!—the party for hundreds given by the Edwin Earls, to which everyone came dressed as either Groucho Marx or Carmen Miranda! (You know this might be tiresome for you to try the next time you give a shin dig. Pick your own two “kerricklers” for the requested costume!)

Quite a do when Gene Nelson danced his way into the Coconut Grove—with Jane Powell beaming from ringside. Jane Russell was there with Gilbert Roland and Bob Waterfield’s permission. Spouse was away on a hunting trip. Jane wore the gold-dust evening hat, dripping with pearls. The Powell was in vivid blue. Ann Miller with Bill O’Connor; the Barry Sullivans; Piper Laurie with David Schine.

The night after Gene closed, Jane Powell opened at the Grove—and the event was but terrific! Not only did all the Metro brass turn out (“proving” nobody’s mad at the gal), but fans galore. She got enough flowers to fill the Hollywood Bowl. Gene Nelson actually blushed at the lingering look she tossed him when he warbled, “It’s a most unusual day—and my heart won’t behave in the usual way...” Her Helen Rose gown was of red chiffon, shorter in front than in back, decollete with a onestrap top and trailing scarf.

Audrey Hepburn walked into the special charity preem of “Roman Holiday” an unrecognized little girl, and walked out of the theatre one of Hollywood’s brightest new stars! Yep, that’s what everybody said. (Along with raves for the picture.) Audrey wore a blue tulle bouffant gown, its top of silver lamé, and the skirt trimmed with lace and roses, designed by Edith Head. Aside from at least sixty already mentioned here, attendees included love birds Jeff Donnell and Aldo Ray; Jan Sterling and Paul Douglas; new Guy Bob Horton and Barbara Ruick; Shirley Temple and spouse.

A different kind of affair was the dinner dance of the Make-Up Artists, Hair Stylists and Body Make-Up Artists at the Ambassador Hotel. Perc Westmore sure whipped up a great show, and stars who appeared, performed or both were Jane Wyman, Jimmy Durante, Jane Russell, John Carroll, Vic Damone, Lita Baron, Mary McCarthy, Dotty Lamour, Arlene Dahl—and more!

At the ball, a dozen dolls were picked as the most beautiful and talented newcomers. Of these, Elaine Stewart and Anne Francis were among last year’s photoplay “Choose Your Stars” winners, and Pat Crowley and Joan Weldon among this year’s. Others were Doe Avedon, Barbara Darrow, Kathleen Hughes, Dona Cole, Margie Millar, Joan O’Brien and Sara Shane.

I’ve noticed that the movie belles are going for a dramatic fashion hit—“little fur touches” in suits, coats, dresses, hats and even ears! Mink earrings, finnaces to match small detachable collars and cuffs. Or perhaps a tiny soft fur bow. Very gay and not very expensive!
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Powder and foundation— in one! Stays on longer than powder.

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Shampoo this diamond sparkle into your hair with new DIAL SHAMPOO

No other shampoo gives this glorious Dial beauty — yet leaves your hair so easy to manage
LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

with Janet Graves

SO BIG
WARNERS

Charmingly nostalgic in period and attitude, the saga of a heroic woman gives Jane Wyman an utterly endearing role. She's first seen as a school girl, snatched from luxury when her father dies. On her own but unafraid, she takes a job teaching at a country school. The atmosphere of a Dutch-settled farm community in the Middle West of the 1890's is captured winningly. As the slow-spoken farmer whose hard life Jane chooses to share, Sterling Hayden turns in his most sympathetic performance, brief as his role is. Her husband's death leaves Jane to raise their little boy alone. Steve Forrest (Dana Andrews' brother) cuts a handsome figure as her son in adulthood, nearly corrupted by the ambitions of his wealthy fiancée (Martha Hyer). And Nancy Olson makes a fine impression as the artist who shows him his error. But it's Jane who carries the picture.

Verdict: Honest sentiment, expertly done (Family)

TORCH SONG
M-G-M, TECHNICOLOR

The bitter, brassy case study of an unpleasant woman provides Joan Crawford with a spectacular vehicle. She's an arrogant star of stage musicals, given to browbeating her co-workers. At heart, of course, she is lonely and unhappy, and her fix is her own fault. When her pianist quits, a victim of combat fatigue, Michael Wilding is hired as substitute. Blinded in the war, he hides behind defenses of his own. The two fall in love, but won't acknowledge it. Joan has looked handsomer; here, her face is etched with bad temper. But her portrayal is consistent. Wilding handles both debonair lines and emotional scenes smoothly; Gig Young has a minor role as a sort of gigolo; Marjorie Rambeau's amusing as Joan's cadging mother. The story's done up in showy style, with luxurious costumes, flashy settings and musical numbers, in which Joan sings and dances.

Verdict: Flamboyant close-up of a neurotic (Adult)

MOGAMBO
M-G-M, TECHNICOLOR

The costly African jaunt of Gable, Gardner and troupe pays off lavishly in entertainment values, matching a broadly told story with wild landscapes and an imposing array of savage beasts. Clark's the mighty hunter; Ava, the gallant, sharp-tongued adventuress stranded by chance at his headquarters on the veld. An off-handed romance is building up when scientist Donald Sinden and wife Grace Kelly arrive, having hired Clark as guide on a dangerous expedition into gorilla country. On the safari, Clark and Grace find themselves strongly attracted, and the emotional mixture creates fireworks. Clark's at ease in a typical Gable assignment; Donald and Grace do thankless roles well. But two natural wonders—Africa and Ava—steal the show. The latter's at her most beautiful, and right handy with her wisecracking lines. She's really making progress in her acting style.

Verdict: Tropic passions, laughs and thrills (Family)

More reviews on next page
LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

Continued

PARATROOPER

COLUMBIA, TECHNICOLOR

Paratroopers' training, shown in absorbing detail, and the climacticraid scenes are the chief attractions of this British made thriller starring Alan Ladd. The personal and romantic angles of the story are less interesting, however, and Alan's handicapped by the necessity of acting surly and touchy through most of the picture. Supposedly a Canadian he's actually a former officer of the American Air Force guarding an unhappy secret that makes him refuse the responsibilities of leadership. The love story linking him with a WAAF (Susan Stephen, more the appealing type than the beauty) turns into a rather tiresome verbal sparring match. But the movie goes into high gear when the paratroops, led by Leo Genn (able and attractive as ever), take off from England to attack the Nazis in occupied France and later in North Africa, as the Allies invade.

Verdict: Exciting action, weak romance

(Reserved for first run, TV, foreign)

THOSE REDHEADS FROM SEATTLE

PARAMOUNT

TECHNICOLOR, 3-D

Big names from the recording field join Hollywood notable Rhonda Fleming and Gene Barry to spin an agreeable tune-trimmed yarn of oldtime Alaska. Among the newcomers, Teresa Brewer registers most effectively. Playing one of Rhonda's sisters, she's a neatly curved little trick with a peppery personality to match her lively singing voice. Gun Mitchell puts across with his well-known gusto such song as "Chick-a-boom." But the Bell Sisters get less opportunity. With Rhonda, Teresa and their movie mother, Agnes Moorehead, they go to Alaska to be with their father, only to find that he has been murdered to silence his newspaper crusades. Barry's suitably rugged as a dance-hall owner teamed with Rhonda in a romance that's secondary to the songs. (Shot in 3-D, this film may also be shown in 2-D check your theatre to see which version it's using.)

Verdict: Nice, unassuming musical melodrama

(Reserved for first run, TV, foreign)

BACK TO GOD'S COUNTRY

U.L. TECHNICOLOR

Picture by picture, Rock Hudson's acquiring extra poise. He's a doughty adventure hero in this story of dirty doing in the snowy North. Owner-captain of a small freight schooner, he's eager to set sail from a Canadian harbor before it's icebound. A series of incidents delays him, and behind them all is Steve Cochran, playing the most wholehearted villains of recent years. He even beats his dog, splendid Great Dane which plays a considerable part in the plot. Steve has designs on Rock's ship, cargo and wife (Marcia Henderson, comely if somewhat stolid in this role) As assistant villain, Hugh O'Brian does a clever job; he's a genteel, well-educated chap blackmailed into serving a boss he despises. The plentiful action includes dog-team chase in the frozen wilderness and a gargantuan, bone-smashing brawl—pitting Rock against Steve. 

Verdict: Lusty good-guys-bad-guys conflict

(Reserved for first run, TV, foreign)
They know that...

LISTERINE INSTANTLY KILLS GERMS ON THROAT SURFACES...BY MILLIONS!

At the first sign of a sneeze, cough or sniffle, out comes the Listerine bottle and the Nelsons start gargling. With heavy TV and radio commitments, they simply can't afford to let a cold or a sore throat due to colds get them down if they can help it.

Like millions of other healthy American families, they have found that, used early and often, Listerine can often help head off a cold entirely or lessen its severity.

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In tests over 12 years, users had fewer colds, fewer sore throats

You see, Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs, including the "secondary invaders" (see panel at right).

These are the threatening germs that many authorities believe account for much of a cold's misery when they invade the tissue.

Listerine often halts such mass invasions...attacks the germs before they attack you. Actual tests showed germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% even fifteen minutes after gargling and up to 80% after one hour.

This safe, germ-killing action, we believe, accounts for this remarkable record:

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

So, if colds are going around, it's a pretty smart idea to see that everybody in the family gargles systematically with this wonderful antiseptic.

We mean your breath, of course! Listerine keeps breath sweeter, longer. You see, Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of germs, including germs that are the most common cause of bad breath when they start the fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth.

Tooth-brushing does not give you antiseptic protection. Chewing gums and chlorophylls do not kill germs. Listerine does. That is why it averaged four times better in reducing breath odors than the tooth pastes and chlorophyll products it was tested against.

About that very intimate matter

Stops bad breath 4 times better than tooth paste
Only CinemaScope could surround you with so glittering an array of stars...engulf you in the glamour of the world's greatest city...the excitement of Maine's ski slopes...the dazzling beauty of a fabulous fashion show.
**DECAMERON NIGHTS**

(505, TECHNICOLOR)

This trio of tales from Boccaccio's "Decameron" has a delectable European flavor. Louis Jourdan plays the 14th Century author, who tells the first story in an attempt to woo Joan Fontaine away from loyalty to her deceased husband. It's a saucy fable about a restless young wife (Joan), her elderly spouse (the late Godfrey Tearle) and a dashing pirate (Jourdan). Joan, counters with a story in which the same players act out a melodramatic tribute to wildly fidelity. And Louis comes back with a final story about an intellectual lady deserted by her reluctant bridegroom. Throughout, Joan looks warmer and more sensuous than ever before. The land- and seascapes of Spain, where the film was made, add rich color.

**Verdict:** Witty, lightly skirmdish in the battle of the sexes

(Adult)

**BLOWING WILD**

(WARNERS)

Gary Cooper, Barbara Stanwyck and Anthony Quinn perform dependably in a vigorous story of Americans drilling for oil in Mexico. The normal hazards of the business account for several tense moments; a rackeeter-type bandit creates several more. Equally explosive is the triangle situation, Barbara, adored but unloving wife of boss Quinn, wants Gary, who is Quinn's foreman and loyal friend. Ruth Roman, as a stranded show-girl, and Ward Bond, as Gary's sidekick, prove able.

**Verdict:** Highly colored blend of action and love intrigue

(Adult)

**A LION IS IN THE STREETS**

(WARNERS, TECHNICOLOR)

A strong idea misses fire as James Cagney traces a backwoods peddler's rise to candidacy for the governorship of a southern state. Cagney's work is too little thick as the sport of choice of who champions the poor folks and uses their devotion to further his ambition. Barbara Hale has a stand-by assignment as his honest wife; Anne Francis fares better, going sexy to play the swamp vixen who becomes Cagney's on-the-side love. Jeanne Cagney and Onslow Stevens score in character roles.

**Verdict:** Political drama with some force, but a scrambled finish

(Adult)

**SABRE JET**

(L. A., CINECOLOR)

Familiar situations fill a standard story of the Korean War. Robert Stack makes a competent hero, tackling his flying job grimly, without the comforting knowledge that his wife will greet him on his return to the base in Japan. As the wife who values her newspaper job above his marriage, Coleen Gray can't make an over-written part believable. She comes to Japan only to get a story on jet pilots' wives, but such heroism as that of Julie Bishop, wed to commanding officer Richard Arlen, changes Coleen's outlook.

**Verdict:** Shallow human drama, impressive shots of jets in action

(Family)

**THREE FORBIDDEN STORIES**

(ELLS)

Like "Rome, II O'Clock," this Italian film (titles in English) is inspired by a real-life tragedy on an over-crowded staircase. This time, the disaster simply introduces the story. Lin Amanda is affecting as a girl who was criminally attacked as a child, and so has been unable to find happiness in love. Antonella Lualdi is seen in an amusing sequel to the Cinderella legend, as a playwright's neglected bride. Eleonora Rossi Drago, a brumette Bergman, is excellent as a brilliant girl degraded by a worthless man.

**Verdict:** Polished, penetrating view of sex from various aspects

(Adult)

**TANGA-TIKA**

(MONSON-LONG, EASTMAN COLOR)

The handsome people of Tahiti and their beautiful islands star in an enchanting tale of young romance and sea adventure. Adeline Tetahaimuai and Paul Meeo head a mostly native cast. She's being pushed into marriage with the son of a Chinese storekeeper, to whom her mother is deeply in debt. Meantime, her sweetheart tries desperately to earn enough money for a home. This is less a real movie than a spoken narrative illustrated by lovely still pictures, but the local activities are fascinating.

**Verdict:** Beguiling if technically crude ballad of the South Seas

(Family)

**THE BIG HEAT**

(COLUMBIA)

Glenn Ford's a police detective who leaves the force to fight a crime ring single-handed after the gang has murdered his wife. He gets unexpected help from Gloria Grahame, efficient as always in the role of a gunman's mistreated girlfriend. Though seen briefly, Jocelyn Brando (Marlon's sister) makes a likably average housewife. The expected amount of violence accompanies the sleuthing.

**Verdict:** Routine racket-buster

(Family)

**THE TITFIELD THUNDERBOLT**

(RANK, U. I., TECHNICOLOR)

A British-made movie builds a pleasant fancy about amateur railroaders. A suburban community is due to lose its leisurely old branch line, while a bus company threatens to drag the village into the hurly-burly of "civilization." So the citizens—notably vicar George Relph and poet Hugh Griffith—band together to keep the railroad running. The local squire (inimitable Stanley Holloways) lends financial aid so he can hang on in the train's bar while the pub's closed. With the bus company plotting assorted

**"Doctors' tests reveal this new chlorophyll derivative**

**CHECKS WOMEN'S SPECIAL ODOR PROBLEM!**

reports Registered Nurse

MARY L. RHOD

As Nurse Rhod explains: "Even women scrupulous in hygiene habits suffer from this embarrassing problem. It has defied elimination until now."

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You see, "ENENDS" actually reduce the formation in the body of certain odor-producing substances... substances particularly offensive at the time of menstruation. Thus act to keep you free of these odors at this time.

Enjoy this odor protection between your monthly periods, too ... by taking 1 or 2 "ENENDS" Tablets every day! You can get "ENENDS" everywhere. Trial size only 49c. Larger sizes save even more! Also available in Canada.

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*Darotol is a valuable chlorophyll derivative, a word found in "ENENDS."*

**SAFE EYE-GENE EYE-OPENING TEST THRILLS MANY!**

Eyes so tired you want to close them for relief? . . . 2 drops make this striking difference in SECONDS! Clear, excessive eyes are fascinating, 2 drops of soothing EYE-GENE, in each eye, float away that tired, strained, irritated look and feeling in seconds—dramatically lightens up your whole expression! Safe EYE-GENE, in each eye, is like a tonic for your eyes. Use it every day. 5c, 60c, $1 in handy eye-dropper bottles at Druggists.
it happens the minute you get into one of these fabulous new Jantzen "plus bras" that fills out your bustline, increases your glamour, makes your clothes fit better, your figure more graceful. The "plus" is the lightest airfoam rubber built into the cups, no ridges showing... everything as natural as can be. Nylonized® nylon taffeta, left 3.95... strapless in embroidered nylon marquisette, right 5.95.

Little Richie Andrusco's a lone adventurer is as lovable and unaffected a kid as you've ever seen on the screen. Rickie Brewster, as the older boy, and Jay Williams, as a kindly pony-ride concessionaire, are also outstanding. Beautifully put together, the movie finds authentic humor in the real New York.

Verdict: Delightful picture of childhood in a big city (Family)

THE NIGHT IS MY KINGDOM (DAVIS)
The world of the blind has been explored more thoroughly (in "Bright Victory," for instance), but this French movie (English titles) still has deep interest. Rugged Jean Gabin is an engineer who sacrifices his sight to bring his train to a safe stop. At a school for the blind, he is shown that he can earn his living—and love isn't out of reach. The triangle involving Gabin, a lovely blind teacher (Simone Valere) and the school's sighted director is too pat, but Gabin's relationship with his family is made urgently real by topnotch acting.

Verdict: Predictable, touching (Adult)

MARRY ME AGAIN (RKO)
Marie Wilson faces a very unusual problem—too much money. Her sudden inheritance of a fortune causes Robert Cummings to leave her at the altar, after she's tried vainly to keep him from hearing about her new financial status. Gags are some good for a laugh, pile up fast. Marie remains lame-brained; Bob, proud to the point of lunacy: and any resemblance to people is strictly nonexistent.

Verdict: Feather-witted farce (Family)
(Continued on page 99)
Do they want to believe that fancy “salon” creams and fancy prices can actually do more for their beauty? The truth is, as any dermatologist can tell you, it isn’t how much you pay for a cream that benefits your skin. One of the most important things is how deep the cream penetrates. AND NO CREAMS AT ANY PRICE CAN PENETRATE DEEPER THAN WOODBURY FACE CREAMS MADE WITH PENATEN. Woodbury now makes a special low-price offer to introduce you to the magic of Penaten!

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What’s more, your nights of sleeping with a “buttered-up” face are over. Woodbury Creams, with Penaten, penetrate so quickly — five minutes care is all you need!

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The new process allows close-ups in intimate scenes

**Photoplay**

**Applauds:**

**THE ROBE**

On this vast screen, the slave market teems with life

CinemaScope makes its bow in a drama of the Biblical age

CINEMASCOPE IS FINALLY HERE! With this impressive film version of the best-seller, Twentieth Century-Fox introduces its stage-wide, curved-screen process, expanding spectacular scenes to new proportions. Inspired by the Bible incident of the soldiers who gambled for Jesus' robe, the story includes both real and fictional characters, all carefully cast. Richard Burton plays the Roman officer whose life is changed when he's given the supposedly routine assignment of directing a triple crucifixion. Jean Simmons lends beauty and dignity to the role of his noble sweetheart. But Victor Mature is the most effective, as the Greek slave, an early follower of Christ. All the players, however, are dwarfed by the grandeur of CinemaScope, embracing the vistas of the Holy Land, startling audiences with the plunge toward the camera of four horses in full gallop.

At the end, CinemaScope recreates Rome's splendor
The most breath-taking complexions in Hollywood are cared for with Lux Toilet Soap.

Screen stars use it because they know from experience that Lux Toilet Soap is as good a soap for your skin as you can buy. **Arlene Dahl** is one of the famous Hollywood beauties who use Lux Soap. She especially likes it because it's so gentle on her skin, and because it's so nicely fragrant. We think you'll like it, too, (there's the Lever Brothers money-back guarantee, of course) and we think you'll like watching Hollywood stars every Thursday evening on Lux Video Theatre.
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BOURJOIS

Parasol—Perfume Flacon, Cologne, Talc and Cologne Stick. $3.50

(All prices plus tax)
I like Audrey Hepburn, but can’t join the cult who think she’s the greatest thing since the advent of sound. If this be treason, make the most of it . . . Ever spy on someone who didn’t know he was being watched? If so, you’ve seen Marlon Brando . . . Bob Wagner gets to be a better actor in each succeeding picture . . . I'd like to have the money spent by starlets as they sit at the fountain in Schwab’s waiting to be discovered like Lana Turner . . . Cyd Charisse wrinkles her nose when she laughs. Or haven’t you looked that high? Gene Nelson and Jane Powell seem to be doing an act even when dancing casually at a party . . . I have yet to see an actress carrying a copy of the Kinsey book . . . If you’re interested in the ways of the Johnson Office, let me tell you that they require that bumps be bumped rearward instead of forward; and that’s what’s supposed to have kept the bumps from being indecent in “Gentlemen Prefer Blondes”. . . Only English actors look comfortable to me in those right-seat drive autos.

I was with The Monroe when she was shopping in a Bev Hills department store. Marilyn asked to cash a check and the salesman asked her if she had any identification. This to a gal who carries it with her all the time . . . Marie Wilson, after doing a PA in Texas: “You just can’t tell down there whether a man’s a millionaire or if he’s really rich.” . . . Rosemary Clooney sleeps in short blue nighties, and bikes in long shorts . . . Wonder if they’ll ever team José Ferrer and Rosie in a pic.

I defy you to name a better comedian than Alec Guinness . . . I picture Debbie Reynolds going to a drive-in movie with her date . . . Tony Curtis is always talking about Janet Leigh and vice-versa. Recently Tony gave Janet a TV set for the bedroom, and on the card he wrote: “I guess there’ll be no sleeping with you now.” . . . I haven’t seen a Tarzan picture since Johnny Weissmuller days; bet Lana Turner and Arlene Dahl can’t say the same.

Shelley Winters, who discovered Vittorio Gassman, wonders why America hasn’t discovered him. Answer: he hasn’t had the right picture . . . I think it’s about time for Joan Crawford to have a real cool romance. Jeff Chandler isn’t it . . . Asa Gardner has made more progress as an actress than any sex bundle I know . . . I still get a thrill from the view of Hollywood at night from a hilltop house.

Ever wonder why you never see the heroine in a movie wearing stockings with the seams crooked? Because the script girl sees to it that they’re straight before the cameras start turning . . . Donald O’Connor has to warm up his ankles before he dances . . . From where I sit, the Academy Award winning picture is “From Here to Eternity” —a movie that isn’t in 3-D, CinemaScope, Cinerama or even Technicolor. And that certainly proves plenty, doesn’t it?

Maybe George Sanders is thinking of the Gabor somebody liked so much they named her twice, when he says: “If women dress to please themselves, it only goes to show that many of them are satisfied with very little.” . . . Terry Moore is always friendly, greets you with a hug, so I like to meet her . . . When asked if her eyelashes were real, Jane Russell answered: “Everything I have is mine.” . . . I’m waiting for Mickey Spillane to meet a sexy brunette, and next time he’s in town I’m going to slip him Elaine Stewart.

My favorite character, Mike Curtiz, finally told off an actor he had directed in several pictures: “I didn’t like you even when I liked you!” . . . I can’t understand why Stewart Granger doesn’t act more affectionate to Jean Simmons. I know I would if I were in his position . . . Somehow I got the impression that Gregory Peck was trying to be Cary Grant in “Roman Holiday” . . . Esther Williams has a private kennel built in a closet off her bedroom for her pet cocker spaniel, Angie, if you please . . . Rita Hayworth doesn’t care who knows that she likes to eat crackers in bed.

Here’s the best analysis of the difference between a pro and an amateur, which I read in James Agate’s “The Later Ego”— “A professional is a man who can do his job when he doesn’t feel like it; an amateur is a man who can’t do his job when he does feel like it.” . . . “Dragnet” is getting a little draggy to me. Jack Webb and Ben Alexander try to underplay each other so much that sometimes I’m afraid they’ll get arrested for loitering . . . There may be rats and snakes and wolves in Hollywood, but it’s a fact that there are no vipers. My authority is curator Michael West of the Griffith Park Zoo, who said as much when a viper was needed for a movie. So no matter what anyone may say, you know this: no vipers! And that’s Hollywood!
SOAP BOX:

This week I have seen two movies in which I have come across a situation which I have noticed many times before. In "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," there were two dance sequences which we did not see... but were shown in the photo stills in the theatre entrance. In "Serpent of the Nile," the dancer who was painted in gold from head to toe... did not do her dance that was publicized so much in the movie magazines... We would like to see what we pay to see... what was publicized...

ANGELINA R. SPAGNOLA
Akron, Ohio

Just a few lines to tell you how much we appreciate PHOTOPLAY. Most people don't realize how many GI's read movie magazines. But in any PX, snack bar, etc., you'll find they're top sellers. PHOTOPLAY is tops in our choice.

When we saw last month's issue with Doris Day's picture (ours and many other GI's favorite) we thought we'd write from Germany and send this photo to show our appreciation...

PFC. BOB PEPINO
APO 403-A
C/o FM. New York

I think Jean Simmons should win an Academy Award for such an outstanding job as she did in "Young Bess." It was truly a "great" motion picture. I do hope Miss Simmons will co-star in another picture with her husband, Stewart Granger... he is the most charming and handsome man in motion pictures today...

LINDA BECHER
Antonia, Long Island

I have just seen what I think is one of the very best movies to come out in a long time, "The Band Wagon." Boy, oh boy what a cast. I didn't think Fred Astaire still had it in him... Jack Buchanan, boy, what a guy... And Oscar Levant and Nanette Fabray... But the one who surprised me most was Cyd Charisse. Where has Hollywood been keeping her? She can dance, sing and certainly has looks. Give her a few more pictures to play in and she will certainly have a following...

MANUEL GRECO
Atlantic Highlands, New Jersey

I hope I am in order to place a sorely needed criticism against the ruthless and deliberate policy of our motion picture and radio-TV producers... deliberately trying to picture the dear United States as the most lawless, criminal-minded corrupt country in the whole world...

Are we forgetting that almost every one of our so-called "Western" or "Cow Boy" plays reach every country...? How conveniently they can be used to create unfavorable opinion against the U.S... At one time it was only "bad men" who did all the dirty work; now... no one is left out... You cannot trust a single person according to most of our movies...

A. B. DAVIES
Hamilton, Ontario

Some years ago, I received PHOTOPLAY direct from the States but now do so as I am not allowed to send English money out of the country... wondered if any readers would care to send PHOTOPLAY in exchange for English magazines...

RITA MOORES
29 The Crescent, New Malden
Surrey, England

Here is a list of actors that we thought would make the "Perfect Man:" Hair, Farley Granger; Eyes, Dale Robertson; Nose, Stewart Granger; Mouth, Monty Clift; Shoulders, Charlton Heston; Chest, Kirk Douglas; Hands, Tony Curtis; Screen kiss, Scott Brady; Voice, Jeff Chandler; Acting, Gregory Peck; Smile, Bob Wagner; Clothes, Alan Ladd; Sex appeal, Jeff Hunter. After putting all of these stars together, we still can't find a more perfect man than Rock Hudson!

TONI UMIDON, SUSAN EGGLESTON
Kansas City, Missouri
This holiday season

Be a lovelier, smoother "You"

with Helene Curtis spray net

Just one magic moment keeps hair softly in place wherever you go, whatever you do

...and only Helene Curtis spray net beauty-treats your hair with Spray-on Lanolin Lotion (adds silkiness, won't dry hair)

Here is a new kind of hair-beauty protection—to keep you looking your loveliest all through the holiday season. A magic mist that keeps hair softly in place around the clock . . . naturally . . . without greasiness. Can't dry hair . . . actually adds silkiness.

What's more, Helene Curtis spray net "beauty-treats" your hair every flattering hour you wear it. For it contains exclusive Spray-on Lanolin Lotion to impart a shining, silky look. Won't dry hair. Invisible, colorless. Won't harm hair. Brushes out instantly. Get Helene Curtis spray net today. Avoid inferior substitutes. Ask for it by name.

Regular Size, $1.25
Giant 11 oz. $2.00 Size (2½ times as much)
LIMITED TIME ONLY $1.79

BONUS GIFT FOR YOU

Stardust

Here's holiday magic for exciting evenings . . . tiny, jewel-like "sparkles" for your hair. Just sprinkle Stardust on hair, apply spray net to hold the glitter in place. It brushes out instantly, later. Gold or silver! Hurry . . . offer for limited time only.

At all Drug Stores, Cosmetic Counters and Beauty Salons
CASTING:

. . . the Sue-Barton-Nurse Series . . . would make a wonderful movie series. Debbie Reynolds should play the lead; Stewart Granger, Dr. Barry; Jean Simmons, Kit, and Sally Forrest fits Connie’s part.

SUSAN OSTERSTOCK
Hawthorne, California

Wouldn’t Shelley Winters be terrific in a dramatic piece with husband Vittorio Gassman? Shelley and Farley Granger are my conception of a perfect team. Add William Bishop and you have my ideal list of talented males. Shelley, Janet Leigh and Denise Darcel top my list of fem’s . . .

Pats OWLESY
Hammond, Indiana

No, they couldn’t possibly have done so. “Dangerous When Wet” is an M-G-M production, and Tab and Bob are both under contract to other studios.—ED.

Could you please tell me the name of the song Debbie Reynolds and Bobby Van sang . . . in the picture “The Affairs of Dobie Gilles”? Is it available on records?

PEGGY LENT
Springfield, Massachusetts

The song is “All I Do Is Dream of You” and has been recorded by Johnnie Ray on a Columbia label.—ED.

We would like to know about two movie stars. How old is Richard Carson and is he married? Also, how old is Guy Madison and is he married? . . .

MARY ANN McCauley, LUCY McELROY
Okmulgee, Oklahoma

Richard Carson is thirty-nine years old, married and has two sons. Guy Madison is thirty-two years old, married, but is estranged from his wife, Gail Russell.—ED.

. . . What is the middle initial J of Robert Wagner’s name?

BETTY BERNSTEIN
Bronx, New York

The J stands for John.—ED.

. . . Are the clothes Marilyn Monroe and Jane Russell wore in “Gentlemen Prefer blondes” available in any store . . .?

MARY JO BOWLES
Austin, Texas

The clothes were designed for the film and haven’t been reproduced for sale.—ED.

In the August photoplay you had a story and pictures on Audie Murphy . . . it looked like he had freckles . . . does he? . . .

EMILE GOETHIEL
Duluth, Minnesota

Yep. The sun really shone on Audie.—ED.

Is Jeff Chandler really making records for Decca?

ELFIE BALL
West Jefferson, North Carolina

Although Jeff has a fine singing voice and it’s rumored that he will record for Decca, nothing has been set yet.—ED.

. . . Did Tab Hunter or Bob Wagner appear anywhere, at any time during the dance sequence of “Ain’t Nature Grand” in the movie “Dangerous When Wet”? . . .

BEVERLY GAUSTAD, MARGE WOTTER
Owatonna, Minnesota

Let Shelley and Vittorio be a real-life team.

Why doesn’t someone put Charlton Heston and Marilyn Monroe in a picture together? Both have sex appeal.

SANDRA PARKS
St. Augustine, Florida

I was . . . too young to appreciate pictures like “Wuthering Heights,” “Jane Eyre” and “Gone With the Wind.” I think a remake . . . is in order. Monty Clift would be perfect for the parts of Heathcliff, Mr. Rochester and Rhett Butler . . .

Dolores Niemur
Baltimore 29, Maryland

QUESTION BOX:

I have just seen “Young Bess” and would like to know the name of the boy who played the part of the page . . . I’d also like to know his age.

BARBARA BEERY
Mertztown, Pennsylvania

Bob Arthur; he’s twenty-eight.—ED.

Some of my friends told me Dean Martin was born in Steubenville, Ohio. I say he was not. Who is right?

Dolores AMEDEI
Steubenville, Ohio

Your friends are right.—ED.

I read . . . in our daily paper that Darryl Zanuck was making the picture “Sir Walter Raleigh.” This item also said that he was planning to star Bette Davis as Queen Elizabeth I . . . Is this true? . . .

LINDSAY WATSON
Tampa, Florida

Yes. It’s scheduled to start soon.—ED.

I have recently seen “Shane,” . . . would like to know who played Torrey . . .

MATILE WEST
Huntington, West Virginia

That was Elisha Cooke, one of Hollywood’s top character actors.—ED.

Ask your beautician for Professional Applications of Nestle Hair Color.
Now... Control those "Calorie-Curves!"

Imagine! Hidden "finger" panels plus new non-roll top that slim, firm and control you without a single seam, stitch, bone or stay!

*Just as the hands of a sculptor* fashion beautiful contours—so the invisible "fingers" of Magic-Controller smooth and mold your figure and control those "Calorie-Curves."

**New Playtex® Magic-Controller!**

Now available in all 3 styles:
- Garter girdle—Panty with garters—Panty brief

**With freedom and comfort** you never thought possible, Magic-Controller firms and flattens your figure from waist to thighs—gives you "Calorie-Curve Control!"

And the secret? Those hidden "finger" panels that slim and smooth, that non-roll top that stays up without a stay!

Invisible under slekest clothes, Magic-Controller fits and feels like a second skin. Cloud-soft fabric lining inside, lovely textured latex outside, it's one piece and wonderful! Wash it in seconds—you can practically watch it dry.

**Feel** that soft-as-a-cloud fabric lining—see the lovely textured latex outside.

**Playtex Magic-Controller... Now in all 3 styles**
- **Garter Girdle** . . . with 4 reinforced adjustable garters, $7.95
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Fabric Lined Playtex Girdles, from $4.95
Other famous Playtex Girdles, from $3.50
Extra-Large sizes slightly higher.

Playtex . . . known everywhere as the girdle in the skill tube. At department stores and specialty shops everywhere.

©1953 International Latex Corp'ns... PLAYTEX PARK... Dover Del. Playtex Ltd., Montreal, Canada *U.S.A. and Foreign Patents Pending
How do you reconcile your widely advertised religious life with your widespread sex publicity?" I asked Jane Russell across a luncheon table at Lucey's Restaurant in Hollywood.

The subject had been bothering me for months, as it had numerous other newsmen in the film capital. You would hear about how Jane and her mother had, through prayer and Bible study, helped effect a cure of someone who was ailing, and then wham! — out of the RKO and Twentieth publicity departments would come a new photo of Jane, doing her hip-grinding dance in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," or wearing the flesh-colored net gown she almost didn't get to wear in "The French Line" because the censors objected.

None of the confusing combination seemed to make sense. But Jane's answer did; "You don't put on a different face to go to church."

She leaned across the table toward me, and summed up her philosophy. "Look," she said, "it's really very simple. God gave me certain physical attributes that made it possible for me to become a star. But that didn't change the kind of person I am — deep down."

She looked at me with a take-it-or-leave it expression, and went on.

"The church and showbusiness are all the same to me — part of my life."

There was a ring of sincere conviction when she spoke and she maintained it through all the subjects I questioned her about; that net gown in "The French Line," a sexy sweater her husband, Bob Waterfield, had just given her; her mother's chapel in the San Fernando Valley; or the International Adoption Association which she founded together with Loretta Young, Irene Dunne, June Allyson and Dick Powell.

I asked her about the chapel of which she's the guiding spirit, and she smiled, "It's a non-denominational little church. It doesn't have a name."

"It's referred to as the Russell religious group, isn't it?" I asked.

"Well, yes, people had to call it something. But it's nothing set or formal. We just get together a couple of nights a week for Bible study."

"And I understand a lot of good has come directly out of those sessions."

"I suppose the thing you can put your finger on most easily is that a number of people who meet with us have given up drinking entirely since they started. And a couple of them used to be pretty serious alcoholics."

"That's satisfying, isn't it?"

"You couldn't expect me to say no to that one. But right now, I'm even more pleased about the progress our adoption group's been making. It's an international organization now, you know. And the best thing we've achieved is cutting red tape. It used to take thirty months to get a child out of Europe into an American home. We do it in a couple."

She has been devoting every spare minute to this group, and, believe me, it's difficult to spare minutes these days — at the rate she's making movies.

The day after I had my interview with Jane, I saw Marilyn Monroe out at Twentieth. I had heard that she'd attended some of the Russell group services, and I asked her about them. "Wonderful," she said. "They didn't happen to turn me into a deeply religious person, but if anybody could do that, Jane could. That girl can do anything she puts her mind to — anything!"

And I'll go along with that.
“SOFT, MISTY STOCKINGS SPELL LEG LOVELINESS…”
says Elizabeth Taylor

“Shiny stockings can make the loveliest legs appear unshapely,” says lovely Elizabeth Taylor. That’s the reason Miss Taylor and other M-G-M stars welcome the soft, misty, permanent dullness of Bur-Mil Cameo’s exclusive Face Powder Finish. And you’ll find Leg-O-Genic beauty in Cameo’s 66 gauge, 12 denier personally proportioned nypons—the most luxuriously sheer stockings you can buy! Incidentally, they give up to 40% longer wear by actual test!

Ask for Bur-Mil Cameo 66 gauge, 12 denier nylon... $1.65. Other styles from $1.15 to $1.65.

BUR-MIL, CAMEO, FACE POWDER FINISH AND LEG-O-GENIC ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF BURLINGTON MILLS CORPORATION.
THE BIG DAY

Family in waiting. Bride, groom and bride's children spend pre-wedding days in Las Vegas

Crucial moment. The day before the big day, Dick appears in court for his divorce hearing

A free man. Dick gleefully waves the papers declaring him divorced

Rita and Dick apply for their marriage license—the fourth for each of them

Morning, September 24: They say their vows in the Sands Hotel with Rita's daughters watching

Free-for-all: The ceremony finished, TV, movie and still photographers take over

Mr. and Mrs. Dick Haymes beam as they cut the wedding cake

What with one thing and another, it was touch and go for a long time as to whether Rita Hayworth and Dick Haymes would get married.

But once Rita had wound up her final scenes for "Miss Sadie Thompson," she was able to give her full attention to more personal matters. And almost immediately, the complications seemed to vanish. Nora, Dick's former wife, agreed to a quick divorce—and the marriage plans were on.

And despite all the furor it was a simple wedding, with only a handful of intimates, Rita's daughters, and Photoplay photographer Phil Stern on hand.
ANNOUNCING...GAY NEW

Playtex

HAPPY

Pants

Non-Allergenic... New Charm...
New Texture... Adorable Pattern...
Irresistible Colors!

PROVE IT with your own hand! Stretch Happy Pants. Prove they simply can't cut circulation! They're off, rinsed, patted dry with a towel and on again... in seconds!

No baby pants more comfortable!
No baby pants more charming!

Nothing in this world compares with the dainty texture, colors and charm of these new PLAYTEX Happy Pants. Only PLAYTEX Happy Pants are made with actual texture, color and pattern right in the tissue-like creamy liquid latex... can't fade, chip, crack or peel.

The miracle-stretch material is so sheer—it's transparent. So strong—it stretches over four times its size! That's why it can't bind, chafe, irritate. Yet its protection is perfect!

Give your baby what no ordinary baby pants will give—the long-lasting, waterproof, happy comfort of cool-vented, flower-scented PLAYTEX Happy Pants. 98¢ ea., 3 for $2.94. At your favorite Department Store or wherever Baby Needs are sold.

More mothers buy PLAYTEX than any other make!

©1953 International Latex Corp'n...PLAYTEX PARK...Dover Del. Playtex Ltd., Montreal, Canada
The Most Popular Girl

In New York, Elaine Stewart was the most sought-after model in town. Today, this lush, lovely young newcomer is one of the most sought-after dates in Hollywood. One glimpse of her on the stairs in "The Bad and the Beautiful" and the wolves started whistling! From then on the man shortage became a matter of a certain policeman's daughter capturing most of the eligible men in town! But in spite of her hectic date life, Elaine's serious about her career. In "Take the High Ground" she takes the high road to stardom.
Ask for the Christmas gift that makes dreams come true...

A LANE CEDAR CHEST!

Dreaming of the future? If so, now is a perfect time to plan for that future...by asking for a Lane Cedar Chest for Christmas...the gift that gathers more gifts.

What's more, a Lane keeps woolens and other precious things sweet-smelling and fresh—safe from moths and dust—as no other storage method can.

Remember, one garment saved from moths can pay for a Lane! At most leading furniture and department stores.

Lane is the only pressure-tested, aroma-tight cedar chest. Made of 3/4-inch red cedar in accordance with U.S. Government recommendations, with a moth-protection guarantee underwritten by one of the world's largest insurance companies, upon proper application. Helpful hints for storing are in each chest. The Lane Company, Inc., Dept. P, Altavista, Va. In Canada: Knechels, Ltd., Hanover, Ont.

Many Lane Chests at...$49.95*

Easy terms

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*5.00 higher in the West due to higher freight costs—slightly higher in Canada.

Unusual modern in blond oak; drawer in base. Model #2852. Seafoam mahogany, #2853; Cordovan mahogany, #2856. $79.95.*

Attractive modern in lustrous walnut. Self-lifting tray. Model #2874. Also in gray walnut, #2869. Each, $59.95.*


Streamlined modern in matched American walnut with touches of Paldao wood. Self-lifting tray. Model #2971—$49.95.*

Arresting modern in Seafoam mahogany. Base-drawer tray. Model #2925. In walnut, model #2939. $69.95.* Lane Table, #257.

18th Century chest in glorious mahogany. Full-length drawer in base, simulated drawers above. Model #2221—$79.95.*
I dreamed
I rode in a gondola in my maidenform bra

The dream of a bra: Maidenform's new Etude in fine white broadcloth or nylon taffeta, in AA, A, B and C cups...from 2.00.

There is a Maidenform for every type of figure.

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Truce talks don't mean the battle's over. But love is winning with Frankie and Ava

BY JANE CORWIN

CEASE FIRE!

- You don't have to read the newspapers very carefully to know that there's no diplomatic situation quite so touchy as truce talks. For all the sweet words, the fireworks always seem just about ready to explode. And what's true of nations is true of people—especially if their names happen to be Ava Gardner and Frank Sinatra.

Ten days after Ava's arrival in New York, she and Frankie were deliriously happy. They had moved into a lavish hotel apartment with a sweeping view below them of Central Park. Ava was convinced that Frankie was the most terrific, most sensational, most talented guy she had ever known. And the sweetest husband. And as far as Frankie was concerned, Ava's tenderness was the answer to a crooner's prayers.

She had, for the moment, abandoned all plans to go anywhere or do anything that didn't involve Frank. The only thing she could think of she really wanted to do in this world was to settle down quietly and raise a family.

This was a far cry from the heated battles that had reverberated throughout Manhattan and across the Hudson into New Jersey for the days preceding this last, most loving reconciliation. (Continued on page 103)
Twos in the News: Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh now double-date with Donald O'Connor and Marilyn Erskine. They go for those Japanese dinners where you sit on the floor yogi fashion and eat sukiyaki—with your shoes off! . . . Marilyn, by the way, gave Donald a ring in return for the one he gave her—a black sapphire . . . Being in love can make you nervous, which Jane Powell was the night Gene Nelson made his dancing debut at the Cocoanut Grove . . . Now that Joanne Gilbert and writer Danny Arnold have announced their engagement, Tab Hunter’s looking towards Piper Laurie.

Behind the Scenes: Shelley Winters insisted that Suzan Ball visit her in Canada where she is working with Alan Ladd in “Saskatchewan.” Suzan’s the young actress who almost suffered a leg amputation from bone tumor, but modern medical care and her own faith saved her. Shelley thought the splendor and quiet beauty of Banff National Park, and seeing boyfriend Dick Long, who is also in the picture, would have therapeutic value. She even shared her room with Suzan to save her money. Of course, Alan Ladd is there with his Sue and their brood . . . Joan Crawford says she sang for herself in “Torch Song,” but studio scuttlebutt says India Adams did the dubbing. Either way, Joan’s been coached by expert Harriet Lee, who taught Jeff Chandler how to belt out a ballad. Joan and Jeff are dating but, contradicting those who say it’s serious, insist the most they have in common is their monogram! . . . Richard Widmark’s first film away from his home studio, Twentieth, was “Take the High Ground,” which

Charlton Heston can’t keep from signing that dotted line

Richard Widmark left his home studio to “Take the High Ground”
The Robertson way to celebrate birthdays is strictly Dale's own pleased M-G-M so much they are borrowing him again . . .

On location in Banff, Marilyn Monroe tore a leg ligament

during a scene in “River of No Return,” Co-star Bob Mitchum

promptly dubbed her “Hop-a-long Monroe.”

Home Sweet Home: Charlton Heston already holds leases on

apartments in New York, Chicago and Hollywood. He owns

fifteen hundred acres in Michigan and now he’s fallen in love

with Bermuda where he played in “Macbeth” this past sum-

mer. Yup, he’s leased a place there too . . . Rock Hudson,

still in bandages from that broken collar bone, got evicted

when the house he rented was sold. Pals pitched in and

helped him move into a hilltop home with the most fabulous

view in Hollywood. “It’s perfect.” (Continued on page 80)
BAD BOYS OF

What is it about these successful stars that makes them easy targets for trouble and gossip?

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

- For a long time people have been cluck-clucking over the Gregory Peck marriage and wondering how it would finally work out. Right up to the moment, in fact, when Greg and Greta formally announced their separation, there had been hopeful rumors that Greg would be back to spend Christmas in Hollywood with his family. He had, you recall, stayed on in Europe after Greta dashed home with the boys.

She couldn’t stand the gossip, they say, that has linked Greg to a dozen women—all the way from Audrey Hepburn, his young and charming leading lady in “Roman Holiday,” to Hildegarde Neff, who toiled with him in “Snows of Kilimanjaro,” plus a French model called Veronica Passane, and a few other European girls, whose names I can’t pronounce,

Frankie Sinatra has never quite managed to learn the secret of keeping himself out of trouble.

Nobody ever thought that family-man Gene Nelson would wind up as one of the principals in as talk-making an episode as Hollywood has ever known.
let alone spell. I kept hoping all along that Greg was just passing through a period that hits a lot of men, around and after forty, the dangerous age, especially for an actor who has to believe he's irresistible in private life or how can he make you believe the girl will fall for him on the screen?

This could explain why a quiet, easy-going, lazy guy like Gary Cooper can suddenly go off half-cocked after twenty years of marriage, to renew his romantic confidence in the eyes—or hearts (I wasn't there Charlie) of women about half his age. It was merely happenstance that Pat Neal fell in love with Gary. It could have been any other one of ten. Because Gary was in the mood, and when he is, he's the most attractive man you'll ever meet (Continued on page 92)
The
Marilyn
Monroe
Pinup Calendar
For 1954
Are Joe and Marilyn married? Those in the know say yes—

THE PRIVATE LIFE
OF JOE AND MARILYN

BY GEORGE ARMSTRONG

• Ask a dozen people who see them regularly whether Joe DiMaggio and Marilyn Monroe are married, and you'll have six people answering yes and half a dozen saying no. They will all have authoritative inside information, these dozen people, but six of them have to be wrong!

Walter Winchell, as close a friend as Joe can have, thinks the two are married. Others say that Marilyn and Joe are as close to saying “I do” as a couple holding hands and staring at a spot on the preacher’s tie.

All we can do is let the facts speak for themselves.

Shortly before Marilyn left for Canada and the location of “River of No Return” some weeks ago, she was strolling down a studio street at Twentieth Century-Fox with a friend. The day had been fully occupied with getting ready for the trip and Marilyn’s mind was filled with the details of the journey.

“Is Joe going along?” asked the friend.

“I don’t know,” said Marilyn. “I don’t think so.”

“I’m not sure,” said the friend, “that it would be a good idea. He doesn’t like picture people very much. And he couldn’t miss them, what with the company all being off in the wilds together.”

“Yes, that’s the trouble,” said Marilyn. “Joe doesn’t like very many people. I suppose it is just as well.”

Married or not, if anything breaks up the long-time association between (Continued on page 97)
and no! Here, for the first time, the limelight-shy DiMaggio himself makes a statement

Joe joined Marilyn on location in Banff, was there to comfort her when she injured her leg.
RICHARD ALLAN

He might still be struggling on "The Great White Way"—if he hadn't taken advantage of a free ride to Hollywood

AUDREY DALTON

She studied acting in London and dreamed of an American career in films. But she didn't expect her dream to come true so soon

YOU CHOSE

These gifted youngsters are on their way, thanks to the ballots you cast

BY DIANE SCOTT

Richard Allan had finally managed to wangle a spot in a Broadway show, "The Red Mill." And he might have been on Broadway still, if a friend of his, a comedienne, hadn't told him she was driving to the West Coast and invited him to come along. "Honey," she had said, "you belong in Hollywood." For a long time, it seemed that she was the only one who thought so. But Dick stayed anyway—and he's glad he did.

They've come to Hollywood from many places and in many ways—these young stars you've chosen. And they can all tell you that getting there is only the first punch on the ticket to film fame. Today's stars of to-

42
morrow face probably the toughest times in movie history. Studio contract lists are being slashed while the industry pauses to take stock of the long-range effects of the various "scope" and 3-D developments. These are times that call for the most in talent, the luckiest in breaks and the bravest of hearts. For whatever size and shape pictures eventually take, the dimensions demanded for stardom are more all-encompassing than ever. And the competition is all out of proportion to the number of stars there is room for. These winners you've chosen share one thing—the determination to succeed. But their stories and backgrounds are startlingly varied, their homes widely scattered throughout a broad swathe of the world.

Nineteen-year-old Audrey Dalton was studying to be an actress at the Royal Academy in London when a Paramount scout spotted her. "I was playing a middle-aged woman in a play," she recalls with amusement. But the scout saw her fresh beauty through the makeup. They tested her for "The Girls of Pleasure Island" at once and flew her to Hollywood.

Although her home's in Hawthorne, California, Betta St. John had to score in "South Pacific" in London before she was brought back and signed. Bobby Van
danced his way into town. And the South American romantic, Carlos Thompson, who had intended to become a writer, was discovered at a foreign film festival by Yvonne De Carlo. She liked what she saw and encouraged him to come to California and be her co-star.

Maggie McNamara was discovered on a Chicago stage when the moon was very blue. Italian Marisa Pavan was spotted by a Hollywood producer who saw her one day with her twin sister, Pier Angeli, and felt she was just right for the part of the fresh, young French girl in “What Price Glory.”

Chuck Connors was playing baseball with the Los Angeles Angels when he belted a talent home run over the fence into Hollywood. Kathleen Crowley won a beauty contest as “Miss Egg Harbor,” went on to become “Miss New Jersey,” and wound up with a scholarship to the American Academy of Dramatic Art.

And some had spent a long time—their whole lives—under the Klieg-swept skies before they got their chance. Byron Palmer, whose father is publisher of the “Hollywood Citizen News,” had to go to Broadway before he could snag any star space in his own home town—and he’s still working hard to earn space in his father’s paper.

Charlotte Austin, lovely daughter of Gene Austin, had been brought up in the atmosphere of films. But it had never occurred to her to make herself a part of movies. Not until an agent saw her when she was a bridesmaid at her best friend’s wedding, and told her she ought to be in pictures. She’s horrified now at what she almost missed. “I argued with him for forty-five minutes,” says she, “to try to convince him how wrong he was.”

Joanne Gilbert, the daughter of song-writer Ray Gilbert, stepped into the spotlight at Mocambo on the Sunset strip to make her debut as a singer. Her sexy voice and arresting ensemble—plunging white blouse, black shorts, opera-length hose—captivated her neighbors and won her a Paramount contract.

West Los Angeles was the magic spot for Race Gentry. He was working in a service station when agent Henry Wilson drove in for some gas, looked at him, and asked if he’d like a movie career. “I thought he was kidding,” says Race. “But I looked into it and found he was a big agent. He got me the part of Rock Hudson’s son in ‘The Lawless Breed.’ And I keep thanking my lucky star that he doesn’t use a different brand of gas.”

What a break for Race that he doesn’t! And what a break for all these handsome, talented young people that they happened to be where they were when opportunity chose to knock.

But the biggest break of them all has come from the faith that—you, the readers of PLAYBOY—have shown by casting your votes for them.

“You feel so humble and grateful,” says Richard Allan movingly, “to the people, whoever they are, wherever they are, who voted for you. I only hope that I’ll be able to say thanks by becoming the star they think I can be.” And he pauses. “Of all the things, this is the greatest thing that’s happened . . .”

And a great deal has happened to Twentieth’s triple-threat, singer-actor-dancer, Dick Allan since the boy with the dark curly hair and blue eyes first decided to make his mark. “Back home on the farm in Jacksonville, Illinois,” he recalls, “we used to put on shows and make the neighbors pay a penny to come and see us. And I used to haunt the local movie house. I would sit through Fred Astaire’s pictures over and over again, watch his feet and then go home and try to work out the steps.”

Years later, after working for his dancing lessons, working his way through the University of Illinois as a singing waiter in a sorority house, working for Uncle Sam in the quartermaster’s laundry battalion, and working briefly on Broadway, he hitched that ride west with Odette Myrtle—and worked with Astaire in Paramount’s “Let’s Dance.” (Continued on page 104)
She knew her first fame as "Miss New Jersey." Now she's in "Sabre Jet."

You saw him in "Sombrero," loved him, and gave him a big hand along the way.

Her debut was in "The Moon Is Blue"—and that can't do her any harm!

One look at him in "Small Town Girl," and you tagged him a sure-fire winner.

Already an international rave, there'll be no holding this foreign beauty down.

Wait till you see her in "How to Marry a Millionaire." Talent and beauty, plus

The latest threat from south of the border, most anything can happen with him.
The gang piles out. Hard work ahead!

Into the wheelbarrow with the boss. That puts him in his place.

Lori goes

With the help—or maybe despite it—of a lot of his pals, Tab's actually getting his house built.

When Tab Hunter decided he wanted a hideaway in the desert, he knew the only way to get it was to build it with his own two hands. He went to work on his own, the story spread, and a lot of pals decided to help him get the job done. So, from time to time, he heads out across the hot sand, his car loaded with assistants and vittles. This particular work crew was a lively one—Lori Nelson, Pat Crowley, Erica Norden, Brett Halsey and John Ericson. Nobody's saying just how much work got done the day these pictures were taken—but everybody had a wonderful time! And somehow or other, the house is getting built. At last count, it had walls, windows, an icebox, a stove, a water tank and a patio. And the built-in echo of gay youthful voices. Who needs more?

UP AT TAB'S PLACE

PHOTOPLAY PICTURE STORY • PICTURES BY JANIS SARGENT
Another day, another wall up, and they roll away from Tab’s place. But they’ll be back to help raise the roof.
As radiant a pair of newlyweds as ever had a honeymoon abroad!
Both the bride and groom listened gravely to the marriage rites.

The world said they'd never marry. But Lana and Lex said their "I Do's"—and showed the world.

BY RUTH WATERBURY

- "I just love you," Lex Barker said, very firmly and quietly.

Lana Turner stood before him; her eyes blazing. Everything else thereabouts was blazing, too. It was mid-August at one o'clock in the afternoon under the dazzling Italian sun on the hot, golden beach of Positano.

Except for the crew on the picture, "The Flame and the Flesh," there wasn't an Italian in sight. Being a highly civilized people, the Italians love creativity and love love, but they are wiser than to try to cope with either one of them when the sun is high.

In the heat of the day, Italians eat their heaviest meal. Then they sleep till about four in the afternoon.

But Lana Turner, being an American, didn't even think of such a pace. And Lex Barker, being very much the direct American male, wasn't waiting around for the subtle times and tides of love.

Any Italian, past the age of eight, would have known they weren't really quarreling, these two. But Lana was taking it very big, not recognizing her own fatigue and sheer physical discomfort for what they were.

She had every reason to be dead beat with fatigue. "The Flame and the Flesh" had been shooting nearly three months and she had been in virtually every scene of it. Furthermore, the burden of acting had fallen more heavily than usual on her pretty shoulders, since her co-star, Carlos Thompson, while handsome and charming, was nevertheless very inexperienced in motion pictures.

That was the work side of it: very complicated. And the emotional side of it was even worse. (Continued on page 82)
EVERYTHING'S JAKE FOR JOHNNY
John Derek is happy—about
his family, about the new baby, about
the new lift in his career
since he started to free-lance

He may once have had the dubious reputation of being a weeper, but the fact is that now John Derek is strictly a rejoicer. He’s rejoicing over his freedom from a long-term studio contract, rejoicing over his first role as a freelancer in Republic’s “Red Horizon.” He’s happy about his family, and most importantly the whole family—Johnny, his wife Pati, and their three-year-old son Russell—have been eagerly awaiting the new baby.

For some weeks both Johnny and Pati have been gearing young Russ to the idea of a new baby sister or brother around the house. Recently Johnny thought the time had come for him to bone up for a birds-and-bees pow-wow with his son, but Russ gave him a reprieve when he came running up to him the other day.

“Daddy,” he cried, “I know where the new baby is coming from!”

Pati quickly put her hand on Russell’s shoulder and suggested to him, “Now dear, you’d better run off and play.”

“But I do know, Mommy,” Russell persisted in having his say.

Johnny shrugged helplessly, and Russ blurted out his piece.

“You buy them!” he shouted happily. “Everything comes from the store, doesn’t it, Daddy?”

This was a pre-natal theory that would have charmed Darwin, and for the time being at least, it placated Russell’s parents.

If Russell is pardonably naive for his three years, his daddy is no (Continued on page 100)
“Monty? You can set your watch by his word,” a friend had said. Well, now was the hour. Just then the phone rang. “Hello!” It was Monty’s voice, warm and merry. “Say, how do I get up there?”

How did he arrive at my place, he meant. He’d rented a car, but he still didn’t know his way around Hollywood too well. He was still a New Yorker in town. And he understood there were those who had gone into the Hollywood hills and were yet to be heard from.

This was when I first really knew that I was about to meet—finally—the real Montgomery Clift. This, after I’d spent all of one freezing night on location at the Columbia ranch with the company of “From Here to Eternity,” sweating out how to get to him. It was a night through which I’d alternately sweated and frozen and drunk coffee and waited, waited for Montgomery Clift to put down Prewitt and talk to me. Later I had come to realize that for Monty to put down Prewitt or any other character in whom he’s currently embodied is psychologically impossible.

So I gave the exact details for reaching my house. And not long afterward he zoomed up the hill in a blue Chevrolet convertible, parked it, and came as directed up the back stairs. He was wearing a natty dark grey tweed suit, a navy blue and red checkered sports shirt, and a warm grin.

The greetings over, with the frank and friendly curiosity that is his—whatever his surroundings—he began to case the place. Then turning he asked earnestly, “What can I tell you that will help you? I want to—very much.”

This was when I knew I’d better throw away all the preconceived notions about Montgomery Clift and start all over with Monty as he is. Not the mystery man, not the moody intellectual, not the shy recluse, not the eccentric with one suit and two (Continued on page 87)
Bob Wagner as Prince Val fights the Black Knight in a tournament for the hand of a Princess he loves.
King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table live again in this colorful screen story of a medieval prince and his lady fair.

From the pages of history and shadowy legends comes Twentieth Century-Fox's medieval romance of "Prince Valiant," the Viking youth whose daring and bravery wins him a knighthood in the court of the British chieftain, King Arthur. In an age when men's worth was measured by their valor and maidens' by fairness of face, the love story of Viking Prince Val (Bob Wagner) and Briton Princess Aleta (Janet Leigh) rivals the later love story of Romeo for Juliet. For this new CinemaScope, Technicolor production, Twentieth chose a star-studded cast to play the brilliant roles, from King Arthur and Sir Launcelot to Princess Ilene and The Black Knight: Bob Wagner, Janet Leigh, Debra Paget, Sterling Hayden, James Mason, Brian Aherne, Tom Conway, Victor McLaglen and Barry Jones. And as the Arthurian legends might say, "there was no braver nor nobler Prince... no fairer maiden... no truer pair of lovers" than in this fabulous period of romantic history.
Me? Act like a glamourpuss?

That's a real whacky idea!

If I had to pose in the nude . . .

They'd have to get a new girl!

She scowls at glamour, sniffs at being sexy. Is up a tree when she should be in the spotlight. In other words . . .

• It was a typical Hollywood party—bright lights, bright conversation and people, people everywhere.

A talent scout was holding forth. “Nope,” he said, “it just can’t happen!”

“What can’t?” asked the scenario writer standing beside him.

“This girl Debbie Reynolds—she just can’t make the grade.”

“Why not?”

“Because she breaks all the rules! Why, a girl that’s come as far as she has in pic-
pictures has gotta have her own apartment. She's gotta wear dresses cut down to here, date the gay boys around town, teach Dr. Kinsey a thing or two."

"But?"

"Do I have to tell you? You know about this Reynolds doll. She's hopeless. Whenever you see a picture of her, she's climbing a tree or making a fire by rubbing two Girl Scouts together. She's so wholesome it hurts. Take a look at her. Little Miss Purity!" (Continued on page 94)
Hitchhiker to the moon... a fresh breeze on a sun-scorched desert... Brahms and bebop... redwood trees dwarfing the countryside... ringside at a wrestling match... Tom Sawyer in a tuxedo
Ann Blyth

White sails on a turquoise sea ... rambler roses in a penthouse garden ... determination cloaked in velvet ... an old-fashioned locket on a décolleté gown ... the love song deep in every man's heart.

Photograph by Angier: Ann is in "All the Brothers Were Valiant"
A year ago Mitzi Gaynor
didn't like what she saw in her mirror.
She made herself over—
and wound up with a new romance

BY PAULINE SWANSON

- There's always been an electric something about Mitzi Gaynor which made you sit up and take notice whenever she bounced into a room.

The voltage, of late, has been markedly increased. Take as evidence this recent scene in the Twentieth Century-Fox cafe when studio executives invited their top stars to luncheon to meet an assemblage of advertising big-wigs from the East:

Everybody in the private dining room ogled as Mitzi wended her way to her seat, despite the fact that Marilyn Monroe, and other eye-stoppers, already were in their places. Marilyn, as a matter of fact, ogled too, and when Mitzi came within shouting distance called out, "But Mitzi, you're so thin!"

"Marilyn, I love you," Mitzi bubbled back, triumphant.

"It made my day. Day, nothing—my year!" Mitzi confided later. La Monroe's spontaneous comment was the first tangible proof of the success of a campaign Mitzi had launched more than a year ago to convince the world that she is grown up, chic, sophisticated, definitely not, as she put it, "the girl next door."

Mitzi never was the girl next door—no only child of a temperamental Hungarian musician and a beautiful, blonde Viennese dancer, a child who had started dancing at four and who had earned her living as an entertainer since she was thirteen possibly could be.

But she had a hard time proving that to anybody outside her intimate family group. Her publicity portrayed her, she says, as "a nice little girl who can cook and takes care of her mother," and the film parts in which she was cast during the early years of her Fox contract underscored the impression.

She couldn't blame the casting bosses. Outside, she confesses, (Continued on page 84)
She tried being a smoothie . . .

To Jack Bean, she's "absolutely perfect"
This is it, he'd told her. But how well both of them knew now the challenge every year—every day and hour—could bring.

For the virile young actor with the smoky hair and the keen blue eyes and the look of a guy who'll get whatever he goes after, this was an exciting event. Perhaps, finally, the real break was this new Metro contract. But too many times Dewey Martin had thought he was set—only to find an even tougher time ahead.

"This is it, it's got to be!" he'd said to the same starry-eyed girl the night after the preview of "The Big Sky." But it hadn't been. Ironically! He was such a smash success he hadn't worked again. Howard Hawks, his discoverer, busy in Europe, refused to loan him out. "It's too dangerous to chance following a good one with a bad one. Better to wait," he told him. Dewey had waited. And waited.

Finally, when his option time neared again, the producer agreed to give him his release if he found greener fields—and M-G-M immediately signed him.

During the long months when the big dream seemed so near and yet so far, Dewey's fans helped keep up his faith. The greatest strength came from his greatest fan, a plucky girl with a fighting heart.

"Lucky," he calls her. And lucky she's been for him. Yet as lucky as their future seems now, they know they must take nothing for granted. Neither success, nor the happiness they've found together.

This is their story. Dewey and Mardie Martin's. And even as cameras roll again for him, nothing in any picture will pack more punch and pathos than the story of the kid from Katemey, Texas, who couldn't be counted out—and the pert, pretty girl with the red hair and sparkling green eyes. For it is from Lucky that Dewey Martin has learned what the word courage really means.

Struggle, however, was never any stranger to him. Dewey was early acquainted with it when, after a week's work in his first movie, "Knock on Any Door," a talent authority intimated he would go farther back home on the range. Director Nick Ray had called Dewey's (Continued on page 101)
Get into a party mood with Deborah Kerr. And enter our contest to win the party wardrobe: Judy Nell coat; MacArthur skirt, blouse; Town & Country shoes, bag; Dawnelle gloves. Details p. 68
Off with the coat, on with the party! Deborah, now in "From Here to Eternity," shows close-up of rest of "You-Win-It" outfit. Details, p. 68. MacArthur holiday separates. Fashion Craft belt

"Real Mink," says Joan Tetzel. "And under $35!" Lush-collared Minx Modes dress, pink rayon brocade, jewel clip. 9-16. Also brown, strawtone. Joan will be seen in Columbia's "Hell Below Zero"

"O-o-h, for me?" oohs Anna Maria Alberghetti. For her and all teens, Lorrie Deb formal, 7-15, under $30. Blue, green, red or black velveteen top. White nylon net ruffle trim, double net skirt


To fill your Christmas stockings with Hollywood glamour: Airmaid gossamer, 12-denier nylons in Horizon or Shadow, worn by all stars at party.
"Surprise package!" winks Carole. Sleek Spanish lace bareback-halter dress has surprise—pleated net flounce. Black over pink with a fabulous big pink rose. By Smart Miss. 10-16, under $35.

Check off your Christmas shopping list against the exciting selection of gifts that lovely Janis Carter has chosen for her own holiday-giving:

1. Gift yourself with her at-home outfit by Nelly deGrab, gold-cloth tapered pants, under $18; black velveteen blouse, under $11. Both, 10-16, at stores listed on p. 86.

2. Black velveteen Honeybugs, silver pin a-toe. 4-9, N-M. $3.99 ppd. Gimbel's, N.Y.

3. Make a bracelet of rhinestone photoplay stars clipped to a velvet ribbon. Stars, $2.50 each, postpaid, tax included. From Coro, Inc., 47 West 34 Street, N.Y.

4. Real fox-tail white ruff-collar. Hooks under chin with crystal drops. $8.95 ppd. tax incl. Harold J. Rubin, 56 E. 56, N.Y.

5. Clear plastic, gold-specked ball. Opens at center (as shown on tree) to disclose two 18" TopHit silk squares in different solid colors. Each ball, $1. Macy's, N.Y.

6. TopHit wool stole, striped in any-college colors. Worn as is or as a cap-and-stole. $4.95. From McCreery's, N.Y.


12. Sheer Bur-Mil Cameo hose, 66 gauge, 12 denier, snag-resistant. Serene, soft tawny brown. $1.65 pr. F&R Lazarus, Columbus, O.

13. Tri-corner double wool jersey stole with 3" cellophane matching fringe. Black or toast. $10.95. Oppenheim Collins, N.Y.

14. Lustrous Delph simulated pearls, gift-boxed. 60" rope, $7.25. Graduated necklace, $2.50; choker, uniform-size pearls, $3; button earrings, $1.50. At fine jewelry stores.

15. Mahogany-finish plywood sewing cabinet, $2.98. Atop, stockling filled with sewing-accessories, $1.05. Singer Sewing Centers.


17. Oron cardigan, pink, blue, white, $8.95. Short-sleeved orlon scoop-neck, pearl and crystal appliqued. White, black, $22.95. Premier, 34-40. Milgrim's, N.Y.

18. Big (5½ x 4½) quilted red satin pincushion, fragrantly herb-filled. $2.25. From Brook Hollow Post, Stockton, N.J.

19. Magic belt: Buckled leather front with non-slip slits for you to pull your own fabric through. (We used polka-dot silk.) Black, brown, red, navy, natural. $1.50 ppd. Thea, 333 East 79th Street, N.Y.

20. Choir-boy collar, real lapin fur, rich brown. For sweaters and dress-up. By Baar & Beards. $2.95 Franklin Simon, N.Y.


22. Evans gold-rimmed white bone china "Cotillion" set: table lighter, ashtray, cigarette urn. In white, satin-lined gift box, $15. Plummer, 734 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.


To buy these gifts by mail, send check or money order (and description) directly to store listed. Allow two weeks for delivery.
They'll love you for these Gifts of fine Leather!

This MEEKER Bag of Genuine Steerhide

A perfect complement to milady's tailored costume. Beautifully made of brown steerhide, hand-laced, with rich, distinctive hand-tooled design. Adjustable shoulder straps. Also in smooth, saddle-finished leather.

Join Our New Contest

FASHIONS FOR FREE!

OUR CHRISTMAS PRESENT TO YOU: a fashion contest in which you can win all seven parts of the magnificent costume worn by Deborah Kerr on page 63 and itemized below. Just finish this sentence: "I like the PHOTOPLAY Star Fashion Section because..." in 50 words or less. Your entry must be postmarked or before midnight November 30, 1953. The following information must be written at the bottom of your page: Name, address, age, occupation, height, weight, dress and shoe size. Mail it to "Fashions for Free," Photoplay, 205 East 42 Street, New York 17, N.Y. If you win you'll be notified before Christmas, so that you may have your outfit in plenty of time for the holidays. GOOD LUCK!


Gloves by Davonelle. Sixteen button length, in Elvette Royal. Black, white, navy, wheat. Sizes 6-7½, $7.00.

Belt by Fashion Craft. Contour belt in black velvet, studded with tiny nailheads. $2.95.
DORIS DAY looks at life through rose-colored glasses. And why not? One of Hollywood's happiest actresses, Dodo cheerfully admits she has everything she wants. With "Calamity Jane" recently finished, Dodo's next is aptly titled "Lucky Me"
VERA-ELLEN

She dropped the twinkling-toes routine that bewitched movie audiences in "Call Me Madam" and played it straight in "Big Leaguer." But happily it isn't for keeps; she'll be on her toes again in "White Christmas" with Bing Crosby and Danny Kaye as co-stars. The tiny-waisted actress continues to confuse Hollywood matchmakers by refusing to settle down with any of her many beaus. Although one and all admit they'd be most happy to dance — to the altar with Vera-Ellen
GENE KELLY

Filmtown's actor-director-choreographer is back once again enlivening the Hollywood scene after spending almost two years in Europe where he made "Invitation to the Dance." Rumor had a field day when Betsy left Gene to work on a film in Paris and returned to Hollywood alone. But rumor was wrong—for Gene and Betsy picked up where they left off in Europe. Now Gene's flying feet are busily occupied whirling through dance sequences for the movie version of "Brigadoon"
JEAN SIMMONS and STEWART GRANGER present a united front to the gossips who insist on separating them. Stewart, who's in "All the Brothers Were Valiant," is justly proud of Jean's big hit in "The Robe." However, work is parting them while Stewart's in England for the filming of "Beau Brummel"
ARLENE DAHL and FERNANDO LAMAS didn’t flick an eyelash—except at each other—when insiders, realizing Fernando’s divorce became final in October, wondered out loud if they’d follow Lana and Lex to the altar! Arlene and Fernando are making real screen love together in “The Diamond Queen”
RORY CALHOUN isn't cleaning his gun because he's mad at anybody. He's never had it so good. He's been spending his working days surrounded by no less a trio than Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable and Lauren Bacall making “How to Marry a Millionaire.” But his spare time he spends hunting with his cronies
ESTHER WILLIAMS doesn’t look any more like the mother of three now than she did when she first arrived in Hollywood a dozen years ago. But a lot of water has passed under the bridge since then, and Es has splashed around in most of it, with the cameras grinding away on such hits as her latest, “Easy to Love”
VIRGINIA MAYO knew better than to kid husband Mike when he announced last June that he was going to expectant fathers’ school. For whatever Mike wants or does is okay with Ginny, who willingly admits that Mr. O’Shea is head man in their ranch home. Ginny’s last picture, BB (before baby) was “Devil’s Canyon”
New! a revolutionary lotion with deep-softening action

Scientifically years ahead

Amazing effects right away!

Unlike other leading lotions, Angel Skin is not stopped on the outer skin surface—but goes deep. You see amazing effects right away! New Angel Skin heals chapping!

Dry, scratchy roughness smooths out. Angry redness fades. Dried-out "detergent hands" become softer and whiter—because only this new Pond’s lotion is scientifically designed to counteract the irritating chemical action of soaps and detergents.

No sticky "coating"—Angel Skin can’t leave hands sticky—because it contains no gummy "filler," as other lotions do. All its richness goes into your skin at once.

Send for a “Prove-it” sample—Send your name, address, and 10¢ to cover postage and packing to Pond’s, Dept. H-312, Clinton, Conn., for a generous sample of Angel Skin.
(In Canada, address Pond’s, Dept. H-312, 791 St. Clair W., Toronto, Ont.)

Angel Skin by POND’S

MAGNIFIED DIAGRAM OF SKIN SHOWS ANGEL SKIN’S DEEP-SOFTENING ACTION

OTHER LOTIONS stop at the skin surface... give the skin only superficial smoothing

ANGEL SKIN penetrates the outer skin surface...
Brings immediate help to living skin tissue where chapped roughness and redness begin
Biff Elliot carried off a prize when he won the role of Mike Hammer in the movie series based on Mickey Spillane's shocker novels. The prize was also something of a lot potato; Biff had to play a character already sharply visualized by legions of Spillane fans. But Biff didn't disappoint them with his initial appearance in "I, the Jury." He was Mike to the life.

"Mike," Biff says, "isn't so different from me. He calls a spade a spade; he doesn't believe in the stork. That's me! And he's decent to people."

To many observers, the fictional private eye might not seem any model of decency. More likely, it's Biff's own personality that supplies the civilized angle. With hair so rebelliously curly that it spills over his forehead, he looks properly fight-loving full-face. Yet his profile shows a well-modeled sensitivity. His conversational "spades" are as startling as if they were being tossed at you from a 3-D screen. Yet at other times he talks like the college graduate he is, and he slips into his native New England accent every so often. Biff made good in a business where everybody's supposed to have a knife poised for a rival's back. Yet he's based his life on a "decent" slogan: "You can't compete with other people!"

Biff picked up this unusual philosophy in high school in Presque Isle, Maine. He'd been thoroughly beaten in the 100-yard dash. In the post mortem, coach Dana Wallace told Biff: "You can't beat the other fellow. Your biggest competitor is yourself. The only thing to do with yourself is to keep tuned up."

The advice worked; Biff won the state championship for the quarter-mile. Only a short time later, he found himself in a spot where keeping tuned up was a matter of desperate urgency. When he drifted through one college semester, the Army claimed him. He pitched hard at basic training, realizing he was learning the hard facts of how to protect his life.

It was smack in the middle of the war, and Biff was soon shipped off to a place where the tanks were not just on maneuvers, and were not always ours. He was in the rugged Italian campaign, with the infantry slogging slowly north.

After such experiences, i, was a much-changed Biff Elliot (still Biff Shalek then) who returned to the University of Maine to start all over again. He's not bragging, but making fun of his intense college self when he says, "I got straight A's in everything—how to milk a cow, nuclear physics, home economics, French, astronomy, creative writing."

Midway in his sophomore year, the straight A's suddenly dropped to B's and even C's. The distracting influence was Betty Dole, a fellow New Englander and a real beauty. Though Biff's courtship was on the brusque side, it was soon obvious that Betty returned his love. Only the minor matter of finance delayed their marriage. A year went by, and the lack of money began to look trivial by contrast with the lack of each other. So they were married during junior year.

The day after his graduation found the couple in New York, ready to make their collective fortune. His first choice on his arrival in the big city was writing, but, eventually, Biff had to admit he was a flop as a writer.

It took him a year to get even a non-speaking part on TV, but he leaped right from that to a lead. It was a role in a television film called "A Letter from a Soldier" that put him in the running for Mike Hammer. Altogether, eight actors were being tested for the part, but Biff was measuring his work only against the standards he'd set for himself, without worrying about how the other fellows were doing.

Following coach Wallace's advice, he'd kept tuned up. He did his best, and it just happened to be better than anybody else's.

So Biff Elliot became Mike Hammer, endlessly besieged by lovelies with amorous intentions. "Oh well," grins Biff, "it's a living!" The series continues with "Kiss Me, Deadly." Will feminine fans also find him attractive? Biff's still a stubborn non-worrier: "Maybe they will, maybe they won't. What can I do about it?"

Then he adds, as blandly as if it were Mike speaking, "But I've never had any trouble with women."
Why Dial Soap protects your complexion even under make-up

Dial clears your complexion by removing blemish-spreading bacteria that other soaps leave on your skin

No matter how lavishly or how sparingly you normally use cosmetics, when you wash beforehand with Dial soap, the fresh clearness of your skin is continuously protected underneath your make-up.

For this mild, gentle face soap does a wonderful thing. It washes away trouble-causing bacteria that other soaps (even the finest) leave on your skin. Dial does this because it contains AT-7 (Hexachlorophene). It clears the skin of unseen bacteria that so often aggravate and spread surface blemishes.

Works in a new way!

Until Dial came along, there was no way of removing these bacteria safely and effectively. These pictures, taken through a microscope, are proof. No. 1 shows thousands of bacteria left on the skin after washing with ordinary soap. (So when you put on make-up, they are free to cause trouble underneath.) No. 2 shows how daily washing with Dial removes up to 95% of these blemish-spreading bacteria.

And Dial is so mild!

When you first try this beauty-refreshing soap, you'd never guess it could give you such benefits. It's delicately scented. Dial's mild, creamy lather removes dirt and make-up so gently and completely it helps overcome clogged pores and blackheads.

Skin doctors recommend Dial for adolescent complexions. And with Dial your skin will become cleaner and clearer than any other type of soap can get it. Why not let mild, fragrant Dial soap protect your complexion—even under make-up?

P.S. For cleaner, more beautiful hair, try New Dial Shampoo in the handy, unbreakable squeeze bottle.
Howard Hughes is offering her everything
but the moon! Arlene Dahl and Fer
nando Lamas got a stage offer that las
ted them beaming and their agents screaming.
There’s more money in Hollywood . . . Fur
ley Granger tells European correspondents
that he hopes to be a father before he’s
thirty. The young man means, of course, he
wants to get married!

Once Upon a Time: Ray Milland was a
Hollywood agent with one lone client
named Eunice Quedos. Later on she be
came—Eve Arden . . . Marcia Henderson
who played opposite Jimmy Stewart in
"Thunder Bay" was the head of his fan
cub in her native Massachusetts . . . Steve
Cochran worked as a doorman in a Holly
wood theatre that now runs his pictures.
Marilyn Monroe applied for a saleslady’s
job in a Beverly Hills smart shop, was
told to come back when she had more ex
perience. So she went back recently—and
bought an expensive evening gown!

Night Life: Doris Day with husband Marty
Melcher at Vic Damone’s Mocambo open
ing: “This is our first night-club date in
three years. My feet couldn’t wait for mo
to take them home and get the shoes off!”
. . . And diners at Ciro’s will never again
be bothered by seeing pink elephants.
They saw James Mason walk in with hi
little daughter Portland, who was more
wide-awake than anyone at midnight.

Homecoming: Advance reports reaching
Hollywood insist that Pier Angeli’s wa
home will be well-liked by the torch she i
tot for Kirk Douglas . . . Annie Baxte
returned from Europe where she fi
“Carnival,” wearing a Dior outfit with it
just-below-the-knee skirt length. Aske
whether she liked the new style, Anne re
plied, “It’s the fashion. What can I do?”

Just for Laughs: Martin and Lewis wh
knocked them cold at New York’s Pan
mount Theatre: “In Hollywood if they li
you they give you an Oscar. In England,
you’re lucky—a wet tea bag!” . . . Bo
Hope at the London Palladium: “Traw
is good for everyone. Anyway, it was tin
that I came back here for a change—i
fog!” . . . Scott Brady devised his ow
method of discouraging gobby females w
nail him at parties. “I merely cup my ea
and make like I’m very hard of hearing

Medical Report: June Haver returned to
Hollywood from the convent of the Sister
of Charity on orders from her doctor as
religious leaders. She had been ailing 6
several months but hopes to regain hi
health soon. Her plans to return to life.
the convent are not definite.

Home from abroad and “Carnival,” Anne
Baxter again proves she’ll try anything

“Ask Your Mirror” is the name of Liz
Taylor’s gown and worth a trip to Rome

beams Rock, “Except there’s no road to
reach it!” Eagles please apply.

Kiddie Corner: Liz Taylor and Michael
Wilding took the baby to England to meet
his paternal grandparents, cabled an SOS
to M-G-M. Of all things, they forgot to
take along rubber jiffy pants and couldn’t
get them over there. While abroad, Liz
made a flying visit to Rome and the famed
Fontana Sisters’ fashion salon. Her new
gown is called “Ask Your Mirror” . . .
Celebrating her daughter’s first birthday,
Dale Robertson took her out for lunch. He
treated the birthday girl to, of all things.
a hamburger!

According to Col: When Gary Cooper’s
wife and daughter returned from Europe,
Rocky reported to friends that she and
Coop talked for endless hours about their
marriage. Net result: no reconciliation but
a continuation of their separation . . . A
sad John Wayne sent word to his four chil
dren letting them know that he hates to
humiliate them but it may be necessary,
because he’ll “tell all” to protect himself
from Chata Wayne’s demands in their di
vorce trial. Says John: “I hope not, but it
may be messy!”

Nice People: Remember wonderful John
Ericson in “Teresa”? Well, when he fin
ished playing opposite Elizabeth Taylor in
“Rhapsody,” John married Milly Coury, a
sweet radio songstress. Their good friends.
Lori Nelson, Bob Arthur, Pat Crowley
and Tab Hunter, all pooled their money
and rented them a honeymoon cabin at Palm
Springs. Nice wedding present! . . . An
speaking of wedding presents, Ann Blyth
asked Cal to tell her fans that she’s per
sonally writing the thank-you notes. Which
is why it’s taking her so long to tell you
how much she loved your gifts to her.

People and Places: Jane Russell would
have to be out of her beautiful mind not to
sign that new RKO contract. Executive
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The Lady Said Yes

(Continued from page 49)

Part of the picture had been shot in London, where the cold, gloomy weather had given her a series of colds that constantly threatened pneumonia. When the location moved to Positano, with its red-hot sun, the nearest place for her to stay in comfort was Naples. And Naples from Positano lies at the end of a tortuous road that no self-respecting goat should try to navigate in a horseless carriage.

For Lana, there was the further complication that her mother, Mildred, had brought Cheryl to Naples. You can't find a more exotic place than a nine-year-old Cheryl—and it should have been just great that Lex, having a small role in "The Flame and the Flesh," had brought his two children to Naples, also. What's more, Cheryl personally, was all gone on Lex, tagging him wherever he went, swimming beside him in the blue Mediterranean, snuggling up beside him and his friends for rides in the old-fashioned Italian horse-drawn carriages.

The whole set-up was enough to drive any glamour girl crazy, but then what was it doing to Lana that afternoon on the beach at Positano? She had never meant to take Lex seriously. At the tremendous party given by the local papers, which had occasioned her movies for the past year, before, she had first rolled her pretty eyes and prettier hips at Lex Barker just to show Fernando Lamas she didn't care. And anyway she still wasn't over Arlene Dahl, an ex-Mrs. Lex Barker (and not till later, Mr. Lamas' favorite lady) where she got off. And by somewhat remote control, it was to show Mr. Bob Topping, a garage owner and penny-pincher, who's his head. Lex was just supposed to be a tall, broad, handsome stooge in all this. Only here he was, in Italy, refusing to stay in that role. He was a hard-nosed, determined, very intelligent, very firm—and things were going to go his way—or else.

Lana was on a rebound from serious love. Bob Topping had hurt her more than any man in her romance-tossed life had. She had taken the role of Mrs. Topping, society matron, very seriously. She had intended that it should last until death did her part. But she had lost interest in the role from the screen. She had essayed dignity, and wifehood. And what had it got her? Nothing but the loss of a baby, and very real heartbreak, and a slap to her pride, and an inner divorce.

Subsequently Lamas' leaving her for Arlene Dahl had been very embittering.

So it was all Lex Barker's fault if he didn't have sense enough to take her lightly. It was absolutely and utterly his own responsibility if he got hurt because she was a fool enough to believe in him. On this interesting August day, she was so irritated she wanted to be cruel. Thus, with Lex standing right there before her, she turned her head away from him, tossing a sullen glance up to Joe Pasternak, sitting on the sidelines.

"This guy has got to go," she announced. Perhaps Tyrone Power would have gone, with the last word. But Lex would have spun angrily away. Lex didn't budge. With one hand under her chin, he turned her face back so that she had to look at him. His armlocks held her so firmly that she could not move away. He paid no attention to the people avidly listening around them. As far as Mr. Barker was concerned, and Lana were alone at that particular moment. "Tell me personally that you want me to go," he said. "You tell me that it is distasteful to you that I love you so much I won't settle for less than marrying you. Let me hear you say you dislike my recognizing that you aren't just beautiful and female, like most girls in Hollywood, but that you are all woman. And because you are all woman you need to be loved, and for that I'll give you the most serious of promises. I'll tell you what I want the mere shadow of this?"

Lana began to cry. The quick shift of emotions, the fast changing from smiles to tears, the no-nonsense nature of her instinctive actress, enwrapped her. "But—but," she sobbed, "I get so mad at you." Lex leaned down to kiss her. "Sure you don't. If you loved a man and didn't you know that making up after a spat is one of the nicest moods of love? And can't I pound through your cute head that for a girl love means being protected, even against anger, and that for a man it means giving her that protection?"

Lana's sobbs stopped, as she was engulfed in Lex's arms.

And then Joe Pasternak turned to director Richard Brooks. "I have an idea we are through for the day," he said.

But the lovers heard him and Hollywood discipline with Lana swung out of Lex's adjacent. "What's the matter?" she asked, and they both knew it. But trust me. I'll fix." He called over to Lana, who had gone to her dressing room tent to remove her make-up. "You know I will." "Drive me back to Naples tonight?"

"Who else?"

"Me," said Joe Pasternak. He drew alongside Lex. "Try to keep her from eating so much pasta at lunch, will you?"

"Trust me," said Lex. "Give her an hour and a half for lunch. Give her another hour and a half for dinner, and both she and I both know it. But trust me. I'll fix." He called over to Lana, who had gone to her dressing room tent to remove her make-up. "You can't beat a day, can you. Lana's sake, you win her."

Now, to shift the scene for just one instant, I must tell you that Mr. Pasternak and I sat together in a stuffy, swank Hotel Plaza Hotel discussing all this.

We were both just back from Italy, Joe by a week and me by two days, because Phoebus had asked me to go to Italy to see if I could catch up with Lana or Lex or both of them.

The news that Lana and Lex had married in Turin on the Sunday in September the past, which had come to Ava Gardner's flat in London. Ava was there, naturally, and no less a gentleman than Clark Gable, who was at that very moment waiting for Lana to start their honeymoon. "You've been married."

Tommy Gardner's news created a bit of a sensation is a real understatement.

Immediately producer Mr. Pasternak, with the appropriately serious look: "Someone brave, was on the phone. The moment he got off the wire, there was director Gottfried Reinhardt wanting to know what Ava Gardner said."

"We must start September 22nd at the latest," Mr. Winegard said.

"We absolutely can't start later than September 24th," Mr. Reinhardt said.

Mr. Gable grinned across the room at Miss Gardner. "Toots, we may be stuck with putting you in the picture," he said. "Ten will get you twenty," said Miss Gardner, "that you will all take Lana when she's good and ready to be found, and meanwhile I think she is very smart to hide out on the whole lot of you."

As Mr. Pasternak and I sat talking in New York in mid-September, nobody had the faintest idea of where Lex and Lana were hiding out on their honeymoon. All they knew was Lex was due to return to Turin soon for another picture. In London, Wine- gard, Reinhardt, and the rest of the supporting cast, waited. In Paris, the dressmaking house of Dior waited for the fittings on Lana's clothes.

But on the isle of Capri, the Italians were smiling and telling stories of Lana's and Lex's many visits there. A little old cobbler in Capri's historic square told of his happy day when the beautiful Lana could girl stepped up to him, kicked off her fragile American slippers, put her pretty bare feet down on a big square of leather and said, "Stay where you are. This is the way the Italians always work.

And there were the three Italian girls who run a little dressmaking shop. They told of Lana's coming in and admiring their designs. And the next time she came in, she was particularly gone on, but she was in Capri only for the day. How could they make it for her? They said they'd sit up all night and deliver her dresses to Lana in Naples. That made Lana want three dresses. Could they achieve that? They could, they said.

Now, when they delivered the dresses, they found not only Lana's check, but beautiful gold medallions for each of them, as thank-you notes from her.

And there was Lana's marriage over above, for Lex is of that kind of men who find the smallest thing worth a smile. The Existentialists really began in France, but a small group of them have now invaded Italy. Their big belief is to believe in nothing, to live for nothing, and in Naples, they live in caves along the beach. They ignore everything but themselves. And Lana. They all came out of their caves to stare at Lana and Lex, so magnificently together.

But it is Joe Pasternak who tells what happened the evening of Lana and Lex's near-quarel there at Positano, the thing that convinced him Lana was more in love than she knew—and that Lex would surely win her. It was really just a small incident.

Lex had asked to see Lana and director Richard Brooks to back up from Positano from Naples. The road, as I have already said, is impossible. It twists and turns, high above the exquisite Bay of Naples, without so much as a handrail between it and the sheer drop to the sea below.

Lex is a great driver. But he took one turn a little too fast, and for one singling, he thought he saw a truck and the inexplicable car went snorting through the tangle of spaghetti. They both were safe once again.

And what was Lana doing during that moment? When the men all held their breaths in fear? She was sleeping. She was sleeping with her head on Lex's shoulder.

"Lana played love when a girl trusts a man that much," Joe says. "I think it's the right kind of love, the kind Lana hasn't had before. I hope she works it out this time.

So do we all. And not only for Lana. She's a doll and there's no one who knows her who doesn't love her. But Lex is very much of a guy, too, all man, and very much the gentleman—a simple, direct, honest man, who also deserves happiness.

So here's luck to both of them. They've got everything else. The End.
How to be fitted comfortably in your Strapless Bra

A strapless bra feels different from any other kind—you’ll miss some of the support that you are used to. To solve that problem you must get the right size. Be measured around the diaphragm—add 6”, and you’ll have your bra size. For example, if you measure 28”—add 6”, and you wear size 34. If you measure an odd size, try the next size smaller.

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1143 W. Congress St., Chicago 7, Illinois
Mitzi Made Her Mind Up

(Continued from page 60)

she "looked like a sweet kid." She was round—"baby fat, ugly!"—and wide-eyed, her long hair irrepressibly curly. Inside she was seething with humor, with temperament, with a restless urge to break out of the little-girl mold. It was no use, she knew, unless she "changed the outside of me to go with the inside." She decided to do just that.

All the old Mitzi must go: first the teen-age curves and weight, then the curls, the frilly little-girl clothes. Finally, even the antique-filled hillside house in which she had lived with her mother since she had arrived in Hollywood eight years before. She would be chic, i.e., thin. When her figure was up to it she would wear smart clothes. She would live in a modern penthouse with a view and that, she vowed, would be living.

This resolution came close upon the heels of another crucial turning point in Mitzi's life. That was the time just after her twenty-first birthday a little more than a year ago when she broke her six-year engagement to the rising young attorney, Richard Coyle. She said then, "I feel I am not mature enough to make such an important decision."

But she has no qualms about making important romantic decisions now. For the first time, she says, she's really, really in love. And she doesn't mind telling the world just exactly how she feels about Jack Bean, the charming young advertising man who'll be her husband probably by the first of the year.

They haven't set the date yet, nor picked their attendants—but the important thing is that they have made up their minds and are eying the Christmas holiday season.

And it never would have happened, Mitzi says, if she hadn't remade herself to be the kind of person Jack could fall in love with. Her personal remodeling program had gone into high gear by the time they met. "That very night," says Jack, "is the night I fell in love with her."

It took Mitzi a little longer to know she was in love—three dates, all in the span of a week. And now she says, "It's like nothing else in the world. It's a new feeling, I feel secure. This I can believe in."

It's hard to realize that not so long ago, Mitzi was confused, dissatisfied with herself, her appearance, and most of all, her state of mind.

"I had lived in a dream world," she says now. "A world all roses and bows in the hair. I found out that life isn't like that."

Mitzi resolved fervently to re-design that deceptive outside of hers, and, at the same time, to gain the peace of mind that would allow her true personality to emerge. She really went at it.

First she went on a diet.

When results seemed too slow she signed up with Louise Long, a tremendous and vital masseuse for frequent poundings. The walls of Mitzi's new apartment—the family moved into the promised penthouse last December—began to resound with a slap-slap-thumps, powerful grunts from Mrs. Coyle and agonized wails from her client as Hely, the Gerbers' Viennese maid paused in her dusting to inquire "Vet are they doing to our Meetzie?"

But it worked.

Meetzly proudly checked off the lost pounds and the lost inches, replaced a few "Mother Hubbards" with sleek, black, plunging neckline dresses, and on the basis of her new look nabbed a part in a Los Angeles musical comedy, "Jollyanna," in which, glory be, she could expose to the public some of her native effervescence and humor.

And then she decided to do a burlesque strip-tease, she gloats. "In nothing but a few skinny little scarves. It was the best part I ever had."

Dieting and exercise is also therapeutic for the figure, Mitzi discovered during the run of "Jollyanna." But unfortunately two attacks of appendicitis followed by a trip to the hospital for an appendectomy immobilized her for a period of months after the show closed.

But when, recently, Fox announced that Mitzi would join the star line-up of "Three Young Texans" she knew she'd better get those muscles to work again, and fast. Now she'd be learning something really new—to ride a horse. This picture would be a big chance to show the world how much she's changed.

With the diet, the dancing, the riding and the massages, with the rapidly growing wardrobe of grown-up clothes, Mitzi began to look very much like the girl her inside had told her she was all along. She went through the extra-sleek, extra-chic stage, and having tried that on for size, decided she could settle for a natural kind of glamour. So, to look her best, Mitzi sacrificed her thick, long hair and got herself one of the new, close-cropped hair cuts.

You have only to look at a portrait of the former Mitzi on the wall of her living room to realize how dramatic the changes are. At the time the sailors of the USS Abbott from a fan photograph Mitzi had sent them and presented to their favorite screen star "with love," she wore an off-the-shoulder, ruffled white blouse and an abundance of hair in Shirley Temple curls, her blue eyes (a mistake, since hers are brown) wide and wistful. And it bears about as much resemblance to the Mitzi Gaynor who sits in her swank living room bunging funny stories at you today as—well, as Shirley Temple at six bears to Mrs. Charles Black.

The new penthouse is a fitting setting for the new Mitzi. Moving nine rooms into six was a problem, and one room is bulging with cartons of old photographs and clippings, mementoes of old tours and old costumes.

But the visible areas are brand—new—big furniture of modern design, vast vases of bright flowers, a streamlined fireplace, and a whole wall of sliding floor-to-ceiling windows overlooking a canopied terrace from which you can look down at night on a sea of sparkling lights.

Mitzi says she loves giving parties on her terrace with candle—lit tables and good Viennese food kept warm over the charcoal braziers, and music flowing out from the penthouse to the world.

Romantically, Mitzi's emotional revolution has been a brilliant success.

Professionally, it is paying off too.

At a recent preview Mitzi was startled when the critic, a reporter covering arrivals at the theatre threw a loaded question at her. (She had expected to get by with the usual, "I am so happy to be here.")

"What in your opinion, Miss Gaynor," the Mike—happy commentator wanted to know, "is the most important thing for a young star to know?"

"I could spend two weeks talking and not say everything I'd like to say about that one. Mitzi groaned later.

But on the spot, and with flash bulbs popping, she thought fast, and came up with an answer.

"Not to read her own publicity," she said, "at least, I don't believe it. And, even more important, to listen to people—anyone and everyone who will talk to you about your work. For people are basic—cal and what they say can help you. So listen ... but don't let others make your decisions. Listen, and then make up your own mind."

For Mitzi it has been a year of making up her own mind, and making over her external self to match it.

The results, as they say on election night, are pouring in.

La Jolla summer theatre wanted Mitzi Gaynor for the role of Sally Bowles, a sexy gamin of questionable morals, in "I Am a Camera." She had to refuse, but, she beams, "they really thought I could do it."

In Las Vegas, where flashy girls go as Tallulah has said "to shill for the gamblers," a top casino has offered Mitzi a fabulous sum to make a night-club appearance. Surely the Pigeon Rock—remember what it did for Judy Garland?—wants her too.

Marilyn Monroe isn't the only person, it seems, who has noticed that "sweet little Mitzi" has changed. Noted film critic Jack Bean.

The whole country is beginning to be aware that something new has been added to "our little girl." You have to go a lot farther than next door to find her these happy days.

The End

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For amazing, heart—throbbing reading, "Reckless Sixteen" in December TRUE STORY at newstands now is tremendous.
Science constantly marches on. Each day new developments are being advanced so that we might all live happier and longer lives. Old ideas and theories must give way to the new. In the field of nutrition, Dr. Munro of Utica, N.Y., has good news for fat people. In his book, just published, he reveals how to reduce weight only at the expense of deposited fats and water—not at the expense of vital tissues.

Most of the so-called Miracle Diets and Wonder Diets reduce weight all right, but most of the weight is lost from vital tissues, rather than from the fat deposits in the body. Many diets boast of producing a weight loss of 20 or 40 pounds in so many days! But they do not tell you how many of these pounds come from muscle, bone, blood, connective and epithelial tissues. This kind of weight loss explains so many cases of weakness, nervousness, anemia, tuberculosis, and other infections following a course of reducing diets.

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Instead, you will find in this new book menus for all your meals for an entire month. These menus will direct you to eat one egg or two chops or so many ounces of meat, fish, etc. Simple, isn't it?

No Rabbit Food Diet

Make no mistake about Dr. Munro's Slenderizing Diet—it contains no rabbit food, such as carrots or salads. But it does list such foods as eggs, oysters, steaks, fat (yes, fat) as well as desserts, such as baked custards, mocha pudding, Spanish cream, and vanilla ice-cream. Naturally, you must prepare these dishes according to the instructions contained in this modern-day book.

"Many times I have had the experience of witnessing the increasing beauty in people on this diet. Some women who appeared elderly or middle aged, after a few months on the diet, appeared an amazing change. They appeared a generation younger in beauty and they remained the old appeal. You will not only look younger, but you will be younger physically and older mentally."

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Seattle, Wash. Frederick & Nelson
(Town & Country, 350 5th Ave., N.Y.C.)
Nobody Asked Him

(Continued from page 52)

thoroughly tired ties. They couldn't be
kin, the man and the myth.
Small wonder his friends ask, “These
legends about Monty—where do they
come from?” They resent any necessity of
championing or defending him or explain-
ing him. Perhaps, too, they realize the fu-
tility of it, knowing there will always be
two points of view about Montgomery
Clift—that of those who know him and
that of the many who in all probability
will never understand him.
But still those who do know him ask
where the legends come from. So I asked
Monty.
“Maybe I’m too transparent,” Monty
says. “So transparent people can’t see me.
And let’s face it, what would they be miss-
ing? But most of the trouble, I believe,
goes back to what has been written about
me. I’ve always been under the impression
you could be an artist and do your job
sincerely and be yourself. But I may be
wrong. The truth about me, apparently,
just doesn’t make a story.
“If I weren’t in motion pictures people
wouldn’t look twice at me. I live the same
sort of life the everyday person lives, and
I enjoy the same things. So sometimes
writers have felt impelled to add the ‘ex-
tras’ to the stories about me, to make it
more interesting. If I stay home to read a
book, I’m a hermit. If I like to swim in
salt water, it must be a channel swim. For
some time a favorite theme of stories about
me was ‘The Man with Two Ties.’ On one
occasion an interviewer and I were going
out to dinner. When I opened the closet
door to get a coat the writer could see I
had twenty ties—and still the article came
out, ‘The Man with Two Ties.’”
Some writers have said that Monty has
a low opinion of Hollywood because he
doesn’t live there. But if you ask Monty,
he explains just what he does believe.
“If a contractor goes to Denver to do a
job, it’s no reflection on Denver if he goes
back home when the job is finished. It’s
the same with me. New York is my home.
I’ve lived there sixteen years and I’ve
loved it. I do my job, I make a picture in
Hollywood—and I go back home.
“When a writer once insisted, “But
wouldn’t you like to have a swimming
pool?” Monty answered, “When I feel a
swimming pool is important to me, I
will have one.” So the writer accused
Monty of saying Hollywood is hypocritical.
“They ask you to describe the woman
you want to marry,” Monty says. “How
can you intelligently answer that? Mar-
riage is a meeting of two people.”

As for not talking to the press when he’s
working on the set, Monty says, “I’m not
the best actor in the world. I act emo-
tionally. It’s impossible to stay in full
concentration; my mind is on a thousand
things. Not only would talking to writers
be distracting to me, it would be unfair to
interviewers.
His is an inexcuse mind, one that quickly
separates the truth from the tripe. As
Deborah Kerr observes, “He has a pen-
etrating reasoner that sees right through
to the core of things and sees many
misconceptions. Such intellectual purity, Monty’s. His mind
is so clean and uncluttered—like a very
pure flame inside him. He’s one of the
purest people I know.”
He’s also one of the most intense people.
He lives ardently. And all he believes is
in his eyes, those amazing blue-green eyes
which seem to see straight to the soul. He
has strength which belies his boyishness.
A lyric strength compounded of a tough
mind and an equally tender heart. He’s
stubborn when provoked too far. And he’s

“It was fascinating to see the change in my skin!”

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If your pores are looking large, your skin looking
dull—skin doctors will tell you that you haven’t
been cleansing your skin properly. You must get
out the dirt that works into pore-openings—and
hardens and sticks. Your first Pond’s Cold Cream-
ing will show you it does more than the usual,
superficial clean-up. For Pond’s Cold Cream
is specifically designed to soften and float out
embedded dirt. Your skin is made fastidiously clean
and shows it—with a clearer, fresher, finer look.

It makes rough skin look
so smooth!

Every day—skin-softening oils and moisture are
stolen from your skin by dry indoor heat, out-
door exposure, by normal tensions and fatigue. You
must replenish these softeners every day or your
skin looks dry, coarsened—takes on an older
look. Each Pond’s Cold Creaming gives back to
your skin the oils and moisture your skin needs
to look velvety smooth, have a young suppleness.

The quickest, easiest, surest
 treatment—it works wonders!

1. Circle Pond’s Cold Cream briskly—up—out—
from throat to forehead. This frees embedded
dirt. Stimulates circulation. Tissue off well.
2. Now—a snowy “rinse” with fresh fingerfuls
of Pond’s Cold Cream. This time, tissue off
lightly—leaving a little invisible cream to soften
and protect your skin. Get Pond’s Cold Cream in
the large jar today—nicer to dip into and,
compared with the small jars, you average a
third more cream for your money!

The Duchess of Sutherland
says: “I always use Pond’s Cold
Cream. I don’t know a better
cleansing cream in the world.”

The Princess Murat says:
“Pond’s Cold Cream leaves my
skin glowing, so smooth. It’s my
most necessary beauty help.”
a maverick, this Monty Clift, vigilant in his belief of a man's right to be himself. But a maverick by what his heart sees.

Monty and Frank Sinatra became close friends while they were working on "From Here to Eternity," each having recognized in the other a kindred soul sympathetic to the preservation of man's individuality. And with the freedom of some of acquaintance I asked Frank, "Why do you like Montgomery Clift?"

"Monty? He's a sincere artist," Frank answered, "intelligent, very serious about his work."

"But," I insisted, "why do you like him?"

"Why do you like anybody?" Frank said. "I don't ask myself why. If you like a man, you like him."

Monty reacts to people instantly, with a warmth that reaches out eagerly. As one who knows him well puts it, "When Monty likes you, you can feel the light turn on." And Monty says, "You meet some people and you know them immediately. Others you would never know."

One thing sure, subterfuge in any form, with Monty, would get you nowhere. A motion-picture executive worrying how to get him to agree to participate in a project the studio felt was quite important, called Howard Horowitz, assistant to Producer George Stevens, and Monty's good friend since he made "A Place in the Sun," saying, "How do we handle Clift on this? How do we go about tricking him into doing it?" Horowitz advised dourly, "Tell you how you 'trick' him into it. You call him on the phone and you ask him. That's exactly how you 'trick' him into it. A few minutes later, the exec called Horowitz back saying, dazedly, "What do you know—he says he'll do it!"

Asked whether he would consider himself a rebel, Monty says slowly, "I guess so. Certainly I believe a man in revolt is better than a person who accepts what's handed him, or what he reads, just because it's been accepted—until it's been proved worthy of acceptance." And in respect to men of conviction, Monty says, "I believe Frank Sinatra is a monument to our time. The things, I feel, people are sometimes asked to put up with in the field of entertainment—or any field—are tremendous. Frank will compromise to realize an objective, but he draws a line beyond which he won't go."

Will Monty compromise? "Certainly," he says. "It's your job to try and adjust to things within a certain scope of understanding, and as long as you keep focus as to what you're about, it's fine. But if you compromise until all identity is lost, compromise to where you've lost focus on what you set out to accomplish as a human being—it's no good."

Not that he considers himself any criterion on accomplishments. "I'm lacking in many things." He insists he's lazy.
This in no way reflects the opinions of those who've worked with him. As Manny Klein, famous trumpeter who coached him on the bugle for "Eternity," says, "I've been playing a trumpet and bugling for thirty-five years—but the kid wore me out! Such diligence. I've never seen a guy work so hard." At 6:00 a.m. the lone figure marching around the Hollywood High School athletic field, near his hotel, was Montgomery Clift, learning to make like a "soljer." So determined was he to master every military detail, Colonel Pendleton Hogan, who served as technical adviser on the picture, would have been delighted to recruit him permanently for Uncle Sam.

Monty ran fight films, and reported three weeks early to work out with Mushy Callahan for the big slugging scene. "He wanted to look like Sugar Ray Robinson when he fights," Callahan observed.

Monty's intense concentration results in such realism that Deborah Kerr says: "You have the strangest feeling he's actually experiencing the scene. You could feel the knife in Monty's side for days after his fight with Fatso in 'Eternity.' When he was shot, it wouldn't have surprised me if they'd said, 'He's dead.'"

This, Director Fred Zinnemann, from his six years of association with Monty, explains with, "He's so good an actor he gives the feeling he isn't even acting. That he's just being himself. Monty is technically one of the greatest actors I know. He couldn't play a part he doesn't believe."

He didn't work for two years after "A Place in the Sun," turning down scripts after script because he didn't believe any of the parts were right for him. "He needed the money, too," a friend told me.

Then came three believable parts in one year. The priest in "1 Confess," Prewitt, and that of a young American-Italian professor in the David O. Selznick—Vittorio De Sica production, "Terminal Station," a love story told with all the De Sica realism, the passion and despair. Filmed against the dramatic background of Rome's Terminal Station, it's the last hour and a half of a love affair. "It's a very good part," Monty says, "and I'd always wanted to make a picture with Vittorio De Sica."

Monty has an insatiable curiosity that encourages exploration. "You see kids today who are cynics at eighteen," he says, "They've had it. All of it. That's sad..."

It's easy to see why his kid-like zest and eagerness to explore would draw children to him like a Pied Piper. "He loves them and they love him," his friend Howie Horowitz says, speaking for his three small daughters. "They think Monty's a kindred soul and so much fun. He kills them." As for the Fred Zinnemann's thirteen-year-old son, Timi, he thinks of him fondly as an older adopted brother. "He adores Monty," his parents say. When it had developed Timi would be in New York for a few hours en route from a European summer, Monty made excited plans for Timi to see the Big Town via helicopter. Monty felt certain there would be some way of engineering it. No wonder their son adored him. This would really be a boy's idea of sightseeing. "Why, no," Mrs. Zinnemann laughs. "Actually it's Monty's idea. You see—Monty's never been up in a helicopter."

And as for New York, the popular conception of Monty Clift as a moody recluse who fox-holes into a coldwater flat between pictures, is as mythical as the rest of it. "It's a very nice apartment," Monty protests laughingly.

His place in the East Sixties in New York City is a walk-up with a spacious living room with a high-beamed ceiling and a fireplace, a bedroom, a small kitchen, and a view—on a clear sunny summer day...
of Gloria De Haven relaxing in her back yard. Monty's living room is lined with books on every conceivable subject from Freud to Mickey Spillane. His fabulous record collection includes musical offerings by everybody from Bing Crosby to Beethoven—and before on the Bing. "I love music—all kinds," says Monty. "But I'm getting a little old for the classics now! I like them livelier." He drives a Buick sedan. And he has a tremendous appetite, best satisfied by thick steaks ordered "black and blue"—burnt on the outside and gently bruised within, and fortified with strong black Italian coffee.

Contrary to common belief, Monty doesn't come from a very wealthy family. If by all written accounts he seems to have been born at the age of thirteen, when he first set foot on a stage, it's because, with characteristic consideration, he has refused to subject his family to a spotlight they didn't seek and which might be unwelcome to them. His father is affiliated with a New York brokerage firm, and Monty was offered all advantages—he would be the first to say—whether he took them or not. His mother, Monty describes as "a very sweet person, a woman of tremendous energy, and with a comprehension of those things which mean good taste in living." His brother, Bill, is in television in New York. His sister, Mrs. Robert McGinnis, is married to a Dallas attorney, and raising four little fans for Monty. The fact that he's closest to her, he explains with, "We seem to see more alike, feel more alike—maybe because we're twins."

Ask what inspired him to become an actor and Montys' stuck. "I don't know," he answers slowly, "and I've asked myself many times—why I felt impelled to be an actor. Particularly on those occasions when he's unhappy about some scene he's done—or feels he failed to do well.

But for all the self-torture understandable in the sensitive actor as Montgomery Clift, he has never at any time considered any other vocation. In his lifetime he's held only one other job, laying pipe on a ranch in California, when he was forced to leave the stage following the run of "The Skin of Our Teeth," ten years ago, to recover his health.

"I was very ill, down to 144 pounds," he says, "I'd contracted a mysterious amoeba in Mexico—at least it seemed a mystery to doctors around New York. Today they would know how to treat it instantly, there are so many wonderful drugs. But they couldn't seem to diagnose it then."

Reasoning that with fruit boats plying back and forth from the tropics putting in at New Orleans, doctors there might have more knowledge of amoebae, Monty went there. And they had. "In New Orleans a wonderful doctor, a Dr. Browne, knew immediately. He saved my life. After getting out of the hospital, I'd planned to work as a longshoreman until I got stronger, but the climate was too hot and humid there for me. I'd met some people who had a ranch in the Napa Valley in California, so I just wrote them—I'm coming to work for you." I laid pipe on their ranch until I got my health back again.

Monty rejects any thought of employment other than acting. "I can't think of anything in which I'd be very useful."

Although Monty may say, "I don't consider myself a religious man," his whole philosophy of living, his whole reason for being, is in a sense Scriptural... "You shall know the truth and the truth shall set you free." To Monty Clift they go hand in spirit—truth and freedom. How much is in his eyes when he says, "Freedom is the one thing I treasure. The one thing I hold onto. The freedom to reach toward what one believes in ideal.

"I'll call you before I leave town," he said, after talking to me. Officially, he was already gone. Columnists were casting his next picture when he "returns to Hollywood." But Monty—well—now I knew too, you can set your watch by his word.

And so one night the phone rang. He was in the middle of packing, if we would please extract him from leaving the next A.M.—he hoped. How would I recommend getting a pair of GI shoes into two inches of bag space. From where he was sitting, on top of the bag—it seemed a mathematical impossibility, but if they were Prewiit's shoes, they'd gone through "Eternity" together—and some way... they were going to leave Hollywood together.

The future? It was wide open... "I don't know what I'm going to do next," he said. More importantly, he didn't know for whom or how or where. "To direct, some day, that's my distant dream. To direct and act, that would be ideal."

"Perhaps it will be in independent pictures," he said, after a pause. "I don't know. But I do know I've got to have some say about me, about what happens to me. I must be free to go about my work in what seems to me to be the right way. What that way will be, I'm not sure now. But in the meantime, what am I going to do about these shoes?"

There seems to be small cause for concern on either side. A man who loves a thing as much as Monty Clift loves acting will find a way. And a guy who comes so close to finding that way would hardly be stopped by a pair of shoes.
MARRY ME AGAIN—RKO. Directed by Frank Tashlin; Bill, Robert Cummings; Doris, Marie Wilson; Mickey Rooney, Joan Fontaine; Peggie, Beatrice Deane; Mitzi Green, Jane Vincent; Dr. Pepperidge, Richard Gaines; Mr. Moniot, Moroni Olsen; Dr. Day, Frank Cady. MOMAGMO—M-G-M. Directed by John Ford; Victor Morrow, Clark Gable; Elusive Y. Kelly, Ava Gardner; Linda, Donald Ogden; Simi, John Brown-Prince, Philip Stainton; Leon Bistack; Eric Pohlmann; Skipper, Laurence Naismyth, Father Israel, Denis O’Dea.

NIGHT IS MY KINGDOM, THE—Arthur Davy. Directed by George Lacombe; Raymond Piiraud, Jean Gabin; Louis Jeanne, Simone Valere; Sister Gabrielle, Suzanne Debely, Lionel Morceau, Gerard Ouren; Julian, Robert Arnoxx.

PARATROOPER—Columbia. Directed by Terence Young; Canada, Alan Ladd; Major John, Leo Genn; Penny Gardner, Susan Stephen; R.S.M., Harry Andrews; Tuffy, Donald Houston; General Wilkinson, Anthony Bushell; Flash, Patrie Donovan; Brelton, Stanley Baker; Pinky, Lana Morris; Rupert, Tim Turner; Davot, Michael Kelly.

ROBE, THE—20th Century-Fox. Directed by Henry Koster; Marcello Gallone, Richard Burton; Diana, Joseph Sorensen; Demetrios, Victor Mature; Peter, Michael Rennie; Caligola, Jack Ryan; Justin, Dean Jagger; Senator Gallio, Torin Thatcher; Pilato, Richard Boone; Miriam, Bette St. John; Panthy, Jeff Morrow; Emperor Tiberius, Ernest Thesiger; Junia, Dawn Addams; Abdon, Leon Ashkin; Rebecca, Helen Beverley; Quintus, Frank Pulaski; Marcipor, David, Donald Houston; Zulais, Michael Ansara, Nicolas Koster; Slave Dealer, Frank De Kova.

SARRE JET—U.A. Directed by Louis King; Col. Miton, Robert Stack; Jane Carter, Colleen Gray; Gen., Robert E. Hale, Richard Arlen; Mrs., Margie Hale, Julie Bishop; Lt. Col. Eckert, Leon Ames; Helen, Dona Drake; Tuffy, Donald Houston; General Wilkinson, Anthony Bushell; Flash, Patrie Donovan; Brelton, Stanley Baker; Pinky, Lana Morris; Rupert, Tim Turner; Davot, Michael Kelly.

SO BIG—Warners. Directed by Robert Wise; Selina DeFaro, Jane Wyman; Perpetu DeSoto, Sterling Hayden; Dallas O’Mara, Sancy Olson; Dick DeSoto, Steve Forrest; Julie Hemphill, Elisabeth Fraser; Paula Hemphill, Martha Hyer; Roof Pool, Walter Craske; Roof Pool (Age 12), Richard Beymer; Diet DeSoto (Age 8), Tommy Retting; Klaaz Pool, Ronald Winters; Jacques Aubuchon; Maarten Pool, Ruth Swanson.

TANGA-TIKA—Monosong-Long. Directed by Dwight Long; News, Adeline Tethahaimi; Tim, Paul Mose; News, mother, Alice Swenson; Tim’s mother, Tatsunari; Chinese boy, Roger Scott; Governor Angani, Himself; Mayor Poeni, Himself; Captain Darr, Himself; Aiu, Himself.

THOSE REDHEADS FROM SEATTLE—Paramount. Directed by Lewis R. Foster; Kathie Edmunds, Rhode Fleming; Johnny Isco, Gene Barry; Mrs. Edmunds, Arlene Moorehead; Pat Edmunds, Teresa Brewer; Joe Keenan, Guy Mitchell; Connie Edmunds, Dorothy Moran; Billy, Dean Jagger, Kay Bell; Liz, Jean Parker; Dan Taylor, Roscoe Attes; Mike, Kellogg, Lance Edmonds; Frank Wilcox; Whitey Marks, Walter Reed.

THREE FORBIDDEN STORIES—Ella Films. Directed by Augusto Genina; Gina (Joan), Eleonora Rossi Drago; Anna (Herta), Antonella Lualdi; Renato, Lia Amato; Prof. Aragona, Gino Cervi; Renato’s mother, Isabella Poli, Marcella Gabriele Perrotti; Thomas, Enrico Lazzari; Walter, Frank Lattimore.

TITFIELD THUNDERBOLT, THE—Rank, U.I. Directed by Charles Crichton; Palantine, Stanley Holloway; Wrench, George Relph; Blakesworth, Naunton Wayne; Gordon, John Gregson; The Bishop, Geoffrey Tooke; Dan, Hugh Griffith; Joan, Gabrielle Brune; Haskins, Sidney James.

TORCH SONG—M-G-M. Directed by Charles Walters; Jenny Stewart, Joan Crawford, Ty Grif- them, Michael Wilding; Cliff Williams, Gie Young; Mrs. Stewart, Marjorie Rambeau; Joe Denen, Henry Morgan; Martha, Dorothy Patrick; Philip Norton, James Todd; Gene, Dance Director, Eugene Loring; Monty Raffe, Paul Guilfoyle.

VEILS OF BAGDAD, THE—U.I. Directed by George Sherman; Asrar, Victor Mature; Selina, Mari Blanchard; Ravane, Virginia Field; Kazemts, Guy Rolfe; Tarout, Jim Arness; Osman, Gregg Palmer; Ahmed, Nick Cravat; Kaffor, Ludwig Donath; Handmaiden, Jackie Laughery.

VICKI—20th Century-Fox. Directed by Harry Horner; Jeanne Crain, Ficn, Jean Peter; Steve, Elliott Reid; Connell, Richard Boone; Larry Evans, Dona Drake; Burt, Richard Denning; Bobby, McDonald, Carl Betz; Harry Williams, Aaron Spelling.

VILLAGE, THE—U.I. Directed by Leopold Lindberg; Alice Manning, John Justin; Wanda Pfeiffer, Eva Dahlbeck; Heinrich Meil, Sigfrid Steiner, Miss Wittsonington, Mary Hinton; Dr. Stefan Zielinski, W. Woyceck; Mrs. Karstins, Arno Borchardt; Ania, Krystyna Krusiel; Anicija, Voytek Dolinsky.
in your life—even today, when his biography lists him as fifty-two.

The Hollywood woods are full of them—men who are afraid they’ve touched the bottom of the barrel in emotional kicks, and they have to keep rummaging to see if there isn’t just one more prize packet for them. Peck, Cooper, Clark Gable, Kirk Douglas, Robert Taylor, Fernando Lamas, Jeff Chandler, Lex Barker, Steve Coogan, Frank Sinatra, Gene Nelson and Dick Haymes—restless, seeking to satisfy an always increasing ego. And heaven help the women who love them.

Take Kirk Douglas and Pier Angeli. This half-girl, half-woman, met Hollywood’s perennial loverboy who is almost twice her age when Metro threw them together in “Story of Three Loves.” Unfortunately for the elf-like little Italian, she lost her heart. And I was naive enough to believe that when she flew to visit Kirk in Italy, and he followed her to London where her desperate Mama had rushed the lovesick chick, that the cynical Mr. Douglas had been winged at last by the little man with the bow and arrow. But before I could put a question mark after “marriage” Kirk was back in Italy gazing into the eyes of another Italian actress, Brigitte Bardot.

I should know better. I’ve seen Kirk flex his romantic muscles often enough. The round of the beauty is the same. Only the girl is different. They want to cook for him, they even want to scrub for him. It’s homey, it’s intimate. But when they start hearing bells, wedding bells, the bridge-room-to-do a vanishing act.

Why? What’s he afraid of? If he loves the girl—and Pier believed he loved her—what makes him take to his heels and run? This is the way I figure it: He had love for a deep-rooted inferiority complex. That’s why he boasts and brags. It’s why he can’t take any criticism. It’s why he’s so afraid to let down the last bar in his heart. And I believe it will always be the Dangerous Age for Kirk—and for the girls who succumb to his undeniable charm—until he convinces himself that he doesn’t have to please anyone to himself.

To go back to Gary Cooper and Gregory Peck for a moment. Greta Peck just called me to say that the matter of a divorce she will leave up to Greg because, “I don’t want to do anything that is going to make him nervous. I’m not sure he rates this consideration. It was sad enough to leave Greta. But his three cute sons. He said he loved them so much. How could he stay away from them so long? I wonder if he will be sorry when the present fever has run its course.

The French had a big journalistic laugh when Gary Cooper “stole” Giselle Pascal from Prince Rainier of Monaco. Reports were that Giselle had been trying for years to bring the Prince up to marriage scratch, but unlike the Duke of Windsor who abdicated for “The Woman I Love,” Rainier preferred to view it with his heart. But I repeat, it isn’t hard to fall for Coop. There was talk that Ingrid Bergman swooned for him when they made all those pictures together. But in those days, Gary didn’t feel he had to prove his irresistibility.

It was the most surprising thing in the world when word seeped through to Hollywood from Paris, that Clark Gable was separated from Princess Raine of Monaco. Reports were that Giselle had been trying for years to bring the Prince up to marriage scratch, but unlike the Duke of Windsor who abdicated for “The Woman I Love,” Rainier preferred to view it with his heart. But I repeat, it isn’t hard to fall for Coop. There was talk that Ingrid Bergman swooned for him when they made all those pictures together. But in those days, Gary didn’t feel he had to prove his irresistibility.

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living dangerously, emotionally speaking. It's an adolescent craving for thrills. It's the same kind of nervous restlessness that makes unbalanced teenagers take dope. Maybe for that reason processors that accounts for the actions of some of the rest of the Bad Boys of Hollywood, too.

Recent news stories about Steve Cochran and his tantrums have been a big surprise to those who only knew him when he was first breaking into pictures.

And no one, a few years ago, could have pictured the quiet-seeming Gene Nelson in the role of such an interloper. In fairness to Gene it must be admitted that friends have said his marriage, as well as that of Jane Powell, was finished before they started dating each other. In fact, "The Sullivans and the Girls." But this is preaching that Dangerous Age, and the restless—may have caught up with him already. Whether or not it has will be answered by what happens to his romance with Jane.

Frank Sinatra has long been a stormy figure, not only in Hollywood, but all over the world. He is no more at peace with members of the press and with photographers than he has been in international scope. His latest misunderstanding with Ava is but one more chapter in a turbulent story, and it's unimportant whether or not it's 'From Here to Eternity' that has pushed his career to new heights.

Jeff Chandler has grey hair, but he's younger than you looks. And he acted when younger been considered to have an apartment of his own while he was still married to Marjorie. He explained the apartment as a place where he could do things. It eventually was not a place he could keep a wife. Now he is a target for every unattached star—and startles in town. The road is full of "Danger" signs. Watch it, Jeff.

As of the moment the most titillating questions in Hollywood is, will Fernando Lamas come clean and marry Arlene Dahl? Fernando has been accused of an old and a lot by his father. His critics point a harsh finger at his so-called romance with Lana Turner. Lana announced they married. But when she rushed to Las Vegas to lose Bob Oppenheimer, she was latched on to the front and left her embarrassingly in the lurch. Her big thing with Barker was definitely on the rebound. But will it be the same old—sex in the same crucial fashion? I could be wrong; I don't think so. This is for sure. Latins may not be juicy lousy, but they'll always be dangerous.

This story also makes a change for men in Hollywood wouldn't be complete without Mario Lanza. Age has nothing to do with Mario's behavior. But what he is doing is the same for his career and physical well-being.

It's lucky he has that golden voice, because even if he does nothing else, Mario can make money for his family with records. Last few months he's been on tour. And he will go far. Like the time he reportedly smashed the windows of a producer didn't like. How childish can you be? Like a very small child, Mario goes to extremes with everything he does. When he dieted, he went on and on and on. And when he started to eat again, there was no moderation and he gained back all the pounds. But last year he did diet. He's always buying new Cadillacs, he changes his telephone number every few days. He moves his family into different homes until they're too big and then sells them, avoiding excess money that would have been in his glory in the Roaring Twenties. Today, his antics are dangerous—and silly.

And that, I'm afraid, goes for more than one of the Bad Boys of Hollywood.

The END

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Miles Nervine

My Constipation worries are over!

(Continued from page 57)

And just then Debbie walked toward them across the room.

"Hey, chick," the scout was beginning to feel his drinks just a little, "that's a mighty pretty dress you've got on. And mighty modest."

Debbie, who, as usual, had been drinking ginger ale—straight—gave him one of those twinkling smiles. She had an idea what was coming next. And she was right.

"You know, Debbie, you ought to wise up. Give yourself some sex appeal. Get yourself a dress or two that shows the world what you've got."

Now Debbie may be modest. But that doesn't mean she's shy. When she has something to say, she says it. And she had a great deal to say just then.

"That," she said, "is not my idea of sex at all. Sex appeal is something inside a person. You either have it or you don't. And if you do, you don't have to serve it up on a silver platter. It's there—and people can recognize it.

"Sure," the scout broke in. "But you don't have to make it so darned hard for them to find."

"If that means posing in the nude, and giving out sexy interviews, you can count me out. If I have to do that to get ahead in the movies, they're going to have to get a new girl."

And with that, Debbie bowed out of the tete-a-tete.

That scout was by no means the first person who has tried to convince Debbie that she ought to dress more daringly. In fact, there was a small-size racket on that very problem when she was playing in "I Love Melvin."

In a dream sequence, she was supposed to be decked out as a slinky movie star. And the M-G-M wardrobe department had designed a really low-cut gown for her to wear. They tried it on her and she shuddered.

"Ooh," she said, "I feel so naked!"

"But," they insisted, "it's right for the part."

"Maybe," said Debbie. "But it certainly isn't right for me." Finally, over vehement protest, she had them add material—one, two, then three strips—to the neckline. And that was the way she wore it.

Debbie's Hopeless

Every once in awhile she does get into a low-cut dress—just medium low, that is—and then she's miserable all evening. She keeps her hands clutched at the neckline and drives photographers wild.

At a night club once, a photographer was trying to get a glamour-shot of her. Exasperated, he called out, "Take your hands down, Debbie."

And Debbie, keeping her hands exactly where they were, retorted, "You take care of your pictures. I'll take care of my dress."

This simple modesty colors not only Debbie's clothes style, but everything about her: her conversation, her choice of friends, her ideas of how to have fun.

Take the matter of dating, for instance. Debbie and the young men she goes out with don't always see eye to eye on what is and what is not proper behavior for young people. One night, she was out with a group of a half dozen or so, and the conversation turned, as it has a way of doing, to sex.

Debbie spoke out strongly, for she has definite opinions on the subject.

Her date gave her a long, cold look and said disgustedly, "Oh Debbie, don't be such a professional virgin."

She was so taken aback, she said afterwards, that she didn't say another word for the rest of the evening. And anyone who knows what a chatter-box she is, can be sure that if she wasn't talking, she was doing a lot of thinking.

The phrase upset her. But after that night she put it out of her mind and didn't think about it again until she saw "The Moon Is Blue," in which the same words are used to the virtuous heroine. "Then I remembered," recalls Debbie, "and I laughed and laughed and laughed. And what's more, I knew that I was righter than ever."

Hollywood wolves just can't figure Debbie out. Men-about-town though they may be, they invariably get the brush when they call her. She has had to change her telephone number four times because of the persistent baying and howling that comes over her wires, mostly from self-styled smoothies she hasn't even met.

Those conversations usually go something like this:

Eve: How about going out tonight?
Debbie: I'm very sorry, but I can't. I don't even know you.

WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITES?

Send your votes for the stars you want to see in Photoplay

In color I want to see: ACTOR:

(1) (1)
(2) (2)

I want to read stories about:

(1) (3)
(2) (4)

The features I like best in this issue of Photoplay are:

(1) (4)
(2) (5)
(3) (6)

NAME

ADDRESS

Paste this ballot on a postal card and send it to Readers' Poll Editor, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, N. Y. 17, N. Y.
He: Oh, come now, Debbie, don't be so formal. That's an old-fashioned idea.
She: Then I'm just an old-fashioned girl and you wouldn't be interested in me.

Sound Effect: Receiver banging down!
Which is not to say that Debbie's not a dating girl. She is one of the most popular in town. But she chooses her escorts carefully. And she has her own system for keeping them in line.

Before she goes out at night she tells her family what boy she's going out with, where she'll be and whether she'll be back early or late. And then she gives them the most important information of all—whether she'd like them to leave the porch light on or off.

She explains simply. "If it's a boy I don't mind kissing goodnight, the light is off. Otherwise, it stays on."

Debbie's just as afraid of being considered uppity as she is of being thought-immodest. And she asks, and gets, cooperation from her friends and family in making sure she doesn't put on airs.

One day not so long ago, when she came in from the studio, she bumbled on happily to her family about the day's events. She was going a mile a minute, until her mother caught her short.

"What is that peculiar way you're talking? This calling us all 'dashling' and 'deah.'"

"What do you mean? I'm not talking like that."

"Oh, yes you are. Talk to yourself in the mirror and see."

She did. And she was. And she quickly brought herself back down to earth.

As far as her friends are concerned, she's still the same old Mary Francis Reynolds who went to John Burroughs High in Burbank with them. When she goes out with them, which is often, she goes out their way. And that usually means riding wherever they're going on the streetcar.

She's just as happy with her old high-school bunch as she is when she goes out with the movie crowd. "It's a nice guy I want to spend the evening with," she says, "not a big name."

Of course, she hopes some day to fall in love and get married. But, so far, love is something that she hasn't felt. A lot of people thought she was in love with Bob Wagner, but not Debbie herself.

"I went with him for two years," she says, "had a wonderful time. But it wasn't love. If it had been, I would have been sure of it in that much time."

And there's nothing at all to the story that she was broken-hearted when she and Bob quit dating. "It was just that we suddenly both got very busy. We tried to arrange dates, but it just didn't work out."

"Finally I said to him, 'Look, why don't we just see each other a while. We both have too much to do. And when we do see each other, just argue. Let's wait till we both have some free time.'"

"Bob agreed. Then he started 'Stars and Stripes Forever' and he's been dashing from one picture to the next ever since. I've been busy all the time too."

But she admires him greatly, and she's his stout defender against the recent barrage of critics who have been picking on him. For moral support, she mailed him some William Steig cartoons, those wry drawings with captions such as, "Public opinion no longer bothers me."

Another of her movie dates is Tab Hunter, whom she's been seeing off and on for four years. She frequently has dinner at his apartment, bakes a cake for dessert on those occasions.

"But marriage isn't for me, yet," she says. "At this stage of my life, my career is the most important thing."

Her career has certainly been keeping her hopping. During the past year, she went East,
Hundreds of girls praise this greaseless

YOUNG SKIN TREATMENT

Has your skin suddenly become "upset"?

This may be what is happening:

In the teens, oil glands often start to overwork, skin grows sluggish. Soon, an oily layer of undiscarded dead skin cells begins to "choke" pore openings. Next come enlarged pores, even blackheads!

Now—Pond's recommends this greaseless corrective for oily skin, flakiness, large pores, blackheads. Hundreds of girls with these "Young Skin" problems said they saw a real change in less than 2 weeks of Pond's treatments. "The best I've ever used!" . . . "Did wonders for blemishes and that oily look" . . . "My skin cleared up wonderfully."

New help for Oily Skin, Blackheads, Flakiness!

POND’S

Several times a week—cover face, except eyes, with a deep, cool layer of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Its "keratolytic" action loosens, dissolves away dead skin cells, frees the tiny skin glands to function normally. Leave on one full minute—wipe off. Rinse with cold water. See how tingling, how ungreasy your skin looks, how soft it feels!

Give yourself a "Young Skin" treatment with Pond's Vanishing Cream tonight. See results right away!

"Young Skin" doesn't like heavy make-up!

A protecting powder base of Pond's Vanishing Cream is most becoming to "Young Skin," stays unshiny longer.

In "Johnny Dark," Tony Curtis' co-star is former feudin' partner, Piper Laurie. But Tony doesn't intend to stab Piper—he and fencing master Fred Cavins are practicing for Tony's return to swashbuckling roles that made him famous.
Joe and Marilyn

(Continued from page 40)

Marilyn Monroe and Joe DiMaggio, Joe's reticence, and his anti-social attitude will more than likely be the cause. And if they're not married, these same reservations will most likely keep him from marching to the altar with the most luscious blonde of the Twentieth Century.

Very few people have ever broken through the DiMaggio layer of reserve or fractured the wall of silence that surrounds him to get any kind of comment on his relationship with Marilyn. But a reporter for Photoplay did. He got Joe to talk for the first time. Then he checked the details of the conversation with one of Joe's closest pals and with a sports writer who has been observing the ball player's conduct and inclinations since he first came to New York for the Yankees.

Our reporter got to the point fast and asked Joe outright if he was married to Marilyn.

"All I can say," Joe stammered, "is that we're not married yet—as some of the magazines and columns have been saying."

"Well, will you be?" he was asked.

"I don't know," said Joe. "There are so many factors to consider."

The conversation took place in front of the Yankee dugout at the Stadium during the recent Old-timers' Day celebration in Manhattan. Joe had gone there after visiting Marilyn at Banff National Park in Canada. Although he was vague as usual in his answers, Joe, on this day, was a magpie in comparison to other occasions when he'd been asked about Marilyn.

He admitted—between waves to fellow players and fans in the stands—that he had gone up to Canada to visit Marilyn. But on the other hand he couldn't quite say when he'd see her again. He might, he agreed, go to California to see her when he got home. (He did.) And he mumbled about the "complicating factors" that were involved in any future he might wish to share with Marilyn.

The old friend was more speculative than informative when he discussed this.

"I'm not saying the marriage would be a bad thing for the big guy," he said. "I think Marilyn could be very happy with Joe provided she kept him out of the spotlight. But is such a thing possible, since she's the hottest thing in pictures, what with 'Gentlemen Prefer Blondes' and 'How to Marry a Millionaire?'"

Another opinion Joe's pal expressed had to do with the evils of a wife working away from home base. "If she continues to work and has to go on locations the way she's had to before," he said, "Joe's not going to get to see her very often. That's hardly an ideal set-up for marriage."

On the other hand, the sports writer didn't think Joe's personality could stand the rigors of being married to a famous movie star. And he based his conclusion on Joe's reaction to the spotlight when he himself had to bask in it.

"For most of the thirteen years he was in the big leagues," the sports writer said, "Joe was the biggest thing in baseball. He couldn't hail a cab, go around the corner to mail a letter or even go to the movies without being recognized.

"But even after all those years, Joe never got used to it. He was still a quiet, shy guy. When he quit baseball he still had two or three years to go at close to $100,-000 a year—but he gave it up, mainly so he could get away from the crowds. If he marries this girl now he's going to go right back to where he was in 1936. You can't tell me he's not going to consider this when he thinks of marrying Marilyn."

But another fellow, who is equally close to the slugger's feelings, had a different
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THE VILLAGE
(1949)

This story of Europe’s war orphans doesn’t match “The Search.” But the authentic locale, an international children’s home in Switzerland, lends conviction, and the children are appealing. The plot centers on a little girl (Kryszta Bialk) who’s supposedly German—and therefore distrusted. She finds a champion in a Polish boy (Voytek Bolinsky). The weakest point is the love story linking two teachers: John Justin, almost a caricatured Britisher, and Eva Dahlbeck, a Polish girl.

Verdict: Sometimes affecting, overdone at other times

CRAZYLEGS, ALL-AMERICAN
(REPUBLIC)

The true-life history of an athlete draws heavily on news-reel shots for its big thrills. But Elroy Hirsch, star with the Los Angeles Rams, registers as a likable hero. Other members of the pro football team also play themselves, while Joan Vohs steps in to portray Elroy’s wife, sweetie-heart of his school days. As the high-school coach who first spotted “Crazylegs’” talent, Lloyd Nolan narrates the grid star’s progress and triumph over injury on the field.

Verdict: Modest, matter-of-fact

VEILS OF BAGDAD
(1948, TECHNICOLOR)

Corruption and ambitious plotting in the ancient Persian court find a dangerous adversary when Victor Mature pretends to join the enemy camp. As right-hand man to the chief plotter (Guy Rolfe), Vic’s in a strategic spot. He’s aided by Mari Blanchard, who looks mighty lush in the role of a dancer with a score against the wicked rulers. But his situation’s complicated when Rolfe’s unhappy wife (Virginia Field) also falls for him.

Verdict: Lots of action and harem beauties, not much sense

VICKI
(20TH CENTURY-FOX)

A choppy and rambling whodunit focuses on Jean Peters as the victim, a successful model, and Jeanne Crain, as her more retiring sister. Head suspects are the publicist Elliott Reid, actor Alex D’Arcy, columnist Casey Adams and bellboy Aaron Spelling. All of them were infatuated with Jean. Detective Richard Boone takes an obsessive interest in the case, trying to pin the murder on Reid. This is a remake of “I Wake Up Screaming,” made in 1941 with Betty Grable and Victor Mature in the roles now played by Crain and Elliott. The first version indicated the suspenseful possibilities of the story, not realized here.

Verdict: Unmysterious mystery
Pinups No. 4

Everything’s Jake for Johnny

(Continued from page 51)
less innocent. John has had his cap set for a girl, and he’s made no secret about it.
I’m waiting for a girl,” he told friends.
“We’re talking up a girl.”
Not that Johnny is trying to influence his son, you understand, but at least once a day, he has had a heart-to-heart talk with Russ and asked him if he’d like a little sister.
The last time John asked Russ this question he replied:
“Yes, I’d like to have a little sister. I’d like Mommy to have one, too.”

John’s indoctrination has had a strange effect on Russ. He thinks that each time
John asks if he’d like a sister, he’s added another baby girl to his menagerie. Russ
is very generous about the whole thing. He now goes around the neighborhood
offering fresh little sisters to all his friends.
The problem of weaning Russell from his bassinet has been handled by John
with all the consummate masterminding of a military campaign.
“I think I’ve finally convinced him that it would be wise for him to get down
on another room,” Johnny says, “because he’s getting to be a big boy now, and
should have a big bed. I’ve got him to the point where he’s agreed that only little babies
should be little bassinets.”

As for the baby, the Dereks have it all
pretty nearly figured out.
“We’re going to try to bring the baby into this life gradually, without a lot
of frills. None of the unnecessary things, just the vital things. In the beginning,
we’re not even going to have a bassinet. No kidding. They’re impractical and they’re
just dust collectors anyway. We’re just going to put the baby in the crib Russ slept
in for three years.”

Johnny explained that there was also a
psychological aspect to this which con-
cerned Russell. He and Pati are taking
every precaution to keep Russ from feel-
ing abandoned or neglected and conse-
quently building up a resentment against
the baby.
“If you pile up a lot of frills and satins and
laces for the baby,” Johnny thinks, “and Russ goes on with the same wardrobe
and no fuss or bother, and he has to sleep in another bed while we fix the baby
up in a new bed, you know he’s going to get his feathers ruffled and think we’ve
let him down pretty badly.”

What John and Patti figure on is giving
the new baby to Russ as his own very

“I think he’ll take everything all right
under those circumstances,” John says.
Russ went down to the store with his schedule,
and his parents got caught with their nursery
down, so to speak. They had deferred their baby shopping according to timetable,
and the result was a frantic, last-
minute shopping spree.
“There’ll be none of that this time,” John
asserts. “We’re buying the whole shebang,
yayette, the works. This time we’ve got it
all beforehand. We’re prepared.
But Patti hasn’t been laden with knitting
in the traditional fashion.
“There’s no point to it,” Johnny main-
tains. “You spend nine months knitting
something. Then the baby sees it once,
gets it dirty, you send it to the laundry,
and you can’t use it anymore.”

John and Patti get along very well
with each other, makes an issue of it. They
seem to have an easy, happy and unlabored rela-
tionship. They are effortlessly nice to each
other. There is a closeness there that
cannot be denied.
The coming of the baby has cemented
the bond between Johnny and Patti, and
clearly gives the lie to the reports that
crop up now and then that they’re not hitting it off too well. Johnny doesn’t
play coy about it, either. He knows the
gossip has been at work, and he is will-
ing to discuss it forthrightly.
“Sure we’ve had our arguments,” he owns up as Pati nods. “We’re two strong
personalities. But we don’t melt away over a
difference of opinion. We might swap
one minute, but the next minute we don’t
even know what it was about. Nobody gets
hurt—unless they stand outside the door
and get their ears bruised.”

While John insists that he doesn’t pam-
per Pati in any way, it’s more likely that
he simply isn’t aware of doing anything
beyond the call of habit and decent instinct
when he is considerate.

John and Patti and Russell constantly
attend the Reseda and Van Nuys Drive-In
Theatres in San Fernando Valley. They’re
there every time there’s a change of pro-
gram. And John has some idiosyncrasy
when he attends drive-ins. He arrives early
so he can park his Cadillac in a stall right
next to the snack bar.

This isn’t because John likes to watch
these movies from a distance.
“It’s just so Pati won’t have to walk so
far,” he confesses sheepishly.

Someone asked John why he didn’t take
the special driving-ins instead of the
Cadillac. His reply:
“The Caddy is more comfortable for
Pati.”

The fact remains, however, that for years it
has been fashionable in Hollywood to feel
sorry for John Derek. “Poor John” tales
have been the vogue, and the crying towel
has been out for him almost from the moment
he first stepped before the cameras as an actor.

When John got his release from Colum-
bia after completing “Mission Over Korea”
there, jaded Hollywood gossips immedi-
ately began to feel sorry for him. But not
John!

“Look at me,” he says. “I’ve got a won-
derful and beautiful wife, a wonderful and
handsome son, and another baby on the
way. I’ve got a swimming pool, a Cadillac,
a station wagon, two fine German shepherd
dogs that eat me out of house and home,
and an Arab stud colt named Faisal, a full-
blended menace to the Wild Eye. And I’m
finally my own boss!”

About his release, John is quick to set
the matter straight. It’s not that he had
anything against the studio. It’s just that
I’ve always felt better on my own. I asked
for my release before—well, since four
months after I finished ‘Knock On Any
Door’ I was always turned down.
This time they said okay, and I’ve never
been happier.

“I may not know where the next picture
is coming, but the offers are
coming from all directions. I’m doing ‘Red
Horizon’ with Joan Evans, and I’ve had
offers for independent pictures in Europe,
Mexico and South America.

“I think I want, too. I want to show people
that the John Derek face and
name they know are not the only things
I have. I want a chance to show a little emo-
tion in my face other than
where you’re called upon for some acting.”

Many of the “Poor John” stories began
with the illness of his son Russell.

I deeply appreciate the fact people were
concerned and worried; I know a lot of
people prayed for Russell when he was ill,
and Pati and I were touched. But Russell
is three now, and he’s fine. You could
drop him off the Empire State Building and he’d
be all right.

There is another possible reason for
the death of sympathy for John Derek. He
The newspaper boy espied John as if he'd gone bereft of his senses. "Why, you dun fellow!" he snapped. "You've got what most guys would give two legs for." John had said nothing about giving up movies—but because he'd expressed an ambition to do battle with a calf, the cowboy assumed that he must be fed up with his lot as a screen star.

Johnny does plead guilty to many ambitions. He takes his profession seriously and wants to advance in it. He's realistic enough, and honest enough, to covet the rewards that come with advancement.

Be John, he is not the type like a couple of enthusiastic kids about the new baby's coming. And after hours of discussion they decided it would have the same name, boy or girl.

"If it's a boy, we'll call him Sean," John decided. "If it's a girl, Shawn. They're spelled differently, but they sound exactly the same phonetically. And if the baby's not like it, he'll always have easy to adopt a different nickname."

As to a new baby altering plans to take advantage of those picture offers abroad, John doesn't think so.

"There's at least one reason," he asks. "She'll be able to travel when she's four months old."

Boy or girl, the new Derek baby has an interesting life in store—possibly the most: the baby, they say, was born in Madrid, buried in Paris, tucked into bed in London. But nothing pretentious, no frills, satins or laces. Just a devoted big brother and a couple of indulging, adoring parents.

His Lady Is Lucky

(Continued from page 62)

rooming house, furious, when he heard about that. "If anybody tells an actor in my picture he's no good—it will be me. I've seen the rushes, and I'm sure you have a great future."

They are a way some people figure, "Hollywood's like a street fight—if you can sling mud the hardest, you'll win. But you have it, kid, and you're going to lose it all."

What the director didn't know was that no "street fight" could have discouraged Dewey Martin. That was pretty tame stuff by this time. As for Hollywood, the former farmer was not interested. They sent a cart and hauled trash every Saturday for the treasured dime to go to the movies, found it a wonder that he was even there.

Dewey's dad died during the depression and "things got so tough—my brother and I hired out to relatives to help them farm, until my mother could work and get us back together again." He worked for his uncle in Oregon. "I got the best of it."

When his mother could reunite the family, they moved to Long Beach, California. Dewey worked from 4:00 p.m. until midnight doing scrub work around a restaurant and free lance "A.M. at a service station, while attending school. When war broke out, he was determined, education or no, to be a Navy combat pilot. This too, he achieved the hard way. He burnt the midnight oil studying, and he was one of 200 enlisted men in the whole fleet who passed the special required exam that admitted them to flight school. Of his inherent drive, he says, "I'm not too proud of it. I envy people without it. They live longer."

But without it, Dewey Martin would never have made it in Hollywood.

It was during the war when a USO unit of "Hamlet" came to Honolulu, that I first got the idea of becoming an actor." After the war, he worked up his own trucking operation, but his heart wasn't in it. "It kept eating on my mind—that I wanted to act. If I didn't try it, I'd be wondering the rest of my life if I'd made a mistake.

Trucker Martin got himself a theatrical magazine which listed all the summer stock companies, and one afternoon he sat down and wrote to every one of them. "I got an answer from one in Maine, accepting me on the GI bill, as an apprentice. I rode a Greyhound bus for four days and four nights. I didn't even know up-streaming was an eight-hour day."

He arrived in New York and continued his studies with a drama coach. But when some people driving to Beverly Hills offered him free transportation, if he would help drive, he went along. He got a job ushering in a Hollywood theatre and finally, through a friend, got a reading at Paramount studio.

"I decided to make the big try, I had one good blue serge. Realizing I'd need an agent to represent me, I put on my blue serge one afternoon and walked in and out of every agent's office."

After a week of that, Dewey was reading at Paramount, and one agent picked up the phone and called the talent department there. Then he hung up the receiver and said, "I think you're wasting your time." Dewey remembers how much that hurt.

Finally through another agent he got the reading that resulted in his part in "Knock on Any Door." His producer, Nick Ray, encouraged him to stick around. Dewey thought jubilantly, "Now I'm set—I have some film." Everybody he met had inquired when his first picture was due. As Dewey says now, "I was so set I didn't work for a year."

He worked at a service station, as an usher at CBS, and finally wrapping packages for a department store. He was still wrapping them when he got a call out of the blue one day to read and be inter-
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"Theo Stark" viewed for a part in an important film.

"Again I thought this is it. And again it wasn't," Dewey grins now.

Months went by; then he tested for "Teresa." Director Fred Zinnemann was enthusiastic and reluctantly said, "You aren't right for the part." However, Dewey's test was carefully included among others being run for studio executives one night. For two hours that night Hawks had been searching for the right actor for a property he owned, "The Big Sky." When they ran the rushes on Dewey, "he turned to an assistant excitedly, "Take it, Roomies." "God bless that man," Dewey says now.

To be Howard Hawks' discovery, to have this coveted role, to be co-starred with Kirk Douglas—this must be it.

When he finished "Big Sky," Dewey Martin went to Sun Valley to do a skiing layout for a magazine, and he was doubly sure. Mardie Havelhurst, twenty-two, a lovely co-ed from Oregon State, was working there doing publicity, and she posed with him for the layout. She was fresh and unaffected, with expressive green eyes, a lilting laugh, and the most intriguing red hair he'd ever seen. "I flipped when I saw her cute poodle cut," says her husband, with a leering glance at his wife's photograph.

Back in her home town, Portland, Oregon, Mardie had always been very popular. An outdoor girl, she was her father's favorite wrestler and fencing companion. During the winter, she attended Oregon State majoring in music. Life was happy and full. Then one day while crossing the campus, chattering along with school friends, life seemingly stopped for her. It had been raining, and a prankish collegian, "a real ha-ha boy," suddenly jumped on Mardie's back to piggy-back across a mud puddle in front of them. "I went down. I don't remember what happened, until I came to in the hospital."

She had a crushed disc in her back. During anxious weeks that followed, specialists "didn't think she would ever walk again." They advised an operation immediately. "If you operate—what then?" Mardie asked, wanting and getting a straight answer. They couldn't guarantee what she would be after the operation. She asked. Then it would be up to God and time. "No operation," decided Mardie firmly.

"I was on a board, laid up for months," Mardie says now. "But she had the will to overcome it," Dewey adds proudly. Finally she walked again, then as she gained strength, became almost her active self again. She took a job at Sun Valley, and met Dewey Martin.

They posed for pictures by the ski lift. They swam. They danced in the "Ram Room." They went for a moonlight sleigh ride. And they fell in love. "Just all of a sudden, it happened," as Dewey puts it.

"As corny as this may sound—it did just happen," Mardie adds slowly. "It was as if we knew each other years and years."

"I'd been such a lone wolf. I had no desire to get married or to be a family man. If I hadn't met Lucky, I still wouldn't be married," Dewey says.

They were married in the wedding chapel of the Flamingo Hotel in Las Vegas the day after the preview of "The Big Sky," with Dewey's future glowingly forecast. It was at the preview that Mardie realized she'd fallen in love with a motion picture star. "I'd never seen him on the screen, I just couldn't realize the fellow up there was Dewey. It just didn't seem so strange."

During their first year together however, with Dewey's mounting tension regarding his career, and with Mardie's difficulty in adjusting to her new surroundings, their marriage began to strain. Dewey began to wonder whether he would ever work again. For Mardie, the whole motion-picture business was confusing. "I don't like living the Hollywood life. She didn't like living the Hollywood bachelor life.

"We'd lived such different lives," Mardie says now. "I'd always had my mother, my family and friends. Here I didn't know anybody, he's got a lot of people, he's common with the few people I did meet."

"Our family backgrounds were different too," Dewey adds. "Mardie comes from a Norwegian family, and she was used to a normal home life, all the holiday touches and the friendly get-togethers. She's had to teach me to enjoy this. I'd always been afraid to like people."

"We've both made adjustments," Mardie says. "He's helped me a lot, he gets so intense about things. I'm more lethargic. I'd just rather take things la-de-da. I'm sure this used to drive him crazy."

But their confined living was the greatest problem of their marriage. Mardie, from her well-bred Oregon State influences, was so caged up in an apartment, and it was getting the better of her—"

This changed when they found the redwood-and-glass modern cottage at Malibu, with a horizon all their own, and the blue Pacific with its changing moods and music at their front door. And as option time neared again, Dewey worked off his restlessness away. He built a new home for her. "I felt as if I could go crazy," he went on. "So I took a job with the lobster traps, and exploring the beach with their boxers, Calypso.

Then suddenly any anxiety about his career or options was relatively unimportant. For Mardie found she was going to have a baby. Along with their natural joy, Dewey was concerned for her. For the hazards, the discomfort, that motherhood might mean for her. He felt easier when Mardie went to Portland to consult the family physician who was familiar with all the facts of her nearly fatal accident. Without Mardie's aversion to goldfish bowls, Dewey was determined to keep this event, so sacred to them, out of the columns, if possible. And theirs was the best-kept secret in Hollywood.

With Fate's dramatic timing, Dewey got his release, and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer signed him to a long-term contract. They were starring him immediately in "The Tennessee Champ," to be followed by "Panther Squadron Eight."

"This is it, Lucky," Dewey said, facing the cameras again.

But he was known more surely than that moment, that the kid from Katemey who'd searched for security all his life, found it when he met his Lucky. And that golden halo he'd fainciously envisioned for himself, he's got his own shining red hair. Success, as such, would be measured by their happiness together. This, finally, was it.
Cease Fire!

(Continued from page 33)

The New York altercation had started weeks earlier—and in England, actually, not in New Jersey. Ava had sat down to join Ava, who was then still working on "Knights of the Round Table." The picture was almost finished, except for a few last-minute shots which had to be done. Frank, who had made his rush flight before starting personal appearances in the States, was to be back in time to open in Atlantic City. He had no choice in the matter. Ava was due in about four days before her final scenes were to be made, to return with him, spend those few days here, and then go back to England again to finish up her picture.

But that, she said, she couldn't do. Instead, she went to Spain to rest. And Frank, who felt that it wouldn't have been any worse for Ava to fly to New York than to Spain, turned more and more unhappy.

Each thought the other was inconsiderate, unreasonable.

And when Ava did return to the States shortly afterwards, still piqued, she didn't cable Frank that she was coming. Result: He wouldn't phone her to welcome her back. And she, of course, wouldn't get in touch with him.

They stayed in separate hotels, each waiting for the other to give in—and neither making any effort to make the first peace gesture.

This all coincided with Frank's opening at the Riviera, the night club that hangs high over the Hudson on the Jersey shore, looking across at the dazzle of Manhattan. His reception was tremendous. Following immediately on his sensational acting success in "From Here to Eternity," it was proof conclusive that the little guy everybody used to worry about was anything but through.

The place was jam-packed with celebrities on opening night. Everybody who was anybody was there—everybody, that is, except some people who were more admired for their friendship—mostly to Frank: Ava Gardner. She was off seeing the opening of a Broadway show.

Frank, who had keyed his program to her, who had sung songs with the lyrics like, "Why try to change me now? No, doctor, always your clown..." was crestfallen.

Newspapers made much of the public snub. Columnists leaped with zeal on this latest entry in the Frank—Sinatra marriage. And close friends—and some not so close—tried to bring about a reconciliation.

One well-known commentator went so far as to try to stage a patch-up over a national hook-up on his TV show. He lined Frank up, telling him he wanted to ask him some questions. One man wanted to know about his role in "From Here to Eternity," then he mentioned in passing that he thought it "would be nice if Ava could be there too." Then he went to Ava herself. The reconciliation was more recalcitrant than ever. She refused, in no uncertain terms. "This is a personal matter," she said. "It's my marriage—and my life—and it has nothing at all to do with you.

The actual reconciliation came about through a series of steps, the first of which was a small dinner party given by Frank's mother in her New Jersey home. She and Ava are close, and Frank was present. She invited her sultry daughter-in-law to a home-cooked Italian meal, Ava would not refuse. Nor, of course, would Frank.

Ava, the story goes, sat at the dinner table in the Sinatra dining room nervously, waiting for Frank to arrive. He did, but only for a short while, rushing in between his Riviera shows. If they left together at dinner, inside sources neglected to mention it.

In the meantime, their closest friends were appealing to them, reminding them how deeply they both love each other, pointing out that no love as great as theirs deserved to be sacrificed for childish pride. And in a few days, all was well.

Ava appeared at the Riviera for the first time, and Frank jubilantly sang twenty- four love songs with scarcely a pause for breath. Immediately thereafter, they moved into that large hotel apartment.

It was then that Ava told friends that the only thing in the world she wanted was to be with Frank and that, as far as she was concerned, her career—if she was to have one at all—was definitely going to play second-fiddle to his.

She talked happily of Frank's visit to Africa when she was there shooting "Magambo" with Clark Gable, and with affectionate, wide-eyed pride told of the shower Frank had built for them there.

"Before he arrived," she smiled, "we were using those canvas folding tubs, and taking a bath was something of a production. But he was wonderful. He tricked up rubber base, made a top for it out of an old tin can he found around, and punched holes in it so it would spray. Then he attached the whole thing to a thingamajig so it would reach the outlet for the water. He even built a platform to stand on."

And she spoke a little sadly of the London apartment that had been meant to be a home. "You see," she said, "we wanted a place to live—a real place, with a kitchen. Frank went over when I was still in Africa, and he hunted and hunted. You know, places in London are still hard to find. And this one was big—and did the trick."

Or almost did. The trick, she might have added, taking a happy turn when they both happened to be there at the same time. For the most part, Ava said, "We just stayed home. We didn't do much giggling about, just kind of sat around and let ourselves be ourselves."

But their separate commitments kept them apart too much of the time. And the beginning of that big blow-off came in that very home.

Frank, however, it looks as though things might have simmered down to stay. Frank's career is booming as it never has before. He is bombarded with personal appearance and TV offers, and he can pick and choose among several plum movie roles. As things look now, he will probably go right into Elia Kazan's independent production of New York waterfront life, unless he's rushed first into Twentieth's "Pink Tights" with Marlene Dietrich. Or Columbia may win him over with their offer for him to do "Pal Joey." And after that, he's slated to co-star with Ava for a long time in both M-G-M's "St. Louis Woman.""

Ava, in the meantime, is just sitting tight. When she left Europe, she was considering going back very soon to make any one of several routine television shows, or films that had been offered her. But the new status has made her turn thumbs down on all such propositions.

The only thing that will take her abroad away from Frank now, she says, is an absolutely irresistible order from M-G-M, to whom she is under contract. Then she adds in a quiet voice, if she were to become pregnant (which is what she wants above all things), she would go on assignment to stay at Frank's side.

But that, for the moment, is in the realm of speculation. What is not is that Ava and Frank are happier than anyone has seen them for a long time. And nobody is rooting harder for that happiness to stick than Ava and Frank themselves.

original fashions in jewelry...
You Chose These Stars

(Continued from page 44)

But there were many steps in between.

"You could live on $60 a week in New York City, and

60 dollars a week—then—if you had friends. And I was

lucky that I did. I worked as secretary for

Gene Loring at the American School of the Dance, for my dancing lessons. I

charged my singing lessons by the hour, and

believed in me. So did my drama coach, for-

tunately. And Odette and her husband

said I didn't go hungry."

Dick’s resourcefulness and versatility

began paying off before too long. Gene

Kelly called the dance studio one day, said

they were auditioning dancers at

M-G-M for "Take Me Out to the Ball

Game." A long time ago, Dick had

wanted the call, and said he would announce the

auditions at school. "Why don't you go yourself?"

Loring asked. He did, and he

turned out, they didn't

use the number, but as a result of this,

I got my guild card.

He blessed his stretch as a lifeguard

back home in Jacksonville when a call came for

Four on the Scene. I was his "busiest dancers who could swim," he says. "I

had a solo number with Esther. I danced out

the diving board and did a twenty-

four-foot leap into the water. I got sinus

troubles—and that's but out.

"Then Paramount wanted an actor who

could row a boat to double in 'A Place in

the Sun.' They got 9,000 feet of film

row a boat—I got a stiff shoulder."

For Dick, the last three years at

Twentieth Century-Fox have brought invaluable

experience. His biggest thrill? "I think

working with Susan Hayward in "With a Song in My Heart"—it was the biggest

putting on a show that had a chance of

making a thousand dollars."

The scene in "Niagara" in which, as

Marilyn Monroe’s lover, he plans a murder.

Today Dick Allan is concentrating on his

voice. His coach, Minneleda White,

who has trained many of Hollywood’s

famous, describes it as "a tenor with meat,"

equally effective at crooning or really belt-

ing them out. She says, "He's the greatest

combination of talent in the business."

Unmarried, Dick prefers well-groomed

girls with the "scrubbed" look. "When I

worked as a waiter in the sorority house,

I saw girls coming down to breakfast with

their hair up and not a man-up.

And that's all right. I don't look like a

rose myself in the morning. But their faces

were washed and shiny—and they looked

good to see in the matrimony."

I just don't think you can work at a career

as hard as I have to work at mine now and

have a successful marriage too.

With that, Ireland’s shy beauty, Audrey

Dalton, wouldn’t agree. Newly married, Audrey

has stars in her eyes as to her

future. Neither her growing career at

Paramount nor the fact that she was in

America on a nine-month tourist visa.

"I could discourage her from marrying blond, clean-

cut Jim Brown not long after they met.

And marriage doesn’t change your status in the

crowd, Audrey explains, ex-

cept to get you a visitor’s visa. Mine will

be up in March."

However, with the faith of the Irish—

and those so in love—she believes it will

work out. She explains that when

she met her husband first “I think, because he did

most of the talking, and let me sit quietly.

American men like to talk,” she twinkles,

with him. "I think Barlney Stone may be

in the wrong place.

Working in “Casanova’s Big Night” with

Bob Hope, who is also somewhat talk-

tive, was thus a double pleasure. When

I first came, he called me a "little Lipton tea bag."

I thought he would be making wisecracks all during the picture,

but he’s been very sweet," she says. “My
difficulty is keeping a straight face working in a scene with him."

She’s a real Irish beauty, Audrey Dal-

ton. Nineteen years old she tells you. Although her father is a dis-

tributor for Sam Goldwyn in London, Audrey had no aspirations toward movies and

was studying for the theatre when Paramount discovered her talent.

She is both touched and surprised to find herself so warmly wel-

comed by Photoplay readers. “I never

thought anything like this would hap-

pen,” she says.

Our men? “Well, men are rather like

men the world over,” she smiles. “Ameri-

can men have a wonderful sense of humor and it’s easy to get along with them.

They like to talk a lot.” And that’s fine,

because Audrey’s a girl who loves to listen.

Easy to listen to—and to look at—is

Buck Jones’ new heart-breaker, Byron

Palmer, with his black cut of hair, laug-

ghing blue eyes, dashing charm, and, tempo-

rarily, a dashing moustache. "That’s for

The Man in the Attic," in which I play a

Satanist and Y. At one point, he

smiles, saying, "I’ll be a big star when I’m

twelve years old."

When he was mentioned in Ed Sullivan’s

syndicated column for his performance in

the Broadway hit, "Where’s Charley?" his

dad had his name deleted, lest anybody

think he was professional.”

That made it mean all the more to Byron,

when as they were leaving the theatre, following the

preview of “Tonight We Sing,” he dad

said to him, "You’ve got a future." He

smiles when he says, "My mother voted

for me in Photoplay’s contest, I’m sure."

This handsome eligible is attracted
to girls with “Sincerity, a sense of humor,

and a zest for life.”

And the little lady nearest his heart, is

his daughter, Linda Lou, seven, of whom

he says, “She’s the light of my life, with

zest to spare. Almost every Sunday you’ll

find them aboard a roller coaster and “all

the other rides I can fit into."

Divorced, Byron’s batching in a tiny

continental type cottage high up in

Laurel Canyon “right out of the lights."

This, for Byron Palmer is a welcome and

a well-earned view. “Looking out over this

tremendous sprawling city,” he says, “you

realize how we’re all down here."

That she’s “any part of it at all” frankly

amazes nineteen-year-old Pat Crowley,

despite the rave for her performance in

Paramount’s "Forever Female." “I didn’t

think I’d be playing my own role," she

says. “I was working in television and sum-

mer stock, getting more experience. Movies are

the dream of every girl, of course—
you have to be ready. I have very dark eyes and

brows, and her young, simple hair-do."

She made her first appearance on Broad-

way at thirteen—“A walk-on in the first act."

I had to be born nine when she

her famous musical-comedy star sister, Ann, was doing the second lead in "Car-

ousel." But Pat really fell in love with

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acting later on, in summer stock. "There was no feeling of fellowship," she puts it, "with everybody kind and helping everybody else."

Her first Broadway lead was in "Southern Exposure," in the part of "a very sexy girl," she adds, "and it seemed to be a slip. My mother was so embarrassed."

Pat had always anticipated the excitement of an opening night "with tons of nervous energy crowding back stage to congratulate you," but the three of them, fled slowly back to my dressing room. They wanted to ship me off to Siberia that night before the reviews appeared.

The play was a flop, but Pat won the Theatre World Award, although, as she says, "My father will never understand how. He still thinks I was pretty horrible."

She was a successful television actress with some 500 shows behind her, when Paramount's New York office called about the kind of New Female that was just a routine call. I didn't care too much either way—and I didn't think I had a chance anyway. Luckily nobody told me much about the picture. If I'd known that Bill Holden wanted me, I would have just died, exclamation point."

She modestly dismisses the fact that she got the part with, "I was just the type I guess. I'm a little girl and I know it."

But despite the rave reviews for her performance, Pat was a great disappointment to herself at the preview. "I loved the picture. I thought Ginger Rogers was wonderful, but I was just awful."

Describing herself as a "feud for clothes," she prefers black and white, but brows often to pink because says she, "Pink is the color of men love. Pink and high heels, it makes you feel too and they kill me, but I'll suffer. Men? I think they're all dolls, exclamation point."

And that sums up the feminine reaction to M-G-M's handsome Carlos Thompson, who had been selected by the international sights which followed him around Europe during the production of "The Flame and the Flesh," in which he co-stars with Bergman. Producer Joe Pasternak, confident that Carlos will take his place among the great leading men, reports the "girls' eyes followed him from London to Rome. They were always there."

He's Juan Carlos Mundanschaffter, son of a South American newspaper man. He was born between writing and acting, when Ionee De Carlo (whose name as well as Piper Laurie's has been linked romantically with his) discovered him at a film festival and persuaded him he belonged in Hollywood. Although it's her home town, it took some persuading too, to convince nineteen-year-old Charlotte Austin that she belonged in motion pictures. But Charlotte was convinced in Hollywood when she substituted for Marjorie Reynolds in "How to Marry a Millionaire," filmed to demonstrate CinemaScope. After the showing, producers, directors and exhibitors all asking each other, "Who is that girl?"

And although "that girl" grew up under their creative noses, with no movie aspirations, she admits she helped finance the Hollywood dance studio by joining the chorus in "Bow Round My Shoulder," when it played the Fantasies Theatre. "Imagine paying to see it four times," she laughs. "But it was like water to me."

Her father is very happy and proud. "He's never pushed me, but I think he always knew I would wind up in the business some day," she says, and with all the big plans for, Twentieth for Charlotte, Hollywood is her blue heaven today.

It's heaven now too for nineteen-year-old, was such a slip. Because agent Henry Wilson and Director Raoul Walsh thought he looked like Rock Hudson, John Papia, son of an Italian-born jeweler, manufacturer, over the last 24 days. The fabulous film was released, the long awaited screen role, and the small picture of Race which appeared subsequently in Photoplay, resulted in a seven-year-term contract with Universal-International. Letters palpitating in from Spain, England, Holland, Italy—and all over America. As one girl wrote, "We think you're a gem, and we've never met you."

"I didn't think I'd get any mail at all." But the letters kept coming, and they're still coming.

Friendly down-to-earth as he is, I'm good-looking, Race is single and star-bound. "I haven't thought about getting married—guys really don't, I guess," he grins. He's just finished a small part in "Fort Laramie," for the reading of the script he evidently has big plans for a Western build-up la those given Tony Curtis and Rock Hudson, because they instructed him recently, "Let your hair grow."

Pretty Kathryn Crowley blesses her romantic role in a Western, "The Silver Whip," with Dale Robertson, Bob Wagner, and Rory Calhoun, for introducing her to the fans. "I didn't think I'd have a chance in this contest. I have such a lump in my throat. I can't tell you. It means so much,—" And she's sure it means a lot to those gathered around the pot-belly stove were seven to one the "Green Bank, New Jersey, too. "They have such faith in me, the people back home," Kathryn says mistily.

Certainly the good news couldn't have come at a more opportune time, for her, anyway. A lot of 1,000 people dropped by Twentieth Century-Fox because so few pictures were being made.

It was quite a blow, but I've had worse blows than that. I really had it in New York. Wrote to Pier Angeli, "I'm a little girl, I do is just remember the days I lived on bouillon cubes and grapefruit there.

Since she's been free-lancing, Kathryn's seen more pictures than many of the other films, is set for the romantic lead in Preston Foster's TV series, "Water Front," and now knows she has Photoplay's readers pitching for her too. "When you want to pedal enough, you'll get there," she says.

And this, Rick Jason, who was so impressive as Cyd Charisse's lover in M-G-M's "Sombrero," could echo. Born in the silver spoon set, Rick turned down an easy berth on Wall Street to work his way as an actor. While attending the American Academy of Dramatic Art and "making the rounds," he worked as a hotel clerk, and as a stock boy at Macy's department store. He won raves for his performance in "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep" starring Fred March on Broadway, and after months of nothing in Hollywood, won the fans in "Sombrero."

Whatever the challenge of the future, Rick has no regrets foregoing the sanguine type of beauty, Audrey's a little overwhelmed by it all. Just arrived back in Hollywood for "Sabrina Fair," Audrey had been out looking for an apartment all day, but when she stopped by a public phone booth and called her agent at M.C.A. on some
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**NEWSPHOTO DIRECTORY**


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And they all think I'm older. One of the boys is sure I'm twenty years old! As for being a winner, she says, "This is the most. All the kids at Van Nuys High must have voted for me."

"Well— I bet!" former San Francisco opera star, Jean weldon, said happily, when told she'd won. Her terminology was not that customarily associated with arias. But then neither is Joan's career at Warner Brothers studio, where she just finished co-starring with Guy Madison in "Rear Guard." "It's a Western—but a different kind of Western. A good break for me, and Guy and James Whitmore and Harvey Lembeck, were so wonderful to work with. So much fun." Joan's grandmother—"She's 73, the only family I have—lives in San Francisco and is so proud of her. There's only one thing she understands, and that's why Joan keeps moving so often. But it seems that neighbors, who pay good money to hear her sing in the street in "So This Is Love," complain to the landlord of her apartment house with, "Can't something be done about that girl?" when she warms up her voice at home. "Do you know of an apartment? I'm being evicted again," she laughs.

Twenty-eight-year-old Bill Hayes came out of the Midwest—Harvey, Illinois—to the entertainment world, where he is active in movies, TV and the theatre. On Broadway, he's currently singing "No Other Love" in "Me and Juliet." After attending DePauw University and Northwestern, Bill took up the struggle to gain recognition as a singer, and for moral support he married Mary Lorraine Hobbs in 1947. Win fame as a singer Bill did, and he's set as a father, too, with three children—Carrie, Billy and Cathy. Since "Me and Juliet" is in for a long, long run in New York and on the road it's unlikely you'll be seeing Bill in movies for a couple of years.

Peter Baldwin, of "Stalag 17," a native of Rock Hudson's home town, Winnetka, Illinois, got the happy news down South, where he's quartered with Uncle Sam, in the Navy. Marisa Pavan, olive-skinned and doe-eyed, was in Europe where her twin, Pier Angeli, was making a picture when she heard she was chosen. She was thrilled, as was her twin, who's very proud of her "baby sister," as she calls Marisa, born only a handful of seconds later than Pier.

And for California's own Bart Roberts and Betta St John this was very welcome news, too. After working his way to pay for drama coaching, six-foot-three, dark, handsome Bart was signed by Columbia, then dropped when their talent lists were pared down. Now under contract to Universal-International, he will soon be seen in featured roles in "Yankee Pasha," and "Son of Cochise," which star, respectively, former Photoplay winners, Jeff Chandler and Rock Hudson.

As for Betta St John, daughter of a Hawthorne, California electrician, she's been tested in Hollywood, on Broadway and in London. As a kid, she played in pictures—"Nothing great, just bits. I was always cast as an orphan, for some reason." Betta went to New York to study dancing, and got her big break in "Carousel." Later came "South Pacific," in New York, and a Hollywood director was so impressed by her performance that two and one-half years later, when he was preparing to make "Dream Wife" at M-G-M, he rememberedBettagandtestedher. "The Rope" and others have followed.

As she says now, "If I hadn't gone to Broadway, none of this would have happened." Including her marriage to handsome British singing star, Peter Grant, whom she met when they were cast together in the Lindon company of "South Pacific." "Movies are the next step up from Broadway," she says now. "But there's no time to learn in Hollywood. Once you're here for the big try, you've got to be ready for whatever happens."

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BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see PHOTOPLAY for months indicated. For this month's full reviews, see page 11.

A—Adults  F—Family

Some 3-D films are also being shown in 2-D versions. Check your theatre to see which is being used.

ACTRESS, THE—M-G-M: Delightful, talky tale of a teenager (Jean Simmons) with stage yearnings. Spencer Tracy scores as Dad. (F) October


ALL AMERICAN, THE—U-A: Tony Curtis looks plenty attractive in a listless story, as a reluctant grid star. Lori Nelson. (F) November

ARROWHEAD—Paramount, Technicolor: Harsh, vigorous Western pitting scout Charlton Heston against Apache Jack Palance. (F) September

BAND WAGON, THE—M-G-M, Technicolor: Grandest musical in years. Has been film star Fred Astaire tries a comeback opposite Cyd Charisse in a show staged by wacky genius Jack Buchanan. Nanette Fabray, Oscar Levant. (F) September

BEGGAR'S OPERA, THE—Warners, Technicolor: Picturesque, ironic music-film, with Laurence Olivier as a dazzling highwayman. (A) October

BIG LEAGUER—M-G-M: Good baseball yarn. Edward G. Robinson trains young hopefuls, including Jeff Richards, Vera-Ellen's miscast. (F) September

BLUEPRINT FOR MURDER, A—20th: Weak whodunit. Joseph Cotten suspects Jean Peters of a poison plot to gain a fortune. (F) October

CADDY, THE—Paramount: Oddly constructed but funny Martin-Lewis farce. Jerry coaches Dean to win at golf, gets snubbed as reward. (F) October

CAPTAIN'S PARADISE, THE—Lopert: Unusual farce. Skipper Alec Guinness is wed to both prim Celina Johnson, sexy Yvonne DeCarlo. Paradise ends as the gals rebel. (A) November

CINERAMA—Cinorama Productions, color: No story, plenty of excitement. Amazing technique with huge curved screen now showing in New York, Detroit, Los Angeles, Chicago, Philadelphia, Washington. (F) January

CRUEL SEA, THE—Rank, U-A: Splendid British version of the best-seller about a convoy escort and her crew. Jack Hawkins excels as the captain. The story includes three typical, touching World War II romances. (F) August

DANGEROUS CROSSING—20th: Tense puzzler. Aided by Mervyn LeRoy, Jeanne Crain seeks her groom, who vanished on shipboard. (F) October

DESPERATE MOMENT—Rank, U-A: Hackneyed chase sharpened by real German backgrounds, Dirk Bogarde breaks jail to find a killer, gets help from Mai Zetterling. (F) November

DEVIL'S CANYON—RKO; Technicolor, 3-D: Routine prison movie with some thrills. Dale Robertson's a good cop; Virginia Mayo wastes her love on brutish Steve McNally. (F) November

EAST OF SUMATRA—U-A, Technicolor: Gaudy action yarn. Jeff Chandler's a mining engineer; Anthony Quinn, an island chief. (F) November

5,000 FINGERS OF DR. T., THE—Columbia, Technicolor: Wildly imaginative but clumsily executed musical fantasy. Little Tommy Rettig dreams he's jelled in a weird castle. (F) July

FROM HERE TO ETERNITY—Columbia: Powerful study of GI's in Hawaii in 1941. Sinatra's tops, rivaled by Lancaster, Clift, Deborah Kerr, Donna Reed feature in sordid loves. (A) October

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES—20th, Technicolor: Riotous, laugh-filled musical, with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe looking lush as show girls on the prowl in Europe. (A) September


IN THE JURY—U-A, 3-D: Gory, incredible, amusing mystery. Private Eye Biff Elliott manages mobsters, romances Peggy Castle. (A) October

INFERNAL—20th, Technicolor: Gripping desert thriller. Rhonda Fleming, Bill Lundigan plot Robert Ryan's death, in vain. (F) October

ISLAND IN THE SKY—Warners: Stirring tale of flyers' fellowship. John Wayne and his ATC crew are drowned in frozen wilds. (F) October


JULIUS CAESAR—M-G-M: Magnificent, true-to-Shakespeare film of the dictator's death and the assassins' fate. Brilliant acting by James Mason, John Gielgud, Marlon Brando. (F) September

LATIN LOVERS—M-G-M, Technicolor: Lux, frivulous triangle—rich Lana Turner, richer John Lund, gay ranchero Montalban. (A) October

LITTLE BOY LOST—Paramount: Lovable drama done with unusual grace. Bing Crosby's fine as an American newsman in France to seek his son—who may be Christian Fourcade. (F) November


MARTIN LUTHER—U-A: De Bochemont: Niall McGinnis movingly portrays the founder of Protestantism in a splendid religious film. (F) November

MASTER OF BALLANTRAIE, THE—Warners, Technicolor: Passable Errol Flynn swashbuckler of English-Scottish war, piracy. (F) September

MELBA—U-A, Technicolor: Lavish with music, light on plot. Patrice Munsel sings thrillingly, sacrifices her love for her career. (A) September

MISSION OVER KOREA—Columbia: Superb but touching war film. Derek and Hodlak pilot small planes as fighting starts. (F) October

99 RIVER STREET—U-A: Tough, implausible suspense story, John Payne's a calabash framed for the murder of wife Peggy Castle. (A) November

PLUNDER OF THE SUN—Warners: Distinctive mystery in a vivid locale. Glenn Ford, Pat Medina hunt ancient, Mexican treasure. (F) October

RETURN TO PARADISE—U-A, Technicolor: Wistful South Sea tale of a drifter (Gary Cooper), a native girl (Roberta Haynes) and a bigot (Barry Jones). Lovely location shots. (A) September

ROMAN HOLIDAY—Paramount: Entrancing romance of newsman Greg Peck, princess Audrey Hepburn, Eddie Albert adds laughs. (A) October

SAILOR OF THE KING—20th: Jeff Hunter scores in a stirring war story as a seaman attacking a Nazi ship. Michael Rennie and Wendy Hiller team in a romantic prologue. (A) September

SECOND CHANCE—RKO; 3-D, Technicolor: Fast-paced, eye-pleasing. Gunman Patrol trails Linda Darnell; Mitchum defends her. (F) October

SO THIS IS LOVE—Warners, Technicolor: Kath- ryn Grayson retraces Grace Moore's career. Mild but satisfyingly song-filled. (F) October

SWORD AND THE ROSE, THE—Disney, RKO; Technicolor: Flavorsome, amusing romance of a Tudor princess (Glynis Johns) forced into a royal marriage, the saved by her dancing true love (Richard Todd). (F) September

TAKE THE HIGH GROUND—M-G-M, Anscolor: Familiar comedy-drama of draftees' training, refreshed by good acting: Wladmark as a sarge; Russ Tamblyn, others as new GI's. (F) November

THREE GIRLS FROM ROME—I.F.E.: Amiable, rambling close-up of Italian working girls and their loves. Lucia Bose is a real beauty. English dialogue, doused in smoothly. (A) November


WAR OF THE WORLDS, THE—Paramount, Technicolor: A Martian invasion with stunning special effects, negligible human angle. (F) June

WAR PAINT—U-A, Patho Color: Good, grim Western with awesome scenery. Trooper Bob Stack fights Indians, thirst, mutiny. (F) October
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